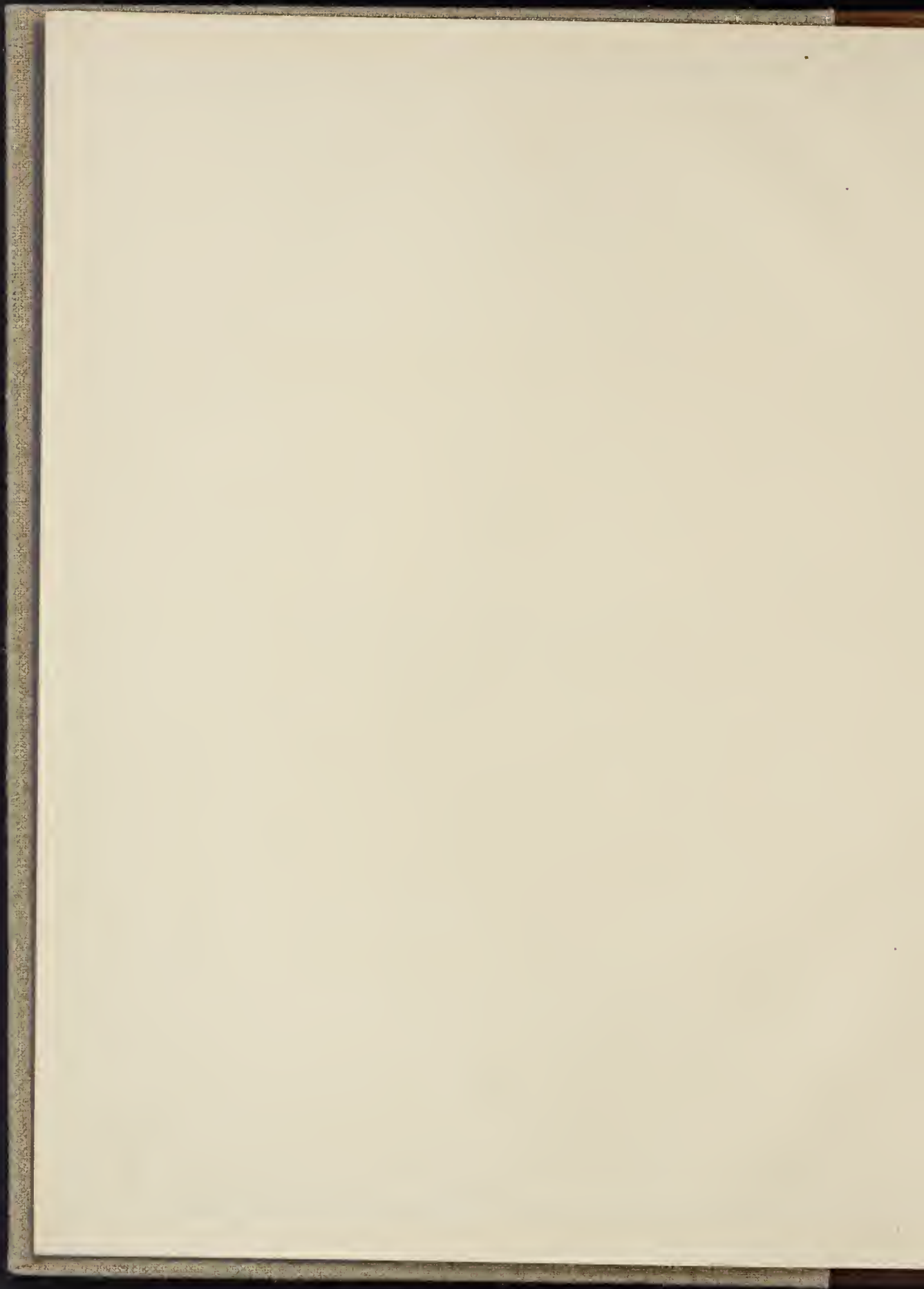
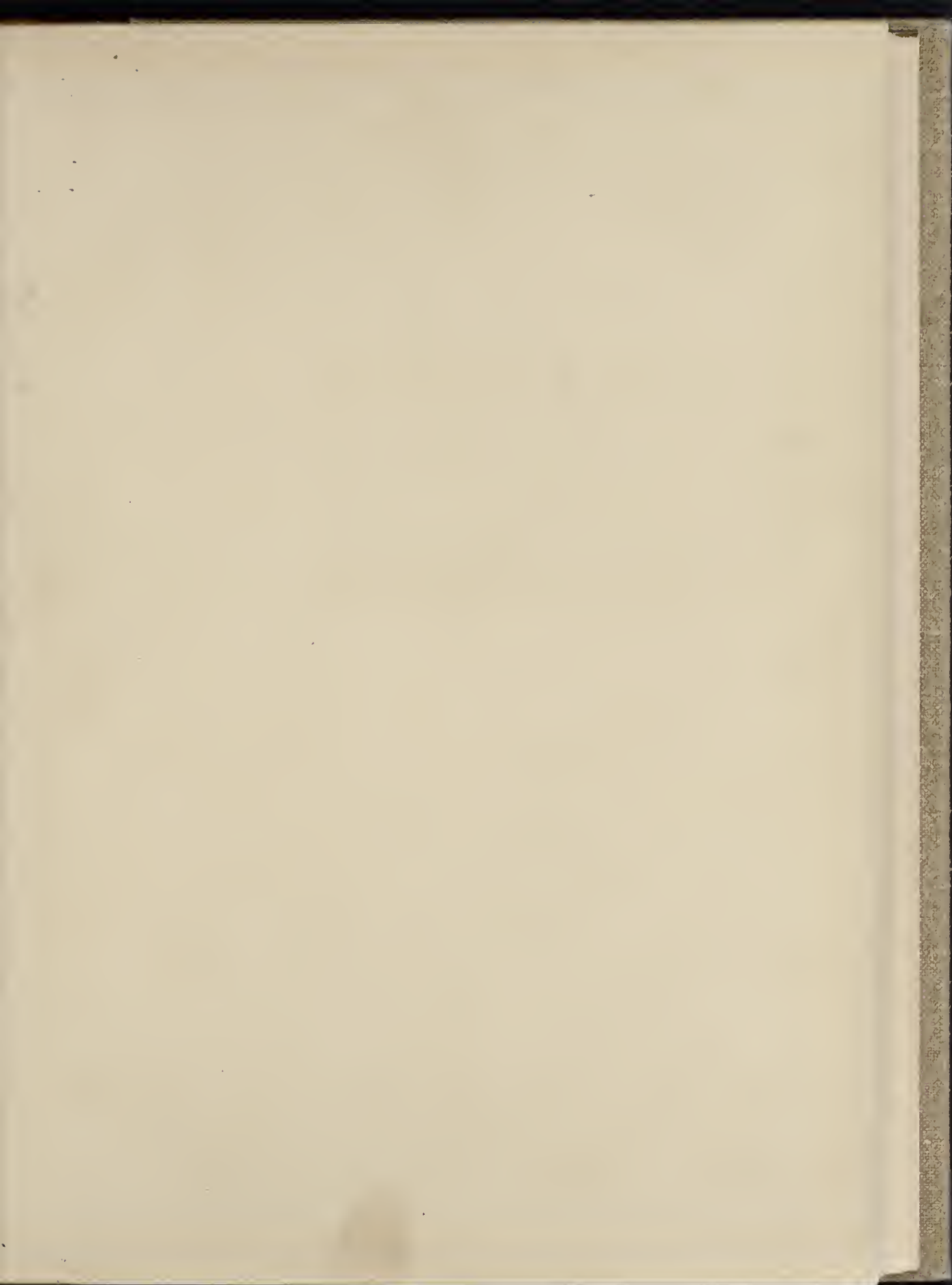


THE
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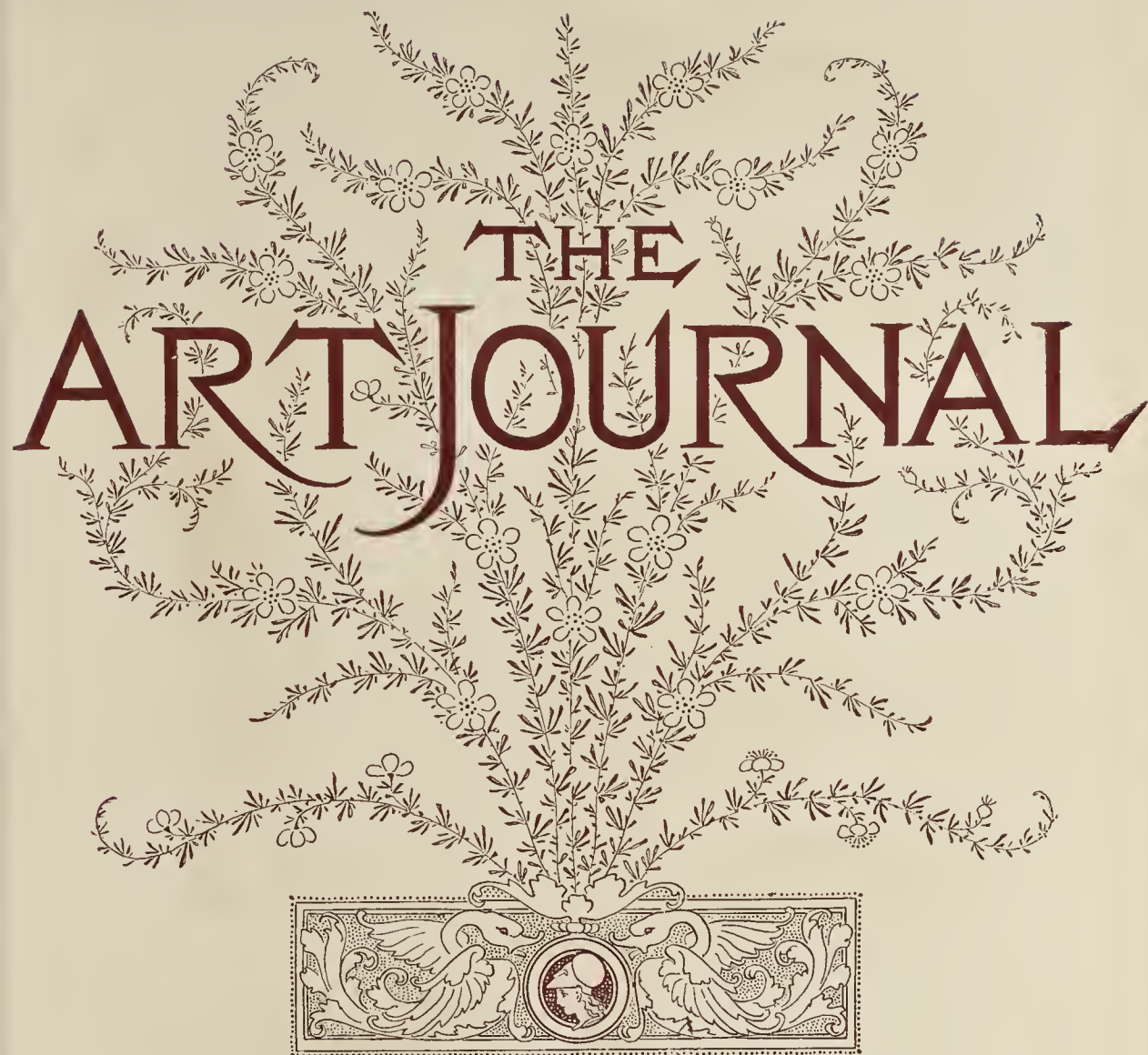


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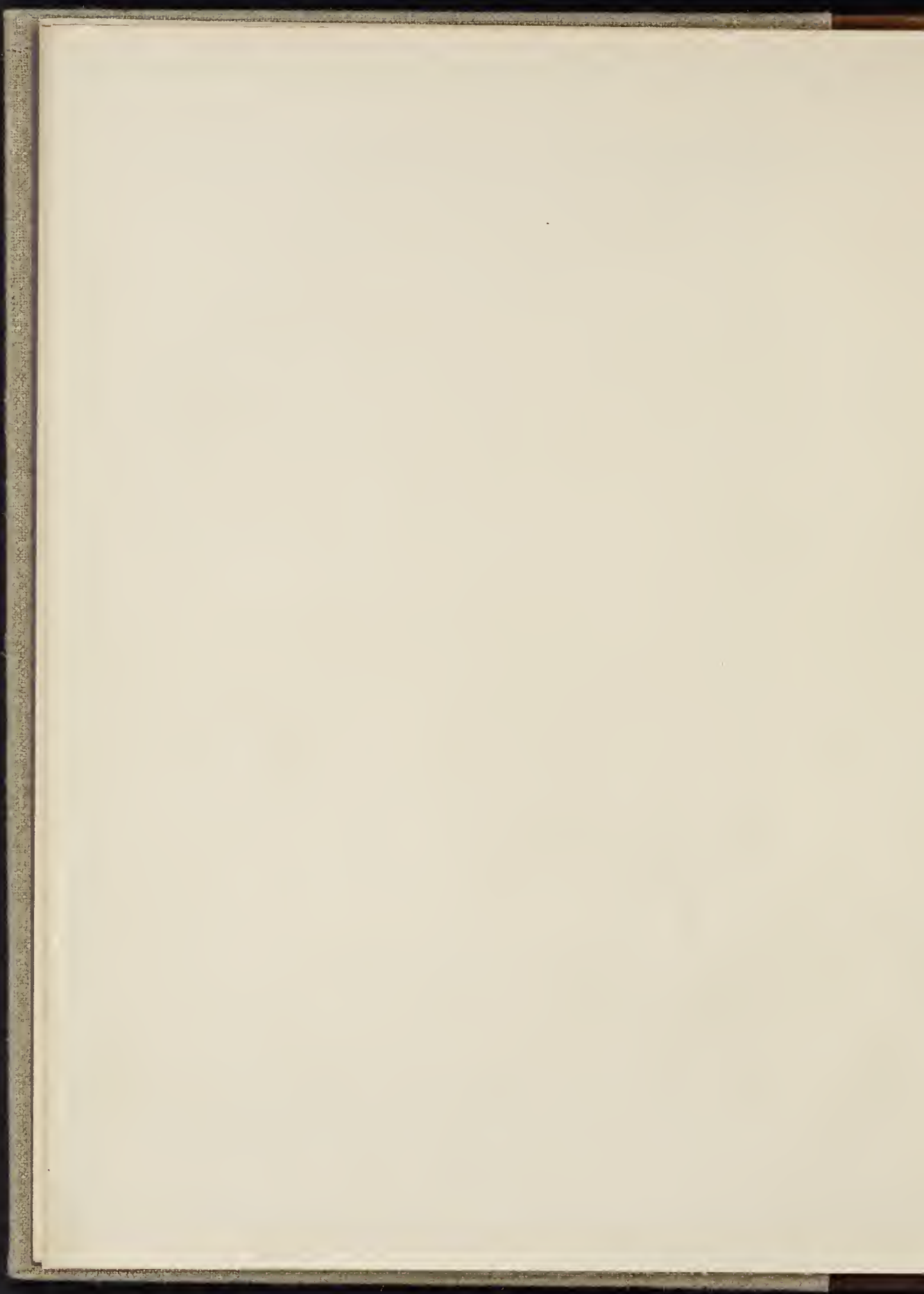


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THE ART JOURNAL.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES, A.R.A.

THE exhibition of pictures and drawings at the New Gallery, which will open its doors to the public on the first day of the year, promises to be one of exceptional interest. We are all grateful for the opportunities thus afforded for becoming more closely acquainted with a single painter's style, of following his career through the successive stages of its development, of seeing his work and deciding on its merits, so far as possible, as a whole.

And in this instance the directors of the Regent Street Gallery have been fortunate in their choice. Mr. Burne-Jones, whose chief works are here for the first time brought together, is a representative and original master of the first rank. No one is likely to dispute the high place which he occupies among living painters. At the same time there are few artists whose works have been the subject of fiercer controversy. Like most painters whose aims are not those of the multitude, and who see life through the medium of their own poetic temperament, Mr. Burne-Jones had, at first, a large measure of ridicule and neglect to encounter. It was long before either the critics or the public would take him seriously. He had a thorny road to walk, a steep hill to climb. But he has persevered, and has come victorious out of storm and stress. After being for many years the chosen painter of a few cultivated patrons, he has become an artist of world-wide renown, and has lived

to see wealthy collectors do battle over his pictures at auction, with a keen emulation that would have been once held incredible. But still, in spite of the change which has passed over public opinion in this respect, there are many picture-lovers to whom this painter's genius has never yet appealed, in whose heart the choicest examples of his art awaken no response. And even his admirers, more especially those who have only been attracted by his more recent work, have scarcely yet grasped the full extent of his powers.

The one feature, we need hardly say, which distinguishes Mr. Burne-Jones above all other living painters is his rare imaginative faculty. There are others, no doubt, who share this distinction with him, in a measure; a few of our artists, it is consoling to think, are also poets. But no other living master possesses this faculty in so great a degree. During the last half of the nineteenth century, we have seen the scientific spirit slowly but surely penetrate into every department of life. On every side we have seen the strange revolution effected by its curiosity, its love of research, its freedom of thought. Nowhere have these results been more marked than in the course of contemporary art, alike for good and evil. Everywhere we see painters engaged in solving problems of light and atmosphere, attempting new experiments in all directions. Everywhere we see brilliant execution, with cleverness and



Love among the Ruins. By Edward Burne-Jones, A.R.A. From a photograph by F. Hollyer.



Flamma Vestalis. By E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A. From a photograph by F. Hollyer.

boldness in reproducing fragments of natural fact, often with little care for selection or style. And everywhere, alas! we note the absence of poetry, the poverty of invention. The imaginative faculty, we fear, is precisely that in which the art of to-day is the most lamentably deficient. And just in this hard and prosaic age, when realism has invaded the world of art and fiction, and material prosperity seems to be the end and aim of all endeavour, we have in our midst a painter whose whole strength has been given to the spiritual side of art, who has

been, as no other Englishman before him, in a marked way, the prophet of beauty and of the inner life of the soul. While other great artists have been absorbed in the contemplation of the present, and have devoted their powers to the representation of the life of the fields or of the streets, with photographic minuteness, this one, seized with passionate enthusiasm for the forgotten past, leads us away into a fairer dreamland of his own invention, where the beings of old romance take new and beautiful shape under the spell of his magic touch.

The second feature which marks the art of Mr. Burne-Jones is its high degree of technical excellence. This quality is not always evident in the earlier and more tentative stages of his career, nor is it always to be seen in an equal measure in his later productions; but in the majority of his mature works it is undoubtedly present. From first to last, indeed, in this respect, we trace a steady and continual progress throughout his course. Although he was not originally intended for this profession, and never enjoyed the advantage of artistic training in early youth, by dint of unremitting labour and perseverance he has gradually overcome the difficulties that stood in his way, and has attained a thoroughness and perfection of technique rarely found among the more imaginative painters. Rossetti very often failed sadly in this respect. Those small designs of his, so amazing in their wealth of imagery and gem-like colour, proved comparative failures when they were executed on a larger scale. His performance fell short of its high promise, because the means at his disposal were never adequate to express the magnificence of his conception. This completeness of technical equipment, combined with an imaginative gift of surpassing richness, it is which gives Mr. Burne-Jones a place unique among his peers, and for the sake of which future generations will crown him among the creative painters of the century.

It is never easy to divide an artist's career into fixed periods, least of all in the case of one whose art has been almost untouched by external influences. But, speaking broadly, we may take the pictures painted before the year 1870 as representing Mr. Burne-Jones's early manner. In 1858 he painted the now ruined tempera picture of 'The Death of Merlin,' on the ceiling of the Oxford Union, as part of a series in which Rossetti, Mr. William Morris, Mr. Spencer Stanhope, and several other young artists had a share. The next year he designed a stained-glass window for the Latin Chapel in Christ Church Cathedral. This window, which had for its subject the history of St. Frideswide, the patron saint of Oxford, was executed by Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars; but the interest felt by the young painter and his companions in the task, ultimately led to what was destined to prove a memorable event in the annals of English arts and crafts, the foundation of the firm which still bears Mr. Morris's name. In the spring of 1864 Mr. Burne-Jones, who in critical eyes as yet hardly occupied a higher position than that of an amateur of genius, became an Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society. It was in the gallery of that society in Pall Mall that most of his early works were exhibited, amongst others the set of drawings illustrating the legend of Cupid and Psyche, which drew such warm expressions of praise from Mr. Ruskin, as well as many other designs for his later pictures. There, too, such quaint fancies as his 'Green Summer,' a group of ladies clad in olive-green on a grassy bank by a pool of water; or 'Pyramus and Thisbe' listening at the chink in the wall, with Cupid drawing his bow on the pillar between them, first saw the light of exhibition. These little

pictures are singularly interesting. For all their stiffness and angularity, their quaint forms and awkward gestures, we feel the germ of the painter's future greatness is already there. Take, for instance, that small panel called 'The Madness of Tristan,' where the love-sick Knight of Lyonesse lies on the daisied grass, tended by gentle damsels, who seek to heal his pain with the sound of music and of song. Or take again that touching little picture of the virgin-martyr Dorothy, carried out in the silent repose of death before the eyes of her weeping companions, so original in composition, so utterly unlike most modern work, that at first sight it would almost seem to have been painted by some Quattrocento artist. The hand of the painter is still untrained, his steps still falter, but we see already that refinement and delicate feeling, that sense of colour and design, which was destined to prove the glory of his later works. The strong poetic soul is struggling hard to find expression, slowly and painfully beating out the first notes of the music which will presently break out into the fulness of delightful melody.

There is a marked advance in the pictures painted about 1870, notably, for instance, in the 'Wine of Circe,' which until lately belonged to the Leyland collection. Here the artist has done full justice to the dramatic nature of the subject. Clad in her yellow robes, the dark-haired enchantress glides stealthily through the banquet-hall, where the feast is already spread, and cruel panthers hunger for their victims, and with cunning hand drops the poisoned charm into the wine-jar, while through the open loggia beyond the sunflowers and costly dishes which adorn the festive board we see the ships of Ulysses sailing towards the enchanted isle. But the progress made by the painter during these years of slowly ripening powers and untiring effort, was not fully realised until the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in the summer of 1877. Many will remember the sensation excited by the exhibition of 'The Days of Creation' and the 'Mirror of Venus.' Both of these works had, as a matter of fact, been painted some time before, and had already been fully described by an eloquent writer in the *Athenæum* of June 24, 1876. But very few persons had as yet become aware of their existence, and the burst of surprise and admiration that hailed their appearance was as universal as it was spontaneous. Since then, we have had in rapid succession a noble series of paintings from Mr. Burne-Jones's hand, a series revealing boundless treasures of fancy, together with a complete mastery over the resources of his art. Many of these works we now see brought together on the walls of the New Gallery.

Probably the first thing that will strike visitors to the exhibition is the great variety of subjects represented. In most cases, the bent of an artist's genius and the cramping force of circumstances nar-

row his aims within certain well-defined limits. One man paints classical myths, another devotes his talent to the reproduction of Roman times; one painter is in love with eighteenth-century salons, another cares for little but Dutch landscapes and windmills. But this master's imagination seems to range over the whole realm of romance. Every form of old-world myth has for him the same fascination. The heroic verse of Virgil and the illuminated page of the mediæval Minnesänger are alike familiar to him. In Mr. Ruskin's words, he has brought "the resources of accomplished art to unveil the hidden splendour of old imagination, and placing at the service of former imagination the art which it had not, realises for us, with a truth then impossible, the visions described by the wisest of men as embodying their most pious thoughts and their most exalted doctrines." All the more graceful and tender myths of old Hellas have supplied him with themes for brush or pencil. Like Sandro Botticelli, the painter to whom our English master has so often been compared, and with whose peculiar genius he has perhaps more affinity than any other, Venus is



The Painter's Daughter. By E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A. From a photograph by F. Hollyer.

the one of all the divinities of Olympus whom he delights to honour. His conception of the Queen of Love and Beauty is at least as original as that of the old Florentine. In 'Laus Veneris' we see her, royally arrayed in robes of scarlet brocade, surrounded by a troop of maidens singing the praises of love. Through the open casement, between the tapestried hangings of the background, a group of armed knights, mounted on white horses, look in with curious gaze, and one, the captain of the band, fixes eager eyes on the wan face of the sad Queen, wearily raising her hand to her brow. Again in the picture known as the 'Mirror of Venus,' we see her, "divinely tall and most divinely fair," standing in the midst of her maidens, on the grassy banks of a clear lake. Their flower-like faces and rainbow tinted robes are reflected in the crystal waters; and the green valley and mountain pastures opening beyond speak to us of Arcady. In another place, the goddess appears to us holding the Apple of Discord in her hand, while the Three Graces dance on the grassy sward beside her. Fairer still, we see her coming down from heaven in a blue cloud, with roses falling, and white doves fluttering about her, to give life to Pygmalion's statue. The story of the Greek sculptor is told in

four pictures. In the first, 'The Heart desires,' we see Pygmalion bending passionate eyes on the beauteous form which his own hands have fashioned, enamoured of his own creation. In the second, 'The Hand refrains,' he realises sadly how vain is his desire, and how not all his art can endow the marble with the spark of life. In the third, 'The Godhead fires,' Venus stoops from her throne, in answer to his prayer, and at her touch the life blood kindles in the veins of the statue, and a rosy glow spreads over the cold marble. In the fourth, 'The Soul attains its Desire,' we see the statue changed into a lovely woman with the flush of life on her cheeks, and her golden hair loose about her neck, while Pygmalion falls on his knees before her, in a passion of love and rapture.

The story of Perseus is another classical myth which Mr. Burne-Jones has made the subject of twelve separate designs, several of which he has executed on a large scale in oil painting. The call of Perseus, his adventures with Atlas and the Graiæ, the slaying of the Gorgon and the deliverance

of Andromeda from the dragon, are all represented in turn. We watch the hero, borne on his winged sandals, leaping through the air to slay the horrid monster and rescue the captive maiden; we see him strike the chains off her white arms and tenderly support her shrinking form as she gazes at the baleful head which has turned the dragon into stone, and is now reflected in the mirror of his polished shield. One of the finest pictures of the series, 'The Tower of Brass,' deals with an early incident in the story. Danaë, the mother of Perseus, is here represented watching the building of the tower which her cruel father, King Acrisius, fearful of the doom which awaits him at his grandson's hand, destines for her perpetual prison.

The story of Cupid and Psyche again has been repeatedly illustrated by our painter, first in the set of drawings already mentioned, afterwards in separate pictures and in a frieze, executed with the help of Mr. Walter Crane, in Lord Carlisle's house at Palace-Green. It is a subject on which poets and painters of every age have loved to dwell, and which lends itself in an especial manner to the peculiar style of Mr. Burne-Jones's genius. The same may be said of the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice, which has also been the



"Dies Domini."
By E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A. From a photograph by F. Hollyer.

theme of twelve very lovely designs, originally intended for the decoration of a piano. We follow the wanderings of Orpheus in search of his lost Eurydice, we watch him disappearing through the yawning chasm into the nether world, and charming even the King of Hades and his dark Queen by the might of his magic song. And when at length his prayer is heard, we see the long-parted lovers, careless of the doom hanging over them, rush into each other's arms, and forget past and future alike in the bliss of that supreme moment.

Other pictures of Greek story there are too, nobly conceived and finely coloured, which we must leave our readers to find out for themselves. Such, to name but one or two, are the 'Bridal Feast of Peleus and Thetis,' and the enchanted garden of the great god Pan, where happy lovers meet in the cool green shades by the reedy pool, haunt of kingfisher and water-fowl, and let the world go by as they listen to the sound of his piping. But let no one fail to notice the exquisite set of small studies of Virgil, illustrating separate lines from the Æneid, *Incessu patuit Dea*, or *Morietur inultæ?* sed

moriamur, ait. Every detail in these little designs, the armour of Æneas, the draperies of Venus or Dido, is finished with the utmost care, and each subject is set before us with a grace and delicacy singularly expressive of the Mantuan poet's art.

"All the charm of all the Muses
Often flowering in a lonely
word."

Let us now turn for a few moments to that other great treasure-house of song where Mr. Burne-Jones has found inspiration, the cycle of mediæval romance. The "Romaunt of the Rose," the sagas of the Norsemen, above all, the legend of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, have supplied him with themes, perhaps more after his own heart than any other. It is interesting to notice how often the selfsame subjects which this painter has chosen, have inspired the great poet whom we have lately lost with some of his sweetest songs. In early youth Mr. Burne-Jones read and loved Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and, moved by the poetic symbolism that breathes in its pages, he painted his 'Death of Merlin,' at Oxford, even before Tennyson had published the "Idylls of the King." In later years he returned to the same theme, and in the plenitude of his powers gave us his fine picture of "Vivien beguiling Merlin to his Doom." Still more lately he has composed a set of designs for tapestry on the legend of Sir Galahad and the Quest of the Holy Grail. In the first the "Fair gentlewoman on horseback" alights at the gates of Camelot and startles the knights with her mysterious summons; in the last, the vision came to Galahad in the lonely chapel in the wood, and he goes to be crowned king in the spiritual city. Before long, too, we may hope to see the completion of another larger

and more important work, on which the painter has been engaged for some time past, and which has for its subject 'The Sleep of Arthur in Avalon.'



The Golden Stairs. By E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.
From a photograph by F. Hollyer.

Another mediæval legend sung by the late poet-laureate, has found a beautiful setting in Mr. Burne-Jones's picture of 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.' This work, it will be remembered, attracted much attention at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1884, and again at Paris in the Exposition Universelle of 1889. There the best French critics were unanimous in their applause, and declared emphatically that, whatever were the faults and defects of English painting, this country possessed the only independent and original school to be found without the walls of Paris. If the judgment of a foreign nation may be held to represent the verdict of posterity, Mr. Burne-Jones's name, we need hardly doubt, will be duly honoured by future generations. This picture, of which Lord Wharncliffe is the possessor, certainly ranks high among the painter's masterpieces. Not only are the accessories of the utmost richness and beauty, not only are our eyes delighted with the sheen of polished marbles, and of gold and silver metal-work, with the draperies of shot-blue and purple, and the fair faces of the singing children who stand behind the throne; but all these separate beauties are knit together by the central thought which forms the keynote of the composition. When we stand before the picture, we forget the loveliness of

each single detail, and are only conscious of two things—the passion of worship in the uplifted face of the kneeling king, as he lays his crown at the feet of his beloved, and the trembling bliss in the eyes of the shy beggar-maid, who stands



A Sleeping Maiden. A Study for the picture of The Briar Rose, by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

there, in the midst of all this splendour, wrapt in her plain grey robe, with the awe of a great joy on her face. "Love is and was, my Lord and King."

The same triumph of expression, which is so remarkable a feature in King Cophetua, forms the charm of two other smaller pictures, which treat in different ways of the same romantic theme. One is the famous 'Chant d'Amour,' which was the finest ornament of the Graham Collection, and sold for £3,300 at Christie's in 1886. The very essence of mediæval romance, its quaint imagery and poetic flavour, breathes in this dream of the love-lorn knight, listening to the melodies that his mistress draws from her organ, in the flowery meadow under the castled steep. Love, winged and blindfold, blows the bellows, and the setting sun sheds its dying radiance over battlement and tower. To seize these rare and fleeting moments, when the pulse beats faster, and the tide of life rises high within, to catch the look that comes into a man's face but once a lifetime, to paint the gleam that rests for an instant on the grass and is gone; these things are given to few artists, but it is what Mr. Burne-Jones has done for us in his 'Chant d'Amour.'

The other is a less-known picture, which we illustrate on

page 1, 'Love among the Ruins.' This work, painted some years ago, was seen at the Guildhall last summer. The sight recalls Mr. Browning's lines on the same subject :—

"Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles,
Miles and miles,
On the solitary pastures, where our sheep,
Half-asleep,
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop.
As they crop,
Was the site once of a city great and gay."

Here, where the grass grows thick among the ruins, and the wild rose trails over fallen column and sculptured capital, two lovers meet, and a youth, draped in a long blue mantle, folds a maiden in his arms in an ardent embrace.

"In one year they sent a million fighters forth
South and North,
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
Gold, of course.
Oh, heart! Oh, blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth returns.
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin
Shut them in,
With their triumphs, and their glories and the rest!
Love is best!"

Yet another legend, that old fable of the hundred years' sleep, common to all mythologies alike, and which had, there can be little doubt, its origin in the long sleep of nature through the winter months, has been illustrated by our painter on a splendid scale, in his four pictures of 'The Briar Rose.' This story, too, forms the subject of a poem by Tennyson, "The Day Dream." Years of labour and a whole world of exquisite invention have been lavished on this fascinating version of the old fairy tale. First, we have the knight, who is to smite this sleeping world awake, fighting his way through the tangled briar-wood, where the ground is strewn with the sleeping forms and useless armour of his comrades, who have fallen victims to the spell.

Next the Council Room, where the aged king and his courtiers slumber; and the Garden-court, where bright-faced maidens sleep at the loom or at the well. Last of all, the Rose-bower, where, surrounded by all that is richest and loveliest in shape and hue, the princess lies on her couch, in death-like slumber, waiting for the coming of the deliverer, at whose kiss she will awake to fulness of life and love. And through all four pictures the giant briar trails its big loops, over sleeping forms and through palace chambers, lending a unity of its own to the marvellously thought out and marvellously painted frieze. These pictures are not in the New Gallery, but their recent exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's gallery will be remembered. Our illustrations of studies for these pictures will help to recall the lovely forms of the sleeping maidens in the enchanted palace.

Almost all the pictures we have mentioned as yet, are conspicuous for their gorgeous colouring. But there are others in which the painter's scheme of colour has been intentionally restricted to two or three colours, and in some cases, painted almost in monochrome. This subtle use of colour is indeed one of Mr. Burne-Jones's most striking

characteristics. At one time he plays on every chord in the stave, at another he produces magical effects by keeping to a single key. The 'Wood-Nymph' is a wondrous symphony of greens, suggestive of the cool depths of a forest thicket. In his 'Sea-Nymph' he gives us, by way of contrast, a harmony of blues. Nowhere has his symbolic use of colour been turned to better account than in Mr. Balfour's great picture, 'The Wheel of Fortune.' Here the sober tints of the draperies, the greys and purples employed, help to convey the impression of a sad but inexorable fate, carrying out the laws of the universe with unhasting, unresting hand. The feet are firmly planted on the rock, her gaze is fixed in pitying compassion on the slave enjoying his brief hour of prosperity, and on the crowned monarch under his feet, while from the lowest step of all, the poet looks up with a ray of hope in his eyes, and awaits the coming of a better day. And as we watch the slow but ceaseless motion of the wheel turning on its axle, we seem to hear not only the tune of Enid's song,

"Turn Fortune, turn thy wheel,"

but the voice of the old chant which rang in the ears of King Robert of Sicily: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble and meek."

There is a solemn grandeur, a sense of stern, resistless destiny in this picture unlike anything else we know in Mr. Burne-Jones's pictures. But that is one great charm of this master. We never know exactly what to expect from him; what new surprise he has in store for us next. He is always, not only unlike any other painter, but often quite unlike himself, in style, in composition, in colour. One day, he startles with his weird dream of the mermaid with the fair, siren face,

dragging her mortal lover down under the cold green waves, all unconscious that death is fast stealing him from her embrace. Another, he takes up his brush, and out of pure delight in lovely form and gracious movement, he paints a troop of maidens coming down a winding stairway, with musical instruments in their hands. This picture of 'The Golden Stairs,' illustrated on page 5, is painted entirely in ivory and grey. There is no splendour of colour, nothing to strike the imagination, yet the picture leaves us with the same impression of perfect content as that which we receive from the contemplation of some fine Greek marble.

There is yet a third group of the artist's works which claims our attention, the paintings and designs which have Christian legends for their subject. Here the natural affinity of Mr. Burne-Jones's genius with that of the old Italian masters has stood him in good stead. The modern French or German artist who sets himself to paint a scene from sacred story, employs often his powers to bring out as far as possible the human aspect of his theme, and does not rest satisfied until he has represented Joseph and Mary as meanly-clad peasant folk, with coarse hands and rough clothes, while the Virgin is sometimes fainting with fatigue and weariness at the door of the country inn. Not so Mr. Burne-Jones. In his hands the great story of Bethlehem loses none of its mystic beauty. His treatment is as reverent and as pure as that of Giotto or Angelico of old. Whether the Holy Child is seen lying on the stable floor adored by kneeling worshippers, whether He rests on His mother's knee or slumbers in her arms, while angels lead king and shepherd by the hand up to the manger throne, the same sense of a divine presence is always felt. His



A Sleeping Maiden. A Study for the picture of The Briar Rose, by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.



Study of Angels' Wings.
From a drawing by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

latest representation of the subject is the large water-colour, measuring twelve feet by eight, which he painted for his native city of Birmingham. Here Mary holding the Child in her arms, is seated under the pent-house roof in a woodland glade, where bulrushes grow on the edge of the stream, and harebells and daisies flower in the grass. Tall white lilies spring up around the manger, and red roses creep up the wattled fence. The wilderness has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. In the foreground are the Three Kings who have journeyed from the Far East, bearing crowns of gold and jewelled caskets in their hands. Their flowing robes and mantles glitter with gems, their armour is embossed with all manner of fanciful devices, with trophies of arms, and ships in full sail, with thrones and griffins and cherub heads. And before them goes the shining angel, bearing aloft in his hands the guiding star, which has led them all the way and now casts its beams on the lowly home which shelters Mary and the young child.

The same grave and tender feeling marks the painter's rendering of 'The Resurrection.' The guardian angels are seen, sitting on either side of the red porphyry tomb, in the rock-hewn cave, and each lifts a finger to his lips with a solemn Hush! as they become aware of the silent form that draws near in the dim twilight of the Easter morning. The Magdalene, turning suddenly round at the door of the cave, has seen him too, and pauses with a fearful, wistful look in her yearning eyes. Soon, we know, she will hear his voice, and fall adoring at his feet. Once more, in the great roundel of 'Dies Domini,' illustrated on page 4, we see a youthful Christ, with uplifted arm, and a message of infinite love and mercy on his lips, borne through space on the azure plumes of angel-wings and encircled by angel-faces, as he comes to judge the world. But the finest of all Mr. Burne-Jones's religious

pictures is the 'Annunciation.' The novelty of the conception and quaint form of the narrow, upright panel startled the art world when it first appeared in 1879, at the Grosvenor Gallery. But, by degrees, people began to realise all its truth and beauty. The Virgin receives the angelic salutation, standing in the white porch of her home at Nazareth. On the archway behind her, the drama of the Fall and Exile from Paradise are pictured in stone. On the left, a bay-tree spreads its dark-green leaves over the white wall, and high among its branches, his wings serenely folded, his pointed feet together, stands the Angel who brings peace and goodwill to man. Swiftly and suddenly he has come down, straight from the presence of God, and now he stands there, not a plume or curl stirred by his rapid flight through space, gazing with reverent delight at the lowly Virgin. The look on her face is hard to describe. It is not fear, it is hardly trouble, it is rather the awe of one who has suddenly become conscious of a heavenly message, and who ponders in her mind the meaning of the words, that from henceforth all generations shall call her blessed. The whole spirit of the composition, of which a little later we shall give an important plate, the severe beauty of line and form, the simple folds of Mary's clinging robe, recall the best days of early Italian art.

This spiritual insight and reverent sympathy with Christian tradition, combined with rare decorative skill, has made Mr. Burne-Jones so successful in his designs for stained glass.

Now, wherever we go throughout the length and breadth of England, we find stained windows designed by his hand and executed by Mr. Morris. Not only in our great cathedrals, but in the quiet shrines of our country villages, and in the churches of our big cities, amid all the squalor and grime of the most crowded alleys these visions of Paradise come to rejoice our eyes.

A large and representative collection of cartoons for stained glass, tapestry, and other mural decoration, will be found on the walls of the New Gallery. No part of the exhibition is better worthy of attention, for these designs reveal some of the highest qualities of the painter's art. Nowhere do we more fully appreciate his fine drawing and the remarkable gift of expression, which can make itself felt almost as well in black and white, as when it is glorified by all the magic



Study for Orpheus.
By E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

of colour. Among these cartoons will be found the original designs for the mosaic decoration of the American Church in Rome, built by Mr. Street, the largest and most important work of the kind executed by any living artist.

The painter's activity in these branches of Art has helped to develop one leading feature of his talent, his aptitude for the representation of abstract ideas. Here his natural love of symbolism and the vigour of his intellect have found full scope. His grandest achievement in this direction has been the six pictures of the 'Days of Creation.' The six Days appear to us in the shape of great Angels with wide-spread wings and flame-crowned foreheads, each holding a crystal sphere, in which some phase of the work of creation is pictured. Each solema form has his own attributes, each is painted in different tones of colour according to the story he has to tell and the place he occupies in the gradually ascending scale of creation. The whole conception is thought out and painted with extraordinary completeness, and for spiritual loveliness of type, as well as for subtle gradation of hue, these mystical works have been seldom equalled. Mr. Burne-Jones has given us many other symbolic figures of rare charm, Hours and Seasons, Virtues and Graces. Faith, armed with sword and helmet, holding the lamp of truth in her hand; Hope, a captive fast bound by prison bars, bearing a blossoming bough in her left hand, while she reaches out her right hand to pluck another flower; Caritas looking down with a smile of inexpressible tenderness on the children clinging to her side. Dawn, a bright-haired maid, bearing a lighted torch in her hand and trailing the white mists of morning after her, as she unbars the doors of heaven, contrasts finely with blue-robed Night, moving under the starlit sky, with closed eyes and inverted torch. The Evening Star is a form of ethereal grace, who, clad in pale green robes, with her locks flying on the breeze, floats calmly through the twilight air, over the towers and cypresses of a sleeping city and seas at rest. Sometimes, as in the case of the Hours, we have a whole series of allegorical figures. At other times a single figure linked together by a continuous thread of thought—St. Cecily crowned with roses, playing her organ; the Sibyl Delphi, draped in robes of saffron hue, divining the oracles of Apollo; or else some blue-hooded Vestal, holding her beads in her hand, while behind her we catch a glimpse of yellow Tiber flowing through the city of the Seven Hills.

Of this last, 'Flamma Vestalis,' we give our readers an illustration on page 2, borrowed from an admirable platinotype by Mr. Hollyer. And we give, on page 3, one of the best portraits which we have from this accomplished painter's hand—that of his own daughter. It is a portrait which the severest critic would find it hard not to praise. The long white throat and curling hair are reflected in a round mirror hanging on the wall behind, and the creamy tints of hands and neck are set off by the deep blues of the drapery. It is not often that Mr. Burne-Jones paints portraits, but when he does it is the spiritual charm of a face, as much as its lovely form, which he succeeds in rendering.

When we look round on this world of beautiful shapes, painted in hues so glowing that they dazzle our eyes, as we come straight out of the fog and darkness of the winter streets, perhaps what strikes us most forcibly is the strong personal cast of the painter's genius. It is not only that, as



Study for Orpheus.

From a Drawing by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

is the case with many other great artists, with Perugino and Botticelli and Leonardo, the same peculiar type of beauty haunts all his dreams, but that in his works we invariably feel the presence of the artist's personality behind the picture. These old myths and legends, whether Greek or Christian in their origin, whether they belong to classic or chivalric times, are pages from the romance of eternity, which the painter has invested with his own meaning, which speak his language and bear the burden of his thought. These faces which move us so strangely with their sense of perpetual hunger and indefinable yearning, these sad eyes which seem to pine for something afar from the sphere of our sorrow, embody all the longings of his poet-heart. They are the offspring of an imagination that is ever beating restlessly against the walls of this life, asking what lies beyond, and whither we are tending. In them the painter speaks to us, as it were, soul to soul. Sometimes we are inclined to wish that this master, to whom we owe so much, could rise out of the mists of doubt and sorrow which darken this modern world, into serene airs, and show us for once a vision of pure and perfect joy. "Let through the tumult, break the poet's face radiant." He has given us many strange and delicious surprises in the past. Perhaps this is the last great one which he has in store.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

BARDINI'S AT FLORENCE.

COLLECTORS have long since come to the conclusion that Italy has ceased to be the happy hunting-ground that it was in the days of their fathers and grandfathers. For half a century its cities and villages, its highways and byways, its villas and its churches have been the objects of the most tender attention on the part of the dealers and the curiosity hunters of all countries, with the result that a visit to any of the great European museums will at once reveal. Forty years ago it was easy enough to find in some decayed little town among the Tuscan hills or in the Abruzzi some fine relief in marble or terra-cotta above the doorway of a half-ruined palace; it was not less easy to come upon a little store of majolica of the great age, or upon some bronze fountain left intact since the time when the Renaissance artist made it. These had remained neglected for centuries; but suddenly the Governments and the cultivated classes of Europe woke up to the interest and importance of them, and

immediately there began a race for their acquisition, which has only now begun to slacken, on account of the cessation of the supply. In 1850 it was possible to buy things for a few *lire* which twenty years later cost as many pounds, and which are now not obtainable at all. The draining away of the genuine works has had two special results; first, the creation of a class of most skilled and ingenious forgers, and secondly, a crop of severe prohibitive legislation, ending in the Villari law, passed only a very short time ago at the instance of the late Minister of Public Instruction. In a report lately presented to "my Lords," Mr. Thomas Armstrong, the Art Director at the South Kensington Museum, speaks very conclusively as to the effect of this legislation, which absolutely closes all churches, sacristies, and similar buildings, to the intending purchaser, and makes it impossible even for private owners to sell for exportation without the certificates of local councils. "These new regulations,"



The Entrance Hall of Signor Bardini's Palace.

writes Mr. Armstrong, "are very stringent, and I am told on the best authority that they will not fail in their effect, as the risk to be run in disregarding or attempting to evade them is too great, and the wealthy dealer, to whom a fine might not be deterrent, will hardly face the danger of imprisonment." It may almost indeed be foretold that the Villari law will cause some of these great dealers themselves to give up the trade in Renaissance objects and to turn their attention rather to the excavations, which still, as in the days of Alessandro Castellani, sometimes yield fine works of art, and which do not come under the scope of the recent law.

Meantime there is at least one of these great dealers—the greatest of all—whom the readers of the *Art Journal* may care to visit in the writer's company. This is Signor Stefano Bardini, whose palace—the word is strictly appropriate—is truly one of the sights of Florence, though naturally enough it is not much visited except by students and "serious" buyers of old works of art. Twenty years ago Signor Bardini was only known as one of the cleverest of the younger generation of those who occupied themselves in buying and selling works of art in Florence; then he began to make himself a specially important position in connection with various European museums; and he is now the owner of a truly magnificent modern palazzo on the Piazza Mozzi, filled with choice relics of the works done by the sculptors, the bronze-founders, the wood-

carvers, and the glass-painters of the Renaissance, together with fine specimens of Italian tapestry and Persian carpet weaving. What brought Signor Bardini most prominently forward was the formation of the Renaissance Museum at Berlin during the years that followed the Franco-German war, when the Imperial Government devoted large sums of money to the creation of a museum that should be worthy of a great capital. It was he who negotiated many of the principal purchases, notably that of the fine things from the Strozzi Palace, which may be said to form the centre and kernel of the Berlin collection. Since that time, furnished as he is with considerable expert skill and with sufficient command of money, Signor Bardini seems to have attained a quite unique position in the peninsula—a position, in fact, which, as far as Renaissance objects are concerned, recalls that which Alessandro Castellani used to hold with regard to



The Staircase of Signor Bardini's Palace.

classical antiquity. Everybody knows his name; every dealer—and they are legion—acts as his agent if there is a question of a purchase of a specially fine or expensive thing; so that whenever in any corner of Italy, a choice bust, or an exceptional piece of majolica, or a wonderful piece of wood-carving, emerges from the seclusion of centuries, it is pretty sure to find its way to the Piazza Mozzi.

What manner of home that is, the reader may gather from our two illustrations, which show respectively a portion of the ground floor and one of the landings on the great staircase, with indications of further rooms. For doorways we have the genuine columns and architraves from various dismantled palaces or other buildings in North Italy; for ceilings, as is indicated above the seated statue of Pope Boniface, some of those magnificent original works which were perhaps the chief glory of the Renaissance palaces; while some of



Tapestry from the Borghese Palace.

the windows are filled with glass of the sixteenth century, found several years ago in disused sacristies, in untravelled corners of Italy. All this gives of course an air of splendour and reality to Signor Bardini's *installation*, and tends to impress the casual visitor with the sense that he is there not to buy, but to admire. The collection, indeed, is not that of the ordinary dealer who looks to "quick returns," whatever may be the magnitude of his profits. Signor Bardini avowedly does not expect to sell to the first comer. He waits for big orders from the museums or from the great collectors in London, Paris, Berlin, and, alas! New York. You visit the Piazza Mozzi year after year, if you are fortunate enough to turn your steps annually southward, and you find very little change, except that here a case of medals may have disappeared bodily, or that there all the contents of a room have been shipped to America. Such was recently the fate of a group of precious

objects, including the two lovely tapestries which we figure; and such will be the fate of more and more of the fine relics of the past, as wealthy Americans learn to appreciate them.

It is hard to say whether the Bardini collection is stronger in sculpture or in the work of the embroiderer and the loom: but certainly these two departments taken together are those by which the collection should be judged. The sculptor, whether in marble or bronze or terra-cotta or wood, is everywhere; on each floor, on every staircase, round every doorway and every fireplace, we find some treasure from his hand. In the main the work is that of the Renaissance, of that period of activity, as exuberant as it was refined, when the invention of the artist seemed to inspire the chisel of the common workman, and when to be common was in no sense to be vulgar. But now and then, although as yet he has not dealt largely in classical antiques, Signor Bardini comes across some treasure of Greek or Greco-Roman Art—a bust, or a sarcophagus front, or a vase. Of these the chief, a year ago, was the Greek head which, together with some extraordinary pieces of eighteenth-century furniture, he purchased from Prince Borghese in Rome, before the sale of the so-called Raphael portrait had been noised abroad, and long before the commoner furniture of the palace and the books of the library were sold by auction. This head, of which we give an illustration, belongs to some lost statue of a beautiful woman or goddess, but unfortunately no trace remains of its history before it took its place long ago in the vestibule of the Borghese gallery. Was it excavated in Rome, in Southern Italy, or in Greece itself? Does it come from the Acropolis, or was it part of the spoil of a Roman conqueror, or of some Verres whose rapacity did not respect the temples of the



Greek Marble Head. Borghese Palace.

gods? We cannot tell; we can only judge the head on its merits and assign it to its school and period by a comparison with other work of which the history is better known. The nose, as even the engraving reveals, is the work of some clumsy restorer of the last century, who did not even care to give it any suggestion of a classical character: but all the rest is in admirable condition. The authorities are divided on the question of its date, as to whether it belongs to the period when archaic Art was just giving way before that knowledge of the human form which heralded the great age, or whether it belongs to the moment of retrospection, when Greek sculpture was turning back from realism and becoming archaic. In fact, to take an analogy from painting, the experts hesitate between the archaism of Botticelli and that of Mr. Burne-Jones. The writer, who is now also the possessor of this head, must leave to others the discussion of this subtle question. There is no such difference of opinion as to the delicious little Renaissance bust which we illustrate on the next page by way of comparison and contrast, though, to be sure, we may pause before attributing so unfinished a work to any particular one out of the group of great Tuscan sculptors. Traditionally, the beautiful sketch is assigned to Mino da Fiesole, and it certainly has much in common with the work of that illustrious artist, the most precise and "inevitable" in touch, though not the most inspired, of all the group. The peculiar arrangement of the hair, the high forehead, the long upper lip, the long neck, and the sloping shoulders, are all characteristic of Mino.

This bust, however, is not the most important piece of Renaissance sculpture in the collection, for Signor Bardini is the owner of a famous historical fountain which unfortunately, on account of the difficulties of the light, could not be photographed, so that we cannot give an illustration of it. This is the plain circular fountain which Donatello made for the Pozzi family, and which is mentioned by Vasari where he says, "Fece (Donato) di granite un bellissimo vase che gettava acqua, e al giardino de' Pozzi in Fiorenza, un altro simile ne lavorò, che medesimamente getta acqua." It is a simple and noble piece of work in marble, inspired by the porphyry fountains of a similar shape which were common in antiquity, and of which examples are to be found in many museums; but in the ornamenting of it, slight as it is, there is the unmistakable touch of the Renaissance master. Another work attributed to him, with apparently very good reason, is a *Pietà* recently acquired from a noble family at Padua, in whose possession it had been from the beginning. We do not know what may be the case with regard to this latter piece, but upon the fountain the Government has put an embargo, and has placed Signor Bardini in the hard position in which many an Italian owner now finds himself. The Government will neither buy on its own account, nor will it allow a sale. Ostensibly, indeed, it does not forbid the sale, but only the export; but as the only market for these things is a foreign market, there being no private collections to speak of in Italy itself, the permission is a mere mockery.

The Bardini collection is very rich in terra-cottas, bronzes, and woodwork, noticeable among the wood-carvings being a number of extraordinary frames for pictures and for reliefs. In Italy, as in Paris, the demand for fine old frames, whether of the Renaissance or the eighteenth century, has grown immensely during recent years, and collectors are now prepared to pay prices for them which their fathers would have thought perfectly monstrous. The rarity of Italian sixteenth-

century frames may be appreciated by any visitor to the National Gallery, since he will find that of the Raphaels and Titians and other glorious pictures there, scarcely any have frames more than fifty or a hundred years old. Now and then, as in the case of the *fondo* by a Venetian master purchased a



Tapestry from the Borghese Palace.

few years ago, the original frame has been preserved by some happy accident, to show how immeasurably the artistic value of a picture is heightened by its proper setting. Some of the Bardini frames are in carved wood and some in *gesso*; while among other examples of woodwork the collection includes a number of fine marriage-chests, whether painted or carved, a certain number of cabinets, of which our illustration presents one very fine "Gothic" specimen overleaf; and two or three sets of choir-stalls, or chapter-seats, of that beautiful

intarsia work which is seen in its perfection in the sacristies of many famous churches, such as Santa Croce at Florence or Santa Maria in Organo at Verona.

One hardly expects to find important pictures in the possession of any Italian dealer in these days. Almost all that have been for sale have long since crossed the Alps, and now have their homes in the great public and private collections of central and northern Europe. But now and then at Venice, at Milan, or at Florence, some choice painting still comes into the market, and Signor Bardini generally has three or four. Just now the gem is the Botticelli

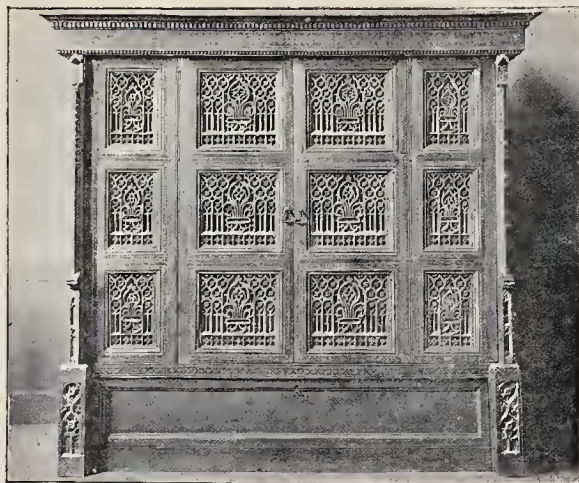
'Madonna and Child,' which we engrave; a picture of the highest quality, which has been in the possession of a Florentine family ever since it was painted, and on which the restorer's hand has never been laid. But more characteristic of the collection are the pair of Borghese tapestries; for if Signor Bardini only shows a very few examples of painting, he is always rich in needlework, Oriental carpets, and tapestry. This pair, which form part of a set of eight formerly in the Palazzo Borghese in Rome, are among the most beautiful examples of their kind that exist anywhere; quite equal to anything in the Spitzer collection, and, though much smaller, not inferior to the famous set of "Vertumnus and Pomona" at Madrid. They evidently belong to the happiest moment of the art, when the Flemish weavers, after the cruel destruction of Arras by Louis XI. in 1479, wandered all over Europe in search of a new home, which some of the cleverest of them found in Italy. There had been, indeed, small colonies of Flemish tapestry weavers in Italy before this; in 1421 a certain Giovanni of



Renaissance Bust by Mino da Fiesole.

broideries collected by Signor Bardini, they are innumerable, and many of them are extremely fine. South Kensington has cast covetous eyes on many of the specimens, but the collection must not be broken up; the owner has decided that it must be bought as a whole or remain where it is. Our Museum is already fairly rich in textiles of all sorts, and will therefore probably not purchase; and if it did, we may be sure of one thing—it would be attacked for buying from Bardini. So the writer of a vigorous letter to the *Times* last autumn, under the signature of "Viator," attacked it, especially for labelling some of its purchases "Bardini collection."

That title is, of course, improper; a dealer's wares, however fine and rare, if sold in the ordinary way of business, should not be described as if they had been sold at auction *après décès*, or as if they had come to their new owner as a collection. But this is a small matter, and "Viator," who writes like a man with a good deal of knowledge and still more bias, need not have worked himself into a passion about it. The point is that if South Kensington is not to buy



A Gothic Cabinet.

from Signor Bardini, or from the one or two other men who are in any true sense his competitors, from whom in Italy is it to buy? The open market—we are speaking of Italy—has ceased to exist; not once in two years in the whole peninsula is there an important auction; the great families are hindered from selling by law—such hindrances having long made the lives of the Sciarra a burden to them, and having proved too much for Don Paolo Borghese.

This, however, is a digression. The purpose of this article is not to advise museums or individuals to make purchases, but to recommend the palazzo of Signor Bardini as an interesting place for the Art-loving traveller to spend a morning in; an excellent place to go to before or after a visit to the Bargello. Ah! the Bargello! that indeed is beyond rivalry, and neither Signor Bardini nor any other sensible dealer would dream of comparing his store with that marvellous aggregation of the relics of the illustrious past of Florence. The bronzes of Donatello, of Verocchio, and of the medallists; the marbles and terra-cottas; the abundant collections of the works of the Robbia family and school; the carved wood-work, the tapestries, make this famous old building as attractive, and to the student as important, as the Uffizi itself. Moreover, it is better organized and directed than are most of the public collections of Italy, where expert knowledge is not common among the heads of museums, often appointed by the minister of the day for some reason quite foreign to Art. The Bargello is a fortunate exception, and a great tribute to its director has lately been paid in the bequest of his very choice private collection of Renaissance objects. But, after all, the Bargello is a public museum; and somehow or other the frigid atmosphere of a museum, the air of *N'y touchez pas!* and *Stand off!* has penetrated into every corner of it.



Madonna and Child. By Botticelli.

One feels more at home before the treasures of a great dealer; one may at least indulge the harmless dream that some day or other a few of them may become one's own.

HUMPHRY WARD.



Richard Jefferies' House.

NO other writer who is, to use Mr. Walter Besant's phrase, so "full" as Richard Jefferies, imparts less information to the reader. It is not that there is any lack of facts in his writing; on the contrary, it is an aggregation of minute details. But if you compare his work with that of an observer equally vigilant and acute, White of Selborne, for example, the difference becomes apparent at once. White's method will always be the more popular. He is invariably at his best when investigating a disputed point as to the habits of some wild creature. His simple ambition began and ended with a desire to chronicle fully and accurately the life-history of the *flora* and *fauna* of the woods and streams and meadows round his parsonage. How well he accomplished this end is proved by the fact that to this day people turn to his simple annals for information. He is read for the knowledge he conveys. No lover of nature could be less of a poet.

Jefferies was the exact opposite of all this. But for a certain repugnance to using the literary slang of the day I would call him an impressionist; although, by those who misname themselves impressionists, he is persistently misrepresented as addicted to catalogue-making. Yet it need hardly be pointed out that he never made a systematic study, never a complete list of anything. From the scientific student's point of view he was an idler in the land, sensuous, and therefore sensitive to nature's choicest colours and sounds and fragrances; passionate, and so given to dreams and musings and speculations. When he one by one enumerates the birds and flowers and weeds of an English hedgerow, you feel, in the end, that his object has been neither botanical nor ornithological, but poetical. It is not into the study of a zoologist you have gone, but to the presence of an artist who has transferred a mood from his own mind into yours. The reader carries away little new knowledge,

but many pleasant memories. Most of us have, in the course of our lives, spent many happy days, which it is impossible to recall without thinking of the blue skies and white clouds of which it was his delight to write. It is the secret of his charm that he can re-awaken these impressions. He is an enchanter who, at will, transports you into the midst of a green English landscape, where the swallows skim the corn-fields, and the butterflies flutter among the wild-flowers, where the chaffinch chirps from the expanding oak-leaves, and the water sparkles to the sunshine. The result differs from that produced by Gilbert White as night differs from day. One man pleases by his love of facts, and by ministering to our thirst for knowledge; the other by adding to our æsthetic pleasures.

Obviously a man with a nature such as indicated, must have been greatly influenced by the characteristics of his native country, and one can hardly wonder that, during recent years, Wiltshire has been freely visited by those who like to trace the early surroundings of a favourite author. And were it possessed of no literary interest whatever, the district round Coate would still be highly worthy of study for its own sake. For one thing, it is rich in rights-of-way, a privilege dearer to the tourist than the farmer. Across the meadows and over the wheat-fields, by wood and down and streamlet, the faintly trodden paths or rustic stiles invite the stranger to go, like the wind, where he listeth. Even now, but far more so thirty or forty years ago, trespass as far as a native boy was concerned had practically no existence as an offence. This was, in itself, no slight advantage to a lover of nature.

Perhaps the most favourable point for obtaining a first impression of the country is a corner of Chisleden Churchyard. Close by it is a slip over the wall, and so on to a foot-path, that across deep meadows and past the well-known lake leads to Coate. On Sundays, the heavy-footed rustics having, with slow, trailing step; lunched up as far as here, would stop

and hold a kind of Parliament before and after the beginning of service. The initials of many are still to be seen on the stones. It is an ideal place for a rural rendezvous. On the churchyard side the wall is not too high to sit upon, yet high enough to lean against. From it the spectator looks down on the yard of the Parsonage Farm. So near are the copses, too, that while I was standing and thinking of it one sunny morning the voice of the first cuckoo rang out clear and bell-like from one of them. The present tenant of the farm told me he remembered how, long ago, his predecessor stood every Sunday morning at the church-door, and paid his besmoked servants as they entered, hardly a book between nine of them. That was certainly an effective way of ensuring a congregation, though I am told that hardly one could read and write, none dreamt of understanding the sermon, and the majority peacefully slept through it. National education has changed all that, and no apostle of the new humour is criticised more keenly than the village parson of to-day.

Though the church dates from the middle of the twelfth century, there are very few really old tombstones in it. Some time ago the farmers took to using them for repairing and building their houses. A pathway is entirely paved with headstones. You cannot get out by the back door of the vicarage without walking over a "Here lyeth the body of" someone.



The Keeper's Home, near Coate.

If the wall of the church wanted repairing, it seems to have been a common practice to patch it with a morsel from some antique monument. Within the church there is what appears to be a richly-carved stone sepulchre, but all the names and dates have been rubbed off. Jefferies attended Chiselden Church every Sunday, he was married in it, and while sitting in the high-backed family pew he framed this and many another musing picture: "The tall grass growing rank on the



"The rampart rises high and steep."

graves without, rustles as it waves to and fro in the wind against the small diamond panes, yellow and green with age; rustles with a melancholy sound, for we know that this window was far above the ground, but the earth has risen till nearly on a level; risen from the accumulation of human remains." That, however, was not quite true; lazy grave-diggers heaped the earth against the church wall, as one may see from the hollowed-out condition of the rest.

From the church to Coate a pleasant pathway leads across the meadows and past little woods and plantings that in spring are miraculously bright with wild flowers. Nowhere have I found anemones so large and splendid. They nod to the blowing wind under almost every tree. From many a shady little nook comes the fragrance of sweet violets, which, with bluebells and primroses, are made into bunches by the rambling school children. The meadows are pied with daisies, and the first cowslips, anticipating summer, are thrusting up amongst them, and that early comer, the small celandine, one of Wordsworth's prime favourites, is spreading out its golden breast like a careless prodigal! How could anyone play in these fields and not learn to love them all!

As you walk, innumerable birds flit about and sing with the happy desire that spring brings, and they all shine with the colour and gloss that love gives them. The oxeye's wings, of a shade of blue exactly like that of a forget-me-not in flower, actually glitter as he clings to the mossy bark of an old tree or flutters among the tender young leaves. A chaffinch in red and white as bright as a new uniform twinkles boldly from the bough, while from the very top of the tree the chifchaff calls out his name monotonously; perhaps it is only because our own ears are so gross that we do not recognise the endearing accents which doubtless his mate finds there.

This may be found within a short walk of Coate farm and within view of the reservoir or lake on which Job Brown once kept his cranky boat with its ill-assorted oar on one side and scull on the other. You may pass the very hatch on which Jefferies and his brother used to sit and watch the pike and perch. The brook, in which Richard used to sail his little boats, vowing all the time he would be off to sea as soon as he was a man, is nearly dry now.

The farm-house has been frequently described, but what was oldest about it is quietly crumbling into decay. Hardly anyone will enter the dilapidated summer-house which the boys used as an armoury, and where you may still see their scribbling on the walls, for it is so rickety that it threatens to fall down one of these days. It is the same with the very ancient parts of the original dwelling, which for aught I know may have stood there since the days of Queen Elizabeth. The modern parts of the house, that is to say the whole inhabitable portion of it, does not look older than the present century. Some bits of thatch still remain to show how pleasantly the quaint farm-house must have matched the perfectly idyllic garden. Most of us are very familiar now with the mulberry and the brown beech, the apple and the pear trees, that indifferent to the fame or obscurity of their surroundings, still bring forth leaf and flower in the spring and ripe fruits in autumn. Had Jefferies been spared he would now have been only in the prime of life; yet many of his acquaintances have passed out of our ken. One of them, Thomas Smith, whose shanty formed the theme of a very early paper, died on the very afternoon I had appointed to see him. Without exception, the poor people speak very kindly of the family at Coate, although it is undeniable that "Farmer Baden" had peculiarities that they did not understand. He was easy and good-natured to a fault, and though an excellent talker, when started, he usually went about in a common labourer's smock, and was extremely reserved. If after dinner he took an



Chiselden Church.

extra forty winks, or watched the mice too long, he was as angry to find that his labourers had begun work without him as another would have been at their waiting.

Close to Coate Farm is Day-house Farm; near to the tombs of the Jefferies in Chiselden Churchyard are the tombs of its former tenants. That Richard Jefferies should have fallen in love with his girl playmate, Miss Baden, was the most natural thing in the world. His home is more attractive than hers. The old homestead of the Badens was burnt down during the lifetime of her father, and the somewhat pretentious yet bare and cold-looking house, shown in the illustration, was erected in its stead. The houses were within such easy distance of each other that communication between them must have been incessant.

Not very far off, and beautifully secluded, is a cottage with which, as he grew up, Jefferies became more and more familiar. It stands in a place called Hodgson's Bottom, and is the residence of the keeper—a keeper, it would probably be more prudent to say, lest some slave to literalism should at once declare him to be the veritable Gamekeeper at home. The house, as will be seen from the illustration on p. 17, is substantial and well thatched. It has got a new tenant recently, a young Scot, and the singular old man Jefferies knew has gone to live some miles off. To understand something about him is to realise very strongly how little of the novelist was about our essay writer, for the keeper is a character if ever there was one, and a writer whose eye was keen for the whims and humours of men would have found a treasure in him. The peculiarity of his dress is that, unlike the rest of his class, he wears a tall hat, and this tall hat he scarcely ever doffs. Many tales of his easy good-nature are told, and it is said that never during the whole course of his career did he take a poacher. He is distinguished by a voice so loud that it is a terror to womenkind, and on entering a copse or preserve his first performance was to clear his throat with a sonorous "Ahem!" that gave warning to the very jays and magpies. Amateur and every other kind of poaching must have been greatly facilitated by the tall hat and strong, freely used voice. Jefferies unfortunately had not the art of laughing at people, or both the "Amateur Poacher" and the "Gamekeeper at Home" would have been very amusing books.

The keeper appears to have had rather more than the average share of pride in the number of vermin he has killed, and apparently did his best to simplify the natural history of Wiltshire. In his "larder," near the pheasant preserve that



The Hatches behind Coate.

starts from the end of his cottage, he has nailed up two long horizontal bars about five feet from the earth, and upon these, as upon the back wall of his cottage, he hangs or crucifies the victims whose bodies now dangle in the wind. Who are the malefactors of the woods and meadows? Approach cautiously, so that the wind does not come between them and your nobility and you shall see. Firstly, there is not an owl among the lot, but that very probably is because hardly any are left. The farmers complain bitterly of the increase of rats, and when that is so, it may be assumed that the night birds have been decimated. Here, however, is the bright-plumaged jay, a bird Jefferies loved to watch, and though not many of his kind are now to be seen, he is such an inveterate egg thief that we will not impugn the justice of his punishment. Beside him are many carrion crows, who have been guilty of the same offence. Why the useful little jackdaws should undergo the death penalty it is not easy to imagine, and I was particularly sorry to notice that deadly war had been waged upon



Some of the Jefferies tombstones.

the hawks. Here are kestrels, and kestrels soaring and hovering and hawking form such a pleasant feature in the scenery of Wiltshire, that it is painful to witness this attempt to exterminate them. Nor may the keeper shield himself behind the interests of sport. Kestrels live mostly on field-mice, and only attack the weakest game-birds, so that shooting is really benefited by their presence. And here too, *horribile dictu*, is the prettiest of all our hawks, the little brown merlin, one of a species imminently threatened with extinction; it is most regrettable that any sportsman should allow his keeper to fancy one of them might have been the very wretch that figures in "Wood Magic." Stoats, "the tiny bloodhounds" that so often appear in his books, swing back and forward, and many tails tell of wandering cats that have paid the penalty enacted for their having forsaken civilisation, while the pads of foxes and of badgers prove that other murders have been committed.

Near by is the residence of a squire whom Jefferies knew, and who most likely supplied a well-known character in one of his works. But indeed the characters, persons, and places round Coate formed such a large portion of his material that it would take a volume to enumerate them. It is far more important to notice the character of the trees concerning which he wrote so well. The most beautiful of them, and, to my thinking, one of the most beautiful trees in England, is a magnificent witch elm that from a little eminence overlooks the combs and denes into which the earth is broken and furrowed near the keeper's lodge. Its great gnarled trunk, with rough indented bark, its giant interlacing boughs flung out and drooping proudly, new life starting from every twig, combine to form a majestic example of still life, a green monument moulded by the one perfect and unerring sculptor. There are many oaks growing ruddy in spring, but none so large and

shapely as this elm. In the meadow hedges are quantities of curious pollards, whose rugged clefts and crevices have been filled with earth and sown with seed by that careless and ingenious gardener the wind. Starry dandelions blow in nooks of the trunk, twenty feet above the ground; on the crown a gooseberry bush has been planted, and many a nettle and wayside weed whose seeds were carried up by bird or breeze, flower and bloom higher than the tree ivy has climbed, higher than the topmost bough of the tall hawthorn hedge. Nature has found a plant for every available nook. Green and gold and white are the woodlands with foliage and windflower and buttercup, daisies and marsh marigolds lighten the ver-

ture of the deep rich meadows: black hawthorns with snowy blossom are already whitening the hedges.

A merit of this fertile scene is that it exists on the verge of a wild bleak moorland. Coate stands amidst carefully fenced and cultivated fields. The land is enclosed and worked like garden ground. There is even a suggestion of suburbanism in the great dairies, the carefully irrigated meadows, the milk carts and cans of many dairy farms. Move up towards the downs and the character of scenery and agriculture gradually changes. Hedges and fences disappear till the great turnpike becomes only a white track through far-extending ploughland. Nay, if you follow the Ridge Way that runs close past Chiselden in a short while, that is, just as you pass into Berkshire, you will find that it loses altogether the character of a travelled road, and becomes a wide green ride, bounded on each side by a ridge of turf. Vehicles seem to pass that way but seldom, for grass is growing in the very cart ruts, and though the surface is rough, it is covered with turf as green and thick as there is on the pasture land.

Like the majority of ancient tracks it runs along the crests of the hills, past many a scene of interest. Just above the village of Ashbury, where three black copses form a triangle, the ancient roadway passes a favourite haunt of Jefferies. It is the Cave of Wayland Smith, old Waylam say the rustics,



Wayland Smith's Cave, near Coate.

the smithy of Weland the Anglo-Saxon Vulcan scholars will have it, an ancient sepulchre standing in one of the copses. Sweet violets were blowing close by when I was there, the chalk downs with the white horse carved upon their sides gleamed in the distance, and it was pleasant to sit on the ancient stones and dream of the magician sleeping in iron, and his assailants in their mailed armour, or to re-fashion the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, and try to fancy what kind of journey a traveller like Scott's Tressillian could have made along this straight wild way. The wattle sheepfolds, the gorse just breaking into its summer blaze, the boors in their smocks have in the intervening centuries hardly changed more than the everlasting hills. Revolution has been busy elsewhere, but here the new generation of man resembles that which went before as closely as the forest leaves of this spring resemble those of last, as the rooks and peewits flying over these fields resemble those seen by the warriors of Hengist and Horsa. The river of life hurries past. Every moment new drops are before your eye, but the stars that look on for æons alone can know how long it takes for the general appearance to be changed or the course altered.

Everyone who knows the work of Jefferies has read his exquisite description of the Downs in "Wild Life in a Southern County," and to add to it would be an act of superfluity. How faithfully and vividly he has transcribed the scene from nature anyone may discover by climbing the height above Liddington on a fine summer day. Here is the ancient camp (see p. 17), in the trenches of which he lay, and listened to the wind swishing amid ditches and ramparts, or watched the white butterflies fluttering and chasing one another in the sunshine. The rolling green hillocks and hollows, the hazel copses, the very hares that start up from the sward and scud away over it, all seem to have stepped out of one of his pictures. From an outlying eminence one can take in the whole scenery of his books. Away past Highworth and on to Malmesbury, to the utmost limits of the county in fact, there is an expanse of fine English soil, with its thick woods and hedgerow trees, its fair and fertile fields, its thatched, tiled, or slated farm buildings, its church towers and mansions, every-



Thomas Smith's Shanty.

thing, in fact, that goes to make up one of our typical landscapes. Overlooking all are the low, brown downs, reminding one of so many other wolds and English hills, and offering a pressing invitation to him whose feet love to wander in quiet and solitary places. For miles and miles I have walked across them without seeing a human face, save that of some cowboy tending his charge on the unwallied expanse, or farmer's lad ploughing the unfertile bits of arable.

Such are the places among which the essayist lived. They have not changed much in the last twenty years. A few small proprietors have succumbed to modern difficulties, a few small farms have been merged in larger ones, and steadily little by little the cottagers are perhaps advancing to a state of higher enlightenment, but the process is as slow as to be almost undiscernible. Nature fashions many generations from the same mould, and the hamlet child of to-day may, if he have the eye for it, see exactly the same kind of men, hear the same tunes from the birds, rejoice in the same sparkle on the water that pleased the senses and formed the mind of the distinguished man whose brief career has added a new interest to every flower and tree, every bush and corner and scarp around Coate.

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.



The Larder.

CONSTANT TROYON.

TROYON is one of the painters of the nineteenth century whose works have become well known in many countries. As an animal painter of the first order his pictures have been well appreciated in this country, and his reputation on the Continent and in America has always been of the highest standard. As an artist who has thoroughly mastered his *métier*, Troyon is a very satisfactory painter to study. His subjects are well conceived and well carried out, and chosen as much for their interest as from their artistic points. In his best works his drawing is usually correct, the result of knowledge acquired by long and careful study; his colour is always fine, and frequently this quality in his pictures rises to the very highest point reached by any animal painter.

Troyon is, therefore, one of the few masters admired by the lesser learned as much as by the connoisseur. He painted with no tricks; his results were gained by the legitimate means of hard work, and he never allowed a picture to leave his studio until he had, as it were, said his last word on it. His care in the choice of a subject is a standing lesson to the painters who have learned the half-truth that all nature is beautiful, but who have missed the whole truth that in some instances nature is more refined than in others, and that selection is absolutely necessary to every one who claims to be an artist.

Constant Troyon, who was born at Sèvres on August 28th, 1810, and died in Paris fifty-five years later, painted only landscapes with figures until he was thirty-six. In 1846 he went to Holland and was much influenced by the famous Dutch masters, and especially by Paul Potter, whose well-known 'Young Bull' still attracts great attention. After that time Troyon occupied himself with the study of cattle for his pictures until he gradually developed into an animal painter. His landscapes are admirable, however, and occasionally in later years he painted pictures without cattle which are perfect examples of fine colour.

In 1849, Troyon painted a large work, 'The Ferry,' now in the collection of Mr. Grant Morris at Allerton. This picture has very much the character of Constable's work, and was undoubtedly influenced by English feeling. There are no cattle, only a ferry-boat with figures crossing a river, and, behind, some large trees dark against the sky. In this picture the influence of Rousseau and Dupré is also seen in the manner of painting the trees.



Reynard. From the painting by Troyon.

This picture of 'The Ferry' must have been one of the last that Troyon painted of subjects without cattle, for in 1851 he produced as fine a cattle picture as ever he painted. In that year he executed the picture now in the possession of Mr. J. Donald, Glasgow, where the landscape and cattle blend in an harmonious whole, full of the richest colouring. This picture we hope to illustrate later in the year, when dealing with Mr. Donald's collection. Another work of this period, in the collection of Mr. J. S. Forbes, is an extraordinarily fine landscape, with trees and sheep of a wondrous pearly quality: a picture much esteemed by painters, and one on which Mr. G. F. Watts loves to descant.

Troyon's experience at first was rather unfortunate, for his father being one of the artists employed at Sèvres, the young artist acquired many of the conventional tricks of the porcelain painters, and it was a number of years before he rid himself of their teaching. After his father, his chief instructor was Camille Roqueplan, an artist little known nowadays except to connoisseurs. Roqueplan took a fancy to Troyon, and he introduced him to Theodore Rousseau, to Diaz, and to Jules Dupré. In 1833 Troyon began to exhibit at the Salon, and he had the usual difficulties until he found his *métier*. Later he achieved considerable success, and was decorated by medals and the Legion of Honour. Probably he only asked a tenth part of the prices now given for his work, but that seems the usual fate of a clever artist. Troyon never seems to have lacked friends, and Napoleon III was his patron



*In the Open. From the painting by Troyon.
Formerly in the Dejoer collection.*

and did all he could to help him, although the latter years of the artist's life were unhappy. Not very long before Troyon died he had to be placed under restraint, and it was feared he would remain insane. He rallied, however, and hopes began to be entertained of his recovery, when he grew worse, and ultimately died on the 20th March, 1865.

At his death Troyon left a considerable number of canvases unfinished, and these were soon afterwards sold by auction, each example being marked "Vente Troyon." There are a certain number of these works on both sides of the Atlantic, many being in Scotland. These "Vente" pictures, as they are called, are not monetarily so valuable as finished and

signed paintings, but from the artistic point of view they are frequently far more desirable. It is one of the unexplained wonders of the picture market, that an admittedly genuine work by a master is, if unsigned, worth about one-half the sum commanded by a signed picture. This arises possibly from the buyers of such expensive pictures feeling more confidence in a work which the artist has himself approved by signature than in a picture which, however beautiful, is only a sketch. To connoisseurs the argument is worth very little, but it is a convenient arrangement, for by this means a lover of good pictures, of comparatively small fortune, may occasionally possess himself of fine works by the best masters.

Although Troyon never exhibited at the Royal Academy, his pictures have been well known in English collections all the latter half of this century, and there is scarcely a gallery of importance which has not at least one fine example. The late Mr. Bolckow was the owner of a pretty composition by Troyon, and in 1891 this picture was sold at auction in London for £4,930, being purchased by Baron Schroöder for his little-known but choice collection at Staines. In 1889 another famous Troyon was sold in London at the Secrétan collection, 'The Heights of Suresnes,' for £3,045, and this is now in Sir John Pender's collection. At the Paris Secrétan sale the Troyons fetched enormous prices, and one of the most beautiful of his smaller works, 'La Descente des Vaches,' has been added to a collection in Bedford Square, London.

Troyon's pictures, in fact, whenever they are to be found, are sure of a connoisseur ready to acquire them, and the prices given at auction are often repeated in private treaty. In the



In Normandy. From the painting by Troyon in the Roederer collection, 1891.



*On the Way Home. From the painting by Troyon.
In the collection of M. Vasnier, of Rheims.*

spring of 1892 one of the best-known canvases of Troyon—'Le Gué,' a morning sun effect of splendid colour and interesting composition—passed from the possession of a merchant in London to the collection of Mr. J. J. Hill, a well-known American buyer. Many other American collections contain examples of Troyon's work, and our lower illustration on this page is from a choice piece of rich colour, unsurpassed for the sunny glow which comes from the right of the composition.

In Holland and in Belgium, Troyon's pictures are well known, and all the older collections could show one or two examples. The attraction, however, of the larger markets of London, Paris, and New York, has much reduced the number in these countries.

French connoisseurs also remain very fond of Troyon's works, and several of our illustrations are from French collections. One of the freshest in colours is the one on this page—'On the Way Home,' a canvas which, not very long ago, figured in a well-known English banker's collection, but which now is deposited with M. Vasnier at Rheims. On page 23 is 'In the Open,' formerly in the Defoer collection, a very attractive picture of a Normandy cow standing beside some water and turning her head towards the distant plain. A white calf stands beside her, and other cattle are visible in the distance. On the same page is the purely characteristic subject, 'In Normandy,' which shows the strong influence Cuypp and the other Dutch painters exercised over Troyon. The white cow sits ruminating, and a brown one stands looking away from the spectator; the sheep and the cattle farther off

graze lazily and lie about resting. The whole composition is suggestive of quiet and repose, which is very agreeable in a home picture. This work is not really so good artistically as the Reynard on the opposite page, but as an illustration of Troyon's composition it is acceptable.

Troyon also painted a considerable number of pictures with hounds and their keepers, subjects apparently commonplace, but which in his hands became veritable masterpieces. The large, separately printed illustration opposite this page—'The Gamekeeper'—is a fine example of this class, and was painted in 1854. Formerly in the Crabbe collection, it was later one of the ornaments of the celebrated collection of M. Secrétan. The picture was sold at Secrétan's sale in 1889, when it fetched an enormous price. The canvas is only 35 by 28½ inches; but, of course, an artist ought to be fully able to express himself on such a size, and Troyon's pictures are always painted with the dimensions kept well in view. Mr. Fredk. L. Ames,

of Boston, is now the fortunate possessor of this remarkable work.

Troyon painted pictures for home. To appreciate one of his masterpieces it must be seen in its place alone or nearly alone on a wall, over a mantelpiece perhaps (never, however, a very safe place for any picture), or in a recess by itself near a window. Rest there for a quarter of an hour, and study the picture, and the attractiveness of Troyon's composition, the charm of his colour, and the strength of his workmanship



*The Watering Place. From the painting by Troyon.
In the collection of G. I. Seney, Esq., New York.*

cannot fail to impress the untutored as well as the most highly trained. C.

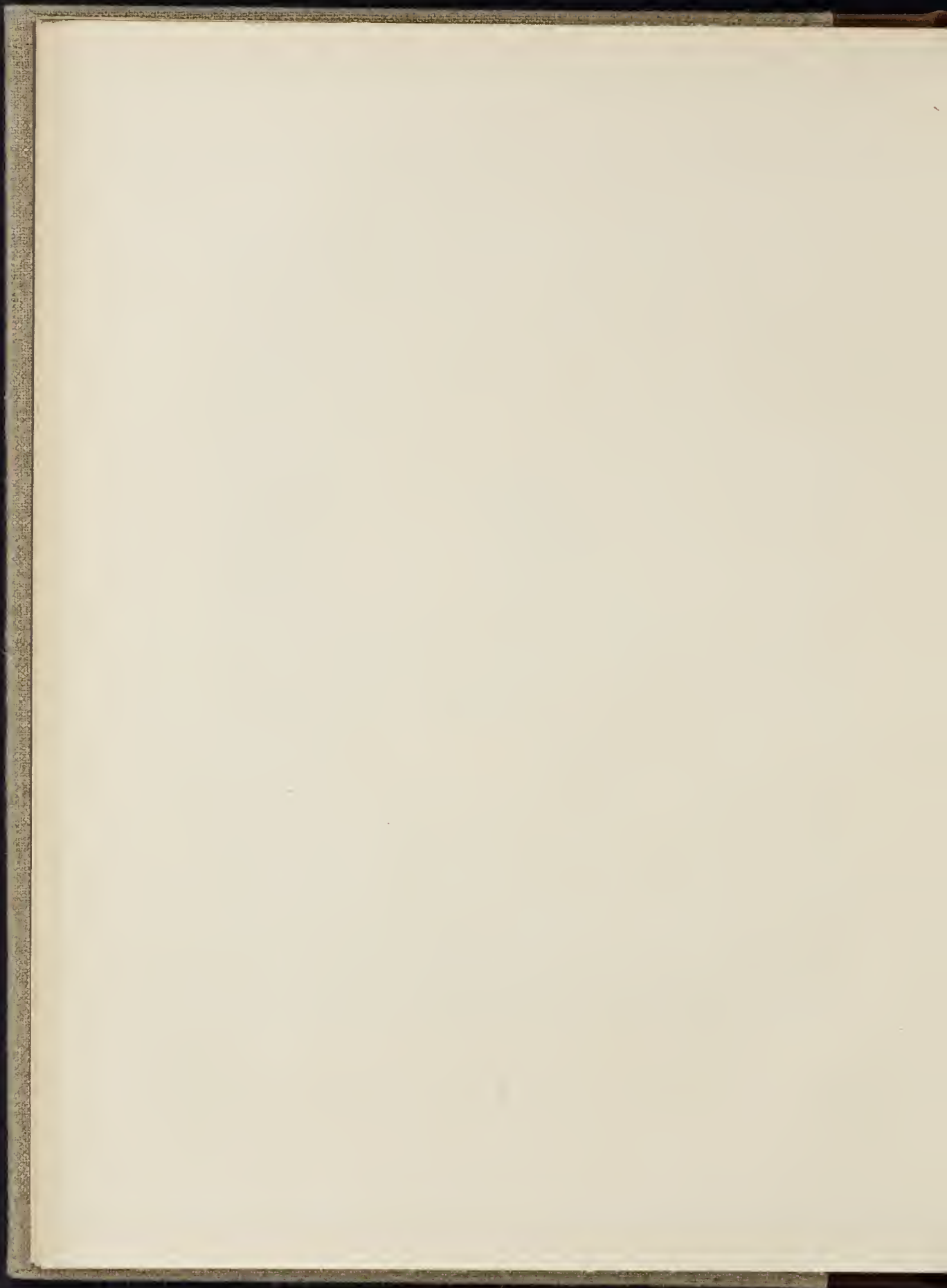






THE GAME-KEEPER.

From the painting by Troyon in the collection of Frederick L. Ames, Esq., Boston, U.S.A.



GLEANINGS FROM PEPYS ABOUT LITTLE-KNOWN PAINTERS.



GENIAL old Samuel Pepys—whom Evelyn calls “an extraordinary knowing and ingenious person”—seems never to have more thoroughly enjoyed himself than when pottering about some fresh artist’s studio, now Cooper’s, Lely’s, Verelst’s, Huysman’s or Dancres’, and surfeiting himself with astonishment at their skill.

On one occasion he durst be sworn that a picture of an open book which he saw in the king’s collection was a real book, on another, he saw a wonderful flower-pot at Verelst’s and was constrained to touch a leaf painted with a dew-drop in order to be sure that it was not a real leaf. His was an age of diary-keeping, and luckily for us when he went home he entered minute particulars of his visits, and the people he saw, in his diary. Some of the passages on painters are well known, and fill voids in Art history, giving us vivid little sketches of the men and their homes and manners. But he also tells us of several minor workers, now all but forgotten, who will form the subject of the present paper.

On June 30th, 1660, Pepys mentions meeting a Mr. de Cretz, who with great pleasure did show him the fine antique heads in marble at Whitehall. This was Emmanuel, son of John de Critz, the sergeant-painter. On the restoration of the Stuart family several minor artists put forward a claim for this office, among them were Thomas Bayly, John Carwarden, William Knight, Michael Crosse, and this Emmanuel de Critz (or de Cretz, as Pepys and others call him). The petition of the last set forth that his father had bought the place for himself and eldest son (from James I.); that the latter was dead without any benefit thereof; that £4,000 was still due to his father from the Crown; that he had spent £900 to rescue from Parliament the incomparable statue of the late king by Bernini, and £300 more to buy in pictures, statues, etc., now in his Majesty’s possession. These things surely constituted a strong claim to recognition, and Aubrey, indeed, tells us that he was appointed; but the ungrateful Charles ignored all his claims, as he did with many another faithful follower, and appointed a son of the Earl of Berkshire. Pepys mentions Emmanuel de Critz only as a copyist; on October 23rd, 1660, we read, “carried my lord’s (the Earl of Sandwich) picture to Mr. de Cretz to be copied.” It cannot be said that the artist’s charges were high, for on the following November 24th, he went “to Mr. de Cretz, and did take away my lord’s picture, which is now finished for me, and I paid £3 10s. for it and the frame.” At the Pepys Cockerell sale in 1848 this picture was bought by Lord Braybrooke, of Audley End, the first editor of the Diary.

Shortly after this Pepys mentions a miniaturist, of whom, however, nothing further is known. On January 21st, 1660-1, he was “interrupted by Mr. Salsbury coming in to see me, and to shew me my lord’s picture in little of his doing. Truly it is strange to see to what a perfection he is come in a year’s time.” On March 25th, Pepys ventures on a prophecy

concerning him: “Came Mr. Salsbury to see me, and shewed me a faee or two of his painting, and indeed I perceive that he will be a great master. . . . To my lord’s, and there I shewed him the king’s picture, which he intends to copy out in little.” History is silent as to the fate of this great master, and Pepys, it is to be noticed, notwithstanding his high opinion, does not mention that he ever gave him any employment. Whether he died young, or went abroad, or changed his profession, we know not.

The same may be said for a “face painter” whom Pepys employed towards the end of 1661. On November 25th he says he went “to Savill’s, the painter (he lived in Cheapside), and there sat for the first time for my face with him.” He gives minute particulars of various sittings of himself and wife, and of retouchings of the hands, etc., which it would be tedious to transcribe in full. On the 3rd of December following, “had more of my picture done, but it do not please me, for I fear it will not be like me.” However, in the end, it did not much displease him, and he was better satisfied with his wife’s portrait, for it was “above what he had expected.” The prices certainly were not extravagant, for on January 16th, 1661-2, he paid Savill £6 for the two pictures, and 36s. for the frames, and tells us that his rooms were “now coming to look very brave with all his pictures.” Although these prices may now seem very low, they were not unusually so. From Sir Edward Dering’s Household Book, we learn that in 1649 he paid Mr. Le Neve “for a picture of the king . . . £2”; and in 1650, “paid Mr. Lilly for my wife’s picture . . . £5”; again in 1651, “paid Mr. Lelie for my picture . . . £5.” The first mentioned was probably one Cornelius Le Neve, of whom very little is known; the second and third is the afterwards famous Sir Peter Lely, of whom Pepys gives many interesting particulars. We will quote once more from the Diary concerning Savill: on January 28th he says that he went with his wife “to the painter’s, where we stayed very late to have her picture mended, which at last is come to be very like her, and I think well done; but the painter, though a very honest man, I found to be very silly as to the matter of shadows.” Apparently Savill had no chance of becoming a great master, but Pepys, nevertheless, employed him again shortly afterwards to paint his portrait “in little,” *i.e.* in miniature, which likewise cost him £3.

Pepys mentions another painter on May 27th, 1663: “I bought a little book, ‘Counsell to Builders,’ by Sir Balthasar Gerbier. It is dedicated to almost all the men of any condition in England, so that the dedications are more than the book itself, and both it and them not worth a farthing.” This circumstance is mentioned in Isaac D’Israeli’s “Curiosities of Literature,” with some similar examples. Gerbier obtained the idea from Antonio Perez’ “Obras”; it was a device to obtain money by dedication fees, in the days when publishing by subscription was unknown. For Gerbier had fallen on evil times, and the price of a dedication varied from five to ten guineas up to the time of George I. Gerbier had been painter to the Duke of Buckingham, for whom he had collected a number of pictures and other works of Art; there is a manu-

script catalogue of the collection in the handwriting of Gerbier in the British Museum. Among the letters of the Duchess of Buckingham is one to her husband, about 1618, in which the following passage occurs, "I pray you if you have any idle time sit to Gerbier for your picture, that I may have it well done in little." Perhaps this refers to a large well-painted miniature, which belonged to the Duchess of Northumberland and was signed, "B. Gerbier, 1618." He was a man of considerable accomplishment, and in the course of an eventful life had dabbled in a variety of arts and sciences, including painting, building, politics, fortification, authorship, teaching, and elocution. We may judge somewhat of his talent from a very interesting miniature portrait of Charles I. when Prince of Wales, in the collection bequeathed by John Jones to the South Kensington Museum. It is neatly and delicately executed in pen and ink, with a slight wash in bistre, and is signed "Gerbier fecit. 1616."

January 1st, 1662-3, Pepys mentions that he was visited by "Captain Brewer, the painter," but makes no further reference to him, and otherwise his name is unknown in the history of Art.

Many ladies in Pepys' time cultivated the Fine Arts, some for recreation, and some professionally. Sanderson, in his "Graphice," 1658, has the following:—"Pick me out one equal to Madame Caris, a Brabanne, Judgment and Art mixed together in her rare pieces of Limning since they came into England. And in oyl colours we have a virtuous example in that worthy artist, Mrs. Carlile, and of others Mrs. Beale, Mrs. Brooman, and Mrs. Weimes." The Madame Caris of Sanderson is evidently Anna Maria Carew, appointed in 1662 to copy the king's pictures in miniature (the office formerly held by Peter Oliver under Charles I.), at a salary of £200 per annum. Evelyn, in 1661, mentions with pardonable pride that his wife "Presented to his Majesty the Madonna she had copied in miniature from P. Oliver's painting after Raphael, which she wrought with extraordinary pains and judgment. The king was infinitely pleased with it, and caused it to be placed in his cabinet with his best paintings." So too in May, 1665, Mrs. Pepys "began to learn to limn of one Browne, which Mr. Hill helps her to, and by her beginning upon some eyes, I think she will do very fine things, and I shall take great delight

in it." And so he did, as several subsequent entries prove, for even when most pressed for time in his business, he would contrive to see and kiss his wife, and admire her paintings, now a head of Christ, now a Virgin's head, and so forth. The painter whose pupil she was, was a miniaturist and teacher of drawing, who in 1669 published "A Compendious Drawing-Book," composed by Alexander Browne, limner, collected from the drawings of the most celebrated painters in Europe. Pepys mentions the fact on May 27th, "Presented this day by Mr. Browne with a book of drawing by him, lately printed, which cost me twenty shillings to him."

One of the most amusing passages in the Diary relates to this painter. On May 4th, 1666, he says: "Had a great fray with my wife, about Browne's coming to teach her to paint, and sitting with me at table, which I will not yield to." Browne was a very handsome man; whether it was jealousy or outraged dignity which thus excited him, Pepys does not say, but that he had the worst of the fray is evident, for on May 28th, he notes in his Diary, "Dined with us—Browne the painter (!)" However much she may have appreciated his company, Mrs. Pepys does not appear to have had a very high opinion of his talents, for on July 14th, 1668, we have this note, "This day Bosse finished his copy of my picture, which I confess I do not admire, though my wife prefers him to Browne. He does it for A. Hewer, who hath my wife's also, which I like less."

Pepys tells us of another painter, one who seems to have been more ambitious in subject than any yet mentioned, whose name is not to be met with anywhere else. January 18th, 1668-9: "To the Pope's Head Tavern, where to see the fine painted room which Rogerson told me of, of his doing; but I do not like it at all, though it be good for such a public room." Although Pepys does not mention any subject here, there can be little doubt that it was a pictorial decoration. A passage from Walpole's "Anecdotes of the Arts in England," vol. ii., will illustrate this. "Fuller was much employed to paint the great taverns in London; particularly the Mitre in Fenchurch Street, where he adorned all the sides of a great room in panels, as was then the fashion." The panels were of bacchanalian subjects, and this room of Rogerson's was probably of a similar type.

ALFRED BEAVER.

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

A MORE than ordinary interest would always have attached itself to the name of Angelica Kauffmann had she merely been the most noted one of two ladies only who have attained to Academic rank, but the romantic halo which surrounded her life has further endued it with a fascination peculiarly its own. This has increased rather than diminished of late years, a circumstance due, no doubt, to Miss Thackeray having made her the heroine of her novel of "Miss Angel." In spite of this, however, and of the ample materials, both of fact and illustration, which abounded, no attempt has of late years been made to collect and publish the fuller details which were known concerning her, or to utilise the better means which existed for illustrating her work. The task has, however, been lately undertaken, not in a luxurious form as might have been expected, but in a somewhat modest manner, by a lady,

Miss Frances Gerard, under the title of "Angelica Kauffmann" (London: Ward & Downey). Under her guidance we can traverse the interesting phases of the Artist's eventful life, from the time when as a golden-haired girl, of no more than twelve years, she started upon her career as a portrait painter. She was more fascinating than beautiful, but her face had an extraordinary sweetness, and her ways were so winning that she attracted hosts of friends throughout her long life. In this her voice also helped her, for nature had bestowed upon her one which would have earned for her a very respectable place on the stage had she been so minded. Her friendships with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Goethe are of course dwelt upon at length, and if Miss Gerard brushes away some of the romance which has attached to the former of these, she is only attesting her adherence to the truth. It was a fitting sequel to the life

of our first lady Academician that she should end her days in the Eternal City, the fount of Art. This she did, amidst the regret of as large a circle of friends as she had amassed in England, and these testified their affection for her by a mag-

nificent funeral, and placing her bust amongst those of the immortals in the Pantheon. All this is detailed in Miss Gerard's memoirs, which besides contains a useful list of Angelica's pictures and their possessors. M. B. H.

'THE FIRESIDE STUDENT.'

THE American painter of 'The Fireside Student' is, we believe, consistently a painter of interiors. His *net* and accomplished execution has continually manifested itself in the niceties of light and composition within doors; and in the present instance it is displayed in a thousand well-considered details. Books in every attitude that can be taken by the books of a man who reads and does not hoard; an old floor, old walls, wood dark with time—all these give a far fuller and more crowded arrangement than we are accustomed to in his cleverly simple work; though here, too, the blank floor of the foreground gives the repose and amplitude that the detailed picture needs.

In his incident Mr. Millet makes some appeal apparently to human sympathy. Comforted with a pipe which he would certainly deny his amanuensis, the old man of his picture is evidently putting no rein upon his *longueurs*. This

deliberate author has the conviction, strangely and inappropriately peculiar to old age, that time is practically infinite, while his young companion is somewhat fretted with her sense of its limits, of the fresh air outside, and of the perfect unimportance of the alternative word that she is bidden to write, and erase, and restore. It is only too probable that inferior literature has made countless martyrs by way of dictation, especially among daughters. The martyrs made by the Miltons of the world's history we must all consent to offer up with resignation; but not so the martyr made of a devout Dorothea by a Casaubon. Futile authorship is destined to weary a certain number of readers in its state of publicity, but it has doomed to secret weariness and privation who knows what a little army of wives, daughters, and type-writers? Mr. Millet obviously does not intend that we should take the researches of his "student" very seriously.



The Fireside Student. By F. D. Millet.

IMPRESSIONISM IN FRANCE.

A DEBATABLE VIEW.



ACCORDING to the true interpretation of the word impressionism we should expect to see a representation of the precise effect produced by any object whatsoever on the artist's perception—the full general aspect of the object, seen at once and as a whole, without details, but with no alteration of colour. Has this been the constant guiding principle of the school, and have all its artists adhered to the one purpose of a conscientious rendering of their impressions? Have they not rather perverted the principle, and from an impression raised or lowered themselves to an ideal? And what ideal have they taken? Each seems to have devoted himself to one of some kind varying according to his means and powers, yet not one has set himself the task of fully working out a sincere and personal impression. They have sought to idealise nature, to see what others have not seen, to realise absurdities, and gradually drifting from their original self-imposed purpose, they have passed from Impressionism to Individualism. Do they imagine they have improved on nature, and really and sincerely believe that they have attained the perfection of art? For my part I do not think they have. I find that they have even missed their mark in thus treating nature. Where will the artist's eye find rest if once it is recognised as a canon of Art that every colour may be replaced by another, that white may be black? Everything would then be tolerated, and so, if an artist should cover a canvas with the most ridiculous objects and with the most contradictory and inharmonious colours, why should he not obtain recognition and recompense? Has he not a right to style himself "impressionist," maintaining that such and such an effect has been the impression he has received, that for his own purpose he has had to create a nature, that his vision is different from yours, and that it is beyond your province or power to criticise his work? Is this Impressionism? No, it is simply the method of a certain school which cannot seriously maintain its position and which cannot possibly exist beside those great schools, whether ancient or modern, which have been established on sound principles, and which, by a faithful and attractive rendering of nature, have really idealised her.

I would, however, point out that this Impressionist school

may be divided into two perfectly distinct sections: one serious and artistic, no doubt; the other with no coherency or substratum of principle. The former section alone should be called the School of Impressionism; while the latter may be called the School of Infinitism—to employ a general term, which may comprise such affiliated groups as the Symbolists, the Suggestivists, the Mystics, and others.

It is indisputable that the first division was successful in its beginning when its artists produced works which were of real merit. At that time they were intent on reproducing nature not in all its multitudinous details, but in its collectiveness, and as the impression of a momentary effect. A grand sketch was obtained of something actually seen and conceived, a truthful souvenir recalling some vision or experience, and giving a vivid impression of nature. It was a glorious opportunity to be able to view nature from such a standpoint; but it was true Art; there was vitality in such work. I remember seeing certain examples of Monet, and especially some of Sisley, which were simple and truthful, and of a charming colour, and which conveyed in fact impressions as truthful as those produced by the works of Corot, Daubigny, and Rousseau. Alas! they formed but a minute portion of the works of Monet and Sisley, and have apparently fallen into oblivion in comparison with the other productions of these artists.

It was then that the decline of the school began, and now on the term Impressionism have engrafted themselves all those schools which are but ineffective, valueless adjuncts to a firm and solid stock. No limits were of course imposed where everything could be thus tolerated, the very masters themselves went with the tide; and there was then formed that school of *Infinitism* which has no real existence, nor ever can exist, being a mere *cloaca* for all imaginable hypotheses and rules, sufficient to stifle modern art were it not for the counteracting good taste and conscientiousness of men of sense.

In order to appreciate fully the effect of such diffusiveness and change of procedure in a school which ought assuredly to have brought to Art something else than ridicule, it is absolutely necessary to study each artist—or master—who has cast aside the principles of his school, and follow him in his work. This is what I propose to do, taking them one after the other, both in their strength and in their decline.

G. B. B.

(à suivre)

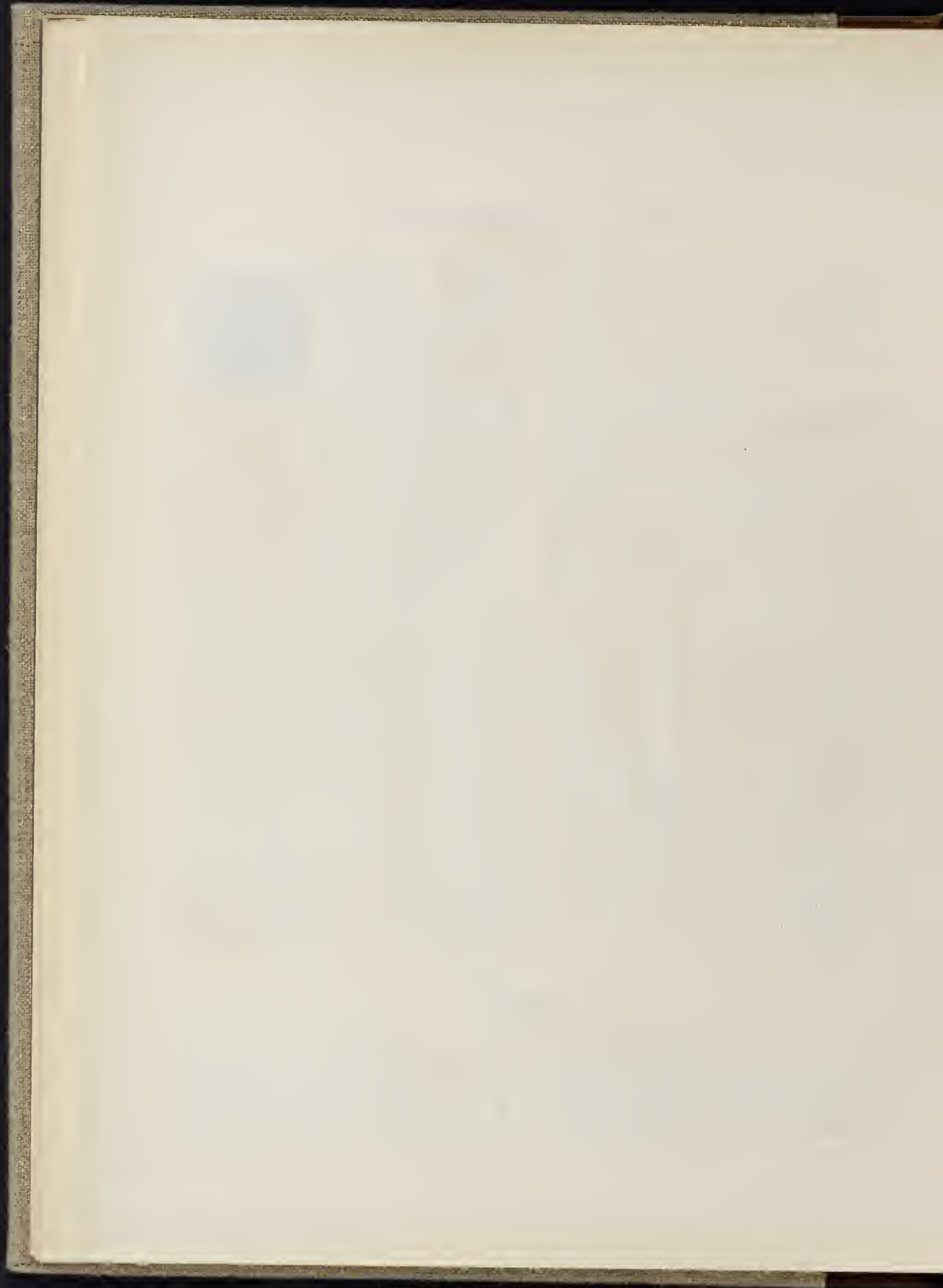
'FLORA.'

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

THIS fair English girl with her bounding dogs is characteristic work by an artist who is well known both as a painter and as an etcher. "Flora" has her dogs out for a run, and even with whip in hand is not able to keep them in absolute control. The dogs are doubtless favourites with their young mistress, and she seems more than half inclined to

join in their hilarity. The composition is agreeable and the movement adequately expressed, and the work is attractive as an example of the present position of a certain section of our younger artists. Mr. R. W. Macbeth has recently devoted himself more to painting than to etching, but in both methods he is an assiduous worker.

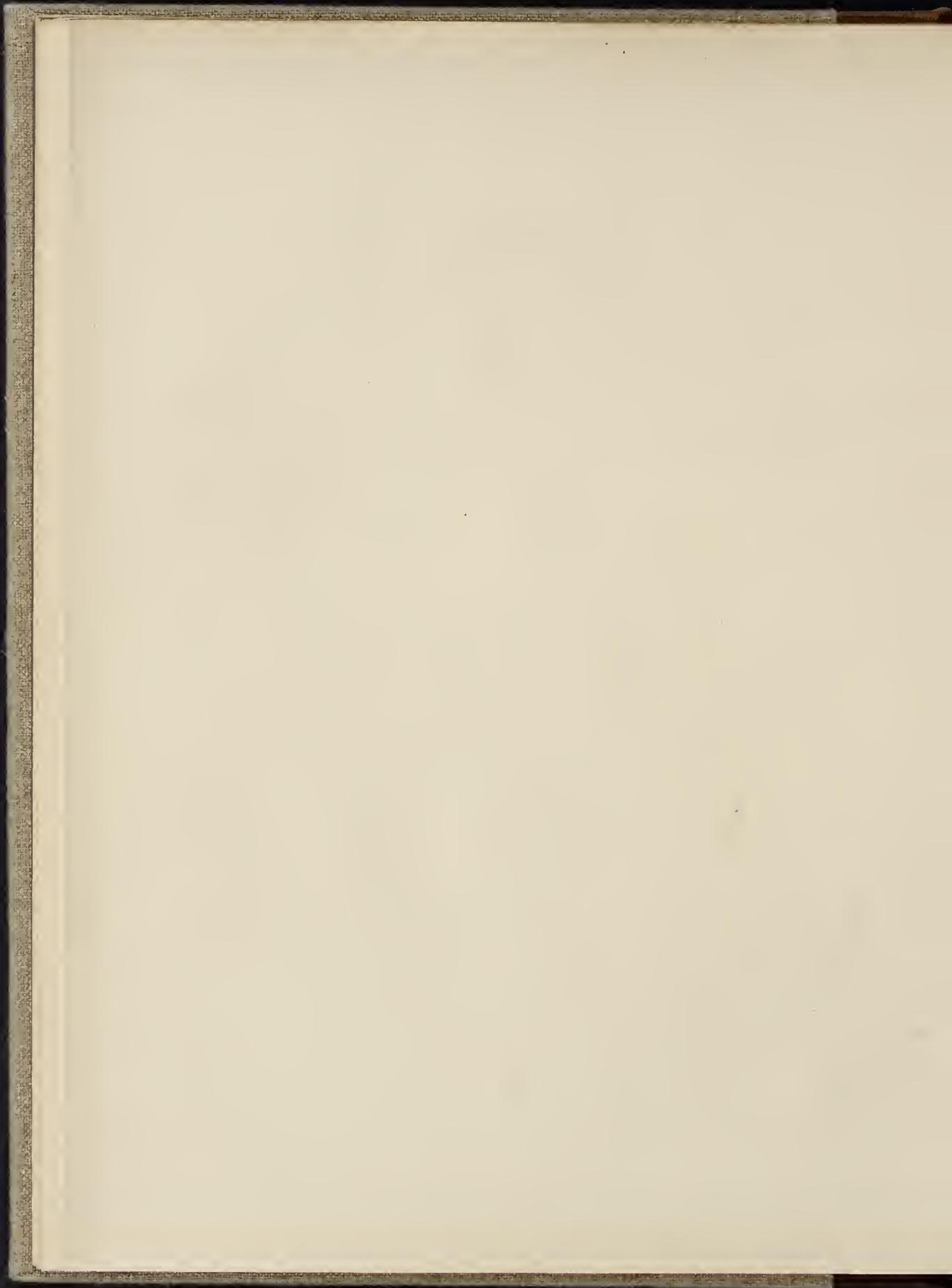






FLORA.

AN ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY R.W. MANNING, A.R.A.



EXHIBITIONS AND NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.

THE exhibitions of a close corporation like that of the Old Water-Colour Society must be judged by the work of its younger members, and by those outsiders who gain admission to its walls. Although the present collection is called an exhibition of sketches and studies, finished pictures also find place occasionally, such as Mr. Arthur Marsh's 'The Messenger,' completed in a way that rather trespasses beyond the proper attributes of water colour. This criticism also applies to Mr. E. R. Hughes' rendering of the poet Gringoire, and to Mr. Glindoni's 'Billeted,' a costume picture very reminiscent of Burlington House. An important position on the walls is accorded to Mr. Holman Hunt, who exhibits eleven drawings, some of which illustrate Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia." Miss Clara Montalba has developed a very personal style of late years. She understands the beauty of space, and although her forms are often little more than suggestions, her work is always characterized by an admirable feeling for colour. Mr. Robert Little also shows a good appreciation of colour, his sketch of Evangeline, both in tone and drawing, being one of the pleasantest examples on the walls. Mr. Herbert Marshall continues his notes on London Street Life, and Mrs. Allingham her impressions of village children and flowers. Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. S. J. Hodson, and Mr. Walter Field, all send good work, but the exhibition, as a whole, does not reach a particularly high average.

The question suggested by the ninth exhibition of works by the band of young experimentalists known as the New English Art Club is, When will promise develop into fulfilment? The answer may perhaps be found in the fact that as these artists find themselves, as they achieve a distinct manner, they secede from the New English Club. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, once a prominent member, has gone; Mr. J. J. Shannon resigned his membership soon after the opening of the present exhibition; and, no doubt, that will be the fate of others as they feel their way to a more Academic style of Art. So it comes to pass that the exhibitions are always experi-

mental, effects of light, daring harmonies of colour, and extravagances of observation sufficiently uncommon to deter less determined seekers after difficulties. The influence of certain masters, such as Mr. Whistler, Manet, Monet, and M. Degas, is very apparent; in fact, the painters themselves make frank avowal of their eclecticism. Mr. J. S. Sargent,

the most distinguished member of the club, exhibits three works, each characterized by his remarkable deftness of execution, knowledge of the capabilities of the palette, and occasional carelessness of drawing. The painting of the dress in his portrait of Miss Dunham, with the flesh of the arm glimmering through the muslin sleeve, and the finely modelled head, is quite a *tour de force*. Mr. Wilson Steer is represented by a picture of Boulogne Sands, very dry and vivid in colour, and a portrait of a girl, of which we give an illustration, a study in blue, simple in design and pleasing in colour. Mr. G. Thompson has a carefully observed but not very subtle picture of a girl gazing from a window under peculiar conditions of light; and Mr. Walter Sickert a vigorous portrait of Mr. G. J. Holyoake. The landscapes are in many instances good, and less eccentric than the majority of the subject works. We may mention Mr. Fred. Brown's 'Between the Showers,' and Mr. James Paterson's 'Steely March.'

Prince Troubetzkoy, a young Russian painter, now domiciled in London, became known there by a clever open-air portrait study which was exhibited last summer. The present exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswells' numbers about a dozen pictures, portraits and landscapes, in which the artist shows that he is possessed of a vigorous style and a good eye for colour.

Photography killed miniature painting, and although the art is still practised in this country, we fear that even such an excellent exhibition as that held at the Fine Art Society's will hardly suffice to promote a revival of this delicate and charming art. Painted at first upon card or vellum, it was not till the end of the seventeenth century that miniatures on ivory came into use. The present collection numbers four hundred and eighty-six examples, by all the chief masters, representing the principal historical personages from the beginning of the seventeenth century down to the time of Sir William Ross, R.A.

The fifteenth exhibition of the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Painters, held in Glasgow at the end of the year, was rather a mediocre affair. It appeared as if the artists, with some few exceptions, had mistaken the medium, and had tried to make imitation oil paintings. Several of the cleverest members did not exhibit, but the influence of Mr. Arthur Melville, himself an absentee, was very evident in many works. Mr. R. Little's 'Caudebec' was dainty and charming; Mr. T. Scott's 'Leisure Hours' *chic*; Mr. David Murray's 'Brewery' showed him at his best; Mr. Calvert still cultivated his agreeable landscapes and Miss C. Walton's 'Friend' was delightful.

Mr. Luke Fildes is occupying himself principally with painting portraits. He has not yet decided the subject of his next large picture, but the success of 'The Doctor' will probably lead him in the same direction as that very successful work.

Mr. Louis Fagan has resigned his appointment in the Print Room of the British Museum after twenty-five years' service.



Portrait by P. Wilson Steer.

Mr. Tate's offer of a collection of modern pictures has been accepted by the Government, a site has been found on the ground where Millbank Prison now stands, and so we may reasonably hope that within a couple of years the National Gallery of British Art will be a *fait accompli*. Although the pictures included in Mr. Tate's munificent offer vary in importance, such works as Sir John Millais' 'Ophelia,' and 'Vale of Rest;' Mr. Orchardson's 'The Rift in the Lute,' and 'The First Dance;' Mr. Fildes' 'Doctor;' Mr. Waterhouse's 'Lady of Shalott;' and Sir Frederick Leighton's fine design, 'The Sea shall give up its Dead,' are pictures that would add distinction to any collection. The National Gallery of British Art, we understand, will be under the control of the Trustees of the National Gallery. Mr. Tate has given exclusive permission to *The Art Journal* to publish illustrated articles on his unrivalled collection, and these will shortly commence and extend throughout the year.

The whirligig of time has brought a curious experience to Mr. Whistler, which can hardly fail to please him. It will be remembered that in the famous case where Mr. Whistler sued Mr. Ruskin for libel, a certain nocturne, 'The Falling Rocket,' valued at two hundred guineas, was exhibited in court as the picture described by Mr. Ruskin as "a pot of paint flung in the public's face." Witnesses were called to prove that it was ridiculous to suppose the work could be worth two hundred guineas. The other day this same nocturne, 'The Falling Rocket,' was sold for eight hundred guineas.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert, sculptor, was elected on December 8th to be a full member of the Royal Academy.

Mr. Fred. Brown has been chosen to succeed Professor Legros as Slade Professor of Fine Art at University College.

A new picture, a 'Fruit and Flower Piece,' by Jan Van Os, the gift of Mr. George Holt, has been placed in the Octagon Room of the National Gallery. The work is remarkable for its elaboration and finish. The design is simple—a vase filled with flowers standing upon a marble table, and to the right a mouse nibbling at a nut.

Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., has been nominated High Sheriff of Radnorshire. This is probably the first time an honour of this nature has been conferred upon an artist.

The exhibition of a water-colour drawing by Mr. Ruskin at the New English Art Club suggests the question, should the owner of a picture exhibit his possession at a gallery without first obtaining the artist's consent? This is certainly an extreme case, as Mr. Ruskin has expressed, in unmistakable terms, his hostility to the New English Art Club. There seems to be no doubt that he was ignorant of the fact that an example of his work was to be exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Mr. Ruskin being still unable to attend to correspondence.

On account of ill-health M. Jules Breton has given up the commission he had received to paint two decorative panels for the Hôtel de Ville of Paris.

With the view of giving a true knowledge of the present state of Art in Russia, the painters of that country are organizing an exhibition of Russian pictures in Paris next summer.

The report of the Society of Scottish Artists shows that the first exhibition has been sufficiently successful to make the receipts cover the expenditure. In addition, the subscriptions of the members of the society amount to £420, and this sum has been placed to reserve. The charges (£398) for advertising and hanging the pictures appear high, but these can be lessened by experience. The artistic success of the last exhibition was very remarkable, and it is to be hoped the Royal Scottish Academy will profit thereby in preparing for their own exhibition. There is no reason why the annual exhibition of the Scottish Academy should not contain one room with foreign or deceased painters' works, so that, without too severe competition for the pictures by living men, the sympathies of the artistic public may be actively enlisted. Anything, in fact, would be better than the lethargy into which the Scottish Academy seems inclined to fall.

The committee charged with the selection of pictures for the World's Fair at Chicago this year are finding many serious difficulties in their way. Owners of pictures have been asked so often of late to lend their pictures that it is found well-nigh impossible to obtain the best representative works. It is to be hoped, however, that the serious efforts which are now being made will be crowned with success. Collectors of pictures in America are distinctly inclined to buy certain kinds of English work at present, but these collectors always complain that in coming to London they cannot see even fairly good examples of the pictures by British painters, for it is hard to believe (while we wait for the Henry Tate Gallery) that the Chantrey pictures at South Kensington are the best our school can produce. If then the artists of these islands draw together at Chicago a really representative collection, it is very probable that a new and almost exhaustless market will be opened to them in America. Besides this it is only just that in an International Exhibition of the importance of the one forthcoming at Chicago, the British schools should from the purely artistic point of view alone be properly represented.

It has frequently been a matter of surprise and regret amongst Continental connoisseurs that the best artists of the British School do not send their pictures to other countries for exhibition and sale. The few who do send to the Paris Salon have almost invariably been accorded good places, and have sometimes found purchasers. In water colour especially British painters would almost certainly obtain success. The receiving days for the Salon at the Champs-Élysées are announced in good time. They are for paintings and drawings, March 14th to 20th; sculpture, April 1st to 3rd; architecture and engraving, April 2nd to 5th. A small committee might be formed to send representative works for sale, and thus awaken renewed interest on the Continent.

OBITUARY.

The Duke of Marlborough, who died suddenly last November, was always somewhat of a connoisseur of Art, and was very fond of writing on artistic subjects in the Reviews. Since his second marriage he devoted himself seriously to study the tendencies in Art of the day, and for a long time he was a brilliant advocate of the works of Mr. Whistler and of Mr. Burne-Jones, however different these artists may be in their achievements.

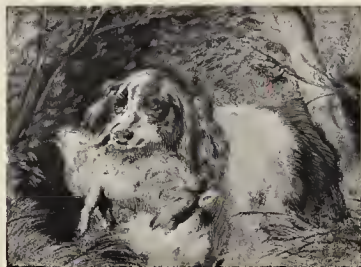
NEW ART PUBLICATIONS.—ENGRAVINGS AND BOOKS.

THE supply of large engraved plates seems to continue, notwithstanding the increasing difficulty of finding



THE HONEYMOON.
After Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

artists to undertake their production. 'The Honeymoon,' recently engraved from Landseer's picture by Mr. J. C. Pratt, for Messrs. Agnew & Sons, is one of the most satisfactory plates issued for many years, and recalls the time when C. G. Lewis and T. Landseer were engaged on Sir Edwin's famous works. The quality of the tone obtained is very refined and the whole plate shows the delight the engraver felt in the work. The subject, as may be seen from our illustration, makes a desirable publication. Another Landseer prepared for the same firm is called 'Trim.' This picture, which is the property of Mrs. Thomas Agnew, was painted by Landseer in two hours and a half. When the artist was visiting Mr. William Wells at Redleaf, Sussex, in 1831, he heard one Sunday morning that it was Mrs. Wells's birthday. Allowing the family to go to



TRIM.
After Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

church, Sir Edwin seized his brushes, and by the time the service was over the picture was finished and ready for presentation as a birthday gift. This plate is also engraved by Mr. Pratt, and although the subject is not so attractive as 'The Honeymoon,' the engraver has made the plate almost

equally as good. Mr. Frank Dicksee's 'Vows,' etched by E. Gaujean (Agnew), is from a well-known exhibited picture. The young wife has passed by the door of the church leading her little child, as a former lover, now a priest, enters the porch. The priest looks back regretfully at the young mother who is leaving the shadow of the building and is now walking in the sunshine where butterflies flicker. The idea has been painted before, perhaps, but Mr. Dicksee's interpretation of it is entirely his own. The etching

is a faithful following of the picture. Messrs. Agnew have also recently published important reproductions of Mr. Burne-Jones's four well-known pictures of 'The Briar Rose.' It is a great disappointment to many that these works are not included in the exhibition at the New Gallery, but being let into the wall of a country mansion it has not been found possible to move them. Mr. Burne-Jones painted on these



VOWS.
After Frank Dicksee, R.A.

"But I must also feel it like a man;
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me."



THE BRIAR ROSE—THE GARDEN COURT.
After E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

pictures for a considerable number of years, and they are probably the works by which in the future he will be best known. Our illustration represents 'The Garden Court,' with the Princess surrounded by her slumbering attendants.—The Art Union of London has made a very acceptable departure in offering subscribers proofs of large and important plates. The Souvenir of Velasquez, after Sir J. Millais by Mr. McCulloch, is a good mezzotint, not unlike a Reynolds subject, and Mr. Macbeth's etching, 'Late for the Ferry,' is certain to be popular.

The two volumes of "THE LIFE OF JOHN LINNELL," by Alfred J. Story (Bentley), give ample evidence of the care Linnell took to preserve the records of his life. He was a brusque, decided, and sometimes not very good-natured man, who frequently had quarrels with his acquaintances, but who was often a kind-hearted friend to many. To Blake, in that painter's declining days, he was specially kind, and his intercourse with this artist forms the most interesting portion of an interesting work. Mr. Story presents Linnell's life with very little bias, but he is inevitably influenced by Linnell's side of the question. For example, in the first volume, much is made of Constable's so-called jealousy of his young friend Linnell, while we find almost immediately afterwards that these two great landscape painters remained on the best of terms. Constable was unfortunate in his lifetime, and mayhap, as Mr. Story suggests, he was embittered; Linnell, on the other hand, was singularly



William Blake. From a Sketch by John Linnell.

lucky in finding patrons. At present the works of these two painters are prized about equally, but we would venture to predict that Constable will be looked on as one of our greatest masters when Linnell begins to be forgotten, and ultimately takes his place as an artist of a lower rank. Notwithstanding this his life is well worth reading, and many interesting stories are interspersed throughout both the volumes. Mr. Story has been hampered with an immense amount of

material, but he has made skilful use of it, and the volumes bear testimony to his care and industry.

There is not a more interesting subject than "ENGLISH CATHEDRALS," and the volume published under this title by Mr. Fisher Unwin, with text from Mrs. Van Rensselaer and drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell, is both attractive and instructive. The illustrations are charming, and in some cases—such as St. Paul's from the Wharf Pier and the Durham drawings—they rise to the very highest quality.—The chromolithographic illustrations, after Marchetti, to "OTHELLO" (Simpkin), are probably the best specimens of coloured book work done in England.—"LONDON," by Walter Besant (Chatto and Windus), contains many splendid word pictures, but the illustrations—with the exception of a few towards the end—are inadequate to the subject.—The Twelve Photographs of the Year (Hazell), taken from the



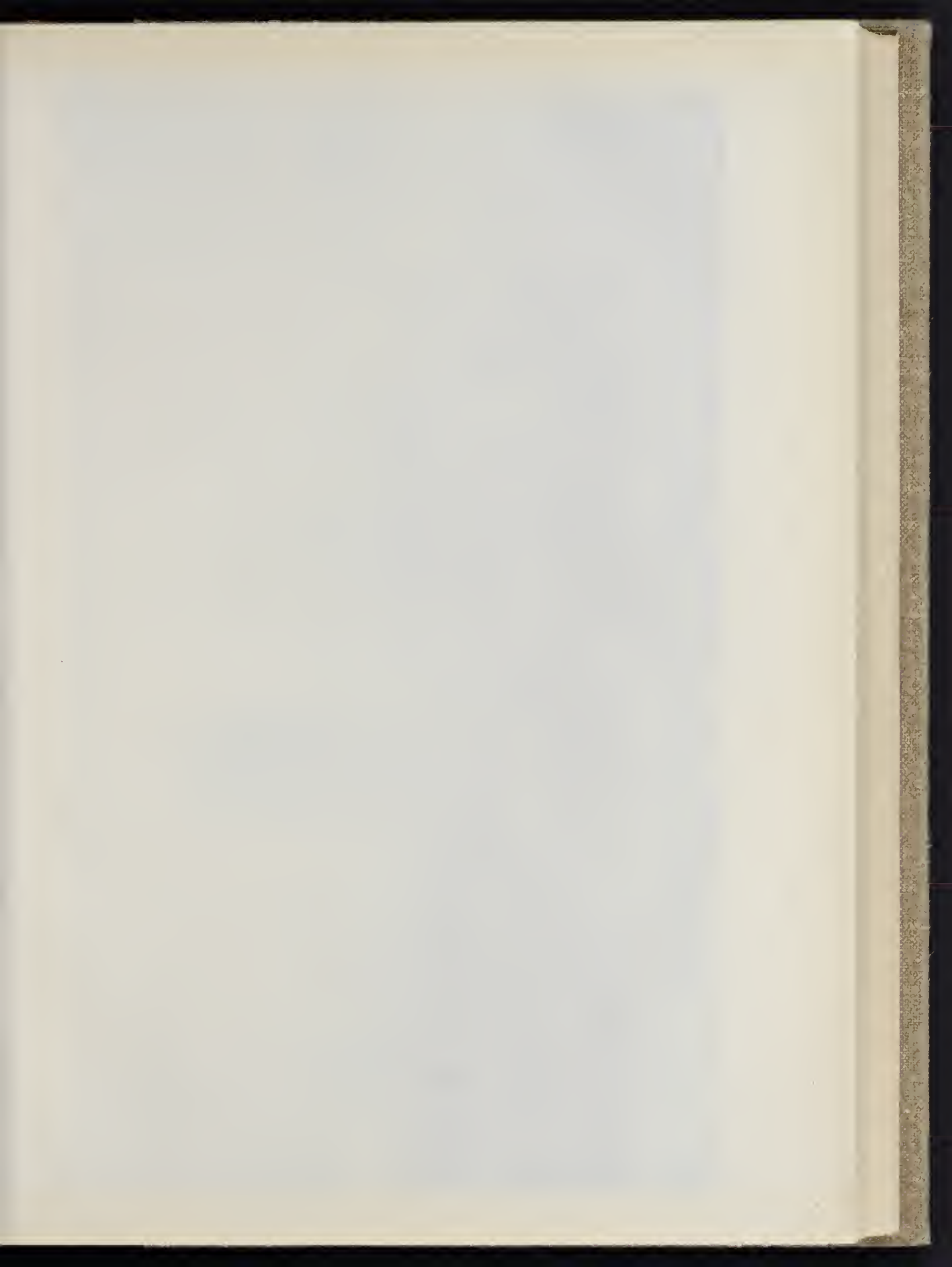
Windsor Forest. From a Sketch by John Linnell. From "The Life of John Linnell" (Bentley).

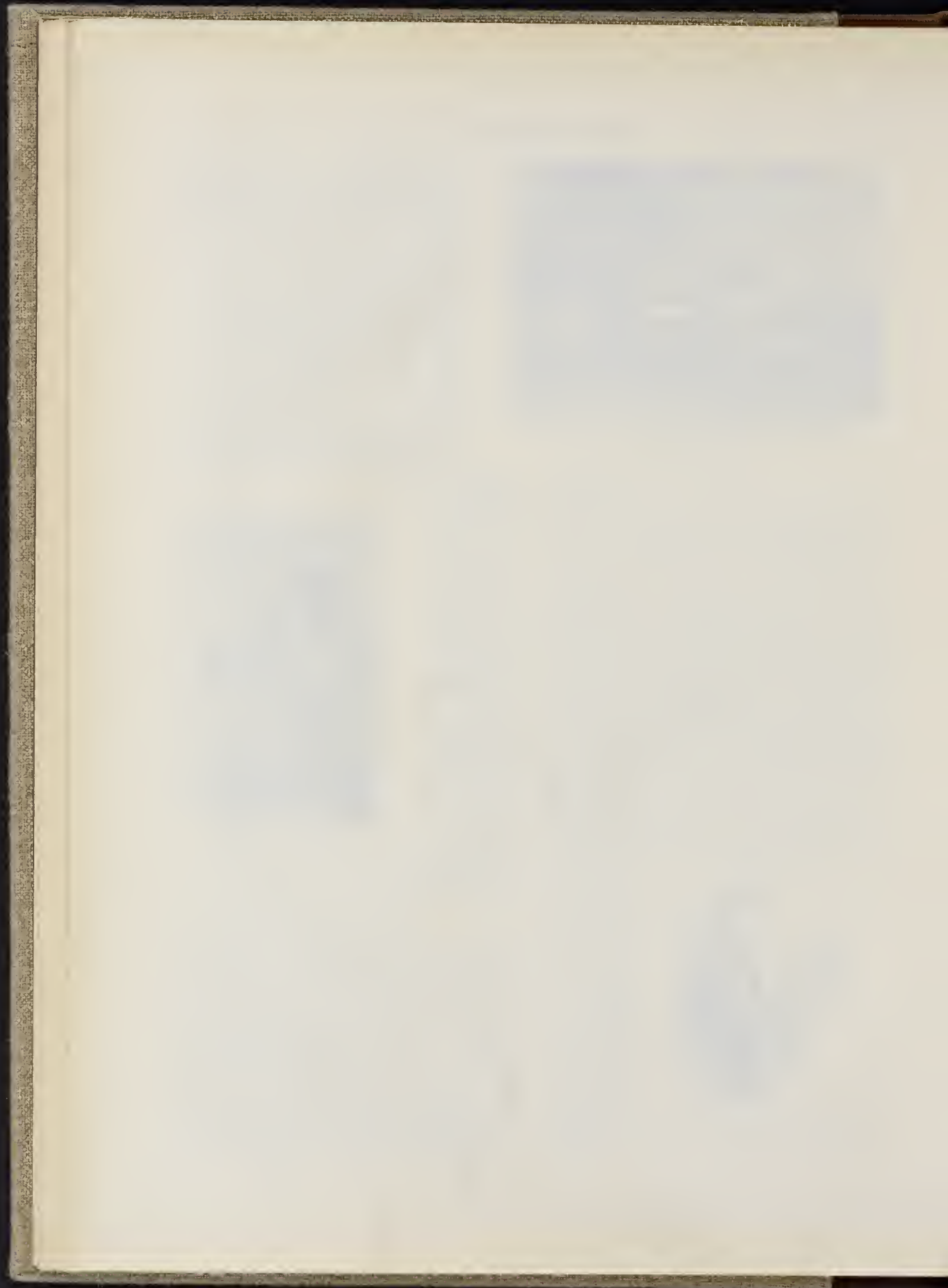
Photographic Society's last exhibition, are well chosen and prettily presented.

A useful work for draughtsmen and decorators appears in "The Book of Delightful and Strange Designs," by A. W. Tuer. This volume contains one hundred examples of Japanese stencil work, and the suggestiveness of the designs will be of great service to those who seek to combine artistic merit with what may be termed every-day decoration.—A popular edition of Mr. M. H. Spielmann's attractive volume on "Cat Life and Cat Character," by Madame Henriette Ronner, has been issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co.—A little book called "Mrs. Greet's Story of the Golden Owl" (The Leadenhall Press), contains some germs of new ideas in book printing and compiling. The letterpress is printed on brown paper—which, to be perfect, should have had a rough edge—the illustrations are printed in black and white on grey paper, and the arrangement of the text and "preliminary matter" shows several departures from the beaten track.—A very elegant little book by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, "Play in Provence," is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The text is light and pleasant, but the chief interest lies in the illustrations. It is not only what Mr. Pennell gives, but also what he has the courage to omit, that renders his touch artistic and refined.—"The Humour of France and the Humour of Germany" (Scott) are volumes which clearly indicate the difference between these nations; the French stories and illustrations are gay and light, those of Germany are heavier and perhaps more learned, but yet equally interesting.



A Lady of Paris, 1485. From "The Humour of France" (Scott).



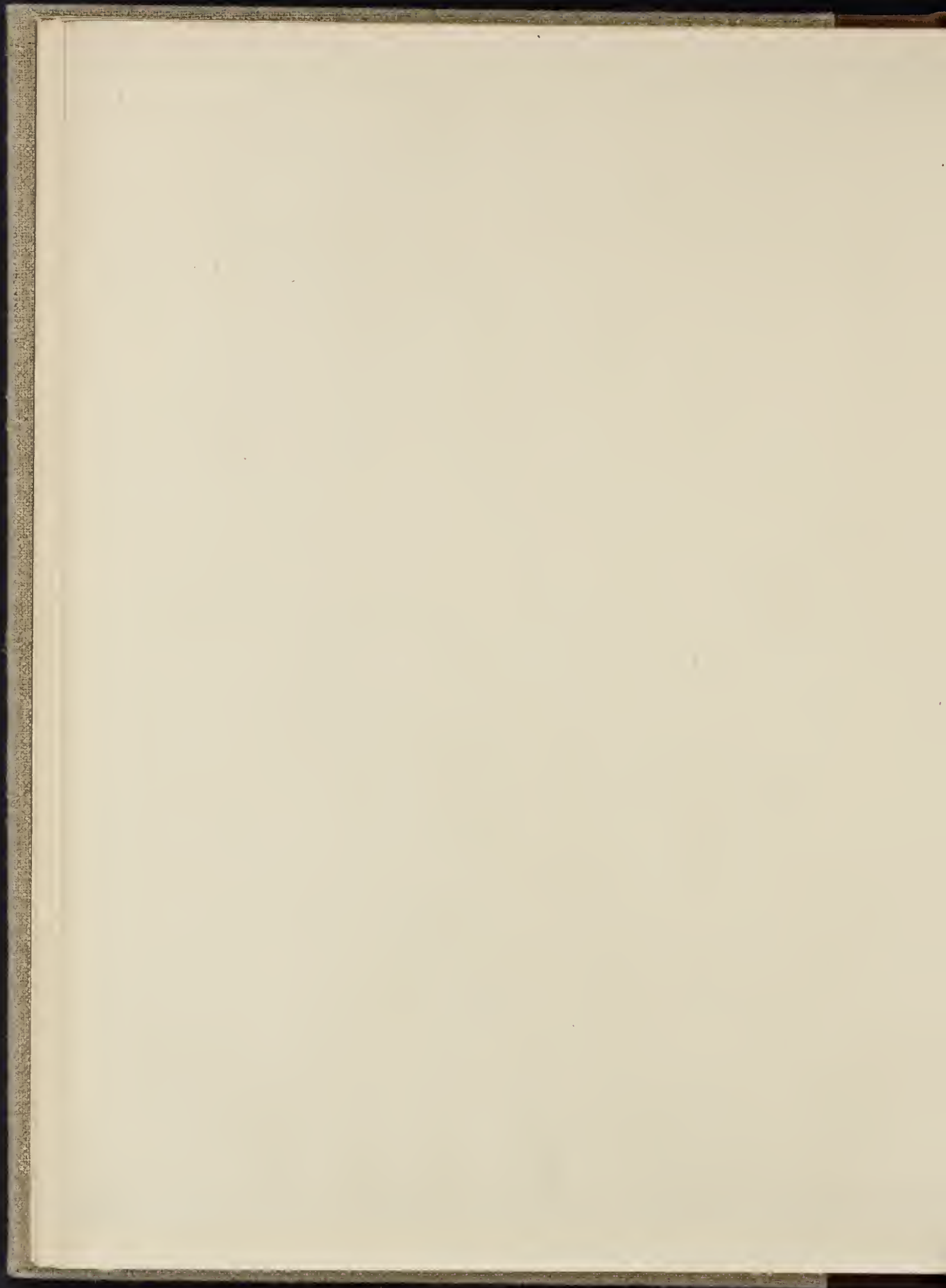




THE ART MUSEUM

WESTMINSTER

FROM THE PICTURE BY VIATCHESLAV KREUTZER. BY PERMISSION OF MISS THOMAS A. NEW & SONS, LTD., 10, BOND STREET, LONDON.





WESTMINSTER.

THERE is a magic in the mere name, and the Englishman must, indeed, be dull and prosaic who can look quite unmoved on the picture before us.

Take it when you will—by day, bathed in tempered sunshine, or wrapped in its too-frequent shroud of mist and fog; or by night, when the romance grows, as tower and pinnacle loom shadowy and mysterious above gloomy wharf and trembling lines of golden reflections—Westminster from the Suspension Bridge is one of the most memorable views in Europe.

It is a picture that one involuntarily places, in the choice little collection we each carry about in our mind's eye, alongside the superb view of Notre-Dame, seen from the Seine towards Bercy. One is full of light and colour, under the keen glittering blue sky of Paris; the other murky and grey, with at best a smoky sunlight and a sky that is rarely blue. And yet, despite an affection and admiration for Lutetia—her brilliancy, her charm—as strong as that of her own children—the writer feels that Westminster in all its seriousness, its gravity, its thick atmosphere, its want of light and brightness, is, without doubt, the finer and more impressive picture of the two.

For it is not the mere beauty of the scene that appeals to us. We are looking on the Isle of Thorns, three miles up the river from the Roman fortress of London—a sacred spot to all English-speaking people; for upon it the life of the nation has grown out of semi-barbaric childhood to fully civilised manhood.

The river—no longer, alas! the "Silver Thames"—is yet the same across which, twelve hundred years ago, in the reign of King Sebert the Saxon—so runs the legend—the poor fisherman Edric ferried that venerable stranger, who entered and consecrated the tiny church, just finished—among

the thickets of thorn-trees on the island in the marshes—the dark night bright with celestial splendour. For it was St. Peter, and none other, who had come to consecrate his own church at Westminster. Saxon kings, Norman conquerors, Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, have passed away; but still that Abbey-church stands—England's Pantheon—to which her great dead are still brought.

For a thousand years, since Edward the Confessor deserted the Roman fortress of London for his Palace at Westminster, Palace and Abbey have grown together, and "into each other in the closest union;" till now the seat of government and the church of St. Peter form one splendid and harmonious group. And upon the tide of that ancient river, "the chief highway of English life, the chief inlet and outlet of British commerce," the wealth of the nation has flowed for hundreds of years with ever-increasing volume.

Any one who looks up or down the river as he crosses the

bridges, must perforce see the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, wharfs, boats, steam-tugs, and the turbid river. But most people, we fear, look with the eye that merely glances at a scene and receives no impression. To the artist is given that subtle power of seeing not only what exists in actual fact, but the greater truth, the "*au delà*," as Corot used to say, the poetic spirit and very soul of the place; and the plate before us shows that Mr. Vicat Cole has been touched with this sense of the beyond. For, apart from the excellent technical work, the harmonious composition and colouring which we may always expect from him, he has evidently been moved and stirred by his subject, and has given us a really sympathetic and suggestive picture.



Vicat Cole, R.A.

He has caught Westminster in one of its happiest moods. The calm sky, the tenderly-veiled mass of grey stone of the

Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, thrown back and given a touch of airy mystery by the strong shadow of the riverside wharfs and warehouses, with their picturesque fringe of hay-boats, and stone barges, and brown sails poised like the half-closed pinions of strange birds, reflected in the bit of still water under the shelter of the pier of the bridge and Mowlem's wharf—these are all true to the spot. While the touch of life and movement delicately suggested by the fussy little steam-tug with its barges, hurrying up past the Terrace of the House of Commons, by the wash in the foreground of a passing

steamer that sets the anchored tug and barges rocking, bring us gently back, without any too strong emphasis, from the regions of historic suggestion to the no less suggestive facts of every-day life.

Past and present are delightfully blended; and, with the truth and poetic insight which are the artist's prerogative, are so presented that he who runs may read. For this picture is an epitome of the life of the English nation—of the three chief factors in its greatness—England's faith, England's commerce, England's government.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

BERNE-BELLECOUR.

IT is curious to note that the lives of men of talent have for the most part been powerfully influenced by chance and the vicissitudes of existence, and that the early years of each one's career have scarcely ever passed without considerable struggle with privation and discouragement. Nature seems cruel in making them gain so laboriously the honours they deserve, and apparently imposes on them trials and sufferings commensurate with their talents. The struggle for existence which begins with the birth of each individual becomes less severe with those who at last overcome the obstacles which environ them at the outset, and they are then encouraged in that perseverance which is often the true secret of their talent and ultimate success. These chosen few are Nature's favourites in the midst of that immense chaos to which all are summoned.

Etienne Prosper Berne-Bellecour seems to have been of this number. Born July 29th, 1838, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, of parents in humble position, his youth was passed amid frequent and sudden changes, and he was often left to his own guidance and resources. His father was a professional vocalist, and for several years Etienne accompanied him in his visits to the principal towns of France, and succeeded in completing, in a desultory way, the education which his father's circumstances and unsettled career had been unable to provide systematically. It was not till about 1856, when the father had settled permanently in Paris and become a *pensionnaire* of the Opéra Comique, that he allowed his son to enter the studio of Picot. The following year he became a pupil of Barrias, and from this studio he went to the *École des Beaux-Arts*. After gaining several medals he competed for the *Prix de Rome* in 1859. In that year his father died, and difficulties and hardships beset young Berne-Bellecour; but he was destined to triumph over them eventually. To provide the necessaries of life he began to give lessons,

and in company with De Neuville, who was the companion of his misery as well as of his later good fortune, began to work for illustrated publications. The struggle was too severe, and although at the cost of much labour and exertion he had won his first laurels in painting, he was at length forced to abandon that art. It is pleasing to reflect that by these reverses of fortune artists acquire more strength and resolution, as did Antæus on touching the ground in his contest with Hercules. From them men of talent derive their contempt of corporeal needs, the enthusiasm of their calling alleviating the cruelties of torture.

In 1864, soon after his marriage with Vibert's sister, he entered the house of a photographer and remained there four years, having apparently abandoned painting; but in 1868 he sent to the Salon a picture entitled 'Grandes Chaleurs,' which attracted a good deal of attention. His artistic temperament then getting the upper hand, he resumed his brush and palette, and once more renewed his struggles. The following year he sent to the Salon a picture of faultless composition and drawing, 'Désarçonné,' which, according to that prince of critics, Théophile Gautier, was "comme une étoile d'un astre grandissant." In 1870 he exhibited 'Après la Procession,' which caused dissension among the jury, who ultimately



Portrait of Berne Bellecour.

refused it the medal in spite of the verdict of most of the artistic world.

The Franco-German war broke out in the month of August. Berne-Bellecour was then in Spain with Vibert, Detaille, Leloir, and other fellow-artists, but as soon as he learnt the terrible news he returned and enlisted. He took part in several engagements in the environs of Paris, and his brilliant services obtained for him the *médaille militaire*.

After the first siege of Paris he retired to London with his family, anxious to avoid witnessing the atrocities perpetrated by the Commune. After remaining a short time in London

he removed to Sevenoaks, where he enjoyed the company of Vibert and Leloir, who had followed him to England. A famous residence there, containing many priceless Art treasures, inspired, if not his best picture, at least one of his most effective as regards composition, sentiment, and colouring. In a large and sumptuous apartment

embellished with pictures, tapestry, and other *objets d'art*, a man bowed with age is seen seated in an arm-chair near a magnificent chimney-piece. He is engaged in receiving the rents of his tenants; but at this moment a young timid girl,



Soldiers watering Horses. By Berne-Bellecour.

accompanied by her mother, advances gently with downcast eyes, and the old man's face seems to brighten with a paternal smile. This simple, but well-composed subject, entitled 'The Rent Day,' had an immense success when exhibited in Paris.

The artist, still vividly impressed with the remembrance of the events at

which he had been present during the campaign of 1870, now suddenly changed his style, and painted his well-known picture, 'Un Coup de Canon,' which gave him a position among the leading military artists of the day. The setting



Defence of a Bridge. By Berne-Bellecour.

of the picture is of the simplest. A point is shown in the fortifications of Paris, with gabions and fascines; artillerymen stand beside a gun which has just been fired, while the officers are scanning the distance to see where the projectile has struck. The scene is enacted under a cold grey sky, which seems heavily laden with snow. The episode is instinct with melancholy, but its truth and force struck all who saw it; its simplicity, yet grandeur, renders it indisputably one of the most attractive performances of the modern school. Not only is a great amount of talent and skill expended on it, but there is an impress of actuality which could not have been given by one who had not been an eye-witness. Year after year other remarkable canvases came from his studio. In 1875 the 'Combat de la Malmaison' reproduced one of those engagements at which the artist had assisted. The effect was charming, and the attention of the public was drawn also to the series of portraits introduced. In the foreground, amid the combatants, Berne-Bellecour had given the portraits of all his fellow-artists who had fought so valiantly—Vibert and Ieloir are side by side; farther off, Jacquet, then Berne-Bellecour himself; Cavalier the sculptor, who was killed during the action, and many others who had abandoned the brush or chisel for the sword, forgetting their love of Art in the manifestation of their love of country. At the close of this year the artist paid a visit to Russia, and was received at the Imperial court of

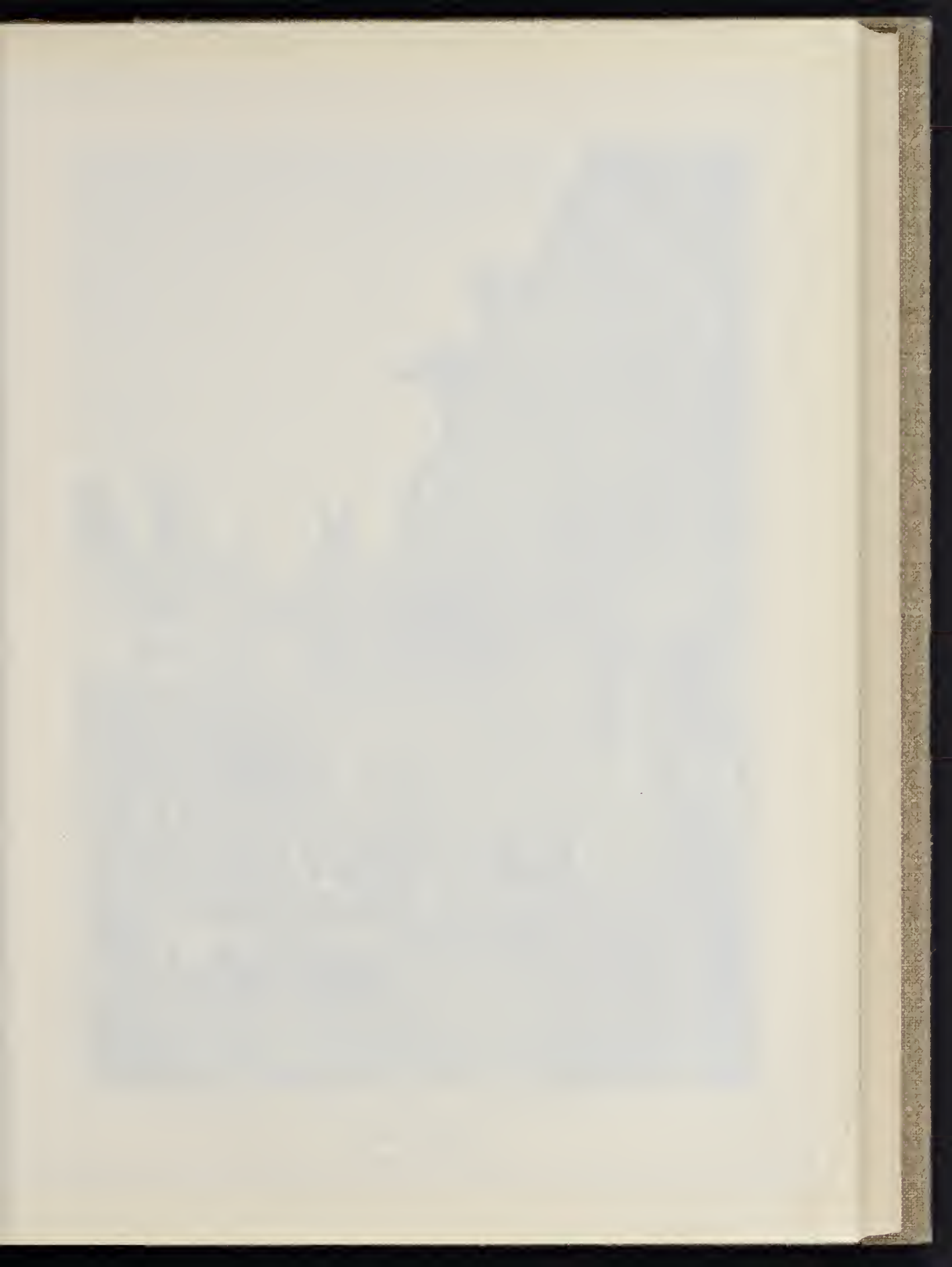


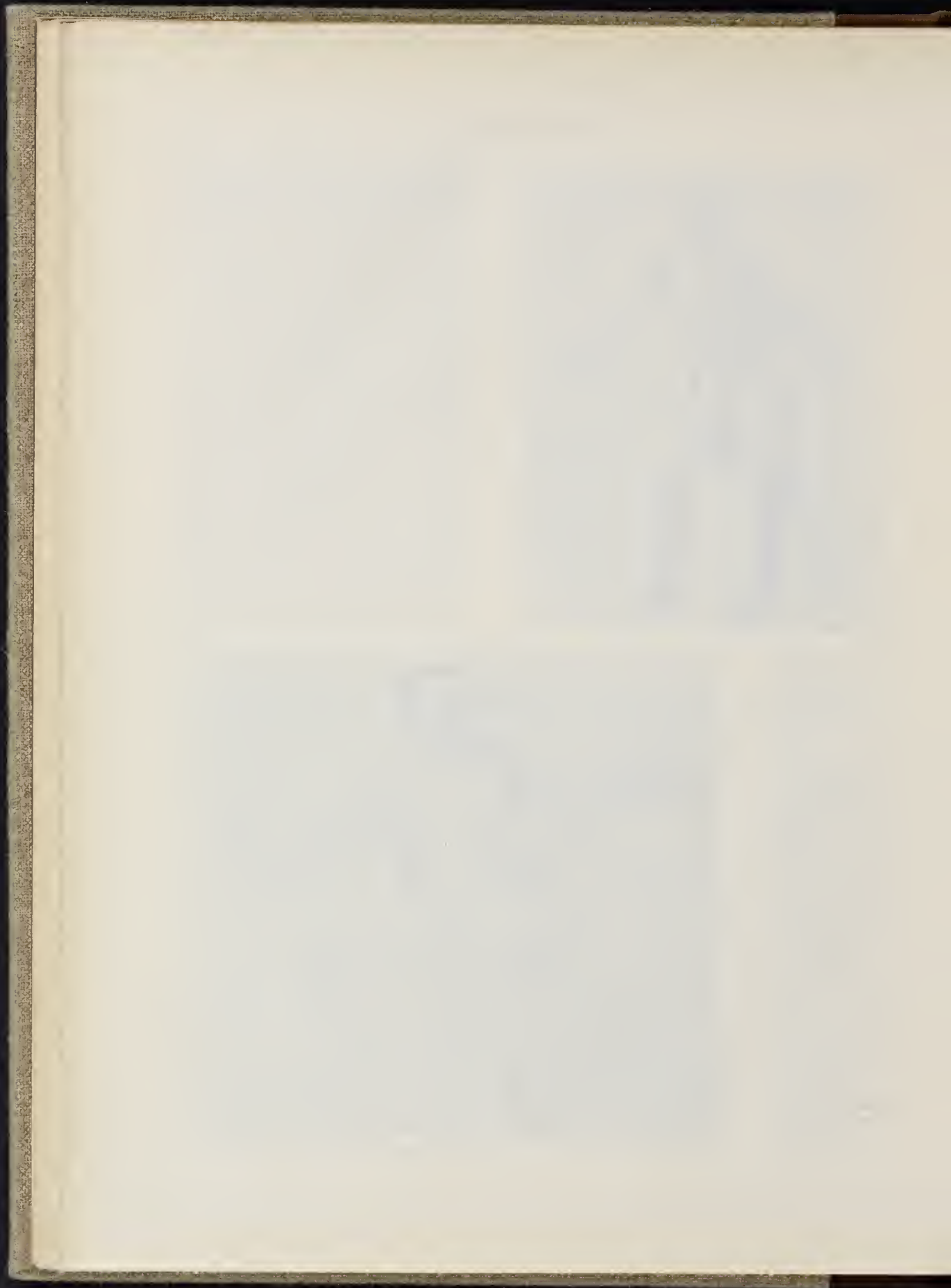
Sketches by Berne-Bellecour.

Alexander II., who commissioned him to paint a series of water-colours as a memento of his bear-hunting in Gatchina.

In 1876 he sent to the Salon 'La Déserte,' a study of still life which, besides calling forth the admiration of the public generally, interested the artistic world; the arrangement, which is principally in a white key, demonstrating that there were few obstacles that the artist could not surmount.

In 1877 he exhibited 'Dans la Tranchée,' another episode of the siege of Paris, representing some *tirailleurs* of the Seine in a trench at one of the outposts, bearing into a ruined building an officer who is severely wounded. The features of the men,

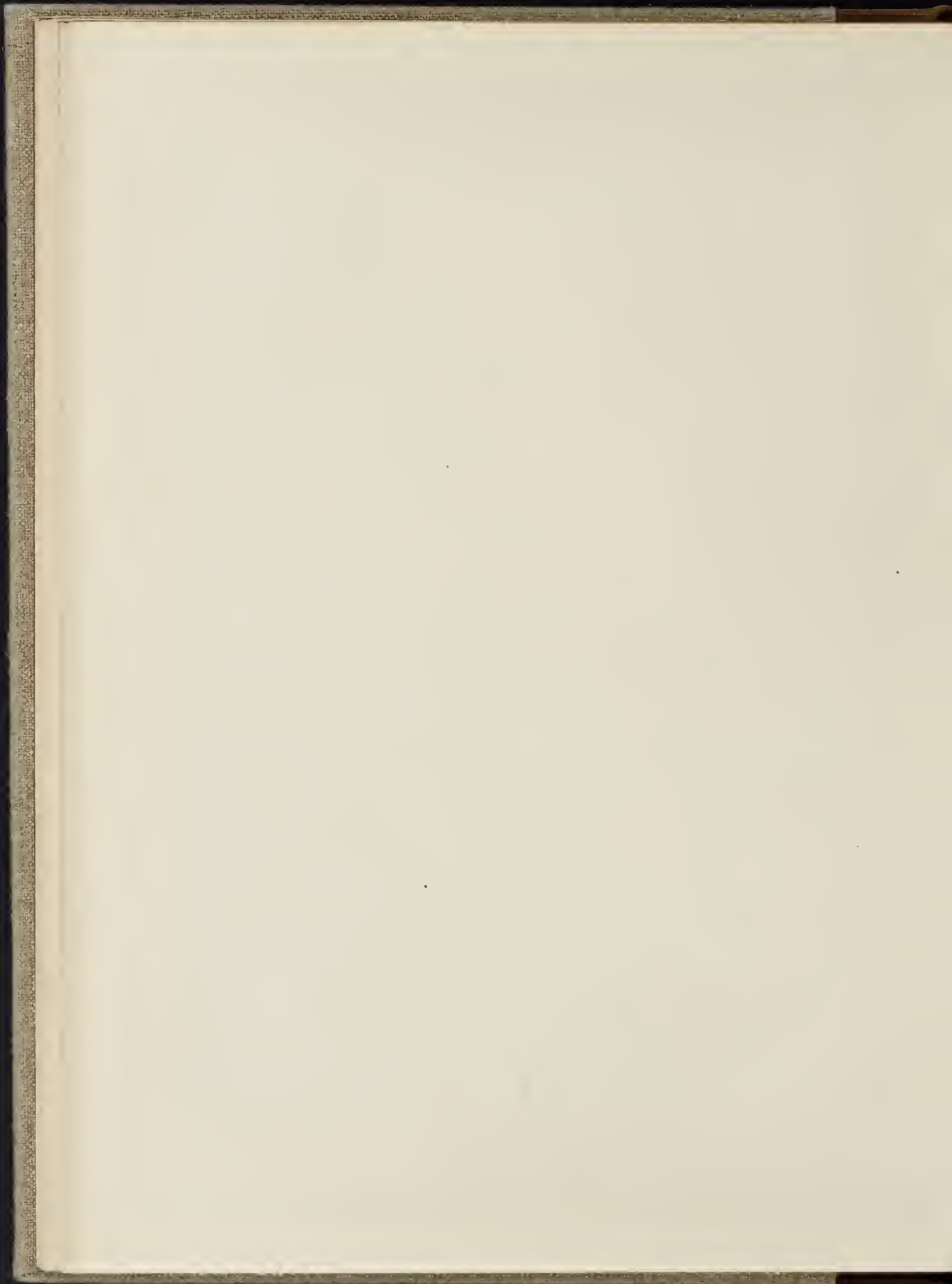






"AUX ARMES!"

From the painting by Berne-Bellecour





From an oil sketch by Berne-Bellecour.

their movement, and all the accessories are most telling and appropriate.

In 1878 he sent to the Salon 'Un Poste Avancé,' for which he received the cross of the Légion d'Honneur.

Ever to the fore, and ever original and painstaking, the artist has continued to exhibit canvases, of which each was a perceptible addition to the main strength of an already powerful array of contributions to Art. In 1882, 'Embarquement de Cuirassiers,' 'Un Prisonnier,' 'Attaque du Château de Montbéliard,' and 'Un Point Stratégique' at the triennial Salon of 1883. In 1885, 'Un Débarquement de Marins.' In 1887, in obedience to the command of the Grand Duke Nicolas of Russia, he painted an historical picture, 'Abdication de Napoléon 1^{er} à Fontainebleau,' intended as the final contribution to a remarkable series of works illustrative of the career of the Little Corsican.

M. Berne-Bellecour's fine picture, 'Défense d'un Pont,' is one of our larger illustrations. In a landscape buried in snow the rear-guard is defending a bridge in order to protect the retreat of its regiment. A simple barricade formed of casks and various *débris* shelters this small band of heroes from the enemy's guns, which are booming in the distance.

1893.

The unequal struggle oppresses the imagination. The sky, still laden with snow, seems to be a cloak of mourning prepared to enshroud this remnant of brave men who must inevitably fall; while the tall leafless oak-trees point towards heaven as the arms of suppliants. The figures all but live, and the work is an exceedingly powerful one, in which all the best qualities of the artist are apparent; the composition is simple but most impressive, while all the actions of the combatants are wonderfully lifelike and true.

In 1891 a canvas full of vigorous action and clamour, 'Aux Armes!' was one of the great successes of the Salon, and we give it as a separate illustration. *Chasseurs à pied* are engaged in preparing their food when they are interrupted by the alarm given of the approaching enemy. On the terrace the bugle is sounding, calling the men to arms. "Nothing," says M. Albert Wolff, "is lost sight of in this honest piece of work, which is carefully studied in the minutest details. The architecture is constructed in a picturesque manner, and the actions of the men are surprisingly lifelike."

The artist holds a high rank in the modern school of painting, and must be associated with Detaille and De Neuville. His work is at one and the same time conscientious, earnest, and correct; no bias or mannerism is conspicuous, and all the styles in which he has worked bear witness to painstaking research and skill. He is an exceptionally good landscapist, the conception of his subject is frequently grand, and he is moreover a successful aquarellist. His subjects are always interesting, his drawing is faultless, and his colouring that of a master. In every way he is a man that does honour to the modern French School.



Sketch by Berne-Bellecour.



Thirlwall Castle.

TYNEDALE: ITS CASTLES, CHURCHES, AND TRIBUTARIES.

I.—THE NORTH AND SOUTH BRANCHES.

THE force of events has welded England and Scotland into component parts of one great empire, and two centuries have passed since Border warfare ceased. These destructive instincts of man, however, as well as the hand of time, have yet left us many histories in stone of those bygone days. The county of Northumberland, which Gray in his "Chorographia" spoke of as the "bulwark of England against the inroads of the Scots," is full of such memorials, as its valleys and hills are rife with the legends and stories of the olden days. North of the

main stem of the Tyne River, that is, from Hexham to the sea, was a wild, dangerous country, peopled by men and women who were essentially the creatures of their conditions. Their lives were spent in attacking or repelling their natural enemies. Stalwart, daring, brave they were, but amenable to no law, save that of their own right arms. They were turbulent subjects, and the monarchs wisely directed their energies against the Scots. From the time when Agricola is supposed to have formed the first Roman station at Cilurnum, or when Hadrian drew his great rampart athwart the Island from Tyne to Solway, down to the time of Elizabeth, the Borderland both north and south was inhabited by thieves and robbers, by cattle-lifters and moss-troopers.

For the Scottish freebooters and marauders, the banks of the river Tyne formed a natural highway. The valley down which the North Tyne courses from Peel Fell, where it rises, is thus dotted by numerous pele towers. Its banks have been the scene of many a stirring event, and the peaceful beauties of the present are intermingled with memorials of the past. These old pele towers are picturesque in their ruined state, or in their improved condition, but as old Fuller said, "One cannot rationally expect fair fabrics here, where the vicinity of the Scots made men to build, not for state, but for strength. Here, it was the rule with the ancient inhabitants, 'what was firm that was fair.'" Cocklaw Tower, shown in an illustration on this page, is an example of the dwelling built for this firmness. Every house in the time referred to was necessarily a fortress. In the villages the houses were clustered closely together. The great castles were powerful strongholds, and even vicarages and church towers were built for defence. The pele towers were usually surrounded by an enclosure or barnekyn, and the building itself was strong, with the fewest possible exposed points. Iron doors guarded the ground floor, into which the cattle were driven when a hostile attack was feared. The living rooms were placed above each other, connected only by a narrow stair, easily defended from above, or, in some instances, no stair at all, only a ladder. The thick walls almost defied



Cocklaw Pele Tower.

destruction, and the defence of a place like this was comparatively easy.

Few rivers with so short a length as the Tyne—for it is only sixty-six miles from Peel Fell, where the North Tyne source is to be found, and sixty-seven from Cross Fell, where the south branch rises, to the sea—can present such varied scenery. Peel Fell, the most westerly peak of the Cheviot Range, is a rugged, craggy mountain, rising to an altitude of 1,975 feet. Here two rivers find their origin; the Liddle which flows to the north, and the North Tyne which turns to the south. Around all is wild and bare, but few clumps of trees can be seen, moorland is everywhere, and the wild Cheviots tower above.

Wild though the source of the river may be, very early in its career the aspect is changed. A rapid descent to the sea, especially in the southern branch—for from Tynehead to Hexham there is a fall of from 1,700 to 1,800 feet—in itself develops many beauties. Picturesque waterfalls, narrow gorges, precipitous crags, overhanging tree-clad banks, tortuous windings mark the upper reaches of the North and South Tyne, whilst the main river passes down through a narrow, fertile valley, until it reaches the last dozen miles, where is to be seen such a concourse of industrial enterprise as may not be met with elsewhere. The castles and antiquarian remains lend to the North Tyne and the main portion of the river a charm which is unspeakable. Nor must we forget the many tributaries of the Tyne; for every mile there seems to be a connecting stream, a few of which flow down more lovely dales than the parent valley itself. Where can the beauties of the Rede, Hareshaw-burn, the Allen, and the Devilswater be excelled? Grand scenery there may be, but not more restful and lovely.

Four miles below Tynehead, on the north branch of the river, is the first place of habitation, Keilder, where is a modern castle, a shooting box of the Dukes of Northumberland, famed by the story of "The Cout of Keilder," as it is the place where the young Borderman was decoyed and drowned by the treachery of Lord Soulis, whose castle, "The Hermitage," is a few miles away in Scotland.

The first tributary is the Keilder; it flows from the east. Two miles below, Lewis Burn joins, but flows from the west. Here we begin to perceive something of the more characteristic parts of the river; pine woods fringe the dell down which the Lewis flows. The plateau formed by Northumberland is all broken by these dells, and as we look across the country from any favourable elevation, we trace their course by the fringes of

trees which clothe the sides, and mark the rifts in the land through which they flow.

Wild Whickhope Burn and Falstone, the latter an admirable centre for explorations of the upper portion of this Tyne district, are passed ere the river reaches Tarsett, whence, if the old Border cry is to be accepted,

"Tarset and Tarret-Burn,
Hard and heather bred,
Yet—yet—yet!"

must have emanated many a wild foray. The castle, now in ruins, was destroyed early in the present century for the sake of its stones, though it is believed to have been burnt in 1526, during a struggle between Sir Ralph Fenwick, who had gone to arrest a Ridley, and the men of North Tyne, they having espoused the outlaw's side.

Bellingham is not specially attractive in itself, but it is near



Codlaw Braes, near Warden, on the North Tyne.

to the beautiful Hareshaw Lynn, and centre of the North Tyne district. The Lynn is a charming waterfall, situate in a lovely dell, where the rushing water with its surroundings form a picture not readily forgotten. Bellingham is an old town with a quaint church, whose semicircular roof of stone, traversed from side to side by hexagonal ribs, supporting grey slabs of the same material, give it an almost unique character.

The most important tributary of the North Tyne is the Reedwater, which rises in the Cheviots, and after receiving the contributions of numerous other streams, falls into the main river at Reedsmouth. Famous in Border history is the district through which the Reedwater flows. It was the haunt of the wildest and most untamable of Northumbrian families. A few miles above its mouth the old Roman road, Watling Street, crosses the river, to re-cross it again still higher. But the most famous spot is a short distance from the Reed, on the



Langley Castle.

Otterburn, where the battle bearing that name, or Chevy-chase, was fought between Hotspur and the Earl of Douglas, on August 19th, 1388. At Elsdon Church, three miles distant, some years ago a thousand skulls were discovered, and these are supposed to belong to those who fell at the battle of Otterburn. But Elsdon is more especially noted for its parsonage, a fortified rectory, part of which was built in 1436. It is gloomy indeed, and the drawing-room, on the ground floor, at one period the place where cattle were housed, has walls nine feet thick. The roof is reached by a corkscrew staircase in the wall.

Midway between Otterburn and Reedsmouth is Risingham, the ancient station of Habitancum, on Watling Street, where was the famous figure of Rab of Risingham—an antiquity now, alas! imperfect, having been broken up by the irate owner, who was annoyed by the number of visitors who came to see it. This is described in Scott's notes to "Rokeby," and in the poem the legend concerning it is incorporated.

Between Reedsmouth and Warden, where the junction with the south branch of the river is made, thus forming the Tyne proper, the North Tyne is a succession of pictures. In winter the deepened stream courses rapidly down its stony bed, and when snow has fallen the overhanging trees are like so many ghosts of a dead past. In spring and summer the rich green verdure and the cloud-bespeckled sky are reflected as in a mirror, presenting a series of charming landscapes. But in the autumn, when every distant hill is purpled with heather, when the nearer fields are mellowed with ripened grain, and when the clustering trees—as they vignette short lengths of the ever-winding river, with its broken masses of rocks and crumbling banks—are golden and orange, carmine and silver, ere the fall of the leaf, it is then the North Tyne can be seen in its most beautiful garb. Mr. Gibson, whose photographs illustrate this paper, has secured

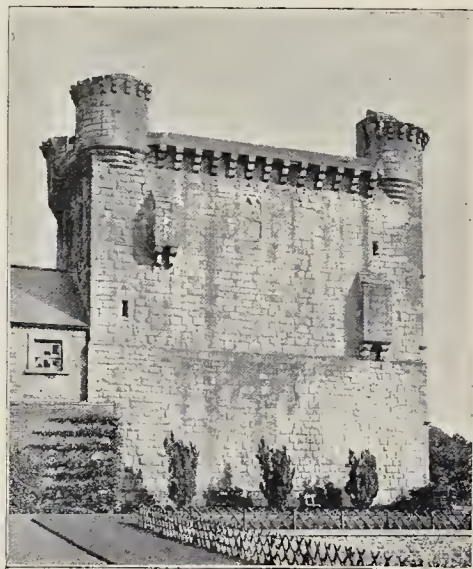
lovely glimpses of the river (see our third illustration), which give some indication of the charming spots here to be met with, but they are only specimens of nearly a score miles of such scenery.

About midway from Reedsmouth to Wark, and a short distance east of the railway, is an old Norman church at Birtley, where is a Norman arch, of a type very often met with in the North of England. But on this part of the river interest centres in a couple of fine castles. About a mile below Wark, Chipchase stands beautifully situated on the east bank of the river, and Haughton (our sixth illustration) as picturesquely on the west bank, just opposite Barrasford station.

Records show that Wark six hundred years ago was a place of importance, for documents have been found referring to a session of the Scottish courts held here in 1279, when, in the reign of Alexander III., this part of England was occupied by the Northerners, and in the year 1293, when Tynedale had been won back by Edward I.

Originally the Umfravilles had a small fort at Chipchase, the remains of which may be seen in the park, but it is thought that the pele which is now part of the castle, was built about the beginning of the fourteenth century. The most interesting portion of Chipchase Castle is the old keep or tower illustrated below.

This pele, properly so called, is a massive and lofty building, as large as some Norman keeps. It has an enriched appearance given to it by its double-notched corbeling



Chipchase Pele Castle.

round the summit, which further serves the purpose of machicolation. The round bartisans at the angles add to its beauty, and are set in with considerable skill. The stone roof and the provisions for carrying off the water deserve careful examination. Over the low, winding entrance door on the basement are remains of the original portecullis, the like of which the most experienced archæologist will in vain seek for elsewhere. The grooves are also visible, and the chamber where the machinery was fixed for raising it is to be met with, even as at Goodrich, where the holes in which the axle worked and the oilway that served to ease its revolutions may be seen. But at Chipchase there is the little cross-grated portecullis itself, which was simply lifted by the leverage of a wooden bar above the entrance, and let down in the same manner.

In this old pele tower an unfortunate knight, Sir Reginald Fitz-Urse, imprisoned in one of the dark chambers, was there forgotten by the lord and his retainers, perhaps intentionally. He died of starvation, and for hundreds of years, it is said, the ill-fated Sir Reginald has "revisited the glimpses of the moon," and the scene of his own miserable death. His cruel murderers and their successors were haunted by this visitant, and passers by the pele may yet hear the clang of armour mingled with groans of a dying man, issuing at the "witching hour of night" from out the recesses of the building.

Haughton Castle is situated in the midst of most beautiful scenery. The river rushes past with great force, especially when a "spate" is present, and the well-clad banks present many exquisite glimpses of wood and water. The castle is reached from Barrasford Station by a primitive ferry, worked by an overhead wire rope. Even more truly a Border keep than is Chipchase, for position and beauty it has not many rivals, as may be seen from our illustration.

Chollerford is noted in many ways. Here Captain Black, at the celebrated inn, can tell his guests of great takes, when fishing was permitted. Here may be met antiquarians of all sorts and conditions, for half a mile away is the great Roman encampment of Cilurnum, and across the river can be seen the abutments of the Roman bridge. At Cilurnum the Roman wall crossed the Tyne. In addition to the land abutments of the Roman bridge, may be seen at very low water

the remains of two of the mid-stream piers. This station of Cilurnum was perhaps the most important on the line of the Roman wall. Here is a mass of remains not to be met with elsewhere, and at the Chesters, residence of the Claytons, in whose grounds Cilurnum is situate, is a wonderful collection of antiquities—altars by the score, slabs of all kinds, fine specimens of Samian ware used by the Roman legions, glass, and coins, the embossing on which puts to shame nearly all our modern work.

The camp of Cilurnum occupied six acres, and its various sections can be most clearly traced, the excavations having laid bare the lower portions of the walls and rooms, buried for so many hundred years. It is supposed to have been one



Haughton Castle.

of the fortresses reared by the legions under the command of Agricola, about the year 81 A.D., and was garrisoned for a long period by the second ala or wing of the Astures, a cavalry detachment which was recruited in Spain. Certain is it that Cilurnum had a prior existence to Hadrian's wall. Military ways have also been traced leading to this place. Agricola evidently secured the valley of the North Tyne by means of this fortress, and he probably threw the first bridge across the river. Of this bridge a single pier remains.

At St. Oswald's, a short distance east of Chollerford station, was fought the battle between the Saxons under Oswald, king of Northumbria, and the Britons commanded by Cadwalla and Penda, the pagan king of Mercia. Bede tells how that, A.D. 635, Oswald's army, led by the pious king, prayed on the

field of battle, and, like the Puritans of more modern times, went on to certain victory.

The four miles from Chollerford to Warden, where the North and the South Tyne meet, are full of exquisite beauty. There seems to be a concentration of grandeur in these last miles, which leaves the traveller ever regretful that his wanderings down the North Tyne are ended. The valley of the Tyne proper has a wider expanse of view, but has not the unspeakable charm of the northern arm of the river.

We must now travel south-west to Cross Fell, for the course of the South Tyne has yet to be traced. Away on that Cumbrian hill rises this stream; a hill once called, tradition says, Fiends' Fell, because the abode of evil spirits, but on which St. Augustine planted a cross and scattered the fiends, thus giving it the name it now bears. By the pretty village of Garragill, upwards of 1,100 feet above the sea-level, it comes onward, receiving the tributary streams of Clargill, Ashgill, and the Nent, on each of which are charming waterfalls, known here under the Cumbrian name of "Force." A little below Alston, the stream enters Northumberland, that mining capital being in the western county. It stands at an altitude of nearly 1,000 feet, and is the highest market-town in England.

Ten miles below Alston, and just before Featherstonehaugh is reached, is Greenschelles-Cleugh, where Nicholas Featherstonehaugh was murdered, October 24th, 1530, by the Ridleys. This event in itself is of minor importance, but it provided Surtees with the subject for his famous ballad beginning:

"Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa'."

In a note to "Marmion" this ballad is represented to have been taken down by Surtees "from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners of Alston," whereas Surtees had written it himself. The ballad was sent in this manner as a joke upon Sir Walter Scott—but an unkind practical joke it was. Featherstone is a fine castellated mansion, much of which is modern. The estate was in the hands of the Featherstonehaughs for generations, one of whom, Timothy, was beheaded, and his property confiscated for the part he took on the royal side at Worcester.

Blenkinsop and Bellister castles, both in ruins, stand finely on the heights above the Tyne and its tributary the Tippalt, to the west of Haltwhistle, which old market-town bears in its houses traces of the time when

"Johnnie was murdered at Carlingrigg."

The picturesque ruins of Bellister are on an artificial mound, shaded by sycamore-trees. Here for centuries the "grey man of Bellister" is supposed to have been seen. Thirlwall Castle—which forms the headpiece to this article—is a gloomy ruin, where Edward I. slept, September 20th, 1306, and around which a strong family once gathered, whose cry, "A Thirlwall!" oft rang in Border strife.

At Haltwhistle the Tyne, which hitherto has been flowing northward, bends round an angle to the east, and continues on this course until it reaches the sea. Thus the South Tyne is really the main trunk of the river, receiving the North Tyne as a tributary. Unthank Hall and Willimoteswick are both on the south bank, and are associated with the Ridleys.

Willimoteswick is supposed to have been the birthplace of Bishop Ridley, the martyr.

An old tale narrates that in 1715, when Colonel Ridley, owner of Ridley Hall, was absent in London, an old female servant and her son were left in charge of the house. One evening, the old woman was sitting alone, when a pedlar came to the door begging for a night's lodging. This was refused him, when he implored that he might be permitted to leave his pack until the morning, as he was nearly dead with fatigue, and could not carry it farther. The latter request was granted, and the pedlar, laying the pack as directed on the kitchen dresser, went to seek shelter elsewhere. Shortly afterwards the son returned, and was told the story, but thinking that he saw the pack move, in a moment of panic he discharged his gun at it. Screams and the flowing of blood from it proved that his fears had not been groundless, for, undoing the pack, a man was found dead within. Thus a well-laid scheme to rob the hall was frustrated.

The Allen, which enters the Tyne valley between precipitous crags and through a narrow gorge, is one of the most beautiful dales in the north of England, where such scenery abounds. At every turn are charming pictures, and the recesses of the dale well repay exploration. Monkswood Crag, on the West Allen, is a wild oak-crested rock, almost surrounded by the stream.

Twisting and twining as the stream does, no distant vistas can be obtained, and the variations of foliage, especially in autumn, are very charming. At Staward, which is a favourite place of resort for visitors, are three lofty jutting promontories, each overlapping the point of the other in wedge-like form, with the water coursing at foot, the trees descending almost to the water's edge. Overhead are the remains of Staward Pele, an ancient stronghold, approached by a narrow path along the knife-like ridge which terminates in one of the peninsulas just named, barely capable of holding a small castle or pele, the walls of which overhang the valley below, as do those of the famous castle at Stirling. It was at Staward that the ill-fated James, Lord Derwentwater, passed his last night in Northumberland, September 29th, 1715.

We can follow the course of the Allen many miles up and down, but leaving it and turning our faces eastward, Langley Castle stands boldly out on the heights above Haydon Bridge. This interesting ruin forms our fourth illustration. Midway between this village and the castle, on the roadside may be seen a monument, in the shape of a cross, to the last Earl of Derwentwater and his brother, both of whom were beheaded on Tower Hill for the part taken by them on behalf of the Stuarts. This was part of the Derwentwater property, and the Earls of Derwentwater were also Barons of Langley. The most perfect ruin in the country, Langley Castle must have been, in its palmy days, one of the finest northern castles.

We have now returned again to the confluence of the North and the South Tynes, and the river from Warden, where is the meeting of the waters, increasing in volume and power, runs a course of thirty miles ere it enters the North Sea at Tynemouth. This portion, the Tyne proper, will form the subject of a second paper.

EDWARD BROWNE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OLD MASTERS EXHIBITION:

WILLIAM BLAKE AND HIS DISCIPLES.

MANY biographical accounts have been written of Blake, and as regards the general facts of his life and the production of his various works, artistic and literary, there is little more to be said. But it is very different as respects a true estimate of his subtle and unique genius. Hitherto there has been too much laudation, possibly sincere, though for the most part lamentably uncritical. The example was set by Gilchrist, and has been followed by every writer upon him since. The note of unbounded praise was struck by his disciples—a band of young men, who, coming under his influence in the calm sunset of his days, and perceiving in him, as one of them said, a new sort of man, set themselves to copy him—almost to worship him.

Nor can one greatly wonder. They were earnest, simple-minded men, full of the powers that incite to art and letters, or in other words, to the expression of the great and beautiful things of which they had inward vision; and they found in Blake a vigour of interpretation that exceeded anything they had previously seen. It was, like the source of Socrates' wisdom, daemonic—to them divine. Added to this, they found him poor, neglected, living in a world apart, an idealist and enthusiast despite the apathy of forty years.

They perceived nothing in the talk of the amiable and then failing old man to suggest madness; they had probably seen little of the work upon which there appears set the mark, perhaps not of insanity, but of a finer faculty jarred—the "Prophetic Books." The poet-artist was to them a man of finer spiritual insight, of nobler aspirations,



Christ and the Woman of Samaria. By John Linnell.



*The Wise and Foolish Virgins. By William Blake.
From the Drawing in the possession of James T. Linnell, Esq.*

a realisation of the Christian ideal of child-likeness in adult manhood; and to this simple nature was added a "vision and faculty divine" such as had never before been. What wonder, therefore, if these young idealists thought they had found in Blake a "new sort of man," and in their admiration became his humble imitators and disciples?

Had they known him longer or seen more of his work, probably they would have become calmer admirers and more reasoning disciples. Between the period when they first met him and his death there were but three or four years at most. It was through John Linnell that Palmer, Richmond, Calvert, and Finch became acquainted with him, and we know that the early meetings took place at Linnell's house at Hampstead, where he went to reside in 1824.

Though Linnell himself cannot be said to have been a disciple of Blake (indeed, as regards his latest style of engraving Blake learned from him); yet there is no doubt that he was influenced by him—not so much, perhaps, in his painting as in his writing. But Linnell's most Blake-like work was done before they met, and consists of one or two mystico-theological designs not unsuggestive of the spirit that brooded over the creation of those Dante illustrations which Linnell himself commissioned.

The coincidence indicates that there were original points of resemblance between the two minds, which formed a close bond of union when they met, rather than anything of the nature of imitation on Linnell's part. When he came to treat

biblical subjects (which drew forth all Blake's creative power) he showed his weakness rather than his strength. In his best works of the kind, it is as landscape that they attract rather than by their subject. And yet in nearly all, as seen in our illustration 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria,' there is an appropriateness of milieu to the theme that is very striking.

The attitude of Blake's professed disciples is different. Palmer, Richmond, Calvert, Finch, and others formed a school, or brotherhood (prototype of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood), with the set purpose of emulating the spirit of the master. And many strange things the discipleship led them to do, as going unshorn, affecting strange garb, wandering about of nights for "effects" and "impressions," producing them not unfrequently, on others, by singing weird music at uncanny hours, and generally comporting themselves as ordinary mortals never do.

The one who distinguished himself most in these erratic doings was Samuel Palmer. Soon after his first acquaintance with Blake he settled at Shoreham, and for many years cultivated, in the most strenuous manner, what cannot be called other than a Blakeish spirit, writing reams of poetico-religious introspection and disquisition, mingled with artistic theorisings and art gropings, some of the results whereof are not the least interesting of his labours.

It is the same quaintness which we find in Blake that characterises some of the best things Palmer did, as, for example, his subject of 'Christmas,' which we illustrate.

In consequence of his success as a portrait painter, Richmond soon had his thoughts directed in a different channel to that of Blake-like raptures in water-colour or the etched line, though he remained in sympathy with the aims of his fellow-students to the end.

According to Richmond's view, Calvert was the most remarkable of all the "Ancients" and the most fastidious. To this latter quality, combined with the fact that he



The Return Home. By E. Calvert.



Christmas. By Samuel Palmer.

was not dependent upon his profession, is due the circumstance that the world knows so little of his work. Some of his productions, particularly one much admired, called 'Nymphs,' and an 'Eve,' were exhibited at the Academy. Many were destroyed before completion; for (says Mr. Richmond) "he was always stretching out his hand to grasp that which he could not attain."

Among his works are a number of impressions from his own wood engravings, the most notable being 'Christian ploughing the Last Furrow of Life,' 'The Return Home,' and 'The Cider Press.' All three exhibit great poetic and artistic gifts, but especially that gift of setting forth ideas in a quaint allegorical form

which is of the essence of Blake's style and spirit, and which can be appreciated only by those susceptible to the latent subtleties of sentiment.

For what was the chief characteristic of Palmer and Calvert was also the prominent feature in Finch, the water-colour painter—a fine inner touch with nature—a poetic faculty of realising while adding something to what he saw, that gives to his pictures the tender personal note found in the little oil-painting we engrave.

Finch cultivated the poetic vein with more assiduity than his brother "Ancients," and in the "Memorials" published after



The Castle of Indolence. By Francis Oliver Finch.

his death appears an eloquent "Eloge" by Calvert. A similar tribute was paid to Palmer by his son in a "Life" which, while brimming with affection, is far from devoid of critical acumen. Nor is Calvert's achievement to go unrecorded; a son equally devoted to his father's memory being, at present, engaged upon a biography of that artist.

ALFRED T. STORY.

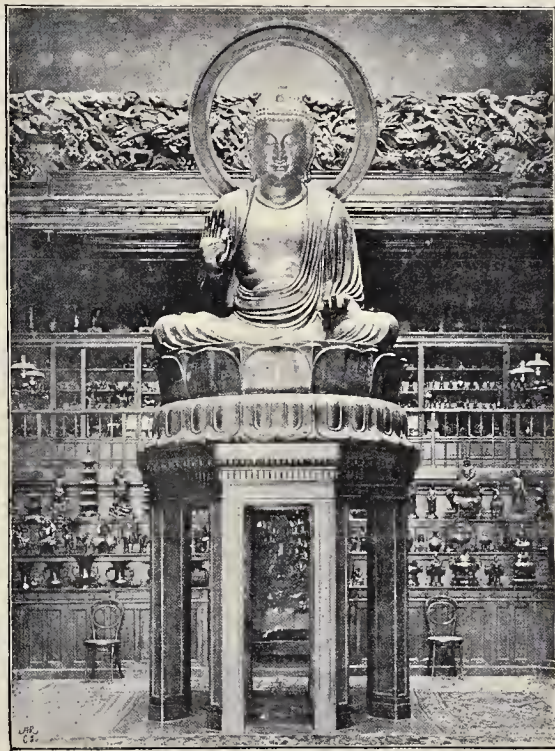
M. HENRI CERNUSCHI'S COLLECTION OF CHINESE AND JAPANESE BRONZES.

THE taste for the collection of objects of Chinese and

Japanese Art which has sprung up in modern times, has naturally included bronzes in the examples most eagerly sought after by the amateur. Without asserting that the Art therein displayed is of a higher character than that manifested in other departments, it is unquestionable that the material gives special facilities for the peculiar artistic proclivities of the races. The plastic quality of the substance employed for the design, and the capacity of the metal for receiving the highest finish and polish, render it eminently adaptable to artists delighting in fanciful conceptions and unexpected feats of skill, and for whom patient and elaborate manipulation are never a weariness. At the same time the intrinsic value of the material and the labour expended in fashioning the objects add considerably to their cost as compared with some other classes of artistic production, hence in the majority of private collections of the Art of the extreme East the specimens of bronze work are limited. Choice examples of this branch of Oriental Art being so scarce in our private collections, it will be understood how valuable to the student is a gathering wherein the art is represented in its widest sense. It is only under such circumstances that any true appreciation of its artistic aims and intentions can be arrived at, or any knowledge of the course of its historical sequence can be attained. In the presence of such a representation Oriental bronzes are no longer *objets de curiosité*—they help to initiate us into the secret of a distinct and original development of artistic creation, emanating from a great and powerful race, but whose culture and sentiment differ widely from those which have grown up under our Western civilisations. The course of events in recent years has brought us into closer relationship with the Empires of China and

Japan, and there can be little doubt that the intercourse will be maintained. It is very desirable therefore to cultivate any source of information giving us accurate intelligence respecting the ideas and notions of these singular communities. Much has been written about them, but too often the record cannot be taken as trustworthy. The national antipathy to the foreigner prompts the wily Oriental to be reticent, not to say misleading, in his communications with the Western interviewer. He may be polite but he is certainly evasive, and will derive a placid satisfaction in seeing his fiction accepted as fact. But the evidence of the object of Art, designed for ritual service or for personal use or ornament, may always be trusted as reflecting the ideas, the aspirations or the sentiments of its maker, and those for whom it is made; so, regarded from this point of view, the singularly forcible creations of the Oriental artists supply documents correcting the views and impressions of the outside observer.

To serve these purposes, whether of delight or instruction, it is necessary that the gathering should be sufficiently comprehensive, and this condition is nowhere more completely fulfilled than in the noble gallery erected in Paris by M. Henri Cernuschi for the reception of his Chinese and Japanese bronzes. Known, at least by reputation, to all students and collectors, it may be said to be the source and fountain from which the larger portion of our present information on this special phase of plastic Art is derived. If we would obtain some clue to those weird and fantastic forms, of those vessels seemingly fashioned for the secret rites of a primeval race, scored as they are with mystic characters, graven with an ornamentation often suggestive of nothing in the animate or inanimate creation, and gleaming with a patina, the sombre intensity of



Bronze Statue of Buddha on the Lotus Flower. Japanese. Height, 14 feet.



Chinese Bronze. 24½ inches.

Probably both nomenclature and chronology are equally mythical. But whether the written records of that Far Eastern civilisation—which flourished before China was known to the historians and geographers of Greece and Rome—have perished or still remain, here, at least, are tangible evidences testifying to the existence of an Empire having an art that was distinctly original, highly symbolical, sometimes uncouth and monotonous, yet stamped with a certain Titanic grandeur, even exercising an extraordinary influence over the minds of a generation so sedate and matter-of-fact as our own. The art is precisely that of a race engaged in a mighty struggle with the most stupendous forces of nature, and that was curbing and bounding the courses of torrents which unrestrained would overwhelm vast provinces, of a race that by patient and indomitable labour was converting uninhabitable deserts into fruitful lands. Never was there a more splendid example of the power of the human will. The steadfast, unresting determination of the Chinese prevailed, and these vast deserts and barren wildernesses became the "Flowery Land," wherein blossomed forth in due course the art *par excellence* of China—that of the dynasties of the Ming (A.D. 1368—1624). In this golden prime were produced those marvels of the ceramic art so prized by the collector. Their perfection of technical execution was never surpassed; never was glaze more velvety and lustrous spread on porcelain—itsself spotless and sonorous as a bell. Never was colour more pure and harmonious, or design more faultless and masterly; every quality proclaims the calm assurance attained only in a period of high civilisation, of prosperity, of order guarded by unassailable power. Whether these qualities characterizing the art of the Ming period are sufficient compensation for the absence of the rugged grandeur of the archaic bronzes, is a question of individual taste.

Again, it is the gallery of M. Cernuschi that has furnished the most important examples for the treatises and works dealing with the history of Japanese bronzes. Equally as in the case of the Chinese bronzes is it desirable, when studying a comparatively unfamiliar art, as that of the bronze work of Nippon, to find examples of the various epochs duly and intelligibly classified and arranged, if possible, in chrono-

logical order, and it is only in the case of national museums or collections so exhaustive as this of M. Cernuschi that such exceptional advantages are attainable. The art of bronze casting in Japan does not reach the venerable antiquity claimed for that of China, it being supposed to date from the sixth century, the period of the introduction of Buddhism, and naturally its first efforts were devoted to religious purposes. We are apt to associate the notion of fantastic forms and grotesque conceits on a miniature or limited scale with the idea of Japanese bronze-work; the fact being, however, that the typical examples of the art are of colossal proportions and remarkable for their dignity and simplicity of treatment. The sculptors aimed at translating in plastic form the religious ideal—a state of holy contemplation, of undisturbed repose.

Thus the masterpiece of M. Cernuschi's collection, placed high aloft and dominating the gallery, represents, as shown in our illustration on p. 45, Buddha seated upon the lotus flower. Face and figure express a perfect calm, the almost closed eyes indicate the state of eternal introspection characterizing the divine being. The drapery is arranged in the regular, ordered folds of an archaic Greek statue; the huge disc behind the head, as in a Byzantine mosaic of our Lord, gives majesty to the sacred image and renders more impressive the gesture of benediction denoted by the raised right hand. This truly majestic creation originally stood in a temple at Megouro, a suburb of Tokio, and is a work of the eighteenth century. The temple had fallen into ruins and the statue remained almost forgotten in a garden, until fortunately it came under the notice of M. Cernuschi, and to his judicious liberality and appreciation of a veritable masterpiece Europe is indebted for this typical specimen of Oriental Art. The statue measures over fourteen feet from the base of the flower to the top of the nimbus; the figure itself, if standing on its feet, would be about twenty feet high. But even these proportions are surpassed by a bronze statue, also of Buddha, at the Imperial Treasury at Nara. It was cast at Sitaraki in the reign of the Emperor Shioumoun, A.D. 739. The god is represented seated, as in the statue of M. Cernuschi, its height from the base of the flower to the summit of the rays surrounding the head being about ninety five feet; this statue, if upright, would tower nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the ground! Sculpture on this colossal scale requires a corresponding largeness of style

or it is intolerable; but the genius of the primitive Japanese artists was equal to the occasion. The works of the early sculptors show a simplicity and restraint and at the same time a truth to nature, that would place them in a respectable position when brought into line with the productions of any school. The



Archaic Vase of the class ts'ouen.

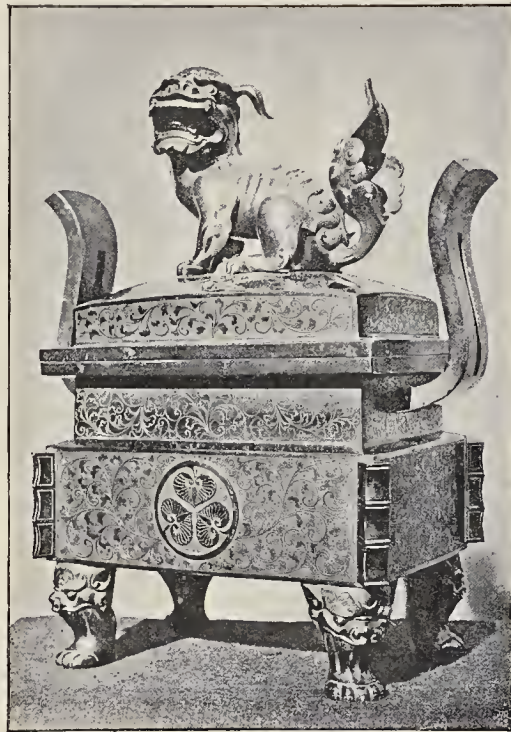
grace, the energy, and the imaginative conceptions of Greek sculpture are absent, but there is a gravity, a respect for the dignity of Art and honesty of workmanship inseparable from the productions of the best periods and the most artistically gifted races. Such are the qualities distinguishing the two statues in wood, representing seated figures, lately acquired by the Louvre, which for individuality and naturalness might almost rank with the Egyptian statues of the Sheik-el-Beled class. The bronzes of the early period are scarce in their native land and are rarer still in Europe; the same may be said for those of the three or four centuries next succeeding, although reproductions of some may be found in our collections, as that of the grand mandara of nineteen personages at the temple of Todji, belonging to the Musée Guimet, at Paris.

The seventeenth century marked an extraordinary development in Japanese sculpture. This was the period of Zingoro, the architect of the celebrated temple of Nikko, and which he decorated with wood carvings by his own hand. All who have seen it describe this building as a miracle of delicate and elaborate design, the motives of ornamentation being derived from the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and essentially naturalistic in treatment. M. Cernuschi's collection contains a fine example of the school of Zingoro in the carved-wood gallery behind the colossal statue of Buddha. The bronzes of this period are distinguished by a certain masculine severity of style, the patina inclining to black and subdued in tone. The representations of animals are especially well modelled, as may be observed on reference to the shelves holding M. Cernuschi's seventeenth-century bronzes. No Art is stationary, and that of Japan follows the universal law. To the severity of the seventeenth century succeeded the suppleness, the aim at excessive delicacy of manipulation and the *tours de force* of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth, when the distinctive natural Art of Japan came to an abrupt termination. Respecting the Japanese bronze work of the latter half of the present century, it can only be said that the Art has suffered a deplorable deterioration, the tradition of the grand style has vanished, and invention and execution are alike feeble and meretricious. In seeking to become cosmopolitan, Japan, in this as in other directions, has sapped the foundations of her former strength and greatness.

It is impossible within the limits of a brief notice to attempt any critical examination of the many hundred pieces composing M. Cernuschi's collection. Our object is simply



Chinese Bronze.



Japanese Bronze. Height, 15 inches.

to lay before the readers of the *Art Journal* engravings of a few choice specimens which the generous owner has permitted us to reproduce. It should be stated that the larger portions of the objects were purchased by M. Cernuschi when travelling in China and Japan in 1871. The time — that succeeding the break-up of the old order of things in Japan — was undoubtedly exceptionally favourable for obtaining works of Art of the best periods in both empires, and was an opportunity which can scarcely occur again; still, the quality of the objects chosen depended entirely on the taste and judgment of the purchaser, and the result shows that in this instance the capacity for judicious selection was more than usually acute. It must be remembered, moreover, that besides the purely artistic object, a scientific intention influenced the direction of the acquisitions.

The passion for collecting the works of Art of the Far East has not been confined to the present generation. "The figures on an Indian chest" were as familiar to the frail beauties of Pope's time, and their cult of the delicate creations of Oriental Art was as devoted, as that of the æsthetic vestals of our own day. A new impulse has, however, arisen in the nineteenth century, which, as far as we learn, did not exist in the eighteenth amongst the collections of Chinese and Japanese art, namely the scientific motive frequently influencing the formation of collections of recent date, of which the one under consideration and that presented by Mr. A. W. Franks to the British Museum are perhaps the most striking examples. The artistic interest, of course, still prevails, but along with it has grown up the desire to

understand the intention of the artist, and to become acquainted with the ideas and sentiments guiding and governing his various creations. Without this understanding a large portion of the Art of China and Japan can have little more than the barren interest of fantastic eccentricity. There will always remain the marvellous technical dexterity, but the full appreciation of this quality must naturally be limited to a very restricted class — the practitioners of the artistic industries. Hence, after being a fashion in the last century the interest in these quaint and delicate examples of artistic ingenuity completely faded, until the epithet "Chinese" applied to works of Art was synonymous with all that was barbarous and ridiculous. To-day the arts of these civilisations of the extreme East take their rank along with those of other races and nationalities, and however strange their form and whatever their merits or shortcomings, they are recognised as being the æsthetic expression of communities at once highly refined and singularly endowed with the artistic faculty. This recognition is a natural consequence of the application of the modern critical method to the study of the history and development of Art; but as regards the art we are considering, it has been powerfully assisted by the formation of the present collection composed of so many typical specimens. In the case of China a study of its Art on the spot has hitherto been an impossibility, the ideal student sketched by Mr. Franks, who is to be well versed in his subject, resident in China, acquainted with its language and having access to the stores of native collectors, has not yet been realised; the suspicion with which foreigners are received in China preventing the prosecution of any serious artistic studies, either of the public monuments or in private collections. M. Cernuschi's gallery has, however, helped to furnish the opportunity of acquiring at least the first of the essential accomplishments, in enabling the student to familiarise himself with one important form of Chinese Art. And in order to guard against the loss to science which would accrue from the dispersion of his collection, M. Cernuschi has rendered this advantage permanent by bequeathing his works of Art and the gallery containing them to the City of Paris.



Chinese Bronze Height, 16½ inches.

It will be observed that the vases reproduced in our pages as illustrations, represent only those of Chinese fabrication. The number we could lay before the reader necessarily being limited, it was considered that it would be more serviceable to concentrate the interest on what, after all, has the highest artistic importance among these Oriental bronzes — the work of the earlier Chinese dynasties. That they hold this rank in the opinion of the Chinese themselves may be gathered from turning over the pages of the celebrated Chinese book of engravings, entitled *P'ü-koo-too*, representing the treasures of Art of the Shang, Tcheou, and Han dynasties. All the examples here given do not belong to these early times; the choice vase (the upper one on page 46) probably belongs to the reign of Kien-Long; the ornamentation is here gilt and relieved on a pale brown ground: the vase will be remembered as one of the treasures of the Hamilton Collection. Rivalling this in perfection of execution is the Japanese bronze (the upper one on page 47), covered with a delicately and firmly engraved arabesque ornament: this is one of a pair, both being gilt. Possibly the earliest of the series is the archaic vase of the class *ts'ouen*, bearing the apparent impress of two hands modelled in the bronze, the rest of the surface being covered with *umbos*, and having bands of meander ornament at the base (page 46). A remarkable instance of the striking effect which may be obtained by combining naturalistic ornamentation with extreme severity of vase form is seen on page 47, where a vessel of fine form has the handles composed of freely modelled sprays of the Peach of Longevity, the symbolical intention being emphasised by the introduction of bats, also an emblem of longevity. The vase was purchased at Canton; it has been reproduced in two colours by Deck, commissioned by M. Cernuschi. Besides the collection of bronzes, M. Cernuschi's galleries contain a remarkable series of Chinese and Japanese ceramic Art, which also has been presented to the nation. The gift is the more valuable because the representation of the Art of the extreme East in the French National Collection has hitherto been limited in extent and poor in quality.

HENRY WALLIS.

HENDRIK WILLEM MESDAG.

TO write of Mesdag is to recall Scheveningen: one always thinks of this Dutch master of "the grey school," to a background of that watering-place. Everybody who has roamed through Holland knows Scheveningen, a tram ride from the Hague, where Mesdag paints the sea; not the open, limitless ocean, but the somewhat ineffectual waters that break upon the Scheveningen sands and rocks. For many years past, from the topmost window of an hotel, he has studied this Dutch corner of the ocean in its varying moods, and at all times and seasons; painting thus at regular hours, with the Dutchman's dogged determination to utilise every

shade and shred of talent, Mesdag finds himself at the age of sixty-two, famous—four times medalled, a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and represented in the Luxembourg. It is not as the rich burgher of the Hague that we prefer to think of Mesdag, but rather as the indefatigable painter at work, year in and year out, at Scheveningen, or as a roamer on the sands, stopping to criticise and encourage beginners, eager to attack the innumerable difficulties of painting the movement and the shimmer of water.

Mesdag's pupils, and they have been many, cherish his advice—little colloquial transcripts of experience, such as,



H. W. Mesdag in his Studio.

"My friend, you must paint in warm greys," or, "Get your tones right, then your sketch is finished;" or, "Attend to the middle of your picture, the ends will look after themselves," and so on. His palette is very restricted,—yellow ochre, raw

sienna, raw umber, light red, and cobalt—and woe betide the disciple who uses the crimson lakes or madders. Many stories are told of such practices, and the effect of discovery by the master that some secretive pupil had employed, say brown madder, to produce a desired effect.

Not until the age of thirty-five did Mesdag finally determine to forsake commerce, and to throw himself heart and soul into the business of painting. It was a bold step, but encouragement from fellow-artists was not wanting. When Mr. Alma Tadema heard of his countryman's determination to leave the amateur's easy path for the rugged road of professionalism, he forecast Mesdag's future in these words, "Perhaps a Courbet, never a Meissonier." Mesdag certainly is not a Meissonier,

and it was well that Mr. Alma Tadema introduced the qualifying "perhaps" in regard to the alternative niche on Parnassus, for whatever Mesdag may do in the future, he does not yet stand with Courbet. His peculiar distinction is rather that he pioneered the *plein air* picture in Holland, that he painted the sea as it really looks, the true movement of water, and the atmosphere about it. He was one of that advanced guard of talented men, who in Holland, as in France and England, sounded the death-knell of the studio-lighted picture. A colourist Mesdag will never be, and latterly he has shown an inclination to still deeper depths of brownness, but like Israels, the Marises, and Mauve, his is the saving grace of having gone straight to nature, where, throwing conventions to the winds, he has taken a personal view of inanimate things, interpreting only what he sees and what he feels.



Bringing Home the Fish. By H. W. Mesdag.



Sketch at Scheveningen. By H. W. Mesdag.

Born at Groningen on February 7th, 1831, Mesdag went at an early age into his father's banking business, where he worked from morning till night, only able to snatch an hour now and



Boats. Sketch by H. W. Mesdag.

then for the pursuit of the art to which he felt so persistently called. In his case, however, there was no direct parental opposition to the boy's desire to draw; in fact, when his school days were over, he was still allowed to study Art one morning a week under the guidance of C. Buijs, and so he lived, working hard, dreaming of colour, till the age of twenty-five, when he took unto himself a wife. This action is described by a lady biographer as the turning-point in his career.

For the next ten years Mesdag lived the somewhat futile existence of a man whose heart is not in the work to which Fate has called him. He drew and painted incessantly in the intervals of business, elaborating his landscapes in the most approved amateur fashion, till the coming of the year 1856, when, as we have said, at the age of thirty-five he bade farewell to banking. Henceforth he would be artist or nothing. Needless to say, this course was disapproved by his friends—Israels, for instance, who exclaimed, "How can the fellow be so silly!"

The ordering of a man's life is happily his own affair, and Mesdag quite properly refused to consider the timid fears of

his friends. He sought Alma Tadema, who was then living in Brussels, and said to him, in effect, What shall I do to become a landscape painter? The answer of the Royal Academician is not on record, but however the advice ran, it resulted in Mesdag's settling in Oosterbeek, where he painted incessantly out of doors, and came under the influence of Roelofs and Bilders, the latter giving him much excellent advice, including the suggestion that he should be himself and not "a little Roelofs." His temperament marked him out as a painter of the methodical and conscientious school, pre-Raphaelite in his insistence upon detail, at any rate during

this stage of his career. So he worked away, with the diligence of a clerk in a city office, painting the cobble-stones of the street where he lived, the verandah of his home, and the whitewashed wall of his garden—painting them over and over again, with an exasperating attention to detail. These studies, which suggested the craftsmanlike influence of Mr. Alma Tadema, are still preserved. The hour at length having arrived of a certain degree of skill in depicting such oddments of inanimate life, he advanced a step higher in the Mesdagian theory of Art studentship, which was to paint from the window of his house in a fashion peculiarly his own. He would hold a piece of tracing paper against the glass, upon which he drew everything of interest in the street below, afterwards enlarging this sketch on canvas. Some pic-



Sunset. Sketch by H. W. Mesdag.



Departure of Fishing Smacks. By H. W. Mesdag.

tures produced in this way were exhibited at Groningen and Amsterdam, without attracting much notice, but at Brussels their peculiar and naïve handling provoked criticism and received some commendations. About this time he paid a visit to the coast, where he made the discovery of the fascination the sea had for him. Light, water, atmosphere—he tackled their difficulties with the same devotion that he had offered to whitewashed walls and cobble-stones. For weeks he worked incessantly, and then armed with a number of drawings he went to Brussels. They made a small sensation among his artist friends. "You have found your *métier*," was the common remark; "henceforth you must paint water." Mesdag had certainly chosen a new method. Most of his forerunners had been content merely to use the sea as a background to their Spanish galleons or towering British three-masters; he treated it as an animate, restless, complex force, worthy the minutest and the most loving study. It was some time before these drawings produced any tangible results. Throughout that winter he puzzled over them—over this new development of his art, but without encouragement from others, or satisfaction to himself. Plenty of advice was at his disposal, but nobody was able to offer any practical assistance. It was still the day of the historical picture, and buyers were not over anxious to possess transcripts of the sea as Mesdag saw it. His high horizon met with small favour. But through all discouragement he remained consistent and persistent to his own convictions. One thing, however, was plain to him, if he was to be a painter

of the sea he must live by the sea, and paint it day in and day out, its foam and tumble, its wonder and grandeur.

So in the spring of 1869 he removed to The Hague, whence he made a journey every day to Scheveningen, never returning without a study. Out of these studies developed two large works destined for the Salon of 1870, one a picture of the Scheveningen strand, the other a salient seascape, sky, water, and foam. At the same Salon were two remarkable marines by Courbet, the sea beating furiously against a wall, and the famous 'La Vague,' now in the Luxembourg. Mesdag, like everybody else, bowed before the redoubtable 'Vague,' its extraordinary handling, vigour, and daring. He acknowledged Courbet's chieftainship, but a still small voice, the voice of a somewhat arrogant experience, whispered to him, "Magnificent; but is it the sea?" As fate would have it Mesdag and Courbet were hung side by side, 'La Vague' by 'Brisants de la Mer du Nord.'

To most people's astonishment, to Mesdag's among the rest, his picture was medalled, and among the congratulations he received on this event were letters from three eminent French artists—Ziem, Chaplin, and Jean-François Millet; and Chaplin bought his 'Brisants de la Mer du Nord.' This unexpected success inspired him to further efforts; he decided to live altogether at The Hague. He also hired a room in a Scheveningen hotel, where, whatever the weather, he could regularly work away at the sea. The Dutch flat-bottomed surf-boats, which are always to be found

on Scheveningen strand, giving animation to the colour scheme, Mesdag studied particularly, and under all conditions—ready for sea, unloading, at anchor, or sailing on the flood tide; from them arose the picture he exhibited at Rotterdam in 1871, called 'The Princess Sophia.' He was now, indeed, a painter of the sea, and they that go down to it in ships; interested in anything that appertained to such folk—the shrimp-fishers doubled up to their knees bending over the water, the flat boats rocking on the waves, the carts laden with fish slushing to and fro in the sand, the dunes with the masts of the vessels peeping above them—all these became, as it were, a part of him. Naturally the work produced by the very methodical method he employed varied in quality, but at the best it was very good, and his reputation increased. Pictures from his untiring brush were exhibited throughout Europe, recompenses were granted, honours were bestowed upon him. From France he received the little red ribbon, and in the course of years the honour of having two pictures bought for the Luxembourg—one of them, 'Avant l'Orage,' purchased only three years ago from the Salon of the Champ de Mars. The wide waters are ominously at rest; it is that awful moment of pause when nature grips her forces preparatory to unloosing the storm. The leaden clouds pack themselves on the horizon, the sun goes down in a blaze of yellow, the streaks of colour shoot across the dark water, black shadows sulk on the waves, another moment and the wind will roar from the heavens. Mesdag's other Luxembourg picture is also a setting sun, but this time the world is at peace, and the sun goes down in a blood-red glow, tracing a thousand reflections on sky and sea.

Since 1870 no year has passed but two large pictures from Mesdag's brush have been seen at the Paris Salon. When the split occurred he followed Meissonier to the Champ de Mars. Restricting himself to the one subject of the sea, the variety that he has been able to impart to his work is remarkable. Some of the smaller Mesdags are certainly a little monotonous, but his larger canvases are in no way deserving

of this charge.

Although he sends each year to Paris, the galleries of Holland are not without examples of his work. He is rarely absent from the annual show of the Dutch Water-Colour Society, which he, with Mauve and Willem Maris, helped to found at The Hague. Specimens of his work may also be seen in the Museum of Modern Art at The Hague, and at the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam.

There is no need to refer in detail to the pictures that illustrate this paper. They speak for themselves, showing at once Mesdag's power and his limitations. With him it is the sea, always the sea. Perhaps a little more breadth, a little more mastery, a little less colour—these are the only essential differences between his picture of the 'Departure of Fishing Smacks,' which we reproduce, and a score of others of similar size and composition. As a



Sketch by
H. W. Mesdag.



Fishing Smacks. By H. W. Mesdag.

painter of the sea he hardly comes into rivalry with Mr. Henry Moore, for the one paints the verge, the other the deeps of the ocean. The hardest criticism of Mesdag is to say that he suffers from "opsimathy," an excellent word disinterred from the dictionary by the late (alas!) Theodore Child.

Mesdag has also succeeded in a task where so many have failed, the art of painting a panorama, which the curious will find at a gallery in The Hague, where many of his own, together with some of Madame Mesdag's pictures, are permanently on view. His ready brush, his industry, his breadth of view were indications to the Belgian company who gave the commission that he was quite capable of successfully accom-

plishing such an undertaking. The choice of subject being left to the painter, what more natural than that he should elect to make a panorama of Scheveeningen? He chose his point of view from an altitude in the dunes, offering a wide outlook on all sides, the very spot for a panorama. His old habit of painting from the window of his house now stood him in good stead. He built a small circular hut on the dunes, and upon tracing paper pressed to the glass window he drew, correctly and minutely, all he could see. This he copied upon canvas to a scale $\frac{1}{100}$ smaller than the destined size of the panorama. The task of elaborating, in which he was assisted by Madam Mesdag, occupied five months, working from morning till night. The result was excellent. The spectator can hardly believe he is not standing on the dune hillock itself. It is summer-time; here and there a shadow lies across the sunlit sea, the waves break against the boats, the fishing nets hung up to dry show like lace-work against the water. On the strand, where the artillery gallop, there is life and movement. Yonder is the red-roofed village, beyond it rolling dunes, overhead the summer clouds, and away in the distance the place where the sky and earth meet. "Beautiful!" said Anton Mauve, after an examination of the Scheveeningen panorama. It was finished in April, 1881, and opened to the public a few days later.

With Mesdag, as with Rubens, success and riches have in no way diminished a healthy ardour for work. Each morning finds him before his easel in the large square studio, with its dark wood-panelled ceiling from which hangs a fishing net of memories. On the walls are Spanish leather and tapestries. The wood-work of the room is dark brown, and the door panels are painted by Jacob and William Maris, Mauve, and others. The wall opposite the window is occupied by a huge carved oaken cabinet, and upon it stand Japanese porcelain, bronzes, and a number of ship models. Mesdag is also the owner of one of the finest collections of Dutch and French masters in the world, including some remarkable examples by Daubigny and Rousseau. As a painter he is naturally much in sympathy with the French School of 1830, and he has set himself to obtain some of the most striking examples of these painters. In addition to other important works he owns a unique picture by Corot of 'White Cliffs,' full of that pearly quality Corot mastered so thoroughly. He also possesses a powerful drawing in black and white of the great oaks in Fontainebleau

Forest by Théodore Rousseau, a master very little known except by reputation, and the original sketch of 'La Descente des Vaehes,' one of the chief works by the same painter. Perhaps the finest canvas of this school is Daubigny's 'Sheep-fold,' which is painted with all J. F. Millet's solemnity, yet



Dutch Surf Boats By H. W. Mesdag.

without his inclination to manneism. Mesdag as an artist on his own account, has accomplished the task that he set himself to do, of painting water and sky as it looked to him, and he still works, as in his student days, industriously, and with every fibre of his nature.

LEWIS HIND.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND.

LIKE a number of other artistic institutions, the National Gallery of Ireland owes its origin to the great Exhibition of 1851. The success of that enterprise—a success unbeaten even yet—led to another on a more modest scale two years later in Dublin, the cost of which was defrayed by Mr. William Dargan. For many years lovers of Art in Ireland had wished to follow the example set when Mr. Angerstein's collection was bought by the Imperial Parliament. The interest aroused by the Exhibition gave them their chance. After it was closed a number of gentlemen united to form what they called "The Irish Institution," their purpose being to hold loan exhibitions out of which a permanent gallery might grow. Meanwhile, a large sum of money had been subscribed to commemorate the public services of Mr. Dargan, and the committee of this Testimonial Fund determined to vote £5,000 of it towards the erection of a public Gallery of Art. This spirited resolution, added to the influence exercised by the members of the Irish Institution, made it impossible for Government to refuse its aid. A site was secured on Leinster Lawn—"The Duke's Lawn," as it is more commonly called in Dublin—and the present building was erected at a total cost of £26,500. Its architect was the late Captain Fowke, and its architecture shows the mixture of fine natural taste with a touch of the amateur which marks everything that soldier-artist did. A description of its arrangements will be given presently.

The constitution of the Gallery differs considerably from that of its London *devancier*. By Acts 17 and 18 Vic. cap. 99 (1854), and 18 and 19 Vic. cap. 44 (1855), a body of seventeen "governors and guardians" was incorporated. Five of these are *ex officio*: His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, the Senior Vice-President of the Royal Dublin Society, the President of the Royal Irish Academy, the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy and the Chairman of the Board of Works. Of the remaining twelve, two are artists resident in Ireland, nominated by the Royal Hibernian Academy; three are appointed by the Irish Government, and seven were to be elected by a constituency of donors and subscribers. This constituency having now died out, however, these seven appointments have become vested in the Lord Lieutenant. The officers of the Gallery are the Registrar, whose duties are clerical, and the Director.

So far as they go, the Gallery buildings are excellent for their purpose. They contain, in the basement, a set of rooms for the porter and housekeeper, a store-room, repairing-room, and furnace and boiler-house. On the ground floor a gallery for sculpture (see illustration), about the same size as the great Venetian room in Trafalgar Square, leads into a second room,

equal in size, in which the National Portrait and Historical Collection is at present arranged. This, like the Sculpture Gallery, is side-lighted, but by a system of transverse semi-walls, a large number of portraits have been thoroughly well hung. The Portrait Gallery is on a lower level than the

Sculpture Gallery, and is not so lofty, hence a mezzanine floor is provided on which a large room for drawings, as well as the board-room and offices, are to be found. The upper floor is divided into the large Italian Gallery (see page 56) and four smaller rooms; these latter are devoted respectively to the Dutch school, the Early Teutonic and the seventeenth century Italian schools, and the schools of the United Kingdom.

At present the Irish national collection consists of about three hundred and seventy oil pictures, of about three hundred water-colour and other drawings, and of a fine series of mezzotint portraits, chiefly from the famous collection of Mr. John Challoner Smith. A large proportion of these things are at present inaccessible to the public through want of space, but a beginning has been made in the task of so arranging

the pictures that something like a consecutive tale may be told. The room known as The Italian Gallery is divided between examples of the Italian school, and those larger pictures by Dutch and Flemish painters which could not be conveniently accommodated in the comparatively small "Dutch Room." The Italian collection covers, thinly, nearly the whole development of the school, from Fra Angelico down to the Tenebrosi and Naturalisti of the seventeenth century. I must here be content with naming the most important specimens. By Fra Angelico there is a 'Martyrdom of SS. Cosmus and Damianus,' one of the seven panels of the predella to an altar-piece in San Marco, Florence, which is eulogized by Vasari. Of the other six, two are in the Accademia at Florence, and four in the Munich Gallery. Vasari says of this predella, that "it is so perfectly finished that one cannot imagine it possible for anything to be executed with greater care, nor can figures more delicate or more judiciously arranged be conceived." The Aretine's powers of conception were, no doubt, limited, but here his praises are deserved. Domenico Ghirlandajo is represented by a 'Virgin and Child,' with St. Joseph in the background, bought at the sale of the Choiseul Collection in 1866; Perugino by a 'Madonna' from his studio, probably painted by Giannicola di Paolo Manni; and Botticelli by a 'History of Lucretia,' a *casone* picture of unusual merit. One of the rarities of the collection is a large 'Holy Conversation' by Zenobio de' Macchiavelli, who is mentioned by Vasari as the only pupil of Benozzo Gozzoli worthy of commemoration. Two other pictures by him are known, one is in the Louvre, the other in the Instituta delle belle Arti



Mr. Walter Armstrong,
Director of the National Gallery of Ireland.

of Pisa. The Dublin picture shows Zenobio to have been one of the best masters of his time. Another capital picture of a similar class is an 'Enthroned Madonna' by Marco Palmizano, the pupil of Melozza da Forlì. There is an inferior example of him in the London National Gallery. Palmizano belonged to the early Bolognese school, and I must turn again to the Florentine to mention the superb little panel from a predella, on which Luca Signorelli has painted the 'Feast in the House of Simon,' one of the very finest of his smaller works; and a series of five small panels from the predella of an altar-piece painted for Perugia by Andrea del Sarto. Two more, which complete the set, belong to the Earl of Warwick.

The Venetian school is in greater force at Dublin, as in London, than the schools of Central Italy. One of the best examples is the well-known double portrait which used to be called 'Beazzano and Navagero.' It was seen at the Old Masters Exhibition in London not very long ago, when its courageous ascription to Bellini and Giorgione did not meet with universal acceptance. The two names—there is no doubt that there should be two—which I feel inclined to suggest are Bellini and Bissolo. To this same school belongs an interesting portrait acquired at the Hamilton Sale, where it was attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. It shows a slight mixture of German with Venetian character, and the name which at once rises to our lips as we look at it is Jacopo de' Barbari. Titian is present in a finely-handled 'Ecce Homo,' from his later years, and in one of the three known versions of the 'Supper at Emmaus,' of which the Louvre has a second and Lord Yarborough a third. It contains some magnificent painting, but suffers from unlucky *pentimenti*, and from the weak conception of the principal head. By Tintoretto we have a fine male portrait; by Moroni a group of a widower and his two children which is only inferior to such things as the 'Tagliapanni' of the National Gallery. Eighteenth-century painting in Venice is represented by examples, first-rate in quality,

though not "important," of Canale, Canaletto (by which I mean the true Canaletto, Bernardo Bellotto), Guardi, Mari-eschi, and Tiepolo the Elder. Akin to these men's work is the masterpiece of Giovanni Paolo Panini, 'The Piazza Navona, Rome, on the Occasion of a Fête given on the 30th Nov., 1729.'

In this picture Panini rivals the best painters of *fêtes galantes*. The groups of happy men and women are put in with a *verve* and dexterity worthy of Watteau, with a solidity that recalls Hogarth, and with a sense of reality in the arrangement and action of the groups which is curiously modern.

The art of the Italian decadence is seen to advantage in a fine 'Crucifixion,' by Annibale Carracci, and in good examples of Spagnoletto, Caravaggio, Lavinia Fontana, Lanfranco, Giorgio Vasari himself, and others.

Among the five-and-twenty examples of the old Dutch, Flemish and German schools there are a few which any gallery might show with pride. A tall panel with a figure of Christ in an attitude of benediction, ascribed, probably with justice, to Hugo van der Goes, is at any rate a first-rate work of Art. Bernard Strigel is represented by an excellent 'Christ before Pilate'; the rare Wolfgang Hauber by a fine portrait; and Hans von Kulmbach (Hans Suess), the collaborator with Dürer, by a thoroughly characteristic 'Portrait of a Lady.' A first-rate male portrait, which, but for its date, would do for a Daniel O'Connell, is one of the many excellent purchases made by the late Director, Mr. Henry Doyle. It is probably the work of Heinrich Aldegrever. Albrecht Altdorfer never painted a better panel than the 'Graf Montfort und Rotenfels' here ascribed to him, nor Hans Asper anything more charming in their way than the two portraits of Heinrich and Katharina Knoblauch, which came to the Gallery at an interval between them of no less than nineteen years. To these has been added a small



The Sculpture Gallery of the National Gallery of Ireland.

replica of one of the Louvre Holbeins, 'Sir John More,' bought, together with the Hans von Kulmbach named above, at the sale of the Magniac Collection.

The later Dutch and Flemish schools are represented mainly by good pictures of the second class. With a few



The Italian Room, The National Gallery of Ireland

exceptions the Gallery has nothing to set beside the Metzus, Terborchs, and De Hoochs, the Rubenses and Vandycks, in Trafalgar Square. Let me name the exceptions first. The most important is a small landscape with figures by Rembrandt. The subject is such that it used to be called a 'Riposo.' A group of shepherds are gathered about a fire in a scene that reminds us of one of Samuel Palmer's illustrations to Milton. The shepherds have kindled their sticks near a pool, under overhanging trees. High above, a castle rises against a sky in which the moonlight struggles through clouds, but most of the background consists of mysterious foliage, into which the longer we peer the more we seem to see. It is a multitudinous little picture, crowded, pregnant, but complete in artistic unity. It was bought at the sale of the "Stourhead Heirlooms," in 1883, for a price which represents about one quarter of its value. The gallery has a second Rembrandt in the portrait of Lucas Van der Linden, bought from Mons. Dansaert of Brussels, in 1890. Though painted in a method unusual with Rembrandt, there seems to be no reason for doubting its ascription. Certainly it would be difficult to refer it to any brush but his. Forming a triad with these two pictures, there hangs at present a most remarkable ex-

ample of Rembrandt's pupil, Gerbrandt Van den Eeckhout. It is perhaps the most satisfactory thing he ever did, and is worthy of Rembrandt almost at his best. It is the portrait of a young Jew, perhaps a Rabbi, painted fatly, and with a free brush; it would hold its own, whether for colour, tone, illumination, or profound depth of expression, with almost any production of the great school to which it belongs. It was bought by Mr. Doyle at Christie's for a very small price. A second Eeckhout, 'Christ with the Doctors,' though a good picture, will bear no comparison with this. As [for other pupils, or quasi-disciples of Rembrandt, the only one I need mention here is Pieter de Hooch, who was at least influenced by the great Leydener. He is to be enjoyed in Dublin in a small picture bought by myself last summer (1892). It represents two soldiers and a woman at tric-trac, and is remarkable for the freedom of its execution and the golden harmony of its tone. It is signed in a curious way. At the back of the figures there is a wooden partition, on which the innkeeper keeps his scores. At the head of one score appears "P. de hooch," i. e. (feigned) chalk.

The Haarlem branch of the Dutch school is more numerously represented. A 'Young Fisherman of Scheveningen' is a capital specimen of Hals in one of his irresponsible moods. An 'Interior, with Ladies and Cavaliers,' bought this summer, is a first-rate example of Pieter Codde. A large version of a similar subject represents the little-known Willem Cornelisz Duyster, a capital colourist, while 'A School' is one of the best of large Jan Steens. Cornelis Bega seldom painted better than in 'Two Men Singing: a Dutch Interior,' which is as fine as the remarkable picture sold last summer at Christie's with the rest of the Lawrence Collection. The Irish Gallery possesses one of the few known pictures by Abraham de Pape; it has probably the earliest picture extant by Quirijn Brekelenkam; it has the finest work, so far as quality goes, I have ever seen by Jacob Duck; it has a Solemaeker enough by itself to give that gentleman a more serious fame than he can actually boast; it has a capital picture by Van Hierp; a fine Van der Helst; an unusually attractive Van der Poel, hitherto ascribed to Cuyp; a good Aart Van der Neer; a very fine Cuyp of his earlier period; a large picture in which Ruysdael and De Keyser have combined their forces; a beautiful female portrait in which the hand of Gerard Honthorst, rather than that of Cornelius Jansen van Ceulen, to whom it is given, is to be recognised; a superb little Gonzales Coques; and other things of a similar class too numerous for description.

The Flemish pictures are comparatively few, but they include a superb Jordaens, 'An Allegory of Theology'; a Rubens, 'St. Francis receiving the Stigmata,' in which no brush is visible but his own; two good Vandycks, a 'Portrait of Frederick Marselaar' and a 'St. Sebastian;' and a quintet of Teniers, one of them a peculiarly good result of collaboration between that master and Lucas van Uden.

The best things in the British section are loans from the National Gallery of London, but Mr. Doyle was able to acquire good examples of Wilkie, of George Morland, and of such Irishmen as George Barrett, senior, Mulready, and J. O'Connor. The water-colour collection includes an historical series of drawings, chiefly the gift of Mr. William Smith. At present some of these are hung where they cannot be studied to the best advantage, but we live in hopes that an addition to the Gallery may be sanctioned at no distant date. In the same room have been arranged our few drawings by the old masters. Few as they are they include important studies by Lorenzo di Credi, Antonio Pollajuolo, Gaudenzio Ferrari, Tintoretto, Vandyck, Titian, Mantegna, Elzheimer, Andrea del Sarto, and several more.

Not the least interesting part of the Gallery is the room devoted to national portraits. Apart from their historical interest, many of these are of great importance as works of Art. They include good examples of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hogarth, as well as of later masters of our school. They include, too, a portrait, by Spagnoletto, of Father Luke Wadding, a famous Irish ecclesiastic of the sixteenth century; and the masterpiece of Francis Wheatley, the 'Meeting of the Irish Volunteers in College Green in 1779.' This, one of the best conceived things of the kind in existence, is the gift of the present Duke of Leinster.

From this somewhat rapid summary it will be seen that owing chiefly to the fine tact and judgment of its late director, Mr. Henry Doyle, the National Gallery of Ireland affords a *cadre* which only has to be filled in to make it a serious rival to much more famous collections. With the funds now at its disposal, it can only acquire works of first-rate importance by a combination of vigilance and happy accident. But after a time, as its value comes to be more widely acknowledged, public opinion may cause the strings of the public purse to be relaxed in its favour.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

TWO NEW FRENCH ART BOOKS.

THE handsome volume which has just been published under the title "L'ART IMPRESSIONNISTE, d'après la collection privée de M. Durand-Ruel," by Georges Lecomte, illustrated with etchings by A. M. Lauzet (Chamerot & Renouard, Paris), ought certainly to meet with a hearty reception. It comes at a timely moment with an amount of information which certainly will prove most valuable to those who have followed with interest that movement in Art which has been termed Impressionism. However divergent may be the opinions entertained respecting the productions of this school, little is comparatively known of the inner life and first struggles of those painters who finally decided to break with the conventional rules of Art hitherto so scrupulously observed. At the earliest period of this movement M. Durand-Ruel understood and upheld the efforts of these artists, even at the risk of his reputation both as a dealer and as an expert. He thus became possessed of some of the finest works of Manet, Degas, C. Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, Miss Cassatt, Mme. Morisot, and it is the study of this collection which has enabled Mr. Lecomte to write a complete history of this stage in the evolution of Art. After showing the close ties which connect the Impressionists with their immediate predecessors of the Barbizon School, Mr. Lecomte proceeds to deal with their still greater efforts to shake off all fetters of conventional rules. To become thoroughly intimate with Nature, and to study her, each one with his own vision, and then to record with sincerity the impressions personally received: such are the aim and object of these men. They spend the daylight in the fields observing and sketching, and meet in the evening at the Café Guerbois, to communicate to one another their results and discoveries. Most interesting is the narrative of their continual studies and experiments. First they cleanse their palettes from black, browns, ochres, reducing it to the pure tones of the rainbow; then they eliminate the unnecessary details of composition, seek every means of fixing the fugitive

effects of light, and at last, when they find the inefficiency of flat tones to adequately render the influence of sunlight on objects, they discover in the study of Delacroix and Turner the great secret of "la juxtaposition des couleurs," leaving the tones to blend and mingle in the eye of the spectator. After devoting a special study to all the principal works in M. Durand-Ruel's collection, each one being accompanied with an illustration by M. Lauzet, Mr. Lecomte concludes with a short chapter on "L'Art de Demain," in which he expresses the hope that the painters of the future will turn to good advantage the useful formulas worked out and left to them by these their illustrious predecessors.

'LE XIXIÈME SIÈCLE,' by J. Grand-Carteret (Paris: Firmin-Didot) conforms exactly to its title and is in some sort an historical panorama of the period. "A day will come," says Jules Janin, "when our grandsons will wish to know what manner of men we were, and how we passed our time, how we were clothed, what fashions were adopted by our women, what our houses were like, and what were our amusements, manners, and customs." It is towards the elaboration of this idea the author has set himself to compile this interesting and amusing volume. Each chapter forms a complete and faithful study of the subject treated—the court, the salons literary and political, civil and military costumes, the cafés, the theatres, public amusements, and national fêtes. Especially interesting is the chapter on the theatres, in which he gives an account of the introduction of the *claque*, due, as he says, to the rivalry of Mlles. Georges and Duchesnois (1804), who, not content with the disinterested applause of the ordinary spectators, hired men to come and applaud them in order to insure their success. The contagion soon spread, and all the actors and actresses of the Comédie Française made use of the *claque* system. The work is illustrated by coloured plates and several hundred illustrations, and it is a storehouse of curious information.



Transporting Melody. From "Fairlight Glen," by John Fullwood.

RECENT ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.



*From "Fairlight Glen,"
By John Fullwood.*

"FAIRLIGHT GLEN." — To be able to write a fairy story, to illustrate it, to publish it on his own account, and to meet with more than a fair measure of success in all these departments, is not given to every one. Mr. John Fullwood is already known as one of the most individual members of the Royal Society of British Artists, and his new enterprise will certainly enhance his reputation. "Fairlight Glen" is the story of the Dripping Well at Hastings, treated in a partly

symbolic and partly realistic way, tempered with strange weird thoughts which are not readily comprehended. The great attraction of the volume is in the illustrations, which combine the allegorical ideas familiar to William Blake and his pupil-friends with the severely realistic representations of present-day scenes. All these are original and artistic, but Mr. Fullwood's greatest strength lies in his fanciful figures, such as 'Transporting Melody,' at the head of this page.

This fine design is illustrative of the following passage in the volume. "The true Psyches find their way through the thick withering glume on Winchelsea Marsh, where the dead city lies buried, bringing with them their long trailing reeds, to pipe and swell the wild music of the glen. But as they pass the crags over Dame Collins's cottage they reed a soft refrain. And when again they quit the glen they transport many notes, and bear them with ease until they reach the rocks of Cliff End. There they linger for awhile to liberate these notes, to rotate and modulate about the widow's lonely home."

Throughout the volume are scattered many quaint designs and curious suggestions, and every initial letter contains an idea such as the one employed here, where, by the side of a mere, a stork seizes a lizard. In a similar way the tail-pieces

are interesting; for example, the one below (page 60), where the land mollusc possesses luminous eyes at the end of two long tentacles. The story tells of the loves of Claud Raymond and Evaline, and of the artist labours of Claud the sculptor and wood-carver. The volume concludes with the words, which may be taken as Mr. Fullwood's own, "I am delineator and sculptor. These are my designs. I gave them birth, and they have my soul." Mr. Fullwood is to be congratulated on the success of his beautiful volume.

"THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE."—Mr. Ruskin's works remain the most scientifically perfect Art books—in the purely literary sense—of recent times, and it is a severe lesson to modern methods of literary production to see the extraordinary skill to which he had attained at the very beginning of his career. "THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE," which has just been republished by Mr. George Allen, was written by Mr.



*Old Windows. From an early sketch
by Mr. Ruskin.*

Ruskin in 1837, when he was only eighteen years old, and it is divided into chapters and paragraphs and sentences in a way that no other writer on Art has so successfully carried out. This volume is also illustrated by the author's own work, and herein, also, our younger writers might take a lesson from the *doyen* of Art critics. Theoretically it may be possible to write about pictures and painters without the slightest technical knowledge, but it gives much greater weight to a writer's opinions, if it is known that he has at least ascertained for himself the technical difficulties of composition, drawing, and painting. Several of Mr. Ruskin's drawings in this book are delicately and faithfully studied, and our small illustration of old windows will give an idea of his style of work.

A FAMILY OF PAINTERS.—Jean-Baptiste Hüet and his three sons all rose to eminence as painters, and he himself was the son of a painter, and was born in an official residence in the Louvre in 1745. J.-B. Hüet became the pupil of Le Prince, who was a noted pupil of Boucher, and it is from this source that Hüet derives his constant devotion to painting pretty figures. He was, however, a serious animal-painter, and even with his Boucher-like compositions he usually contrived to introduce a dog or some other animal, or, as in the case of our illustration, 'Le Plaisir Innocent,' a lamb and a pair of birds. At the same time there is some ground for the remark which has often been made that Hüet was too much content to go on in the path he found easiest to his hand, that is, in making pictures after the manner of



From "Les Hüet," by C. Gabilot.

Boucher, although this criticism must be modified in face of the many animal studies he made. But even his animal studies are only indifferently correct, and are occasionally weak and even ill-drawn. None of the sons are so well known as J.-B. Hüet. Nicholas was born in 1770, and he became a draughtsman of a superior kind of natural history; François, usually called Villiers, was born at the beginning of 1772, and was a miniature painter of some ability, and he passed to England, where he painted the Duke of York and other



Le Plaisir Innocent. After a coloured print of a picture by J. B. Hüet. From "Les Hüet," by C. Gabilot.

notabilities, and at his death was buried in Westminster. Very little indeed seems to be known by the French biographers about this artist, who is not even mentioned in the chief dictionaries. The third son, also called Jean-Baptiste Hüet, was born at the end of 1772. He lost his right hand fighting for the Republic in 1793. He became an engraver with his left hand, but his works are not of the highest order. The history of this group of painters is set forth in the abundantly illustrated volume, "LES HÜET," by C. Gabillot (Allison, L'Art, Paris), which is one of the series of volumes in course of publication under the title "Les Artistes Célèbres." For this series Mr. Robert Hobart is preparing a Life of Constable and Mr. Walter Armstrong a Memoir of Gainsborough.

DRAWING AND ENGRAVING.—Every word that Mr. P. G. Hamerton writes on "DRAWING AND ENGRAVING" (A. and C. Black), is worthy of the most serious consideration. This book, which is a brief exposition of technical principles and practice, is thoroughly sound, and we only wish that every writer on these subjects would take the same care and go through the same training as Mr. Hamerton. This guinea volume is well illustrated, and should be in the hands of every draughtsman, young and old.

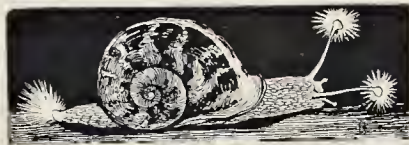
ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—The Isle of Wight has the reputation of having been singularly endowed by nature with everything that is necessary to the æsthetic enjoyment of man—fair land and seascapes, a genial climate, a contented and comfortably-endowed population. Its history has been formed by many of the most notable names which England has emblazoned on its roll of fame, for from almost pre-historic times its possession has been one to be desired. Hence one would expect it to be covered with architectural antiquities, Roman villas, Norman castles, ecclesiastic, civic, and domestic buildings. Such is hardly the case. On the contrary, it certainly falls below the average of any of the southern counties in what remains to us of buildings of former days. The reason of this is not far to seek. In early times every hamlet had undoubtedly important monastic if not architectural buildings. Their names alone evidence this: St. Helen's, St. Catherine's, Bonchurch, Newchurch, Godshill, St. Lawrence, are half-a-dozen which occur at the moment. So, too, the French religious houses founded dependencies on the Island, and these became very numerous, and, during the continuous wars with France, very dangerous outposts for intrigue. Consequently it is not surprising to hear that many of them were perforce obliged to move to the mainland, where they were more under observation.

Then the situation of the Island necessitated that men's dwellings should assume a defensive character, and herein probably is one reason for the comparative poverty of what remains. For wars and ravages by the French, more frequent

than can now be readily imagined, and sufficiently important to amount sometimes to the destruction of an entire town, as in the case of Frencheville in 1377, caused repeated demolitions of buildings.

Lastly, there must be added the indifference of the inhabitants themselves in archaeological matters; there is hardly a manor-house now remaining which has not been modernised beyond recognition, and this would also apply to half the churches. This indifference continues to this day. The author of the work which has given rise to this notice complains of old brasses lying uncared for in the churchyard at Freshwater, and the writer not many months back saw a fine old tombstone at St. Helen's broken in two to serve as a fireplace for picnic parties. But in spite of all this, an enumeration of the still existing *Architectural Antiquities of the Island*, which date from the eleventh to the seventeenth centuries, is sufficient to fill four folios of fair bulk. To this task Mr. Percy Goddard Stone has addressed himself for some time past with persistent assiduity, and presumably without any hope of adequate pecuniary reward. As an architect he has viewed his subject in as dispassionate a way as is possible to one who is actually enamoured of it. He has, in numberless drawings, dissected his buildings, giving measured drawings of each, and only occasionally giving the rein to picturesque treatment where he felt it would not interfere with accuracy.

"PREFERENCES IN ART, LIFE AND LITERATURE."—Mr. Harry Quilter's new work, "PREFERENCES IN ART, LIFE AND LITERATURE," will be welcomed by many for its numerous illustrations, there being about seventy full-page reproductions. It is impossible in a brief space to give an adequate idea of the amount of work entailed in a book like this, but Mr. Quilter has performed his task with commendable patience, and he will not be without his reward. Much that Mr. Quilter writes is open to question, but he is so evidently honest that much may also be pardoned. Occasionally he gives utterance to thoughts which are often in the minds of those who know the inner lives and struggles of artists. "While hundreds of painters," he says (at p. 131), "can make but the barest livelihood, a cruel, thoughtless fashion dictates that some dozen or two men should be employed on every occasion, fitting or unfitting, whether they have time or no, and the artist, once drawn into the vortex of expense and popularity, is no longer master of himself. He *must* live to some extent as his patrons live; he *must* be ready at all hours to force his art to work to order; he *must* produce a certain quantity to meet that huge expense into which he has almost insensibly been drawn. And so when his health breaks down it comes to pass that he has either to choose between leaving the unnatural position (social position) into which his popularity has forced him, or with weary hand and failing energies continue the task."



From "Fairlight Glen," by John Fullwood.

EXHIBITIONS AND NOTES.

THE Exhibition of the Old Masters is noticeable this year for its remarkable wealth of portraits, especially by Romney and by Rembrandt and his followers. Besides the examples of the Art of Blake, Palmer and Calvert—about whom we write in our article at page 43—there are also a large series of water-colour drawings by the late Lady Waterford, some of which show far more than the ordinary talent considered necessary for a titled amateur.

The collection of the works of Mr. Burne-Jones opened at the beginning of the year with great success. A slight feeling of monotony of scheme and colour prevailed throughout the pictures, but not in any very unsatisfactory way. The article with which we commence this volume will be found to contain many of the chief pictures of the exhibition, and there is nothing left to add to the estimate of our esteemed contributor.

For ten years Mr. Mendoza has gathered together a collection of artistic works in black and white, and several hitherto unknown artists have found the way to fame through their contributions there. The collection now open is even better than usual, and we give two examples of the exhibits, and recommend publishers to pay the gallery a visit.

The National Gallery has recently acquired, from the sale of the collection of the late M. Thoré-Burger, an excellent example of that rare master, Vermeer, of Delft, called 'La Jeune Musicienne,' which has been hung on a screen in Gallery X. It represents the interior of a room illuminated by a large window, the sole occupant of which is a young woman, with her hands on the keys of a harpsichord.

The Manchester Corporation has purchased for its permanent collection Sir John Millais' 'Autumn Leaves,' which was painted in 1855, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856, together with Mr. T. B. Kennington's recent picture, 'The Curse of the Family.'

The decision to redecorate the ambulatory of the Royal 1893.

Exchange with frescoes illustrative of notable events in the history of the City of London has been taken to heart by the Grocers' Company. They have commissioned Mr. Roscoe Mullins to model a frieze for their dining and withdrawing rooms. The subject is the entry of Charles II. into the City in 1660. The frieze will take the form of a continuous procession, and will be two hundred feet in length.



Oriana.
By N. Prescott Davies. From Mr. Mendoza's Exhibition.

The general dissatisfaction expressed by artists during the past few years at the wholesale reproduction of their pictures in illustrated papers and handbooks to the Royal Academy, has resulted in a scheme whereby Royal Academicians receive an honorarium of £5 each for the right of reproduction of their works. It is understood that this arrangement only includes members of the Royal Academy, but it will doubtless also be extended to the chief "outsiders."

It is remarkable that the Board of Trade should have sanctioned the incorporation of a Publishers' Association whose application did not contain more than one well-known fine art or book publishing firm. The com-

mittee consists chiefly of photographs and Christmas card producers.

The Continental method of showing in the metropolis a statue intended for the Colonies has been followed in London. A statue of the Queen, seated, has been temporarily erected opposite the Horse Guards, prior to its despatch as a jubilee memorial for Hong Kong. This statue is by M. Raggi. Although Art knows no nationality, yet it would be good news for English artists if Her Majesty could be persuaded to give native talent more recognition. At present the Court is quite out of touch with the Royal Academy, or any other group of British painters.

A bazaar at Christmas in Kentish Town, London, was enlivened by an exhibition of buttons, collected by Mr. J. C. Hingston. Many of the specimens shown were of good artistic quality.

The first decrees entered under the new Copyright Act, by which British publishers are enabled to retain copyrights in the United States, have been entered in the States Courts. The suits in which these decrees were made were instituted



By Walter Dothan. From Mr. Mendoza's Exhibition.

by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, against the *New York Recorder* Company and another, and had relation to copyright in an engraving by J. Tompkins, entitled 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' by James Sant, R.A. Shortly after the proof appeared in America it was copied by the defendants, whereupon the plaintiffs instituted suits. The infringement consisted of a reproduction issued as an "Art Supplement" to the *New York Recorder* of Feb. 28, 1892, under the title of "A Noble Friend." A preliminary injunction was granted by Judge Lacombe, and the final decrees entered recognise the rights of the complainants and provide for perpetual injunctions restraining the sale. This is a very important decision and of great value to artists, owners of pictures, and Art publishers, for it has not hitherto been certain that the new law could be applied in any practical way.

The pictures in the Luxembourg have recently been rearranged, and a considerable number of recent acquisitions have been hung there for the first time. There is a little gem by Meissonier, 'L'Attente,' left to the gallery by the painter; 'Les Foins' by Bastien Lepage; the large *Detaille* 'Reddition d'Huningue'; Fanton-Latour's 'Atelier aux Batignolles,' and a series of works by the newer school, Raffaelli, Besnard, Renoir and others; Mr. McLure Hamilton's fine piece of colour, 'Portrait of Mr. Gladstone,' Sargent's 'La Carmencita,' three drawings by Mr. Burne-Jones, and finally Mr. Whistler's superb 'Portrait of my Mother,' the most solemn and dignified picture in a gallery professedly containing only the selected works of living artists.

Cardinal Vaughan proposes to arrange and hold an exhibition of Christian Art in Westminster in 1895, which, if the first idea is carried out, will attain considerable importance.

An effort is being made to secure the appointment of a Public Photographer to the British Museum. The services of such an official would be greatly appreciated by both artistic and literary students.

The Liverpool Autumn Exhibition, recently closed, was attended with great success, both from an artistic and financial point of view. The collection was one of the most remarkable ever held in the Walker Art Gallery, every phase of Art, and almost every artist of importance being represented, notable pictures meeting the eye in every direction. The Glasgow School exhibited many works, and after considerable discussion the City Council purchased Mr. E. A. Hornel's 'Summer.'

Mr. Whistler's latest work in lithography—a method which is again coming into use with artists—is a delightful portrait of Stéphane Mallarmé, forming the frontispiece to "VERS ET PROSE," published in Paris by Perrin & Cie.—"THE YEAR'S ART, 1893," compiled under the direction of Mr. Marcus B. Huish, is the one book an artist must have. If he can afford himself another it ought to be "HAZELL'S ANNUAL," which contains a fairly good article on "Art in 1893," with many others of general interest.—An illustrated catalogue of the Pictures and Sculptures in the Glasgow Corporation Galleries of Art has been successfully prepared by Mr. Paton. It is remarkable that none of the modern pictures should have been considered worthy of illustration, such, for example, as Mr. Whistler's 'Portrait of Carlyle.'

Painters seeking subjects for pictures, and also playwrights in need of plots, cannot do better than study Mr. C. G. Leyland's "ETRUSCAN ROMAN REMAINS IN POPULAR TRADITIONS" (Fisher Unwin). This delightful and unorthodox book is full of wonderful myths of fairies and wizards and witches, believed in and acted on in several places down to the present day. Mr. Leyland seems in great fear of criticism, but in face of so much evidence of hard work in the collection of these entertaining stories, criticism can afford to be lost in commendation. The author has more need to fear criticism of his illustrations, which are only just passable.

The death of Mr. Theodore Child in the East, just as his book, "THE DESIRE OF BEAUTY" (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.), was being published, was a very sad coincidence. This little volume, "being indications for æsthetic culture," is filled with considerations on the most difficult Art questions which confront us to-day. All the eight essays are worth reading, the best being "The Error of Realism," where the writer arrives at the inevitable conclusion that "we demand in painting something other than imitations." The paper on "The Education of the Eye" takes Cazin and Claude Monet as typical modern landscape painters, and contends that the works of these artists are "exquisite studies, which charm us by the distinction of their tone," as compared with "the more simple visions of Constable and Hobbema."—A new occasional publication has been begun at Oxford under the title "ARCHÆOLOGIA OXONIENSIS" (Frowde), which gives illustrated articles on antiquities and architecture from prehistoric times to the middle of the sixteenth century.—The scheme of the volume by Mr. Charles G. Harper, "THE BRIGHTON ROAD," lends itself readily to story-telling, and the author takes full advantage of his privilege, contrasting olden days of stage-coach travelling with the less sentimental railways of to-day. The best of the illustrations, of which there are a large number, are from old engravings.

NEW ART PUBLICATIONS, ENGRAVINGS AND BOOKS.

LAST month we noticed the latest publications of one of the oldest of the Art publishing houses, Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons. This time it is our purpose to give specimens of the plates of one of the younger of the Art publishing firms, Messrs. C. E. Clifford & Co., of Piccadilly. The plates issued by this house already number considerably over one hundred, and many of them have achieved the distinction of going entirely out of print, all the proofs having been sold.

'Memories,' of which we give a reduced reproduction, is an etching by Mr. Herbert Dicksee, from the picture by his more celebrated cousin, Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A. In the twilight of a summer day the widowed mother has laid aside her book to listen to the well-known chords of a once favourite piece of music. The younger sister

plays quietly what she knows must be full of tender memories to the once happy wife and mother; the child is quietened by the music and the stillness of the hour, and even the dog rests motionless as if he, too, understood the whole story. The picture is a worthy successor to 'Harmony,' by which Mr. Frank Dicksee made his name, a picture now among the Chantrey Fund pictures at the South Kensington Museum.



Lincoln Cathedral. By V. S. Hine.



Convalescent. By Birket Foster.

'Lincoln Cathedral,' if second to Salisbury in oneness of idea and beauty of surroundings, occupies with Durham the finest position of the cathedrals in England. Every visitor to Lincoln from the south is struck with the height the cathedral stands above the general landscape; and this height of the ground on which it rises is easily conceded by those who approach it through what is said to be

the steepest street in England. Lying a little out of the ordinary tourist route, Lincoln is not nearly so well appreciated as it ought to be, but no more delightful place can be found, for those who care for architectural masterpieces, than this fine specimen of an English cathedral. Mr. V. S. Hine in his etching of Lincoln has gone down to the plain, where the river gently creeps along amongst semi-Venetian surroundings, and thus he leaves the cathedral as the crowning glory of his composition.

'Convalescent,' by Birket Foster, is very characteristic of this well-known painter's popular work. The young girl, who has been long confined to her cottage home, has been brought out to enjoy the sunshine and to see the garden in all its luxuriant richness. The magpie has attracted her attention, and she watches it picking up the crumbs.



Memories. By Frank Dicksee, R.A.

THE CRITICISM OF DECORATIVE ART. AN EDITORIAL STATEMENT.

BETWEEN artists and their critics there is a feud of long standing. A workman is naturally impatient of criticism of his work from any but his own standpoint; more especially if it betray some lack of sympathy with his aim, or ignorance with regard to his technique. On the other hand none will deny (unless perchance they be critics) that the critic is apt to look at art too entirely from the literary side.

Who then shall dare to criticise art? That the art critic should be an artist, or all but one, seems to go without saying. It is an Englishman's boast that he can be judged only by his peers. To speak with authority at all—if his words, that is to say, are to have any weight with those who know—the critic, in all but the facility of execution which goes to the perfect equipment of painter, sculptor, or handicraftsman of whatever kind, must be on a level with him.

It is obvious, again, that the writer should be so far master of the art of writing as to be able to arrange his ideas systematically, and to put them into the words which best make clear his meaning. An artist quite unaccustomed to writing would almost as certainly bore every one but here and there perhaps an artist (even if he did not bore him too), as the mere *littérateur* is certain to exhaust the patience of any one seriously interested in art or handicraft, when he skims, however daintily, over the surface of the subject.

The magazine-buying public, of course, cares nothing for technique, as such, and the editor is no more than cautious in excluding from his columns everything in the nature of a technicality. A certain reticence on the part of the reviewer in regard to details of execution and the like, becomes indeed practically necessary; and, so long as it is quite clear that the man knows what he is talking about, and there is no possible suspicion that it is by reason of ignorance he abstains from pursuing his subject further, one has hardly a right to blame him. But this is at best discretion; and, proverbs notwithstanding, there survives in some of us a lingering prejudice in favour of the valour that goes sometimes beyond the bounds of absolute safety. It is at least a tenable theory that the critic does not justify his existence unless he can manage to interest the public in a side of the subject which is more or less technical—in fact, that is his business, and, unless he prove equal to it, he is not of much use. That it is impossible to do this, or even extraordinarily difficult, no one will readily believe who is himself deeply interested in his craft. It is a matter of the commonest experience that when we come face to face with a man who is really in earnest, he can usually interest us in what he has got to say, however little it might seem to be concern of ours.

The degree of technicality in which a magazine writer may dare to indulge depends, to some extent, upon the nature of his subject, to some extent upon himself, and largely upon the character of the journal to which he is contributing, and the presumable attitude of the readers to whom he appeals or means to appeal. Writing for *The Art Journal*, I purpose, in the series of short articles which I have undertaken to contribute periodically, to address myself to those who, without being learned on the subjects discussed, know at least

something of decorative art, and care a great deal for it. Is it too much to hope that it may be possible at once to interest actual workers in the various arts on which I may have to speak, and at the same time to enlighten, to some extent, persons pretending to very little practical acquaintance with them? That, at all events, will be my endeavour. To so much of technicality as it may imply, I plead guilty beforehand, but to no more than that. Technical terms may occasionally creep in undetected, or perhaps force themselves in by sheer weight of meaning; but the intention is to exclude them rigorously from these columns. Only in a "trade" journal is there any excuse for language which to the world at large is so much jargon; and *The Art Journal* addresses itself, if not to the whole world, to that section of it which professes to be interested in art.

A further and peculiar difficulty besets the criticism, and even the notice, of decorative art, inasmuch as it is for the most part very closely associated with industrial enterprise, if not identified with what are called trade interests. Painting and sculpture are by comparison independent arts. There is always a danger that anything one may say of a work of applied art may affect, one way or the other, some one's "business," or he may think it calculated to do so. There is always a fear that, in the eyes of the dissatisfied at least (and all to whom anything short of unbounded praise is meted out are likely to belong to that number), the reviewer may appear to be influenced by personal or interested motives.

No plain-speaking man can possibly guard against such a suspicion or accusation; all that one can do is to keep studiously clear of the *thing*—an especially evil thing under the circumstances; for what in reference to art or letters might possibly be qualified as more or less amiable "log-rolling," could in our case only be described as jobbery. A certain personal bias there must naturally be in opinions frankly expressed, more especially in the opinions of an artist, for his very calling is presumptive evidence that his forte is not judicial impassibility and calm; but there is less harm in any possible leaning to one side or the other when the critic gives his name; and if he make no secret of his preferences, the reader may fairly be expected to make allowance for them.

This much I have felt called upon to say by way of preface to the announcement that I have undertaken to review in *The Art Journal*, at regular intervals, work of current interest in decoration and decorative design, ornament, and industrial and applied art generally; and that artists and workmen, manufacturers, decorators, dealers, importers, and others, are invited to send to the editor, or to me, specimens of work done, drawings, photographs, or what not, for review and possibly for illustration in these pages. They are further invited to give us notice of work which can be seen only *in situ*, or on their own premises. Of work sent in response to this invitation it is proposed to take notice only of what is good, finding fault of course with the bad that may be associated with it, but passing over in silence merely poor and mediocre productions.

LEWIS F. DAY.

THE HENRY TATE COLLECTION.

ENGLISH individualism finds no more striking illustration than in our dealings with Art as a commodity. Ever since we began, as a nation, to so concern ourselves, our progress has been from one experiment to another, each experiment being governed, for the most part, by the personal preferences of individuals. Our national traffic with Art is of no ancient growth. It began, practically, with the foundation of the National Gallery in 1824. The rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament gave an impetus which in time brought about its own reaction. The Exhibition of 1851 set in motion a force which has transformed our minor arts, and has, with its spare energy, modified every one of our artistic activities. Those who have made themselves acquainted with the inner history of all these movements know how greatly their direction has depended on individuals, the most potent, and, on the whole, the most successful, being Sir Henry Cole. This English way of doing things has its good as well as its bad side. It insures progress, by making each new move a source of credit to some person, instead of being distributed, as it would be in France, over the millions who go to build up a tradition. No country, in all probability, has ever done as much in fifty years towards developing its own latent powers in any direction, as England has done during that period in what is called Industrial Art. In 1851 the English exhibits

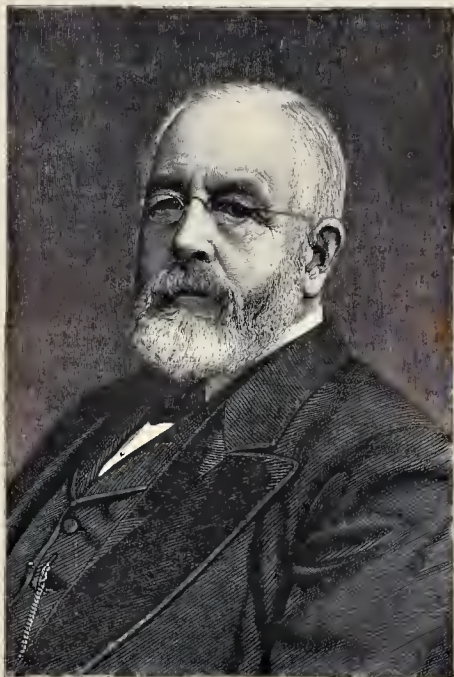
were a mass of vulgarity; in 1878, in Paris, twenty-seven years later, Great Britain was second only to her hostess in every one of the classes into which the arts were divided. And the change must go to the credit of individualism, for the organization with its roots in South Kensington represents the activity of two or three men and in no sense tradition. It is much the same with the higher forms of Art. The National Gallery was founded in 1824. During the seventy

years of its existence, three great spurts in its development have taken place, and each has been quite independent of what went before. No well-considered scheme for its growth was laid down, and so whenever anything new had to be done the field was open for one of those personal decisions which are the feature of English progress. At the present moment the "finest site in Europe" is occupied by a building which displays, externally, three

styles of architecture, and, internally, at least three different theories of what a picture gallery ought to be. To the more than modest rooms of Wilkins, E. M. Barry was allowed to add a fragment of vulgar magnificence, to which again has been attached a wing which strikes a medium between the two. I cannot help thinking that mean as may be the work of Wilkins and common that of Barry, it would have been better had the one or the other been allowed to set the note for the whole scheme. Some minds are not disturbed by such incongruities as those which now exist there. I confess that to me they cause the greatest discomfort, and that I would sacrifice a good deal in the way of rapidity of movement in order to insure that an advance should be on right lines.

The dislocation and absence of controlling ideas which mark our doings with the local habitations of our Art collections, has governed the formations of those collections themselves.

At the present moment there are in London seven public galleries of pictures, although it is pretty safe to say that most Londoners could name no more than three. Putting aside the Portrait Gallery and the "Old Masters" part of the National Gallery, their functions are practically identical, and but for the individualism which governed their birth, they might be so combined, or at least correlated, as to have an infinitely greater power for good



J. Thomson, Photo.]

Henry Tate, Esq.

[J. D. Cooper, Sc.]

than they have at present. In the Sheepshanks rooms at South Kensington there is a National Gallery of British Art, fixed there by its founder's desire to avoid the smoke of London. In the National Gallery there are between three and four hundred English pictures, mostly acquired on conditions and judged by standards quite different from those applied to the rest of the collection. In the Soane Museum the infrequent visitor finds, with some of an explorer's excitement, an unequalled series of Hogarths and a number of other good pictures of our school. All these collections are ill-placed at present. That at South Kensington

occupies a space insufficient for itself and badly wanted for other things, while the fact which determined its situation is a fact no longer, for Brompton is now as smoky as Charing Cross. The pictures in Trafalgar Square are still more uneasy. Neither as examples of our own painting nor as documents in general Art history do they there fulfil their office. The expression, for the most part, of an individual and not highly cultured taste, they give a totally false impression to the visitor who wants an *aperçu* of the English School. As for the Soane pictures they are buried, and, from the system of hanging, many among them deteriorate from day to day. If these galleries could be put through a course of weeding and combination, and then housed under one roof with the pictures bought by the Chantrey trustees, we should have the beginnings of a national collection, a Luxembourg and a "Salle d'Etat" in one, which would only require intelligent control to grow into a great institution. The means for bringing this about has been provided by one of those acts of generosity which give lustre to English individualism, and, in some three years' time, the Tate Gallery at Westminster—pray let us drop the "Millbank"—will be ready to receive such pictures as its controlling body



Orphans. By T. B. Kennington. Engraved by J. C. Griffiths.

may be enabled to place there.

Those who read their newspaper know that Mr. Henry Tate's proposal to erect a gallery in London at his own expense and to begin the stocking of it with pictures, has gone through many vicissitudes. They will remember how, when the offer was first made, Mr. Goschen, with that curious want of imagination which Chancellors of the Exchequer seem to put on with their robes, tried to combine its acceptance with a minimum of expense to the country, and of efficiency to the projected institution. They will remember, too, how, when the scientific people protested successfully against what

would have been a stupid mutilation of the site hypothesized to them, the Chancellor, still governed by the wish to get rid of Mr. Tate's embarrassing generosity as cheaply as possible, fell back on the shabby sheds which are now all that is left of the Exhibition of 1862. They will remember also, when that failed, a vain attempt was made to kindle the public spirit of the City Fathers, and to get them to sell some of the land which has lain idle so long at the Blackfriars end of the Embankment at a price lower than what they believed to be its market value. Finally, they will remember how Mr. Tate, in disappointment at the reception of his offer, withdrew it altogether, and the matter dropped for a time.

The negotiations which led to the formulation of the scheme now about to be carried out, were begun soon after Mr. Gladstone's government came into power. Sir William Harcourt, ambitious, no doubt, and naturally ambitious, to succeed where Mr. Goschen had failed, asked Mr. Humphry Ward, who had been the medium of communication with the previous government, to find out whether Mr. Tate would renew his offer, authorizing Mr. Ward to say that so much of the site of Millbank prison as might be thought necessary should be

abandoned to the proposed gallery. This proposal Mr. Tate accepted, and the scheme now stands as follows:—On the embankment frontage of the site, an oblong piece of ground with a superficial area of 45,000 square feet has been marked out. This will allow of the erection of a building three hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty feet deep, with about two-thirds as much hanging space as the present National Gallery. The architect has been selected by Mr. Tate himself, but it is understood that considerable improvements will be introduced into the very tame design which was reproduced in one of the papers, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I think, when the South Kensington site was under discussion.

As to the organization of the gallery, the only thing yet settled is that it shall be under the control of the National Gallery trustees. Whether this means that these gentlemen shall have an advisory control, as they have in Trafalgar Square, or the final word, including the nomination of officers, has not so far been decided. Probably, in the end, a constitution identical with that which has worked so well at the greater institution may be approved, and the final decision in all that has to do with the pictures, put into the hands of a responsible director. The first condition of success in the collecting of anything is a real responsibility, and the only way to get that is to fix it upon a single individual. A divided responsibility is no responsibility at all. It is to divided responsibility that the comparative failure of the Chantrey

Bequest is due. The Chantrey pictures are bought by a committee of eleven men, who, in the absence of direct individual responsibility, are governed by all sorts of half-conscious motives beyond the simple desire to acquire the best; and so it will always be. A second-rate man with all the responsibility will do better than a committee of geniuses who can divide it between them. The great museums of Europe illustrate this in a way there is no gainsaying. Wherever the purchasing power is in the hands of a director, whose decision is final, progress is made in steps as vigorous as they are sure. Wherever committees do the work there we find stagnation tempered by blunders.

So far I have said nothing as to what the Tate Gallery is to contain. Some of my readers will remember that in Mr. Tate's first offer to the nation, a list of some sixty-four pictures was given as what he himself would propose to make over. It was afterwards intimated that the controllers of the gallery, whoever they might be, would be empowered to select among these as they pleased. Nothing has been formally decided in the matter, but it is, I believe, Mr. Tate's intention to leave the acceptance or rejection of his pictures entirely in the hands of the committee, or individual, who may be named to perform like offices in permanence. That being so it is possible that some of the works of Art reproduced and described in these articles may never, after all, hang on the walls at Westminster. That, however, is a contingency to be risked.



Flatford Lock. By John Constable, R.A. Engraved by R. Paterson.

Another unsettled question is that of endowment. Mr. Tate does not propose to do anything in that direction himself. His offer is confined to the erection of the gallery and the gift of pictures. The salaries of officers, the wages of servants, the cost of warming, etc., will have to be provided for by votes of Parliament. The same with the purchase of pictures. The calculation seems to be that once the gallery is built, plenty of generous donors will be found to fill it. And, in a sense, that is probably—nay, certainly—true. Offers of pictures will, no doubt, pour in, but unless all idea of proportion and systematic illustration be abandoned, the majority, even of those which are good enough in themselves, will have to be refused. The result of dependence on gifts is shown by the British side of the National Gallery. Painters who have at any time been popular with the rich middle class abound, while those whose merit has been seen only by the few who understand are in scanty numbers. Another great difficulty, with which, however, all galleries have nowadays to contend, is that due to the enormous prices now paid for anything of the first class. When a picture is worth a fortune, the richest man hesitates as long before he gives it away as a Chancellor of the Exchequer does before he sanctions its purchase. Within the last decade there has been a marked decrease both in the gifts and the bequests to the National Gallery. When people hear of Romneys fetching ten thousand pounds apiece, and of a Holbein selling for forty thousand pounds or thereabouts, they think twice before depriving even their heirs of such possibilities of fortune. From these considerations and others, it seems clear that, if the Tate Gallery is to permanently fill a want, an annual sum of money for purchases will have to be assigned to it. Otherwise its development will be beyond its own control, and, however intelligent its officers may be, they will find themselves unable to impress any look of purpose upon it.

I have now given such a history as I can of the conception of this new metropolitan museum. It is time to set out on a history of the pictures which are there to find a home. Perhaps, as these articles will embody the first complete description yet published, it will be well to begin with a catalogue, and so to satisfy, beforehand, the curiosity of those who want to know what the gift-horse is to be. These, then, are the pictures from which the authorities who are to rule at Westminster will have to choose :—

Sir John Millais, Bart., R.A. :—

1. The Vale of Rest.
2. The Knight Errant.
3. The North-West Passage. ("It can be done, and England ought to do it.")
4. Ophelia.
5. Mercy; or, St. Bartholomew's Day.

L. Alma Tadema, R.A. :—

6. A Foregone Conclusion.
7. The Silent Greeting.

G. H. Boughton, A.R.A. :—

8. Weeding the Pavement.
9. New Englanders going to Church.

J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A. :—

10. The Martyrdom of St. Eulalia.
11. The Lady of Shalott.
12. Consulting the Oracle.

W. Q. Orchardson, R.A. :—

13. Her First Dance.
14. The First Cloud.
15. Her Mother's Voice.

J. C. Hook, R.A. :—

16. Love's Young Dream.
17. Home with the Tide.
18. The Seaweed-Gatherer.



A Country Cricket Match. By J. R. Reid



Weeding the Pavement. By George H. Boughton, A.R.A.

- Luke Fildes, R.A. :—
 19. The Doctor.
 Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. :—
 20. Uncle Tom and his Wife.
 21. Abbotsford.
 Lady Butler :—
 22. The Remnant of an Army.
 William Müller :—
 23. Venice.
 Briton Riviere, R.A. :—
 24. Giants at Play.
 25. Companions in Misfortune.
 26. Running the Blockade.
 27. The Gadarene Swine.
 T. B. Kennington :—
 28. Orphans.
 S. E. Waller :—
 29. Success.
 30. Sweethearts and Wives.
 John Constable, R.A. :—
 31. Flatford Lock.
 J. R. Reid :—
 32. The County Cricket Match.
 E. Long, R.A. :—
 33. A Nubian Girl.
 John Crome (Old Crome) :—
 34. Landscape, with Oak Trees.
 Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A. :—
 35. The Health of the Bride.
 F. D. Millet :—
 36. The Love Letter.
 Alfred Hunt, R.S.W. :—
 37. Windsor Castle.
 1893.
- H. Stacy Marks, R.A. :—
 38. Mind and Muscle.
 Erskine Nicol, A.R.A. :—
 39. Paddy's Love Letter.
 40. Emigrants.
 41. Wayside Prayer.
 E. J. Gregory, A.R.A. :—
 42. Marooned.
 John Linnell :—
 43. Noonday Rest.
 44. Contemplation.
 45. Landscape, with Anglers.
 Henry Woods, A.R.A. :—
 46. Cupid's Spell.
 Peter Graham, R.A. :—
 47. A Rainy Day.
 Thomas Faed, R.A. :—
 48. "Ye shall walk in silk attire."
 49. The Highland Mother.
 50. Faults on both Sides.
 Dendy Sadler :—
 51. A Good Story.
 52. "Thursday."
 A. C. Gow, R.A. :—
 53. Incident in the Life of Chopin.
 54. Flight of James II.
 William Etty, R.A. :—
 55. The Bather.
 B. W. Leader, A.R.A. :—
 56. The Valley of the Llugwy.
 Frank Holl, R.A. :—
 57. Hush!
 58. Hushed!

- Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A. :—
 59. "And the sea shall give up the dead that are in it."
 Kceley Halswelle :—
 60. Sunny Hours.
 61. Pangbourne.
 Walter Gay :—
 62. The Armourer's Shop.
 Frederick Walker, A.R.A. :—
 63. Phillip in Church.
 J. Haynes Williams :—
 64. The Dying Artist.
 W. P. Frith, R.A. :—
 65—69. The Race for Wealth.
 (A series of 5 pictures.)
 Vicat Cole, R.A. :—
 70. A Surrey Landscape.
 J. B. Pyne :—
 71. Alum Bay, Isle of Wight.
 Richard Ansdell, R.A. :—
 72. Setter and Partridge.
 E. Caldwell :—
 73. For the Safety of the Public.
 74. The Orphan.

Here there are seventy-four pictures altogether, enough to fill two of the smaller rooms at the Royal Academy, hung, not as they are at the summer exhibition, but as we see them at the "Old Masters." In a gallery of the size proposed this means that not more than an eighth of the wall space, at the outside, will be occupied, so that there will be plenty of room to work upon. Even so, however, it would be agreeable to hear that the building will be so carried out that additions can be made, if they should ever become necessary.

The ruling spirit of the collection is Sir John Millais, who is represented by four of his best pictures, and by one which does not quite come under that head. The 'Ophelia' is a comparatively recent purchase. It belongs to the year 1852, where it had for its companion at the Academy the still more famous 'Huguenot.' It would be difficult to name any picture in which a high imaginative faculty is so well simulated as in this 'Ophelia.' As a fact it is nothing more than a happy outcome of those pre-Raphaelite principles which were so often ill-directed. The selected model is a young English-woman of the fragile type in vogue forty years ago; her robes, which the water inflates so tenderly, are such as could then be got in Regent Street; the brook is an English stream, overhung by English trees. But these elements are so combined and so treated that an appearance is won of perfect sincerity, and, therefore, of perfect sympathy. All notion of picture-making is banished, and the work affects us almost as much as the lines of Shakespeare himself.

"There is a willow grows ascaunt a brook,
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;

There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
 Chambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
 When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide ;
 And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up :
 Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes ;
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and indu'd
 Into that element."

The painter has endeavoured to render every cadence of the poet, and has succeeded. Look from the verse to the picture, and you will feel no shock, no transition. Even the gaiety of

the brook, with its crown of overhanging boughs, has its double note of solemnity in both; in both the spring colours shine with a garish lustre, but in both they seem to be conscious of the tragedy they have caused. Another picture in which exactly the same sort of community between nature and Art is to be found is the 'Primavera' of Botticelli, at Florence. It is impossible to point out in what the sympathy consists, but easy to feel it. I shall say no more about this 'Ophelia' now, as I shall have to return to it when it comes up for illustration. The etching, by Mr. C. O. Murray, reproduces one of the most famous, and, at the same time, one of the least familiar of Sir John Millais' creations. 'The Vale of Rest' has been seldom exhibited and still more seldom reproduced. It was painted in 1859, the year before the 'Black Brunswicker.' Long in the collection of the late Mr. William Graham, it was bought by Mr. Tate at his sale, where its appearance caused extraordinary excitement. The subject is perhaps the most complete, the most truly pictorial, of all those treated by the painter in his younger days, when he was so keen to tell a story.

His own principle in those far-off times was to leave the drama unfinished, to tell the story up to a certain point, and to leave the rest to his audience. It was, undeniably, a good way to insure discussion, to keep visitors to the Academy hanging for a long time before his work. The problems as to whether the Black Brunswicker was about to die with his commander, or the Huguenot's velvet jerkin to be slashed with papistical swords, or the hidden Royalist to be strung up to one of the arms of his own hiding-place, was one for whose solution every sentimental beholder—and before those pictures, all were sentimental—sought some Hogarthian clue in the accessories.

In 'The Vale of Rest' there is no room for any such speculation. The only question we can ask ourselves is, whether the grave is to hold an old nun or a young one. The question supplies its own answer. Half the significance would vanish from the picture were the occupant of that narrow bed to be a girl to whom life had meant nothing but a few years within consecrated walls. No; to bring the event into harmony with the scene, with the painter's treatment of it, and the title he has chosen, it must be an old *religieuse* whose spirit hangs about those solemn yews, to see the body with which it had met the vicissitudes of life go down to its eternal rest. The quietude of the place points to no sudden snapping of a still lusty tree, but to the last stage in a long process of growth, vigour, and decay. 'The Vale of Rest' has two companions in the list of Sir John Millais' creations. They are the 'Autumn Leaves' and 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford.' In all three his aim was not so much to paint a story or an event as to compose a piece of colour music, to wake those harmonious echoes in which the spirit of Nature confesses her sympathy with human life and passion.

The other pictures here reproduced belong to what may be called a more modern phase of Art. Even the 'Flatford Lock,' which was painted at least sixty years ago, is more recent in sentiment than these pictures of Sir John Millais. It deals with one of the favourite scenes of Constable. The subject is the lock at Flatford, the lock we recognise in so many of the master's finest works, from Mrs. Morrison's great picture downwards. A short time ago I explored all this country, from the tidal Stour up to Dedham, and round by the villages on the hill-top to the north, Langham, and East Bergholt, and Stratford St. Mary. It is but little altered

since Constable set up his easel among its rich vegetation. Planting has done something to change the complexion of the scene, and, occasionally, to intercept the vistas the painter loved. But at every step mills and farm-houses, cottages and churches, even single trees, may be identified from our recollection of his works. Now and then we are puzzled by his own Turneresque proceedings. The famous 'Hay Wain,' for instance, combines two separate points of view. The foreground is a faithful reproduction of what you see looking eastward from Flatford Mill; while, for the distance, you must turn to the south-west and glance across the meadows to Dedham. The scene of Mr. Tait's picture is still more to the west, and is removed by only a few steps from a whole host of subjects treated by Constable. It is the same lock as the one painted from an opposite "air" in the picture numbered 1273, which was left to the National Gallery by Miss Isabel Constable. Mr. Kennington's 'Orphans' we shall discuss later.

Still more modern than Constable is the work of Mr. J. R. Reid, of whom, however, we may fairly say that he would not paint exactly as he does had Constable never existed. I remember that a year or two ago, Mr. Reid exhibited, under some fancy name, a faithful portrait of 'Willy Lot's House,'

the 'Valley Farm,' from almost the same view point as that chosen by Constable himself in the 'Hay Wain.' So that he, too, has visited the vale of Dedham and worshipped at the master's shrine. Another pilgrim—I know it, for he was my own companion—is Mr. G. H. Boughton. He, too, has tracked the footsteps of the father of modern landscape, but his picture at Mr. Tate's has to do with Holland, a country which happily Constable never saw. Had he seen it he might have been seduced from his fidelity to English landscape. The luscious plains and great rolling skies of the Netherlands he would no doubt have rendered with unapproachable vigour, but our own English lanes and waterways would have lost by the diversion. Mr. Boughton's picture represents one of those scenes overlaid with a touch of melancholy, which are only to be tasted in a corner that has known better days. If Scotsmen burned with the Dutch ardour for the spick-and-span, you would see a performance like this in many of the squares of Edinburgh, where it would be a consequence not so much of decay as of unfulfilled ambition. But grass among the paving stones speaks, as a rule, of wheels and hurrying feet that do their work no more.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.



Half-Crown Obverse (1).

Half-Crown Reverse (2).

Crown Obverse (3).

Florin Reverse (4).

Shilling Reverse (5).

1, 2, and 3 Designed by E. J. Poynter, R.A.; 4 and 5 Designed by T. Brock, R.A.

THE NEW COINAGE.

THE advent of a new coinage must always be regarded by those who have the artistic reputation of the country at heart as a moment of profound interest and curiosity.

The past record of English coinage has, until this century, been such a brilliant one, that to beat it would be almost impossible, and to approach it, difficult. The best period, from an artistic point of view, was before the introduction of machinery and the invention of the steam-engine, when the coins were hammered. This period may be said to have extended from the reign of Edward III. to that of Charles II. It was in the reign of Edward III. that the magnificent "noble" was first struck, a work which, from a decorative point of view, leaves nothing to be desired.

The designers of the new coinage before us are in the very happy position that they obviously could not do worse than Sir Edgar Boehm did in the Jubilee issue; and, as most people remember little of the past coinage of their own country, they will, no doubt, be judged, not by the exacting standard of the numismatic record of the country, but simply by comparison with the Jubilee coinage. Mr. Brock's portrait of Her Majesty, which will be used on all denominations, is a head with some character, and certainly much more suitable in scale than that of the last coinage. The workmanship is also crisper,

and more in keeping with the requirements of low relief. The ear-rings, necklaces, and orders, however, give a certain tawdry look to the design, and their omission would have added to the dignity of the head. We have only to look at the bust on the coins of Queen Anne to see that a far more dignified aspect is arrived at by enveloping the shoulders in drapery, largely designed. The head, neck, and shoulders should be left to tell alone. A kind of sumptuous grandeur suggestive, not only of a portrait, but of the idea of Majesty in the abstract, would be achieved by the very simplicity and magnificence of such treatment. Mr. Poynter is less happy than Mr. Brock. The florin and shilling are "petty" in workmanship, and the design is unduly cramped. This is, no doubt, partly due to the supposed exigency of spelling out in full the denomination round the design, a practice which seems to be obtaining more and more. It is surely childish to have to write on the florin, "One florin—two shillings." Why not "Twenty-four pence" also? In the shilling, the design has been sacrificed by being crowded into a small space in the centre, to allow for an entirely disproportionate and superfluous inscription—"One Shilling"—which surrounds it. Why, I would ask, is it more necessary to write in full the denomination on the shilling and the sixpence, than on the sovereign and half-sovereign?

Mr. Brock's reverse of the half-crown exhibits a much finer sense of proportion between the design and the lettering, than Mr. Poynter's reverse of the florin.

The crown is the finest coin of the set. The continuous lettering, which almost surrounds the bust, has a handsome effect, and the reverse with St. George and the Dragon, by Pistrucci, is a design which has triumphantly borne the test of time. The motto, "Decus et tutamen," with the year of issue round the edge, is a vast improvement on the graining or milling of the Jubilee issue. It would have been well if a return had been made, in the matter of milling, to the older custom of making the lines diagonal instead of straight.

That the new coinage will be the best that has been issued during the present reign is faint praise indeed; but I feel that none higher can be awarded, when it is placed in the cabinet

side by side with that of Oliver Cromwell or with the Simon Petition crown of Charles II. Nor is this comparison misleading, as these also are milled coins. The present series will be found sadly wanting—not indeed in mechanical excellency—that, alas! is present in too great a degree. It fails where perfected mechanism in Art always fails, in qualities of effect and grandeur of design.

With all the mechanical resources at the disposal of the authorities at the Mint, and partly because of the very perfection of these resources, a modern coin sinks into artistic insignificance when compared with a hasty, and, from a workman's point of view, imperfect coin of Charles I., struck in haste from the family plate of His Majesty's loyal supporters. In a word, the modern coin represents the apothecosis of machinery and the almost extinction of Art.

P. WILSON STEER.

"CHRISTIAN" ART.

BY A PAINTER WHO HAPPENS TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

OF late I have heard a great deal of talk about "Christian" Art; and, from what I have heard, the world at large will hear a great deal more about it during the next few years.

As a painter first, I wish to state—and in this I know that I am only giving expression to what every artist in existence must feel, from the greatest painter or sculptor in the highest walk of Art, to the merest amateur who swings a brush—that there is no such thing as "Christian" Art; there is but one Art for the Pagan, the Jew, and the Christian. Art as Art has no religion, it cannot be narrowed down to a limited sphere, as some would have it. A man paints what he feels, at least what feeling predominates, because we are complex and have multitudinous hankerings, and especially is this the case with the artist-temperament.

Would Michael Angelo have been a lesser genius if he had sought inspiration from Greek mythology instead of the Bible? It would not have appealed to us as Christians, but as artists just the same. A Greek temple to Venus can be as fine, as elevating, and as noble, as a work of Art, as the most magnificent cathedral in Europe; a Japanese bronze or a Chinese chiseled dedicated to the service of Buddha, as artistic and chaste as the finest crucifix or altar-cloth in existence.

I have heard the idea seriously discussed of starting an Academy of Christian Art, its main function being to educate Roman Catholic painters to paint sacred subjects. This would but end in a manufactory of pictorial tracts. Believe me, any process of bringing up an artist in a sort of atmosphere of religious protection would lead to a very washed-out and emasculate Art, and not at all what the times require. If Art is to have an influence for good from the Christian point of view, it must have in it strength and manliness. This brings me to the second point on which I wish to touch.

As a painter who happens to be a Christian, I must confess sacred subjects appeal to me. But what I wish strongly to point out, especially to a certain body of the Christian Church, is that a painter may be just as good a Christian, although his artistic instincts induce him to choose his subjects from Greek mythology, secular history, or any other source, and so long as his subjects are not degrading or immoral, he has

his place in the world, and uses his gifts for the æsthetic development and the good of mankind.

Thirdly, as a Christian who is a member of the Church of England, I consider it an enormous pity that this Church does not seek more the assistance of Art, or I ought to say sculpture and painting, for of course, the sister art of architecture I am not including in these remarks.

The Roman Catholic Church, on the other hand, knows full well and acknowledges the influence of Art for good, and has always sought her aid; and in the new movement which is afoot, has wisely determined to renew her efforts in this direction. There is no reason why Art should not serve the Christian Church in the present and future, even more effectually than in the past.

It, however, may be an advantage that our Church has been tardy in following in this direction. In most of the Roman Catholic churches I have visited in England, and many in the north of Europe, there has been too much Art, and that very often of an inferior quality. The taste for Art is so widespread in the present day that to have any influence outside its own sphere, it must be good as Art, and any other quality must be built up on this foundation.

But better have no Art than bad Art in Christian churches; better far have pure, clean walls, than have them spotted in every direction with bad commonplace pictures; and if we cannot have fine, noble statues, do not let us have painted dolls decked out with tinsel, as this does not, in these days, elevate even the uneducated (so called), at any rate not in our large towns.

It seems to me the great guiding rule for the beautifying of churches with works of Art is, that they should be arranged and, where possible, designed structurally; I mean, to harmonize with the architectural arrangement, so as to make a complete whole. If this is not the case they have a disturbing influence, and would be better away. If Art is to play a part in the worship of our Maker, let it be of our best, for even the Pagans did this. The Egyptians and the Greeks adorned the temples of their gods with the best of their Art; should we be less all-surrendering?

HERBERT SCHMALZ.



Bywell Castle.

TYNEDALE: ITS CASTLES, CHURCHES, AND TRIBUTARIES.

II.—FROM HEXHAM TO THE SEA.

OF the three towns which stand south of the Roman wall, outposts of the country which that wall was built to protect, Hexham from its position seems to have had more than a fair share of disaster. Centred between Carlisle and Newcastle, it was not only within reach of Anglo-Saxon and Dane, who descended upon the north-east coast, but was on the direct line of march when northern barbarians came down the North Tyne. Few towns occupy a more commanding position, yet few are less suitably placed for defence against an enemy. From North Tynedale, from the west by the southern fork of the river, from the east and the sea by the main Tyne valley, an enemy could at any moment come; and, seizing the heights around, or watching for a favourable moment whilst hidden on the well-wooded hills or in the numerous "Denes" which are to be found on every side, would have the town at his mercy. Rich, beautiful, helpless, Hexham could no fail to stimulate the cupidity and to tempt the cruelty of an invading horde.

Of what Hexham was in Roman days there is no record. That there was a station here seems undoubted. Roman stones have been found built into the walls of the Saxon crypt below the Abbey Church, and a remarkable monumental slab discovered a few years ago, during some excavations, tells the story of a young Roman standard-bearer buried here, far from his native land. For three hundred years after Hadrian had built his great wall, and the prowess of the Roman legions overawed the Scots, peace was the lot of this valley. But like all peace which is simply the result of armed oppression, it was not destined to last. About A.D. 420 the Romans withdrew, and for two hundred years afterwards, "battle, murder, and sudden death," seems to have been the condition of things. The north of England was devastated by Pagan Saxons and by fierce Scots, who turned Northumberland almost into a wilderness. The first gleam of light comes when the battle of St. Oswald's was fought in

A.D. 634. Thirty-seven years after the date named, Queen Etheldreda gave her dowry of Hexhamshire to St. Wilfrid. That vigorous but unfortunate prelate began the first Abbey of Hexham, and it was intended that he should be the first ruler of the new bishopric to be here established. The historian of that day declares that this edifice was so magnificent as to have no equal north of the Alps.

The Scots from time to time ravaged Tynedale. For protection Hexham was made a place of sanctuary, and the "Fridstol," or stool of peace, yet to be seen in the church, was a place of refuge during those stormy days. Thus when arms and stone walls were unavailable for defence, sometimes, though not always, spiritual influences were relied upon. During the time of Henry I., there was another great incursion of the Scots, and the chronicles of the day tell that "All Northumberland was uncultivated and reduced to solitude." For four hundred years onwards, the tide of war raged in and around this place. Civil wars and invasions make up the dire history. In 1297 Wallace completed the ruin which had seemed almost finished before. Fifty years afterwards Hexham was revenged. The Scots were defeated at Neville's Cross, near Durham, their king being taken prisoner, and the northern power broken. Hereafter the town had immunity from attack, for it was beyond the reach of mere Border forays. But in 1464 it witnessed an internecine struggle, for here the battle of Hexham was fought between the Yorkists and the Lancastrians, on May 14th of that year. The Lancastrians, under the Duke of Somerset, were defeated, their leader captured, beheaded in the market-place, and his body buried in a nameless grave in the Abbey.

At the present day Hexham Abbey is only partially used, and its precincts have been greatly curtailed. It still stands, in spite of ill-devised modern restorations, a magnificent pile, as shown in our illustration on the next page, and a



Hexham Abbey from the North-west.

splendid example of early English architecture. The effect on entering the Abbey is very grand, and the church has been said to form "the very text-book of the early English period of Gothic architecture, as it comprises every distinctive feature that makes the style; combining a simplicity and grandeur of effect not excelled by any other edifice in the kingdom." At the south end of the transept is a flight of stone stairs, believed to be unique in England, leading to a broad gallery over the entrance passage, to the gallery of the clerestory, and to the belfry tower. From this gallery the view of the interior is exceedingly impressive, the west side being pierced with fine lancet windows.

Natural beauty, tragic history, biography, and fiction have conspired to make Dilston, two miles below Hexham, specially interesting. The Devilswater rivals, though it does not in any degree excel, the Allan. Rising up on the Blanchland or Hexhamshire moors, this stream, a corruption of

which gives the name to Dilston, finds its way down to Tynedale through a glen of exquisite beauty, full of lovely windings, and clothed throughout its later course with drooping trees. Now, alas! Dilston is a ruin. The only remnants of its grandeur are the grey tower and the tiny chapel, seen in our illustration opposite, beneath which were laid the bodies of the last members of this line—fitly reposing in solitude amidst the places with which their names are so indelibly associated, and whence the last Earl went forth to meet his tragic fate. Those who have read Mrs. Butler's memoirs of her father, John Grey of Dilston, have learnt something of the influence which these scenes had on that gifted lady's mind, and of the labours of her father for the tenants on this vast estate. Beyond the hills are many beautiful walks, some by the water's edge in the deep dale, others winding up the

face of the banks, and yet more on the edge of the rocky steeps. Wood and fern are here in profusion, and the broken water sings a gentle melody, responsive to that of the songsters in the trees. One of these paths is called the Maiden's Walk, where tradition says that Lord Derwentwater was reposing the evening before he left on his ill-starred mission, when a female apparition, robed in grey, appeared to him, and presenting him with a crucifix, said that it would be a talisman



Aydon Castle.

to him against sword or bullet. The story of this ill-fated Earl is full of the deepest tragedy. Beautiful, engaging in his manners, wealthy, he surrendered all, and life itself, in what we cannot but regard as a mistaken enterprise. A ballad sings:—

"Oh, Derwentwater's a bonnie lord,
And golden is his hair,
And g'enting is his hawklag e'e,
Wt' kind love dwelling there."

When the last Earl was beheaded the estates were confiscated, and after a few years conferred upon Greenwich Hospital, in whose possession they remained for nearly one hundred and fifty years. In 1868 a claimant, who called herself Amelia, Countess of Derwentwater, came forward and attempted to seize Dilston Castle, but she too, a descendant of the last Earl, as she claimed to be, is now dead.

Corbridge was once of greater importance than Hexham, sending two members to Parliament. It was devastated by the plague, which event gave its rival the pre-eminence. A similar story is told of Needham Market in Suffolk, at one time much more important than Ipswich. Approached by a fine bridge, built more than two hundred years ago,

the only bridge on the Tyne which stood the flood of 1771, this pretty and healthy village rests snugly on the north side of Tynedale. Its market-place is picturesque, with cross and peel and church. The peel is most perfect as to its interior, and the ancient church of St. Andrew's is built with stones from the adjoining station of *Corstopitum*, known in mediæval times as *Corchester*. Here the great *Watling Street* crossed the Tyne, and hence its position. Near to the bridge, in 1734, was discovered a silver dish weighing one hundred and forty-eight ounces, now amongst the wonderful collection of treasures at *Alnwick Castle*. Two miles up the pretty and secluded glen, down which the *Cor* flows, is *Aydon Castle* (see our illustration opposite), now a farm-house, but an example of those fortified houses which were so much needed in olden days. At first it was owned by the *Baliols*, of whom we shall hear something at *Bywell*, from whom it passed to the *Aydons*. The male line of this family failed, and during the reign of *Edward I.* the heiress was married to *Peter de Vallibus*, who is supposed to have built the castle about the last decade of the thirteenth century. From hence is

one of the finest views to be had over the Tyne valley, equalling that from *Hexham* already noted, and the luxuriance of wood seems to say:

"Oh, the oak and the ash, and the ivy tree,
They flourish best at home, in the north countrie."

Below *Corbridge* the vale of the Tyne narrows considerably for some distance, and the course of the river is marked by more precipitous banks. It is a lovely stretch, the four or five miles to *Bywell*, taking either bank of the river, especially that by *Riding Mill*, and many charming glimpses of wood and water, rock and river-bank, are to be obtained.



Earl Derwentwater's Chapel at Dilston.

Famed indeed is *Bywell Castle* for beauty of situation. Placed on a mass of rock rising from the river bed, as may be seen from our headpiece, it commands the here narrowed valley. The only entire portion of the castle now standing is the ivy-covered gate-tower. *Bywell* was the barony of *Guy Baylor*, or *Bailliol*, who received it from *William Rufus* "for good and faithful services," and during the reigns of *John* and *Henry III.* it was held "in capite" by *Hugh de Baliol* by the service of five knights' fees to the king, and the maintenance of thirty soldiers to keep ward at *Newcastle*. *Sir Hugh* was sheriff of *Northumberland* for ten successive years, and his son *John* was one of the twelve lords chosen by the barons at the great council gathered together at *Oxford*, in the attempt made to compel *Henry III.* to observe the great charter. In the next reign, that of *Edward I.*, the *Baliols*, joining in the *Scottish troubles*, had their estates confiscated. Next we find the *Nevilles* in possession, and they remained owners for upwards of two hundred years. This family were Earls of *Westmorland* and *Lords of Raby*. By one of these *Nevilles* the present structure is supposed to have been erected, but his ambition was greater than his means, and the castle was



Prudhoe Castle.

never completed. When the Earl of Northumberland rebelled against Queen Elizabeth in 1569, with the object of placing Mary Queen of Scots on the English throne, the last Earl of Westmorland took part in the rebellion, and suffered loss of his vast estate when the cause was defeated. Northumberland fell on Tower Hill, but Westmorland escaped.

Bywell has a peculiarity in its two churches, the white and the black, or St. Andrew's and St. Peter's. These are close together, and service is held in them alternately. Why there should be two is an unsolved problem. Tradition tells of two sisters who quarrelled so much about precedence that the younger built a second church for her own use. Shortly after the barony was forfeited by the attainder of Lord Westmorland, Queen Elizabeth's commissioner, Sir William Humberstone, reports that "to the barony of Bywell belongeth a forest of wild deer. . . In the wastes are divers woods, and very fair coursing with greyhounds."

Midway between Stocksfield, which is opposite to Bywell, and through which a sweet burn flows, and Prudhoe, is Cherryburn, the birthplace of Thomas Bewick, engraver-artist, whose grave is at beautiful Ovingham, a mile below on the north bank of the river. Bewick was essentially a northerner. His works and descriptions are filled with the spirit of this lovely valley, wherein he saw the birds his graver was first to faithfully portray. Unlike Lough the sculptor and many others, who, born on Tyneside, went elsewhere to seek fame and fortune, Bewick lived and worked and died on his native river, and behind the cathedral church of Newcastle still stands his old

workshop, marked by a tablet telling that it was once occupied by this illustrious artist. It is fit, however, that he should lie amidst the scenes he so much loved. And when we wander from sweet Cherryburn, which looks so charming in our illustration, even better than in reality, to lovely Ovingham, we feel that here was an inspiration to the genius of the youthful Bewick, who had the ability to drink in the deep draughts offered him by Mother Nature.

Ovingham is most picturesquely situated on the north bank of the river, which here has cut its way through a mass of rock, leaving a low cliff overhanging the river. The parsonage, or rectory, which fronts the Tyne, and where Bewick went to school, is a quaint Elizabethan structure, but interest centres in the church, where the great wood-engraver, with his wife and his brother, lies buried.

Ovingham is also connected with another noted family. One of the houses in the village was owned for generations by the Carrs, a daughter of whom, Mabel, was born and lived here until her marriage to Robert Stephenson, of Wylam. From this marriage sprang the famous George Stephenson, who in industry has had an even greater influence than Bewick. Three miles below Ovingham, on the same bank of the river, is a little cottage where the great inventor first saw the light. It stands alone, the railway passes close in front of it, and around can be seen many of the black but monumental marks of the age of industry. This common two-storied, red-tiled cottage, with clay floors and unplastered walls, is the Mecca of many an ambitious youth.

Prudhoe Castle, now in ruins, stands on a precipitous mass of rock opposite Ovingham. This grand old abode of the Umfravilles occupies the most commanding position on Tynedale. History tells us that the Conqueror gave Redesdale to an Umfraville, "Robert with the beard," to hold by the honourable service of defending that part of the country from wolves and the king's enemies, bestowing upon him the sword which William wore when he entered Northumberland. When that northern part of the conquered country was divided by the Norman king, the Barony of Prudhoe (*prut-how*, the swelling mound) was given to his family. Odonel de Umfraville, whom we have already heard of in connection with Chipchase, built the castle during the reigns of Stephen and Henry II. From its position and strength it must have been at that time a great protection to the Valley of Tyne. William the Lion of Scotland besieged it for three days during the last-named reign, but failing in his attempt, was taken prisoner at Alnwick a few days afterwards. For three hundred years it remained in the possession of this powerful Northumbrian family, but in 1381, Gilbert, the last of the Umfravilles, died, and his widow married Henry, first Earl of Northumberland. Thus the Barony passed into the hands of the Percies, in whose possession it yet remains. Since the time of Elizabeth the castle has been in ruins. Built on the summit of a steep promontory, approached by a narrow neck of land, it occupies three acres. Our illustration above shows that there yet remain at Prudhoe a portion of the walls, the fine round tower at the north-west corner, overlooking the valley of the Tyne, and the towering keep, its massive structure even now in ruin impressing the mind by its gloomy grandeur. The stone stairs

in the thickness of the wall can yet be climbed, and the ivy-clad, climbing walls, now unfortunately crowded by modern buildings, silently speak of the struggles of other days. Loop-holes with downward-pointing sills tell how defenders fought to the last, and shot their arrows or poured boiling water or lead upon their assailants at close quarters. The inner gate is supposed to have been built about 1300. It contains on the east side an oriel window, built on corbels to make room for the altar of the little chapel, on the first floor of this gate.

Immediately below Prudhoe the county of Durham is reached, and from thence to the sea the river divides that county from Northumberland. We now enter upon the lower valley of the Tyne, and the scene changes. Green fields, tree-capped hills, picturesque villages and churches may yet be seen for a portion of the way, but these are intermingled with collieries, factories, great ship-yards, docks, quays, and works of a hundred different kinds. At night the glare of furnaces makes the scene like unto that of a "valley of a hundred fires." Upon the lower Tyne reaches is a gathering of industrial enterprise which cannot be met with elsewhere.

Journeying down past Ryton, with its fine church crowning the heights opposite Newburn, we soon come to the valley of the Derwent. This, the largest of the Tyne tributaries, rises away in the Durham moorlands, and forms the boundary-line between the two counties, for a large portion of its course.

It is a pleasant walk down the river by Newburn to Denton, and thence to Benwell, both of which are near to the line of the Roman wall. At Denton is the only portion of the wall standing close to Newcastle, and near to Benwell was the Roman station of Condercum. Denton Hall is famous for its ghost, and for the visits paid to it by Dr. Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, and other celebrities. At the time it was owned by the beautiful Mrs. Montague, and here the great philosopher stayed for a time. A "Johnson's chamber" and a "Johnson's walk" are both shown. The Hall is a fine old structure, built in the sixteenth century, but its interior was unfortunately modernised during the sojourn of its fairest inhabitant. Interest, however, centres chiefly in the spirit said to haunt the place, the presence of which is testified by many persons who cannot be regarded as either ignorant or superstitious. Visitors have been alarmed by its presence, and it is told of two sisters of Macready, the famous actor, who visited Denton Hall about fifty years ago, that when they came down to breakfast one morning, they requested to be allowed to leave the house at once. They would never visit it again, nor could they be persuaded to confess what had terrified them.

A pleasant walk of two miles along the road which caps the tableland north of the Tyne (from which can be obtained extensive and fine views of Northumberland and Durham, especially of the valleys of the Derwent and the Team to the south, and of the great Newcastle Moor, with perhaps just a glimpse of the sea ten miles away to the east, and of the distant Rothbury Hills to the north) brings us into the city which its inhabitants love to call "the metropolis of the North;" the Pons Ælii of the Romans, the Monkchester of the Saxons, the Newcastle-on-the-Tyne of the Normans. King Coal and Prince Iron have now got their grip on the lower reaches of the Tyne,

hiding everything beneath the grime and smoke. The old Norman keep which frowns over the valley below was built during the reign of Henry II., and formed part of a great castle believed to have been erected in the eighth decade of the twelfth century. The Conqueror built a castle of wood here in 1080, replaced afterwards by one of stone. From the term by which this was known, *Novum Castellum*, came the name Newcastle. Of this castle of Rufus no trace remains, but of the later castle there is the keep or donjon tower, whose massive walls—those in the lower story are fourteen feet thick—and deep well, tell of conflict. The black gate or principal entrance, and the eastern gateway, crumbling walls here and there in the city, old towers, ancient houses, and the ruined King John's Palace at Jesmond, bear testimony to the importance of Newcastle as a defence against northern enemies. Often did the tide of war roll around its walls. As generals or guests or prisoners, both English and Scotch monarchs have visited the town and frequently was it besieged.

The beautiful lantern and spire of the cathedral church of St. Nicholas, within a stone's throw of the Norman keep, has won the admiration of architects and visitors in all ages. Rare Ben Jonson made it the subject of a famous enigma beginning—

"My altitude high, my body four-square."

The modern works of Newcastle cannot be enumerated here, but the names of Grainger, who rebuilt the centre of the town;



Cherryburn—Bewick's Birthplace.

of Stephenson the elder, who founded the Forth Street Works, and of his son Robert, who erected the magnificent high-level bridge which spans the Tyne at an altitude of 112 feet, and provides a communication for railway and carriage-way between Newcastle and Gateshead; of Lord Armstrong, inventor of the hydraulic crane, and of the deadly Armstrong gun, whose works at Elswick cover many acres of ground, and employ upwards of 12,000 men, are they not indelibly engraved on every side? Nor is there only this industrial aspect of the city; without, it has suburbs which are remarkably beautiful. In the lovely glades of Jesmond Dene, gift of Lord Armstrong to his native city, we can forget all but the glories of nature. To the Holy Jesus' Mount in olden days pilgrims came for spiritual blessing, and we may now wander there at will, seeking recreation and mental delight. Mr. Gibson shows us in his view the picturesque old mill in the heart of the Dene.



Jesmond Mill.

Gateshead need not delay us long on our journey to the sea. Its modern interest centres in the fact that Daniel Defoe lived in Hillgate, where he is said to have written "Robinson Crusoe," and that Bewick, whose workshop was across the Tyne in Newcastle, lived here from 1812, and died in West Street.

To see the nine and a-half miles from Newcastle to the sea, we must step on one of the small steamers which ply on the Tyne. It is a wonderful sight, this industrial Tyne-side, a succession of vast works, shipyards, docks, and quays, with a dense and ever-increasing population. Jarrow stands

on the Durham side, a town whose growth has been phenomenal, due to the vast Palmer shipyards, whence iron-clads and great steam merchantmen are sent forth. But Jarrow interests us most as the abode of the Venerable Bede.

The two towns, North and South Shields, which face each other near the river mouth, taking their names from the shiels or shielings of fishermen, are given up almost entirely to shipping and fishing industries. Here is a Wapping, not unlike its better-known Thames-side prototype. But we are close to the sea. Once clear of the streets we can feel its fragrance, which seems to be found nowhere to the same extent as on the north-east coast, where it is full of life-giving power. The great estuary, which with its two vast arm-like piers has been made during the last thirty years into the finest British harbour of refuge, brings the rolling salt waves with their odours to our feet. Boldly standing on the promontory which forms the northern shore of the river's mouth,

are the ruins of Tynemouth Priory, all that remains of the priory church of the Blessed Virgin and St. Oswin, king and martyr; with the lighthouse which sheds its rays over the North Sea, a guide to the storm-tossed mariner. Northwards we see the picturesque fishing village of Cullercoats, with the rugged Northumbrian shore stretching as far as the eye can scan. Southwards is the Durham coast-line. The expanse is dotted with brig and steamer, schooner and fishing boat, and we remember that we have finished the survey of this, the most beautiful of northern rivers.

EDWARD BROWNE.

JEAN-ANTOINE HOUDON.

THE French Art of the eighteenth century is still, in England, too exclusively looked upon as the accomplished expression of an amiable frivolity. We think of it mainly as existing to furnish forth the palaces, the boudoirs, the gardens of the great—as ignoring nature, or looking at it only at second-hand, through spectacles coloured by *parti pris* and artificiality. For us the Louis XV. and XVI. periods—as they are somewhat loosely designated—represent only a confused hard glitter of bowers and fountains, of light saloons deftly decorated by Boucher or Fragonard, adorned with sculpture by Falconet or Clodion, and furnished by Caffieri,

Gouthière, Riesener, or the fashionable *ébéniste* or *ornemaniste* for the time being. We know more here of the conventionally amiable portraits of Boucher, Nattier, Jean-Baptiste and Carle Vanloo, Tocqué, and Drouais than of the inimitable pastels of Maurice Quentin de La Tour; more of the false sensibility and false decency of Greuze than of the wholesome and masterly art of the *bourgeois* Chardin. An exception is, however, the only poet-painter of a century in which prose, both written and painted, reigned supreme—the admirable Watteau. For he always commanded a high appreciation in England, and his works



Terra-cotta Bust, known as 'The Young Robespierre.'
By Jean-Antoine Houdon.

were here, as in Prussia, always held precious, even at a time when they were under an eclipse in the master's native France. Yet even Watteau—notwithstanding the labours of Jules and Edmond de Goncourt, and notwithstanding the exquisitely fanciful yet in essentials true study, "A Prince of Painters," dedicated to him by Mr. Walter Pater—is still too exclusively judged from the lower point of view, as having presented with incomparable skill and charm a reflection, and only a reflection, of the dissolute yet seductive emptiness of an age of transition. It is forgotten that he poetized and transformed the frivolities which he touched, lending to his presentments of the idle moments of youth and pleasure a pathos akin to that which Giorgione extracted from the dreamy, luxurious idleness of a Venetian pastoral.

Again, it is too little remembered that French Art in the eighteenth century descended from the stilts upon which it had stiffly, though not without an appropriate pomp and propriety, progressed during the reign of the Grand Monarque, and sought in its way to come again face to face with nature. It would be idle to deny that the extravagance of its *minauderies* and mannerisms often offended truth as much as did the freezing and conventional stateliness of a preceding time. Yet they would ill understand the later period who did not seek to comprehend its worthier and more earnest phase, that in which an optimism at once amiable and vigorous, a genuine joy in the brighter if the more superficial side of humanity, tempered without destroying realistic truth. While remembering the vicious if consummate elegance of a Lancret, a Boucher, a Vauloo, a Fragonard, a Falconet, a Clodion, let us equally bear in mind the transforming power of a Watteau, the exquisite skill and simple pathos of a Chardin, the wealth of life and characterization of La Tour, the fire, the dignity, the marvelous truth of a Houdon.

Jean-Antoine Houdon was born at Versailles, on the 20th March, 1741, and in his earliest youth yielded to the irresistible attraction which drew him towards art; for we find him at the age of twelve years already attending the public lectures both in the classes of painting and sculpture. His poverty prevented him at first from attaching himself specially to the section of any one artist, but many of the professors,

becoming convinced of the reality of his talent, and delighted with the rapidity of his progress, volunteered to sustain him in his efforts by their supervision and counsel. Among these the sculptor who exercised the greatest influence over the youthful Houdon was Jean-Baptiste Pigalle, the most famous master of the middle of the century, now chiefly remembered as the author of the fine 'Mercury' in the Berlin Museum, and the designer of the elaborate and overrated tomb of Maurice de Saxe at Strasbourg.

When only in his eighteenth year our sculptor carried off the Prix de Rome, and, in accordance with a custom still maintained, started immediately for the Eternal City as a *pensionnaire* of the French monarch. There, not content with devoting himself assiduously to the usual study of classical antiquity, as prescribed by the rules of the Académie de France, he found time to execute for the Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli a colossal statue of the founder of the Carthusian order, St. Bruno, of which a cast may now be seen at the Museum of the Trocadero in Paris. It is a work of surprising dignity and simplicity, considering the age in which it was conceived and executed, and the youth of the artist; indeed, in these respects it may be said to stand almost alone in the eighteenth century, which produced so many skilful executants but so few sculptors of the highest class.

Houdon remained some ten years at Rome, and then made a successful reappearance in the French capital, exhibiting at the Salon of 1771 a small plaster, 'Morpheus,' a work which obtained for its author admittance among the *agréés*, or associates, of the Academy, while its execution, four years later, in marble, and with increased dimensions, procured for him the full honours of the same august body. He next attracted universal notice by his model of an *écorché*, an anatomical representation of the male figure, executed



Marble Bust of Molière in the Foyer of the Théâtre Français.
By Jean-Antoine Houdon.

essentially from the artistic standpoint, which obtained the most surprising success at a period in which preparatory artistic studies of a searching character were by no means as rare as the contemners of the *dix-huitième siècle* would have us believe. It was forthwith repeatedly reproduced, and quickly took its place with authority in the studios and classes of all contemporary sculptors and painters. A convincing proof of his great and increasing reputation, and of the rapidity with which that reputation had travelled outside the boundaries of France, is afforded by the fact that Houdon was selected by Benjamin Franklin, acting on behalf of the newly constituted United States of America, to execute the portrait of the national hero, George Washington. The young French master, accepting this flattering invitation, journeyed to Philadelphia, where, it is said, dwelling in the very house of the Liberator, he was enabled to study at leisure the physical and mental characteristics of his illustrious host. Houdon brought back with him to France only a bust in plaster of Washington; but this preliminary work, in which he had seized upon and perpetuated with extraordinary vivacity and truth the physiognomy of his model, served as the basis of the fine marble statue which was afterwards placed in the State-House or Capitol of Richmond, Virginia. When, in July, 1778, Paris learnt the death at Ermenonville of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Houdon hastened thither in order to take a cast of the features of the famous Genevese, and on this foundation executed a terra-cotta bust, the celebrity of which gave rise to many imitations and forgeries, besides the numerous repetitions executed by the master himself. One of the originals is in the Salle Houdon at the Louvre, where it appears in company with many other busts from the same hand, and with the celebrated bronze, 'Diane Chasseresse,' of which mention will be made presently.

It has been given to few, indeed, to reproduce the features of so illustrious a company as that which it fell to the lot of Houdon to portray, and of which it is hardly an exaggeration to say that its members, illustrious as they were, acquired a new immortality from his genius. The mere names dazzle our eyes as we write them—Washington, Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Lafayette, Franklin, D'Alembert, Buffon, Abbé Barthélemy, Gluck, Sacchini, and then—in the later days of the master's decadence, when, driven by fashion, he struggled to acquire the frozen style of the mock-classic revival—Napoleon himself, the Empress Joséphine, Marshal Ney, and many another historic personage. One of the sculptor's most exquisite works is a terra-cotta bust (see our illustration on the previous page), of which the original belonged to the distinguished sculptor, M. Chapu, and a cast was to be seen at the last Exposition Universelle. This the iconographers have, with some hesitation, held to represent the youthful Robespierre; and no doubt that almost imperceptible *mauvais sourire* which hovers round the thin compressed lips is his; yet, on the other hand, the conception is marked by a certain ease and aristocratic elegance which accord but ill with what we know of the prim bearing which was from the beginning assumed by the young advocate of Arras. This work may be taken as typical of the excellences of Houdon's method of portraiture, especially in terra-cotta. To the facility and grace, the decorative excellence which mark even the more mannered productions of the time, he here, as elsewhere in his finest work, joins a masterly skill in the presentation of the osseous and muscular structure of the human head and a magic power of vivifying with the Promethean spark of

life the faithful reproduction thus obtained. To this power Houdon adds a rarer still, for his portraits not only represent the living, the breathing man, but they suggest with a subtle truth, free from a touch of exaggeration, the human individuality. It is this most precious of all qualities in the portraitist which, shown as it was in dealing with personalities of the highest intellectual order, caused one of the most enthusiastic of the then critics—taking somewhat unfortunately a bust of Molière, reconstituted from contemporary portraits, as his text—to overwhelm Houdon with praise as philosopher and student of mankind no less than as artist. This praise our master in a characteristic letter repelled, denying that he had sought to reproduce or to emphasize this or the other intellectual characteristic, or that he had, as a preliminary to setting to work, philosophized over the idiosyncrasy of his sitters. He had simply, he said, sought to reproduce the man as he was—what he saw in fact, and not what he imagined or what he might deem that he divined. By this he meant, no doubt, that he trusted to his eyes, to his keen and comprehensive artist's vision, and not to a quality of imagination akin to that of the dramatic poet or the romance-writer, the exercise and, indeed, the possession of which he disclaimed. That he did, whether consciously or unconsciously, possess the rarest intuition in the presentation of the true individuality of his sitters, and the rarest skill in the realization of that intuition, is patent to all who are acquainted with the masterly series of counterfeit presentments of the great personages who have just been enumerated. And to demonstrate the possession of this same quality of intuition, and sympathetic presentment of individuality, in connection with such vast and complex personalities as these, is to deserve the highest praise which can be accorded to portraiture, whether in painting or sculpture.

But most famous, and deservedly so, among the portrait statues of the master is the astonishing seated figure of Voltaire executed or at any rate planned, just before the philosopher's death in 1778, and exhibited for the first time at the Salon of 1781, together with that of Tourville, of La Hogue celebrity. Few things in Paris are more familiar than this statue, wrought in marble of singular beauty, and now the crowning decoration of the public *foyer* at the Théâtre Français. The marble literally pulsates with life, and this effect is obtained in most legitimate fashion without stepping outside the art of sculpture proper. The seated figure of the Sage of Ferney in extreme old age is shown, as in our illustration opposite, wrapped in draperies which are a happy compromise between the realistic and the classical, between the dressing-gown and the toga—just allowing the emaciated form beneath to be sufficiently divined. The head realises, with a felicity altogether above praise, the mocking negative spirit, the unconquerable vivacity of temperament and intensity of will which endured to the very last, and informed with a deceptive energy the worn-out frame of the sitter. This is beyond comparison the finest iconic work which the eighteenth century has produced, and it may worthily take its place beside the similar productions of any time. By its side appears at the Comédie Française another bust of Voltaire, also by our master, in which he is represented in the orthodox wig and formal garb which, in the more important work, have been discarded in favour of a more expressive *déshabillé*. Allusion has already in passing been made to the reconstituted bust of Molière by Houdon—one of the illustrations (page 79)—now also one of the glories of the *foyer* in the Rue Richelieu. It

is a surprisingly lifelike and characteristic image of the "père de la comédie," as he was then styled, considering that it must have been based on a painted portrait, probably that by Mignard which adorns the *foyer des artistes* of the same temple of dramatic art. It is diverting to learn that this bust excited to a high degree the jealous wrath of Caffieri, a fashionable and able sculptor who was engaged in performing a similar task with regard to other deceased celebrities of the drama, and that he exhaled his spite in all manner of biting and ireful criticisms.

Not less successful than in dealing with the worn and refined physiognomy of Voltaire was our master in reproducing the coarsely-cut features of Mirabeau, the repulsive heaviness of which would have reduced to despair a sculptor of the ordinary academic type. Houdon, and he alone, has known how to infuse into this homely physiognomy the volcanic energy, the true character of generous scorn and impatience which marked the great orator who, with all his miserable failings, was the one really imposing figure of the Revolution.

As a statuary proper, in the representation from the ideal point of view of the undraped human form, Houdon won also very high distinction. His most celebrated performance in this style is the bronze 'Diane Chasseresse' which is the crowning ornament of the Salle Houdon at the Louvre, and of which another example, executed in marble, with slight variations, for the Empress Catherine of Russia, is at St. Petersburg among the treasures of the Imperial house. Although the statue (which we illustrate overleaf) bears on the base the signature, "Houdon, F., 1790," it was executed some years previously. The bust of the goddess—in reality a portrait—was exhibited at the Salon as far back as 1777, and in the same year the model of the whole statue was to be seen in the sculptor's studio; for it was then mentioned by Grimm and eulogized by Rulhière in the following verses:—

" On aurait dans Ephèse admiré ton ouvrage,
Rival de Phidias, ingénieux Houdon ;
À moins que les dévots, en voyant ton image,
N'eussent craint le sort d'Actéon."

This refers to the entire nudity of the divine huntress, which afterwards caused the exclusion of the work from the Salon, less perhaps from motives of propriety—although under

Louis XVI. a certain prudery in artistic matters was the order of the day—than because it was deemed contrary to academic etiquette that this divinity, patroness of chastity, notwithstanding a certain *égarement* much celebrated by the poets, should appear in sculpture totally undraped, like the foam-born goddess herself. The figure was cast a first time by Houdon himself in 1782, and again in or about 1784, bronze-casting being one of the accomplishments upon which the artist especially prided himself, and not without sufficient cause. The goddess is revealed as she glides along with the effortless movement of the immortal, scarce touching the earth, in pursuit of the

invisible quarry. It is not so much the anatomical correctness which Houdon deemed his special characteristic that is here to be admired—for many a French sculptor of to-day would easily vanquish the eighteenth-century master in this particular—but rather the poise of the beautiful scornful head, so living and so characteristic of its epoch, and the incomparable gliding movement of the lithe form, the originality and beauty of which had hardly been paralleled in art since another Frenchman, Giovanni Bologna (Jean Boulogne), produced his famous 'Mercury.' Houdon gained celebrity, too, with other undraped figures, in which he made larger concessions to the mannered elegance and the *ad captandum* style which were the prevailing fashions of the earlier and more active half of his career. It is not, however, in virtue of these that he stands forth the

only great master among the host of skilful practitioners, his contemporaries. Among such productions may be mentioned a 'Femme sortant du bain' (1775), the very popular 'Frileuse' (1785), and 'L'Oiseau mort,' the title of which in its sentimentality suggests Greuze, who was, indeed, one of the artist's close friends. The last-mentioned work elicited, from Grimm, an eulogium as ridiculous as were many of those with which the men of letters of the day, delighted to take under their wing the productions of artists whom they assumed to interpret.

Houdon must be judged as an artist almost entirely by his career before the Revolution, although he lived on through the Terror, the Directoire, the Empire, and the Restoration—dying in his eighty-eighth year in 1828, at the time when Romanticism was rapidly approaching its maturity. How pitiable was the fortune of an artist who, having ripened in



Statue of Voltaire in the Foyer of the Théâtre Français.
By Jean-Antoine Houdon.

the atmosphere and with the traditions of the eighteenth century, found himself suddenly compelled to adopt the sole means of warding off dire want and calamity—that is, to cast aside his own artistic individuality, and to assume as best he could the tragic strut, the freezing dignity prescribed by the Jacobin dictator David and his following! Our master kept himself afloat with greater material success than was achieved by many a hapless *confrère*, but his true charm, his true originality evaporated in the effort to acclimatize himself in the ungenial atmosphere of pseudo-classicism which marked the revolutionary and the post-revolutionary period. True, as the distinguished historian of French sculpture, M. Courajod, discovered from an advertisement of the time, Houdon made a kind of living by selling repetitions of his most famous busts—the Voltaire, the Buffon, the Diderot, the Rousseau, the Franklin—offering the heads alone for seventy-two francs a-piece, the entire busts, however, for ninety-six francs. To what a pass had things come when the master of the 'Voltaire' and the 'Diane' exhibited *au XII* of the Republic a 'Cicero' which irreverent critics, perhaps not without reason, likened to 'Une tête d'avocat plaidant pour un mur mitoyen'! while poor Clodion, instead of plump dimpled Bacchantes and nymphs, showed a 'Cato,' and Pajou a 'Demosthenes.' The petrifying influence on our artist of the time, and perhaps too of the personage, is shown in the bust which he executed in 1806 of the Emperor Napoleon, though this is expressly described by Houdon himself on the plinth as being "from nature."

Quite recently, Herr Paul Seidel, a distinguished German critic who has made a special study of the art of the eighteenth century, and more particularly of the French art of that period as exemplified in Germany, has published in the *Jahrbuch der Königlich-Preussischen Kunstsammlungen* some interesting details with regard to Houdon's artistic career, and has moreover brought into notice three admir-

able terra-cotta busts from his hand—of what personages it has not yet been possible to ascertain—these having been recently removed from Frederick the Great's Schloss of Rheinsberg, and placed in the Neues Palais of Berlin. Besides these may be mentioned, among the works of the master enumerated by Herr Seidel, a bronze bust of Prince Henry of Prussia (Frederick's brother), cast by Thomire from Houdon's model, and now in the palace of the Empress Frederick at Berlin; plaster casts, coloured to simulate bronze, of the busts of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot—all three from Rheinsberg; and, in the Royal Library of Berlin, a precious cast from Houdon's portrait of Gluck, the original of which perished in the conflagration of the old Paris Opera-house, rue Le Peletier.

There are but few portraits extant of this portraitist *par excellence*, one of the best being contained in a canvas by Boilly, which shows the sculptor's studio, and himself in vigorous old age, as he corrects from the living model the clay sketch prepared by a pupil. He appears, too, in Baron Gérard's 'Entrance of Henri IV. into Paris,' in which that fashionable professor of conventionalities has represented his brother in art under the garb of one of the magistrates who, kneeling, present the keys of the city to the King of Navarre.

It is somewhat strange that France, as a rule so lavish in according posthumous rewards and consecrations to her artistic children, should have delayed so long before erecting a monument to one of her greatest and most original artists. This omission has now, somewhat tardily, been made good. Under the leadership of Houdon's native town, Versailles, a subscription for a statue having been raised, the perilous task of giving to the world the sculptured presentment of a prince among sculptors has been successfully and unobtrusively accomplished by M. Tony Noël, one of the *Grands Prix* of the last exhibition, whose design appropriately shows Houdon in the act of chiselling a bust of Voltaire.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



*Diane Chasseresse. Bronze Statue in the Louvre.
By Jean-Antoine Houdon.*

EDWARD BURNE-JONES: A RECORD AND A REVIEW.³

THE art of Mr. Burne-Jones has lately claimed a large share of public attention. Last autumn many of his finest works were recalled to mind by the exhibition of Mr. Frederick Hollyer's admirable photographs, and this winter a full and representative collection of his paintings and drawings have been brought together at the New Gallery. In spite of the severity of the season, in spite of frost and fog, crowds of visitors have flocked to the exhibition, and art

³ "Edward Burne-Jones: A Record and a Review." By Malcolm Bell. (London and New York, 1893.)

critics and journalists have been alike busy with his name. Many and varied are the opinions which have been expressed, and the judgments pronounced upon his work. All the old complaints have been repeated. His art has been condemned as "literary." We have been told again that his faces are all of one type, that his subjects are out of date, and his style antiquated. Even the charge that he cannot draw has been brought up again. But in spite of the wholesale condemnation of certain critics, and the half-hearted praise of others, the verdict has been, on the whole, favourable, and this master's

claim to a foremost place among living painters has been fully recognised.

Under these circumstances the appearance of Mr. Malcolm Bell's monograph was certainly well-timed. Both as a tribute to the great artist's genius, and as a permanent catalogue of his works, this splendid volume has received a cordial welcome. No pains have been spared to make the book worthy of its subject. Both in the quality of paper and printing, and in the beauty of the illustrations with which its pages are so profusely adorned, this English work almost deserves to rank with the sumptuous publications which issue yearly from the best French presses. The choice of the subjects for illustration has been remarkably happy, and their reproduction uniformly excellent, whether taken from Mr. Hollyer's platinotypes, or directly photographed from the original, as in the case of the photogravure of Lord Wharnccliffe's picture of 'King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid,' which forms the frontispiece.

In one or two cases, such as the photogravure of 'Love among the Ruins,' the tone is rather black, a fault which it is very difficult to avoid. The reproduction of the studies of heads, on the other hand, is eminently successful. Nothing, for instance, could be better rendered than the portrait of Paderewski. The same can be said of the drawings and cartoons for stained glass or tapestry which form so important a feature of this master's work, and were so fully represented at the recent exhibition. Whole sheets of studies of armour and drapery, of children and roses, bear witness to the minute faithfulness and unwearied pains which the artist bestows on every detail of his pictures. Each successive period of his career is here represented, from those charming little water-colour drawings of early years, which attracted so much attention in the West room of the New Gallery, to the latest cartoon now in the act of being executed in tapestry by Messrs. Morris & Co. As we turn over these pages, perhaps what strikes us most is the constancy with which the painter has clung to his old ideals. Saving in the great technical advance which is, of course, evident in his later works, the master of sixty is to all intents and purposes the same as the youth of five-and-twenty. The same romantic feeling, the same passionate sense of artistic beauty, which live in the little picture of Sir Galahad, painted in 1858, inspired the delicately wrought design of the



The Annunciation. From the picture by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.



Miriam. From a window in St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh.

maiden knight, kneeling at the door of the chapel in the wood before the blessed vision of the Grail, which has just left his studio.

In point of artistic beauty, the book, we repeat, leaves nothing to be desired. We wish it were possible to speak as highly of the literary part of the work. Unfortunately, we cannot admire Mr. Bell's style. Such phrases as "the artistic hive in England was hotching, with high anticipations," or, "the fashioners of crass inanities" were "free to flaunt their bedizenments before the general eye," might, with advantage, have been omitted. And we also see with regret that he has thought it well to revive for-

gotten controversies, and devote so much of his space to the consideration of Mr. Burne-Jones's former critics. He has a perfect right to meet and refute the unfair charges which have been brought against the artist's style, but these long quotations from old magazines and newspapers are decidedly out of place in a volume of this kind. Mr. Burne-Jones himself has never stooped to answer a single hostile critic, and has never allowed their utterances to disturb his equanimity or arrest the production of his work. His biographer would have done wisely to follow his example. At the same time we fully appreciate the genuine enthusiasm and love which Mr. Bell brings to his task, and the good use which he has made of his opportunities as a kinsman of the painter.

Most readers will turn at once to the biographical chapter in which we are told how Mr. Burne-Jones was born at Birmingham in 1833, of a Welsh family, and educated at King Edward's School, where Bishop Lightfoot and the present Archbishop of Canterbury were then among the senior students. Here he won an exhibition which took him to Exeter College in 1852, on the same day as Mr. William Morris, with whom he soon became intimate. We know the great results which have sprung from this friendship, and it is pleasant to think that a memorial of this first meeting exists in the beautiful tapestry of the 'Adoration of the Magi,' now in the chapel of Exeter College. The sight of a woodcut in a volume of William Allingham's poems, and afterwards of a drawing of Dante by Rossetti, first inspired young Burne-Jones with a deep admiration for the poet-painter, and a passionate longing to devote himself to art. Fired by this resolve he went to London in 1855, and there, at the Working Men's College in Great Titchfield Street, he first met his hero. By Rossetti's advice he gave up all idea of returning to Oxford, and set to work under this master's guidance to become a painter himself. All the part of the book that relates to the young artist's intercourse with Rossetti has been evidently taken down from Mr. Burne-Jones's own lips, and is naturally of the deepest interest. Scarcely less valuable is the careful and circumstantial record of his artistic work during the next thirty-five years which

Mr. Bell has given us in the following chapter. Mr. Burne-Jones's methods of work are as original as his genius. "He likes to linger lovingly over a picture, working at it only when in the mood and laying it aside for others at frequent intervals, for he always keeps a number in a state of slow and careful advance." Thus, many of his pictures remain for years in his studio and are often put aside for months at a time. The 'Chant d'Amour' was nine years in course of execution, the 'Bath of Venus' fifteen. The famous 'Briar Rose' series was inscribed with the date 1870-1890, and the great picture of 'Arthur in Avalon,' which still hangs unfinished in the painter's studio, was designed in 1881. 'The Mirror of Venus' (of which we gave a reproduction in *The Art Journal* for 1892, page 133), was begun in 1873 and finished in time for the first exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877. It belonged—as our readers will remember—to Mr. Leyland, and was lately sold for three thousand five hundred and seventy guineas. The figure of Temperance, a fair-faced woman pouring water from a jar on the flames which have no power to hurt her, was begun in 1872, as a companion to the better-known pictures of 'Faith' and 'Hope,' and finished by the end of 1873.



Temperantia. From the picture by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

The first design of 'The Annunciation' was begun in 1872, and the picture itself, now the property of Lord Carlisle, was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1879. We give our readers a reproduction of this noble work, which has been already described in our January number. It is one of the few religious paintings of modern times which can be placed side by side with the paintings of old Italian masters. It belongs to the same order, and springs from the same source. This favourite story of mediæval Christendom, the chosen theme alike of poet and painter, which we see pictured above so many altars, and carved in stone on so many tombs, has never been handled with finer or more reverent feeling.

The following passage gives some further details as to Mr. Burne-Jones's method. "His first process in the creation of a picture is the crystallisation of the floating visions in his mind into a design carefully drawn out in chalk or pencil. This is generally modified from time to time, while numerous studies for every detail are carried out in the intervals of other works. In the case of a large picture, this is, as a rule, followed by a cartoon painted in water colour of the same size as the proposed canvas, and finished elaborately from a small coloured sketch. From this the final work is copied, and further studies are made before the painting is begun. Each stage of this is left to dry thoroughly, often for months at a time, before another is commenced. When the last has been concluded, the whole is left for several years before it is permitted to be varnished, an operation which Mr. Burne-Jones always prefers to perform himself with scrupulous care.

Another point of interest to which the writer draws attention is the marked influence which the poet Chaucer exercises on this master's early work. His first oil painting was suggested by the Prioress's Tale, and since then many of his carefully finished designs have been devoted to the 'Romance of the Rose,' and the 'Legende of Goode Women.' There is, indeed, much in common between the father of English poets and our nineteenth-century painter. In both we find the same passionate love of birds and flowers, the same delight in rich decorative fancies. And it is perhaps something of the same deep and tender melancholy, born of infinite longing, that wakes in the heart of both the old singer and the modern artist—

"Whanne they may here the birdes singe,
And see the flowres and the leaves springe,
And of that longing commeth hevynesse."

This sympathy with Chaucer, the writer remarks, is shared by the poet of the Earthly Paradise, who in the Envoy of his great poem speaks of him as "My master Geoffrey Chaucer." The classical gods and heroes of Mr. Morris's epic and of Mr. Burne-Jones's pictures have more affinity with Chaucer's "half-Pagan, half-Christianised deities," than with the gods of

Homer and Virgil. They are "Dan Cupid and his mother Saint Venus; Pluto, the king of fayerye, who quotes Solomon and Ecclesiastes, and Proserpine who cites the Christian Martyrs and the Gesta Romanorum."

Mr. Bell proceeds to give us a very full and elaborate account of the painter's decorative work, a branch of Art which has carried his fame far beyond the limits of his native land, and has made his name familiar to many who have never seen his pictures. In Mr. Morris he has been fortunate in finding a mind so completely in sympathy with his own that the two have been able to work together in perfect harmony. "The one has never faltered in design, the other has never failed in execution." Many of the artist's finest designs for stained glass are reproduced here, the great Building of the Temple at Boston, the wonderful *Angeli laudantes* and *Angeli ministrantes* of Salisbury Cathedral, the Holy Women of St. Giles', Edinburgh, Jephthah's Daughter, Ruth, and Miriam; and the Norse Sea-kings and Gods of Walhalla, who adorn the halls of a distant home across the Atlantic. Here, too, we see again some of those noble and exquisite imaginings which have taken shape in mosaic or gesso, the glittering peacock which speaks of an undying love and an immortal hope blended together in one, and the glorious Archangels, who with their feet washed by the River of Life, guard the golden ramparts of the New Jerusalem.

We may form some idea of the extent of Mr. Burne-Jones's labours in this direction when we examine Mr. Bell's lengthy catalogue of the cartoons for stained glass which have been designed since 1857. Even this list is not complete, and a rapid glance over the twelve pages reveals more than one omission. Several of the windows at Middleton Cheney are left out, and there is no mention of the beautiful little Good Shepherd window in the church of St. Peter's, London Docks. In conclusion we should like to draw attention to a few slips—notably in the spelling of Italian names—which should be corrected in future editions, and would also point out that the tablet in gesso at Mells was erected, not, as we are told here, in memory of Lady Lyttelton, but of Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton. In spite of such minor defects this sumptuous volume will, we feel sure, be hailed with delight by many who have visited the New Gallery this winter. And it will, we hope, help many more to realise, better than they have ever done before, the permanent and enduring qualities of this great master's work. Mr. Knowles has lately told us that Lord Tennyson once said in his hearing, "To get the workmanship as nearly perfect as possible is the best chance for going down the stream of time." That Mr. Burne-Jones's art has this claim to immortal remembrance, no one who has studied this book is likely to deny.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

DECORATION BY CORRESPONDENCE.

IT occurs to one sometimes, to wonder who it is that really pulls the strings of fashion. A glance at the ladies' papers helps to explain, to some extent, the vogue of certain things, which, one might have thought, no one would ever dream of buying. There is one column in particular, that dealing with Art in the home, which is a perpetual source of

annoyance or amusement, according as you take it seriously, or for what it is worth. Not a paper but seems to have its lady adviser; and this multitude of counsellors is out of all proportion to their collective wisdom.

Who writes these columns? Who reads them? Occasionally the mentor appears to be a practical decorator, in

which case, she writes, if not always wisely, somewhat to the point; more often it is an amateur, perhaps with artistic connections, or of some social position, who gossips easily enough about shops and shopping. But it matters less who these writers are, seeing that they write, for the most part, obviously without conviction, not so much with any thought of raising the taste of the class to whom they address themselves, as with the determination to gratify it, such as it may be.

The class of readers may be surmised from the pseudonyms under which they write for advice—"Mavourneen," "Butterfly," "Romany Lass," "Gazelle," "Dolores," "Seraph;" or "Wild Myrtle," "Bluebell," "Asphodel," "Maidenhair," "Daisy," and suchlike flower names, with here and there a "Prince Charlie" or "Jack Evergreen," posing, it may be presumed, as a male. To tell these sentimental young people a stern truth or two in answer to their wild queries, would be, no doubt, to frighten them away; but it is too bad to fan their simple faith in the ease with which the problem of decoration is to be solved, and to encourage them to spend their scanty means (of which perhaps they little understand the scantiness) upon mere frivolity and fuss. It may answer the purposes of the paper—doubtless it does—but to the anxious inquirers it is not kind, nor yet quite fair.

There is a curious similarity in the methods of proceeding on the part of these arbiters of taste, as though they had all founded themselves upon the same model, and one of them (the real source and fountain-head of all this stream of gossip, no doubt) pettishly implies as much on more than one occasion. The answers begin usually with a word of welcome to a new correspondent (especially warm if the sheep be by chance from the other fold), a little flattery as to the taste displayed by Rose; a word of congratulation to Angelina upon her good fortune in possessing "such an antique jewel of a residence"; an expression of satisfaction that Nita is so pleased with the writer's new book; a regret that the "dear correspondents have to wait such an age for a reply," and so on.

Then follows the advice. It would not be true to say that these authorities on art will tell you anything you want to know, for they will occasionally refer you to the lady who writes the column on cookery or domestic pets; but they will tell you where to live, what to spend in housekeeping, and how to spend it, the hour to dine and what to have for dinner, and will even go into particulars relating to the disposal of the scrag end of a neck of mutton, and the trimmings of the cutlets. Do you want the address of a clergyman with whom you can board, or of a fish salesman at Grimsby, of an architect to advise as to the stability of your house, of a cabinet-maker to carry out the repairs, of a lady who will make you "lovely" table covers, you have only to ask. You can have advice as to the choice of a school for your children, and how to dress them; as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the marriage you contemplate, and the way undue indulgence in early strawberries will "run up" the weekly bills; as to the legal agreement on which you shall take your house, or where to get "glacier" window decoration; as to the claim a worthless father may have upon his offspring, or how to remove stains from the carpet when pet "transgresses"—all this, enlivened with little scraps of information by the way concerning the tastes of the writer's own children, her sufferings from influenza and consequent "dumps," the pleasure her friends take in her "little dinner parties of eight," her personal dislike for black-edged paper, and the annoyance it is to her to have her

ideas stolen by rival advisers, or to find that a correspondent has dared to consult some other authority as well as herself.

All this is mentioned only by way of showing the mingled pretentiousness and triviality of which these columns are made up. The practical advice given on decoration and furnishing, good or bad, is much what any young lady who claims to know something of the subject (and who is there that makes no such claim?) would be likely to give. There is a certain vague talk about "a haze of Eastern colours," "blue Art serge," "Arab brown paint," and such-like. "In the corner," you are told, "you should contrive one of my favourite amateur cosy corners," and for the mantelpiece a drapery of "Tadema brown plush"; for chairs you are allowed a choice between the Dagobert, a beautiful Charles I. throne chair, Peter the Great's old oak chair, which is "simply delightful," and "of course" Shakespeare's chair, "the woodwork must be painted impressionist oak." Heavens! was there ever such jargon? Some persons might be puzzled to know what is meant when an "Art square" or "a Kensington Art square" is recommended, until it is explained "that if Mr. So-and-So's Arbela is too expensive, he could show you some Brussels make in the same tone of colouring, or you might content yourself with an Art square." That explains it; one knows now what an Art square is—the cheapest, if not necessarily the nastiest thing to be had in the way of carpets: our instinctive distrust of that word "Art" was well-founded.

There is more talk about saving than advice as to true economy. It is pretty generally assumed that it is wise to buy what is cheapest; there is seldom any serious suggestion that persons of small means should restrict their wants, it is taken for granted that folks must have things they could very well dispense with; and things are recommended to them which are quite unnecessary, if not frivolously absurd.

There are recommended to you such things as "tray cloths for invalids, which are a constant joy to me," and towelshams (at eight shillings each) to put over the towels to keep them tidy—"I am sure you could not help being delighted with them." In the way of a present to give to a man, what could be more useful than "demon sealing-wax sets"? If you happen to have two corner tables, "they would be better for curtains of coppery red plush placed on the wall at the back of them, and headed by little balcony rails."

When evils cannot easily be cured at least they can be covered up; and the lady adviser is quite herself in discouraging of drapery and trimmings. What with curtains for the fire-place, mantel frills, ball-fringe, and "lovely weeping-willow muslin," one need never be at a loss. "Why not cover your chairs and tables with art muslin?" is the sage advice to "a worker" of all people.* "Rose-coloured serge muslin" is recommended for "a curtained dado," and if you can't afford to repaint the entrance hall, you are given to suppose that it would be an economy to have four heavy portières and a deep dado of handsome printed arras. The piano must of course be draped, and "a Chinese mandarin jacket" will make "an absolutely perfect piano back for an Anglo-Chino-Japo apartment"! Another panacea is pottery. Every room must be strewn about with pots, "Benares," "repoussé," or whatever may be the newest thing; although no one goes quite so far as to make it a rule that when in doubt you should introduce a pot. One

* This extract is from a cheap paper in which you are further told that it will save much time and labour if you paint your oak furniture all over with stain; but for the rest, the extracts in this article are taken from the higher-priced and more fashionable journals.

lady, who has almost the courage of her opinions on this point, tells us, indeed, that it is "a little joke of hers," that if she were town legislator she would issue a sumptuary law to the effect that every house should be adorned with turquoise blue pots outside all the windows—it would be no joke for us!

The advice is always buy, buy, buy! One sees a gleam of hope when it is suggested that a table should "be deported off," and a whatnot also "bundled off," to leave a corner free; but it turns out that it is only to be left "free for an easel, enamelled green, upon which your husband's portrait, draped with a golden brown scarf, might stand." When, peradventure, you are told that "you can do very well without a border of any kind," it is only because "the use of it is no longer one of Dame Fortune's inexorable laws." Here at least there is no doubt left as to the teacher's criterion of taste.

It is presumably in obedience to those "inexorable laws," that "Smith's Arcadian suites of trumpet vases and brackets" are instanced as "a most lovely and unique decoration" for a bazaar. "Arcadian glasses," we are informed, are "a number of trumpet-shaped vases in pale green glass connected together with arches of crystal, from which are suspended little brackets." One is not surprised to find that in connection with them you may make use of artificial foliage plants, since they are "so wonderfully well made now as almost to defy detection;" the all-important thing is, of course, that you should not be found out in your little deceptions.

If fashion is the standard, surely we want no lady guides. The advertisements will tell us that for Christmas decorations we can buy letters of cardboard and cover them with white wool, or that "quaint stuffed birds," to say nothing of monkeys (as shown in the lady's accompanying sketch) "can be added *ad libitum*." It will be no news to even the most newly married "that she can hang trophies of old-fashioned swords or armour in the hall," though her husband may be startled at being asked "to paint some shields with coats of arms, crests, and mottos" to accompany them. The drain-pipe "which will make a good umbrella stand for your hall" is another old friend. It is interesting to learn that "it should be painted with bold decorative flowers on a shaded background," but the caution that it needs to be "duly fitted with tin inside," reminds one that this is not after all so much as a convenient pipe into which to drain umbrellas.

But for the artless reference to fashion one would have been puzzled to imagine the point of view of those who recommend by turns a "lovely Louis XV. rose-coloured stripe" for one middle-class Victorian room, a "cheap Moorish arch to outline the recess," in another, a ready-made cosy corner for the landing on the stairs, and a stuffed bear to serve as a dumb-waiter.

All this, it may be urged, is matter of taste; correspondents may expect, at any rate, sterling advice as to the judicious outlay on furnishing; they may rely at least upon due warning as to the practicality of the vague ideas they may have on the question asked. Marguerite accordingly writes in faith, enclosing her coupon, and her inquiring mind is relieved by the information that "old oak furniture is by no means an impossible possession nowadays, even for folks with shallow purses, and you may certainly indulge your fancy in this respect, as the *Penshurst* suite which *So-and-So* sell for nineteen guineas,

is all that modern eyes can desire for the starting of a well-set-up little ménage." Alas, for nineteenth-century eyes! There must be a strange cast in them.

This is a single instance; but there is not much difference in the character of the advice given by the various authorities. One is comparatively business-like and to the point, another goes out of her way to let you know how an old friend of hers, "a baronet," invariably went to the butcher's to choose his own meat; but, apart from the more or less charmingly chatty way of giving it, the advice is mainly to the same purpose. They are, on the whole, remarkably in accord. On one point they are absolutely unanimous: they have one infallible resource in common: they all advocate *Aspinall*. "As regards old furniture, you can restore it perfectly by the aid of *Aspinall's* invaluable enamel; the suite in your room would look lovely painted with electric turquoise;" or again, "by all means use *Aspinall's* enamel all over the house," and so on, with terrible iteration.

And this brings us face to face with the important consideration of advertisement. These counsellors cannot so much as tell you to get a clothes-basket, without advertising a vendor of such things. It is rather a suspicious circumstance that a prescription should be habitually accompanied by the address of the chemist where you must get it made up; it may be accounted for, more or less, by a desire on the part of the doctor to save the patient trouble; but it cannot be explained away—the fact remains that, for whatever reason, a certain limited number of tradesmen are recommended again and again throughout the columns to correspondents, to the exclusion of others who, to put it moderately, are by no means second to them, whether in respect to the quality of their goods, the moderation of their prices, the taste they display, or the reliance that may be placed upon their capacity and trustworthiness. Are these firms unknown to the advisers? If so, it behoves them to extend their range of investigation, and not pretend to pronounce what is best without knowing what there is.

If we are to believe what we are told, "This — man's inexpensive brass brackets" are not only "quite fit for a bedroom," but, "indeed, the only ones you could use to look nice;" that — man's writing-tables, registered number X, are the only ones that will serve your turn; the other man's rugs "are simply perfect, I have never seen anything I like so much." The argument last adduced is unanswerable. The writer may, or may not, have seen all that there is to be seen in the way of rugs or what not, but she is safely entrenched behind that saving clause as to her liking. She may recommend the *Curtain Road* where we should have thought *Bond Street* more promising, *Oxford Street* where we should have imagined *Tottenham Court Road* would do better, *Bond Street* when we should have pronounced in favour of *Holborn*; but what then? She may be right or wrong. As to the soundness of her judgment there may be dispute; as to her opinion she may claim to speak with authority not to be disputed.

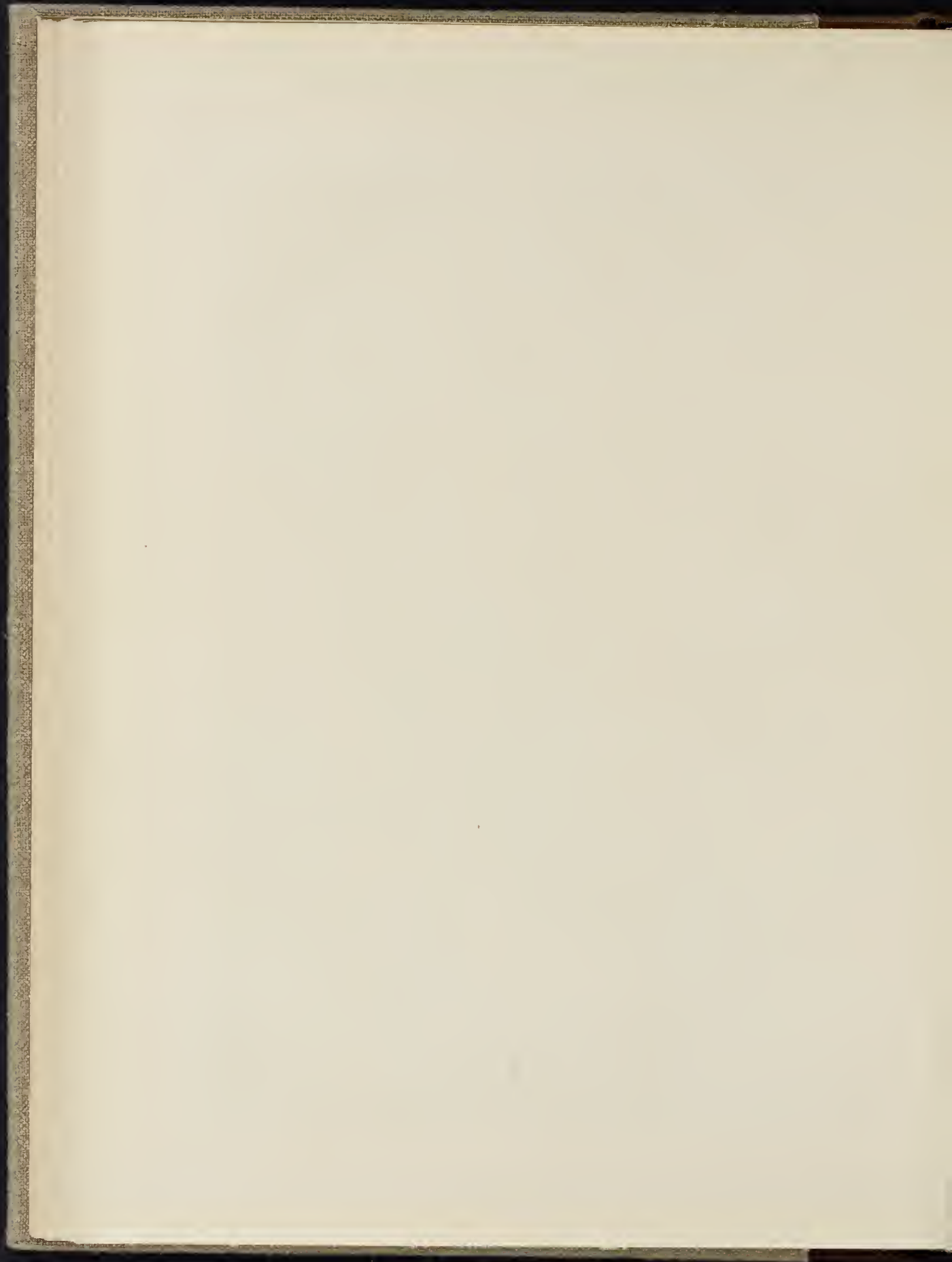
But the honest expression of personal opinion, whatever weight we may attach to it, will not account for the specification of the names of tradesmen in no way identified with the particular thing specified. The recommendation of a certain "dear old *Watteau* paper" expresses very likely, if not the lady's own leaning towards the style of *Louis XV.*, her readiness to lean that way.

"Most of the things recommended are specialities," says





CAPRICE IN PURPLE AND GOLD,
"THE GOLD SCREEN."
From the painting by T. McNeill Whistler



A victory over the Philistines, indeed, is nothing to be proud of; their applause is as unmeaning as their hooting; that the mob or the Academy should accept or reject an artist is an accident of fashion, and a cordial dislike is a pleasanter exhibition of feeling on their part, because more sincere, than a whipped admiration. But Mr. Whistler's work,—it is the excuse for argument about it at this time of day,—has encountered misunderstanding and opposition not from the mob only but from artists otherwise worthy of respect. It is as if the very tribe of Levi went over to the side of the Philistines, and the incident, though it recurs persistently in artistic warfare, never ceases to amaze and dishearten. How far the misunderstanding still exists it is hard to say, but one gathers from stray utterances that the theory is still unburied which regards modern painting as a realistic heresy, and something else called "decorative painting" as the orthodox art. So radical a moving of the previous question is at least worth considering, while I may take for granted that the idea of a picture depending for its value on evidences of earnest labour and industrious finish is dead beyond laughter.

I venture then to use as an illustration of the attitude of mind I refer to some remarks of Mr. Walter Crane in a recent article on Design in the *Magazine of Art*. I choose them because Mr. Crane is a designer of proved talent, and these remarks, made more or less by the way in pursuing his main argument, betray the more conclusively an habitual arrest of his mind in the matter of pictorial art. Here is one of the foremost among the artists engaged in the decorative arts as applied to buildings and books, and here is his view of the pictorial art.

He opens with the distinction between two elements in Art, the first being Aspect (of



Harmony in Pink and Grey, Portrait of Lady Meux.
From the Painting by J. McNeill Whistler. In the possession of Sir Henry Meux.

nature), the second, Adaptation—a very proper distinction. Then he goes on, "The first comprehending what we call pictorial work, with the impression or the imitation of the superficial aspects of life and nature as its chief aim; the second comprehending the province of the designer, whose object is rather to suggest than to imitate; or to express and relate by careful selection of the more permanent and typical characteristics of life and nature, or of linear forms derived from these, certain ideas of harmony and relation, or of poetic thought and fancy. The object of the designer being in short to ornament, his aim is rather ideal beauty than literal fact.

"Since the times of the unity of the arts and crafts in architecture, in the course of their differentiation, those main distinctions have become more pronounced, until we have reached a period of development in which the very widest divergence of conception, method, and aim exists between one form of Art and another, both in principle and in practice.

"While on the one hand we have the pictorial artist striving with photographic impartiality and fidelity to record the superficial facts, phases, and characters of nature in their most unstudied and accidental conditions, with as much force, but as little conscious selection and combination as possible, on the other we have the ornamental designer dealing with purely abstract qualities of line and form, and his work strictly governed by geometric plan.

"Now an easel picture, or any pictorial rendering of nature, is supposed to be complete in itself. It does not necessarily concern itself with its surroundings; and even its frame, the last relic of the connection of painting with architecture, is often only an arbitrary boundary, not to define its decorative limits but to isolate it more completely. We might call pictorial art of this kind unrelated art, its form dependent only

on the caprice and individual impressions of the painter. Anything in the nature of a decorative design, on the other hand, must be considered in relation and harmony not only with itself, but to its surrounding conditions. The most careful selection must be exercised in the choice of form; the utmost consideration given to plan, and play of counter-balancing line. The result *may* be a picture, but it *must* also be a pattern."

Now it will be only fair to Mr. Crane to suppose that when he speaks of the characteristic development of painting in

modern times, he means to refer to the best painting and not to the bad or the mediocre, for any other reference would have no force or point. Just as to speak of modern architectural and decorative work, and to have in mind the second-rate architect and designer, would be to deal with those arts to no purpose, so there will be no profit in talking about painting unless it is the painting of a master. I am, therefore, in order when I consider Mr. Crane's observations in the light of the pictorial art of Mr. Whistler, who is generally acknowledged as one of the few modern masters in that line.

That being granted, let us see how singular

is Mr. Crane's description of the modern pictorial art in the light of such a master's work. His distinction between painting that is applied or decorative, and therefore limited by its architectural setting, and the painting that is "unrelated," free from any such control and association, is an obvious and true distinction, and the development of the unrelated or independent pictorial art has certainly included a fuller naturalism. But how curious is the idea that as the art becomes less abstract, includes more of the aspects of nature, the effort of design is in any way relaxed or eliminated. The same thing has happened to the other arts as has happened to painting. Just as painting was once an adjective of architec-



Nocturne, Black and Gold, The Falling Rocket.

From the Painting by J. McNeill Whistler. In the possession of Mr. Untermeyer, New York.

ture, restrained in its expansion by its position of dependence, so were the arts of poetry, music, and dancing originally conjoined, and by their conjunction limited one another, as a party of travelling companions is limited to what all can do together. But when the association is sundered, and each art goes its own way and is free to include more of the natural material it can deal with, does the action of the designing and composing and selecting faculty desert the individual art?

Mr. Crane surely would not maintain that because the modern poet or novelist can make a much larger draught on the material of life than he could if his poem were to be sung, or still more if it were to be sung and danced, he is therefore any the less under the stringent laws of design and composition than when he dealt in more abstract matter. To put it in a word, *Design is not limited to a very abstract matter*, and the less abstract the matter of an art the more complex the claims made on the designing faculty. The decorative painter's problem is only a particular case of the general pictorial problem, which is, What lines, spaces, masses, colours, tones, will go with one another? The pictorial artist is free to begin anywhere, but having begun is under a relentless necessity to make the rest of his work accord with the beginning. The decorative painter cannot begin anywhere, for the beginning is already made, conditions laid down by what has been done before. Scale is determined by the building, the character of forms is determined, the pitch of simplicity or richness, and the scheme of colour. All sorts of combinations, in a word, are ruled out at starting, and he must exercise his tact in carrying out in his allotted part the elements of a predetermined scheme. The difference is not one of scheme or no scheme, but of a free or self-determined scheme as against a scheme imposed.

Design, then, is as imperious a necessity for the pictorial as for the decorative painter, so that Mr. Crane's main contention falls to the ground. A minor contention, that decorative painting is less concerned with the superficial aspects of things, and more expressive of their poetic substance, sets up a quite false opposition. The decorative art is more abstract than the pictorial, but what it takes from nature is just as much a superficial aspect, that being the material of all art that represents. Nor does an image become more poetic because it is more abstract. It becomes less poetic and suggestive and more purely musical.

This is perhaps what is at the back of Mr. Crane's mind, namely, that a decorative art of quite abstract ornament is possible in which the reference to natural form is almost as remote and vague as in music. That is so; but the mistake is to suppose that this music ceases to play when natural images come in. The delight of colour, the delight of the play of line are not abandoned when natural objects become the occasion of the performance, any more than music ceases to be music when it is made the vehicle for the definite images of a song. Even so the musical powers of line and space are

as much at work in a fine portrait as in a well-proportioned portico.

By such fallacious steps Mr. Crane arrives at the amazing conclusion that the aim of the pictorial artist is to produce a literal copy of something in nature, it does not matter what, as long as the copy is photographically accurate. Let me put down immediately after this conclusion a sentence or two of Mr. Whistler's own almost too familiar for quotation.

"Nature contains the elements, in colour and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music.

"But the artist is born to pick and choose, and group with science, these elements, that the result may be beautiful—as the musician gathers his notes and forms his chords, until he brings forth from chaos glorious harmony.

"To say to the painter, that nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit upon the piano."

I must ask Mr. Crane to believe that that is the spirit in which a modern pictorial artist works, and not in a vain statistical rivalry with the photographer. Is it so difficult to understand that to the element of line you may add the element of tone, and that of modulated colour, because in each of these there is fresh beauty to be found, and not at all from anxiety to complete an account of a literal fact? Each of those is a fresh register added to the instrument (to vary Mr. Whistler's image), but the combining and composing faculty must be applied to the new keys and stops. How freely these elements are used will be illustrated farther on.



Nocturne, Blue and Silver, Battersea Reach.

From the Painting by J. McNeill Whistler. In the possession of W. G. Rawlinson, Esq.

But let me first take Mr. Crane at close quarters on the function of design on which he is most explicit—the plotting out of the space to be filled. Does he really suppose that this is not a pre-occupation of the picture-maker, that the division of his spaces, the distribution of his masses, the position of his accents is not half the battle; that the place of a figure on the canvas and the shape it cuts against the background are not to him as essential a matter in this art as the geometrical planning of the other? It is not geometry, certainly, because it is a matter of space-



*Symphony in Grey and Green, The Ocean. From the Painting by J. McNeill Whistler.
In the possession of W. Malleson, Esq.*

sensitiveness as much subtler than geometry as rhythm is subtler than metre.

Mr. Crane adds illustrations, and the illustrations are instructive. He takes as his subject an oak-tree, and depicts it in a "pictorial" sketch, and also makes of it a "design." The latter is pretty enough. It is based on the simplest symmetric plan, and a ramifying pattern is contrived out of the outline forms of oak-leaves and acorns, and disposed in an oblong space. The element of "adaptation" here, it may be remarked, is not very clear, unless it is supposed that the oblong space was given to be filled, and that the design was a cut for a page with a particular scale and character of type (it is not adapted to the page and type it happens to be associated with). It may also be remarked that it is a characteristic of a great deal of so-called "decorative" painting that it retains its abstractions and limitations when it is really in a quite free and independent position, when the motive is no longer "decorative," but simply what Mr. Crane would call individual caprice, or, in other words, a liking for the effect. But whatever the cause of, or call for, its character, the "designed" oak is pretty. It is very different with the "pictorial" oak, as one might expect from Mr. Crane's statement that its *rationale* is to give a shorthand statement of fact. It is unsuccessful even as that, and that is never the pictorial artist's object. If he goes to a tree it is to carry away some beautiful effect. Mr. Crane's "decorative" tree takes from the real tree the facts of ramification and the shape of the single leaf, and combines with these the pleasure felt in a simple symmetrical plan, filled with an easily grasped system of curves and the recurrence of a pleasing form. It is an amusing pattern made out of an oak, but it is not a Tree, and it includes none of the large elements on which the poetic suggestiveness of a tree depends. It is the pictorial artist who renders these, and therefore has the pull in "expressing and relating, by

careful selection of the mere permanent and typical characteristics of life and nature, certain ideas of harmony and relation, or of poetic thought and fancy," because he can convey the beautiful intricacies and mysteries of its forms and masses, or if he adds colour, render the great dome made of green light and shadow that is the poem in a tree.

By what sort of omissions, by what waiting upon lights and mists, by what use of the phrasing power of shadows to new-relate the elements of form in a scene this

kind of design may be accomplished, the *Nocturnes* of Mr. Whistler are excellent examples. It is no less a feat to discover and detach a beautiful image than to invent, and thus to render without distorting an actual scene, pressing so close to nature at a harmonious moment, thus to allow the quieter fingers of night to work a natural abstraction, to resume all gossiping detail, to mass the houses and chimneys into a vaporous Town, to disengage the flood of the River and let it speak; all this is to design in more complex terms, and to surprise a more intimate poetry than "decorative" painting is in the way to do. Mr. Crane would very likely prefer his poetry, like his design, abstract; would consider that emblems of Life and Time, of Virtues and Vices are more poetic than portraits of people. But there is no more ground for the preference in one case than in the other, it is only an external reason, like the architectural, that can make an abstractness in the image a virtue. An effigy in a church must be only half portrait, it must be half architecture, it must give up half the interest of its personality to play the game of the walls and arches. Any other demeanour means the bad manners of the straddling monuments of our Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, like tourists lounging and gibbering where they ought to kneel. But in free imagination a lean abstraction is no necessity, and a little white girl leaning on a mantelpiece and looking into a mirror is more poetic than an emblematic woman looking into an emblematic mirror. The abstract suggestion is included in the beautiful reality, is enforced by the radiance and enclosed in the shy mystery of life. A picture like this is not made for a wall. A wall must be made for the picture, as a concert room for a symphony.

Modern painting then, as we have it in a master like Mr. Whistler, aims not at a literal copying of casual fact, but at taking away all the complex beauty and suggestion of a chosen image and replacing the disturbing and incoherent

circumstances of nature by the composed and concordant setting of the picture. It is time, after insisting on the legitimacy with which this art presses nearer to nature than the decorative arts, to show with what freedom the added elements are handled, for thus will the charge of a photographic ideal be best confuted.

How little the purely imitative ideal holds is proved at the outset by one fact, on which it is needless to dwell. All those minute differences in the surfaces of objects that we call texture, are sacrificed to the beauty of texture in the material, the oil paint. Precisely as the decorator of a Gothic capital would throw over some features of a natural leaf to make the leaf one fit to grow on so artificial a tree, does the painter allow the character of his medium to set a limit to natural aspect.

But the restraint and selection so plain in that respect are no less plain in the treatment of tone and modelling. Why did Velasquez in the full-length 'Philip' keep the modelling so flat, and use so great a simplicity of tones, and why does Mr. Whistler follow that procedure in the 'Miss Alexander'? Surely because each wishes in that instance to play the piece more as a parti-coloured space than as an affair of planes and shadows. Rembrandt, or one of those painters in another mood, taking up the bâton of the orchestra might hush the colour instruments, and bring the tones and shadows to the front; but in pictures like these there is an evidently conscious plan by which the artist says to nature: "This time it is the colours that are to speak, the rest is accompaniment." It is a curious thing that in Mr. Crane's mind design seems to be associated only with linear abstraction. Here is a colour abstraction, only so delicately done that nature hardly knows the difference, for the other parts are continued *piano*.

If there is one thing that leaps to the eyes about Mr. Whistler's painting, not only in the pictures, but in the manifesto of their titles, it is the conscious *colour-designing*. When in his painting a colour is modified through shadow-tone or distance-value, it is always as a modulation of colour that you feel the difference, not in the first instance as a play of shadow or an indication of depth. In his night pieces even, it is not darkness he impresses on you, but the colour of night, and the lamps and fireworks are not intent on being sudden sparkles, but on being delicate spots of colour. A designer in colour like this is a late and rare appearance in European painting. Look at any historical collection of pictures, and consider in how many of them the colours belong to the kind that can be *counted*, a red, a blue, a yellow, and so on, — a hieratic canon. Even in Venetian colouring the numerable, nameable colours persist; only the sense of envelope and key has come in to relate the individuals one to another, and fuse them all in a common glow. It is in Velasquez that the old habit of mind, "I have made this red, and that blue, and that yellow, so this must be green," is broken with, and a tint, say of rose, taken as a theme, calls out a concert of ashy and black and silver notes, and greens that only exist by opposition. To have understood this lesson and to have extended the keyboard from the purples and emeralds of oriental art, prove Mr. Whistler the modern who has fallen heir to a great tradition in painting, and developed the inheritance. It is the measure of the refinement of his vision that he is the unrivalled master of the colour white.



Harmony in Grey and Green, Portrait of Miss Alexander.
From the Painting by J. McNeill Whistler. In the possession of W. Alexander, Esq.

I hope Mr. Crane will excuse me for testing his description of the pictorial art by an application, not probably directly in his thought, and trying thereby to suggest to the decorative designers whose views he undoubtedly expresses that the masters of modern painting do not differ in aim from themselves, but rather in a completer freedom of conditions. That Mr. Whistler can voluntarily adapt his art to decoration the famous Peacock room sufficiently shows, and what the decorative artist too often needs is a fuller knowledge of natural aspect before he takes in hand the abstracting and discarding process.

It remains to commend to the lovers of good painting Messrs. Goupil's souvenir of the Whistler exhibition, the immediate occasion of this article. These twenty-four photographs, of which our seven illustrations form part, convey in a remarkable degree, not only the arrangement and tone of the originals, but also the expressiveness and charm of the handling of the paint.

D. S. MACCOLL.

EXHIBITIONS, NOTES AND REVIEWS.

MESSRS. Tooth have been devoting themselves to an exhibition of water-colours, almost exclusively by native artists, the ground being brilliantly covered from the time of old Varley down to their most modern followers. Four drawings by David Cox were singularly happy examples of his best period—'Ploughing,' serenely eloquent of all the

who know fair Devon and rocky Cornwall of the azure summer seas by their fidelity to local colour and sentiment.

Smaller, but even more select, was the collection at Messrs. MacLean's. 'Peace and War—Troops entering Lancaster Castle,' is one of the most celebrated and decorative examples of David Cox—a whole county, with its capital seated on a winding river, is revealed in this wonderful drawing; while the trees in the foreground are arranged to frame it with a certain classic grace. Very different is his joyous sketch, 'Kite-flying,' a breadth of open down, white rolling clouds above, an urchin and his sister battling with the breeze; a note jotted down in pure exuberance of joy in life, and thus committed to immortality. Close by hung 'Richmond,' by the late Tom Collier, broad and spacious; and facing it a singularly fine 'Rouen,' by Prout. M. Ed. Detaillé's drawings of the 'Scots Guards in Undress Uniforms in Hyde Park' declared his accurate observation of London types.



St. Pierre, Caen. By Samuel Prout. From Messrs. Tooth's Exhibition.

joys of rustic life, and 'Coast Scene, near Lytham,' a gem of rich colour, being the best; while it was extremely interesting to see Cox and Mr. E. M. Wimperis, his bold follower, both busy on that picturesque Welsh river, the Llugwy. Several of Cattermole's fine groups justified by their effective composition the remark frequently heard that this artist would have made a prince of stage-managers. A 'St. Pierre, Caen,' by that fine old Plymouth drawing-master, S. Prout, which we have the pleasure of reproducing, is somewhat unusual in shape, most of his drawings being uprights, but one of the finest examples of the broad simplicity of his dignified convention we have ever seen. Mr. J. W. North's delicate drawing of Somersetshire woods, veiled in haze as with fine lawn, was strikingly modern in contrast; and the figure in the thicket suggested Fred Walker. Two or three masterly single-figure studies by Fortuny stood out amongst the native work. Two score of drawings by Mr. John White, R.I., grouped under the title of 'Wayside and Shore in the West Countree,' were somewhat severely tested by the high quality of their neighbours; but they delighted those

Messrs. Vokins should do much to revive the taste for this beautiful method. Thirty engravings after Sir Joshua Reynolds, all, or nearly all, first states, in absolutely perfect condition, hung together on a wall. Strange as it may seem, the stately beauties of the Georgian courts, all garbed according to the reigning classic affectations of their time, seem to live again in black and white with a truer vitality even than in the master's canvases.

It is worthy of remark that in the catalogues and advertisements of the Burne-Jones collection at the New Gallery the sometimes coveted letters at the end of the painter's name, "A.R.A.," have not been added. Evidently Mr. Burne-Jones prefers to take his stand in the world without such titles.

The pictures contributed by British artists have all been collected at The Imperial Institute for Chicago, and it is satisfactory to note that they are a not unworthy representation of our painters. Mr. Orchardson is represented by only one work, the well-known 'Portraits,' a Mother and Baby, and Mr. Alma Tadema by several pictures and a water-colour

drawing, 'Calling the Worshippers.' The latter is a recent and perfect example of the artist. Mr. Luke Fildes will not probably contribute. The chief exhibitors are members of the Academy, and comparatively few outsiders will be represented. The American artists in England have also been collecting their pictures for a contribution to the American section, and Mr. Abbey, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Sargent have been indefatigable in selecting and arranging the contributions. Mr. Whistler will be represented by about a dozen paintings, mostly from American owners, although a certain number have been sent from London. The British lady-artists will also have a few pictures in their own department, in addition to their exhibits in the ordinary or masculine section. The Queen has sent four or five water-colour drawings, which are interesting, but not above ordinary amateur production. The Princesses Christian, Louise, and Beatrice all exhibit works, and these, too, are sure to attract much attention. Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, Mrs. Allingham, the Misses Montalba, and Miss Alice Grant send important works, that of the last being a remarkably strong portrait of a little child. The Women's section also includes many fine specimens of lace embroidery, wood-carving, and artistic needlework.

The Liverpool Academy of Fine Arts will hold an exhibition of oil and water colours in the Walker Art Gallery, to open early in March. This will consist of local work exclusively, which will be supplemented by the Roscoe pictures, shown in their new quarters for the first time. The Liverpool Academy is one of the oldest in the country, having been formed about five years after the Royal Academy. Although it has existed up to this time as a teaching body, with life and other classes, and regularly appointed visitors, it ceased holding annual exhibitions a few years before the Corporation, in 1871, made Art a department in its educational institutions, the facilities for exhibiting their works in the Walker Art Gallery rendering a separate display by the Academy unnecessary. It is expected that the forthcoming exhibition will show that the painters of the Liverpool school are strong in water colours.

An exhibition of the works of Meissonier will be held in the Galerie de la Rue de Sèze, Paris, commencing on March 6th, and it will remain open for one month only. Many, if not most, of Meissonier's pictures will be included, as well as drawings and sketches and paintings found unfinished in the artist's atelier at his death.

The well-known collection of Van Praet, of Brussels, has passed almost entirely into the possession of M. Chauchard, of Paris, whose gallery already includes the 'Angelus,' by J. F. Millet, and many fine Troyons, Corots, Duprés, and other painters of the Barbizon School. M. Chauchard paid no less than £28,000 for 'La Bergère,' the chief ornament of the Van Praet collection, a picture equal, at least, to the 'Angelus.' Millet exhibited 'La Bergère' in the Paris Salon of 1865, and he sold it to Mr. John Wilson, another Belgian collector, for £80. Mr. Wilson, becoming enamoured of the 'Angelus,' then in Van Praet's collection, offered to exchange 'La Bergère' for it, and the exchange was made. It is, therefore, somewhat remarkable that both pictures should now come to be hung in one gallery.

A local history, even of small pretensions, is always at least interesting. When, however, the history is carefully prepared

and complete in its details, and concerning a locality in which many eventful proceedings have taken place, the result is a volume full of interest. Mr. Walter Blot's "CHRONICLE OF BLEMUNDSBURY" (Woolnough, South Norwood) is the story of Bloomsbury and St. Giles-in-the-Fields, retold mostly from original documents in the Record Office and in the parish archives. Beginning with Bloomsbury in Saxon and Norman times, its history is traced down to the formation of the avenue from Piccadilly to Holborn. Every great local event receives attention, and with affairs of special moment, such as Lincoln's Inn Fields, Drury Lane, Dudley House, and Tottenham Court Road, many details are given in a readable fashion. The illustrations form the only unsatisfactory portion of the volume, but the maps are useful if somewhat hypothetical.

An elegant publication for ladies appears in Paris in French called *La Grande Dame* (Quatin; London, Simpkin, Marshall). This new monthly is very charmingly produced with plates and many illustrations of the *grandes dames* of France. There are a few designs of fashions which are shown by well-drawn ladies' figures, and not by grotesque forms of spider waists such as some of our behind-the-time English periodicals still prefer to give.

Mr. W. E. Brownell is the author of an American view of "FRENCH ART" (Nutt; also Scribner) who writes with admirable style, but who is uncertain of his own knowledge of Art. "I am not sure of Mr. Whistler," he says, although on the other hand he is certain Mr. Ruskin was wrong in not appreciating Claude, and his estimate of the Barbizon painters is fairly acceptable. He believes that Bastien-Lepage stands at the head of the modern movement in Art, and arrives in his last paragraph at the following decision:—"Whatever the painting of the future is to be, it is certain not to be the painting of Monet;" but yet he acknowledges that Monet's method is at present the last word in painting, and that no one hereafter will be able to dispense with Monet's art, but perforce "must follow the lines laid down by this astonishing naturalist." Mr. Brownell's work is worth reading; he is not too didactic, yet he knows his subject well.

The director of the Gobelins has been well advised in compiling the "RÉPERTOIRE DES TAPISSERIES DES GOBELINS" (Le Vasseur, Paris). In this volume M. Gerspach gives a detailed list of all the tapestries executed from the beginning of the manufactory in 1662 to the present time. Many curious facts are noted, not the least remarkable being, and it is not generally known, that the Gobelins, subject to the authorisation of the *Ministre des Beaux-Arts*, may sell the tapestries made, and also may accept orders for others from private people. It is only a question of price. Another book useful for the lover of the highest class of decorative furniture is "LES BOULLES," by Henry Havard (Allison, Paris). In this the careers of André-Charles Boulle and his four sons are traced with considerable detail. The father was the greatest artist of the family, and the incidents of his life, his brilliant successes and occasional failures, are described with a sympathetic pen.

We wish to mention that a plate of 'Flatford Lock,' by Constable (included in our article on the Henry Tate Collection), has been published by Mr. Stephen Gooden, Pall Mall. Also that The Berlin Photographic Company are preparing a large reproduction of 'The Vale of Rest,' by Sir J. E. Millais.

THE NEW MICHELANGELO.*

THE addition of one more to the long array of lives of the great Florentine is justified, not only by fresh information, but by the presence in the new biographer of a more intelligent sympathy with his hero than some of his predecessors have shown. Mr. Symonds has, for many years, been going through a process of steeping in the notions of the Italian Renaissance, not only of the Renaissance of "Art" in the narrow specialistic sense to which we are too apt to confine it in this country, but of that Renaissance of antique ideals which embraced Art and to some considerable—too considerable, perhaps,—extent, letters, and human conduct. As a consequence, he is able to look at the career of a great Italian with unusual detachment. He is able to weigh his words and to follow the real workings of his mind with an absence of prejudice that is a sufficient excuse in itself for the task he has undertaken. Some of his conclusions may not recommend themselves to us, but they are, at least, come at through a fair and reasonable process of induction.

As for his new information, that consists not so much in material hitherto unknown, as in material accepted honestly for what it means. Mr. Symonds has examined for himself the great store of documents which were secluded so long in the Casa Buonaroti; some of these he has stripped of the gloss put upon them as early as the seventeenth century by Michelangelo the younger, the great-nephew of *the* Michelangelo; others he accepts for what they mean, and endeavours, with a success which will no doubt seem different to different readers, to reconcile them with the figure which has stood for three centuries before the world as the greatest personality of the Italian Renaissance. To the present writer he seems to have underrated the element of fashion—I would say affectation if I dared to attach such an idea to Michelangelo—which is an unailing characteristic of all attempts to revive dead modes of thought and feeling. Two forces met in the painter of the Sistine ceiling, a modern force and an ancient; on the one hand there was a vivid sense of the tragic side of the Christian faith, on the other a keen perception of the material grandeur and beauty of human beings. Michelangelo the artist, Michelangelo the creator of plastic forms, combined these two forces with splendid success, for he was working with perfect freedom in forms of expression in which he had been trained from a child. Michelangelo the poet, on the other hand, was, after all, an amateur, using an instrument in which many of his contemporaries were better exercised than himself; and, like all amateurs, he probably accepted much from the moment's fashion with which he had no real sympathy. On

such lines, I feel convinced, is much that disturbs us in the master's verse to be explained.

As for Michelangelo, the sculptor, painter, and architect, to him Mr. Symonds does all the justice we could expect. His strong point is not Art criticism, and so in the discussion of things like the two unfinished pictures in the National Gallery, 'The Last Judgment,' and the figures of the Medici Chapel, his remarks are sometimes irrelevant. But he never fails to comprehend the dramatic side of the master's genius, or to appreciate those considerations which can be put into words, and weighed by the reason rather than by the creator's irresponsible eye. Into the controverted fact of his hero's life—his flight from Florence and Rome, the conditions of his stay at Carrara, the nature of his relation with Pietro Aretino, with Tommaso Cavalieri, with Vittoria Colonna—he goes at great length, at a length so great, indeed, that the form of his book is somewhat injured, and we are induced to say that, after all, he has given us not a definitive biography, but the materials for its production. The printing, illustration, and general "get up" of the two volumes are what we are accustomed to in books by Mr. Symonds, published by the Messrs. Nimmo.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.



The Delphic Sybil. By Michelangelo.

* "The Life of Michelangelo Buonaroti, based on studies in the archives of the Buonaroti family at Florence," by John Addington Symonds. With etched portrait and fifty reproductions of the works of the master. 2 vols. Nimmo, 1893.



Calvary at Evening Time. By Herbert Schmalz.

A PAINTER'S PILGRIMAGE.

HAVING decided to paint a picture of the events immediately following the culmination of the World-tragedy, I desired keenly to visit the Holy City, so as more fully to enter into the spirit of my theme, and there obtain the local colouring and atmosphere so essential in a subject of this character.

'The Return from Calvary' had constantly been in my mind for years; I had always felt that the idea of those dear to our Lord, returning to their homes after the awful event, contained in it more human interest of a pathetic character than any other scene of that eventful epoch, which worked, and still continues to work, so great a change in the lives and in the minds of the inhabitants of the greater part of the civilised world.

And when it was determined that we should journey thence, we lost no time in making things ready, and on a dull day in February we left London. I was very worn out, and depressed with much work, but on landing at Calais, and feeling we had really started this journey, which had been a so-long-cherished desire, I felt another man. Does anything else come up to the invigorating joy of travelling — to visit new lands, see new sights, and hear all round you a language not your own, with the accompanying bustle and excitement? We journeyed direct to Brindisi, where we found our ship, the *Kaisar-i-hind*, waiting for us, and we went on board. After a pleasant voyage

APRIL, 1893.

with much good-fellowship, we reached Port Said on the morning of the fourth day, and there trod for the first time the land of the Pharaohs. After a ramble of two or three hours round this much-abused port, which, though dirty and dismal, is yet strange and intensely interesting, we returned to our vessel, and went down the Canal to Ismailia, where we abode the night, and had many exciting experiences ere we found rest. The next morning we went by rail to Cairo, passing Tel-el-kebir. Here we spent some days, and received many delightful impressions. This is indeed the land for a painter, so full of colour and of Oriental life. At every turn is seen a picture of patriarchal times:—here comes a veritable Abraham, striding along in his loose draperies, with his staff across his shoulders; there sits a Hagar with her Ishmael, selling sugar-canes; and there is seen a good Samaritan,

riding on his ass — and the mind wanders back to the biblical impressions one had received in childhood. Much as we were enchanted by the gorgeous Orientalism of Egypt, we were pilgrims, and this was not our goal, so we went to Alexandria, and there took ship for Jaffa: a Russian boat, with much discomfort on board. The centre of the vessel was crowded with Russian pilgrims bound



Under the Mosque el Aksa, in the Haram, Jerusalem.
This is generally believed to be the ascent by which King Solomon went up to the House of the Lord.

for Jerusalem, to be there for their Eastertide; devout and earnest souls, but who, nevertheless, had not realised that cleanliness is next to godliness. After a weary night of much tossing

c c

to and fro, dinnerless, all were on deck ere it was yet dawn, anxiously watching for the first rays of light to appear from behind Jaffa. After such a night we dreaded the landing in a small boat, over the rocks which bar the passage to the town, which heard the cries of Andromeda. It is also said that near this spot Jonah was swallowed by the sea-monster. The poor Russian pilgrims, after being hustled hither and thither, were finally bundled wholesale, men and women, pots and pans, and bundles, indiscriminately, into a sort of barge. All indignities they submitted to meekly, taking it as part of their penance. From Jaffa we had a long, weary day's drive with tired horses to Jerusalem; Easter being near at hand, pilgrims were many, and the poor horses were allowed no time to rest.

Ere many days, finding the hotel so noisy, we took refuge with the Franciscan monks at Casa Nova, who received us courteously and with much kindness, although we were not of their creed. We found this retreat a veritable harbour of

rest. I must confess to having been somewhat prejudiced to the monastic order beforehand, but the kind ways of these Christian gentlemen quite converted me. It is a pity others of the Church to which they belong, nearer home, are not equally liberal-minded and unbogoted.

Shortly after our arrival in Jerusalem, when looking out from the balcony, we saw, to our astonishment, hanging over the city a weird cloud of strange construction, almost identical with a cloud I had in my sketch for 'The Return from Calvary' at home, intended to convey the idea of supernatural darkness clearing away. This was the more remarkable, as I never saw such a form in the sky before.

As it is with most places about which one has a preconceived idea, we were at first disappointed with Jerusalem, but after some weeks' sojourn there, we became greatly attached to the city, and hope ere long to be able to return.

What a wondrous charm lies in the mere mention of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, Nazareth and Galilee! These honied names fall on the ear like refreshing dew on flowers. Is there any Christian, worthy of the term, who has not wondered what these places are like?

There is a simplicity and a grandeur about the scenery of Palestine which impressed me immensely. The colouring is subdued and full of pearly greens and purple greys, entirely different from Egypt, in which reds and yellows predominate.

The great interest of modern Jerusalem lies in the variety of types to be found there, and the different religions which hold their sway within the narrow limits of the city walls, round the outside of which you can walk in less than an hour.

There is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is the joint property of the Greeks, the Latins (Roman Catholics), Armenians, and Copts, these various sects taking each their turn in forming processions and praying at the different sacred shrines.

There is the Mosque of Omar, or Dome of the Rock, in the Haram, standing on Mount Moriah (the site of the Temple first constructed by Solomon, rebuilt by Jerubbabel, and then by Herod), belonging to the Muslims. Most of the Mohammedans in Jerusalem are natives, save a small colony of Africans and some Turks, principally in the Government employ.

Then there are the Jews, rapidly increasing in number, who are divided into three sects, of various nationalities, for the most part Germans, Poles, and Spaniards. The women are not generally particularly picturesque, either as regards face or costume—they have undecided features, and wear all sorts of crude checked shawls; but many of the men are fine types of the Israelite, and in their long coats and caps of velvet, mostly purple or crimson, trimmed with sable, are on the contrary very picturesque. It is rather strange that at Salonica, where we stopped on our way to Athens, the Jews



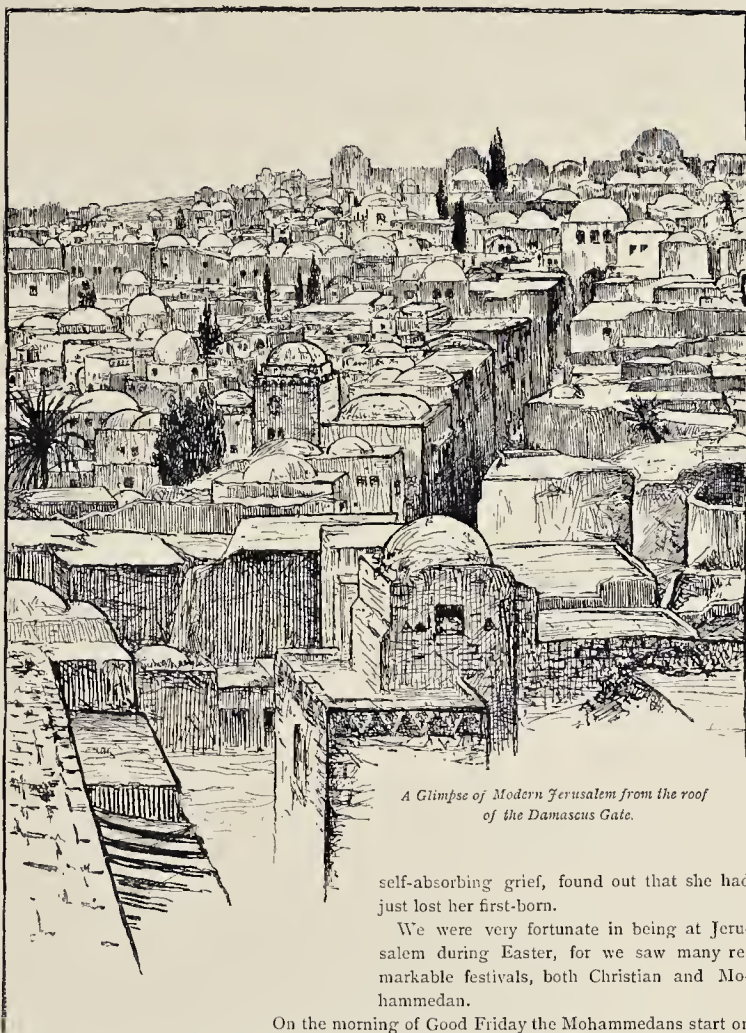
Grotto of the Shepherds, Bethlehem. By Herbert Schmalz.

wear the same dress, but trimmed with light grey fur, instead of brown, whereas here the women also wear a rather quaint costume.

The Jews' Place of Wailing is one of the most interesting spots in the city. It is believed to be a remnant of the original wall of Solomon's Temple, and is built of large blocks of marble, some of the stones being fifteen feet long, and in the lower courses three to four feet deep—many with a smooth bevelled edge, cut back from the rough surface; the whole has become a lovely colour, like a basket of peaches, apricots, and lemons, and there are creeping plants of a bluish grey-green in the crevices. It is a very imposing scene on a Friday afternoon to see the Jews lamenting over their holy and beautiful sanctuary which is defiled by infidels. And when the sun is sinking, the wall towering gigantic in a blaze of warm light, which reflects from the stones with a wondrous luminosity, and the earnest crowd below thrown into shadow by the surrounding buildings, make up a sight never to be forgotten. While, adding still more to the impressiveness of this already strangely unique picture, above is heard from a minaret in the Haram the undulating voice of the Muezzin calling the Mohammedans to prayer, and near by the sonorous bells of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Here I spent several afternoons painting, and saw many pathetic sights. You see a group of women sitting on the ground in a circle, and one reads from the Lamentations, the Book of Esther, or the Psalms; then they swing themselves slowly to and fro, and moan with tears running down their cheeks. But they do not alone come here to mourn over the glories of their temple which is destroyed, and their greatness which is departed, because of their priests who have gone astray, and their kings who have contemned God—but also to seek comfort for present and personal afflictions.

One afternoon a poor young woman came, and throwing herself down at the foot of the wall, and sobbing bitterly, would not be comforted, although many sister Israelites inquired tenderly the cause of her woe. Eventually an aged Jewess, after many ineffectual efforts to rouse her from her



A Glimpse of Modern Jerusalem from the roof of the Damascus Gate.

self-absorbing grief, found out that she had just lost her first-born.

We were very fortunate in being at Jerusalem during Easter, for we saw many remarkable festivals, both Christian and Mohammedan.

On the morning of Good Friday the Mohammedans start on a pilgrimage to the Tomb of Moses, which is across the Jordan, in the direction of the Mountains of Moab. We left the convent early, winding our way through the narrow streets to St. Stephen's Gate; and, as we got nearer, the streets became more and more crowded with gaily-dressed people. On the tops of the walls overlooking the main thoroughfare, down which the procession had to pass, were seated rows of the fair sex of all ages, decked out with bright-coloured shawls and veils, having large parasols of all the colours of the rainbow intensified, with which they protected themselves from the sun's scorching rays. On and on we went through the crowds down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and over the Kidron to the Garden of Gethsemane, where we sat with many others on a high wall to see all that was to be seen. Looking back towards Jerusalem, where the people were massed together in enormous groups amongst the trees right and left of the winding road, up the steep hill to the city walls, and perched upon them, it was indeed a grand sight. The procession itself was not much, the old Sheikh of the Haram,

their great dignity, surrounded by all sorts and conditions of the Mussulman with banners and music, was in the centre, the remainder of the assembly was a very heterogeneous one. The Sheikh, looking patiently round about him as the procession passed slowly on its way, espied us on the wall, and, after a dignified salaam, shrugged his shoulders and pointed in a deprecating manner to his grand robes of the sacred green colour.

We had become friendly with him while I was painting the 'Ascent to the House of the Lord,' when he grew somewhat troublesome in his admiration for my wife, as this sympathetic travelling companion always went with me, and sat beside me. One day he was there as we were leaving, and when she put on her veil he was much upset, and begged of her not to do so. This old gentleman made it his business to come down several times, each time we went, and sit on the ground beside us and talk, and count his beads while mumbling his prayers. We sometimes took our lunch with us, as, although I had got permission from the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem to paint in the Holy Enclosure, I had to take not only my own servant, but also a soldier to protect me, as it is not supposed to be safe, and as this all took time to arrange, it was not worth while going for a short period. I presume the soldier was responsible for my safety, as, if I walked two yards away from my easel, he immediately got up and followed me.

On the following Thursday the pilgrims returned. On this occasion I went alone with my servant, a long gaunt youth, half Egyptian, who had a wonderful power of driving off intruders when I was painting, and a facility for brush-washing. I stood amongst the crowd a short distance beyond the St. Stephen's Gate, and the road being sunk, from my position I saw across it the whole of the opposite bank. It was by far the most picturesque sight I ever beheld, the grouping and the colouring were simply enchanting. The great beauty of a Jerusalem crowd is that it seems to arrange itself in broad masses; for instance, if there are a lot of women in white draperies they always manage to get together, and the different classes and sects keep apart from one another. Opposite to me it was composed principally of fellâheen from the neighbouring villages, serious-looking folk, of a stern sphinx-like countenance, who stood together in little groups, very still, as if arranged by a mighty sculptor, looking on everything they saw as in a dream. The colouring of this group was low-

toned and harmonious, mainly a dark indigo, purple, Indian red, and dull green, with here and there a bit of orange. Then, looking down the valley when the banners began to show round the side of the Mount of Olives, on the road from Bethany, and the weird Arab music and singing was heard as they gradually approached, reminded me very forcibly of Christ's triumphal entry. That joyful procession of long ago came from the same direction, and entered the city at the same spot, and the crowd must have been very similar, as the clothes they wore were probably the same. Nothing could be more primitive and simple than the form of the abba, or cloak, and the robe or sort of gabardine with long sleeves, is known to have been in use before our Lord's time, and is to be seen in reliefs of a very early date.

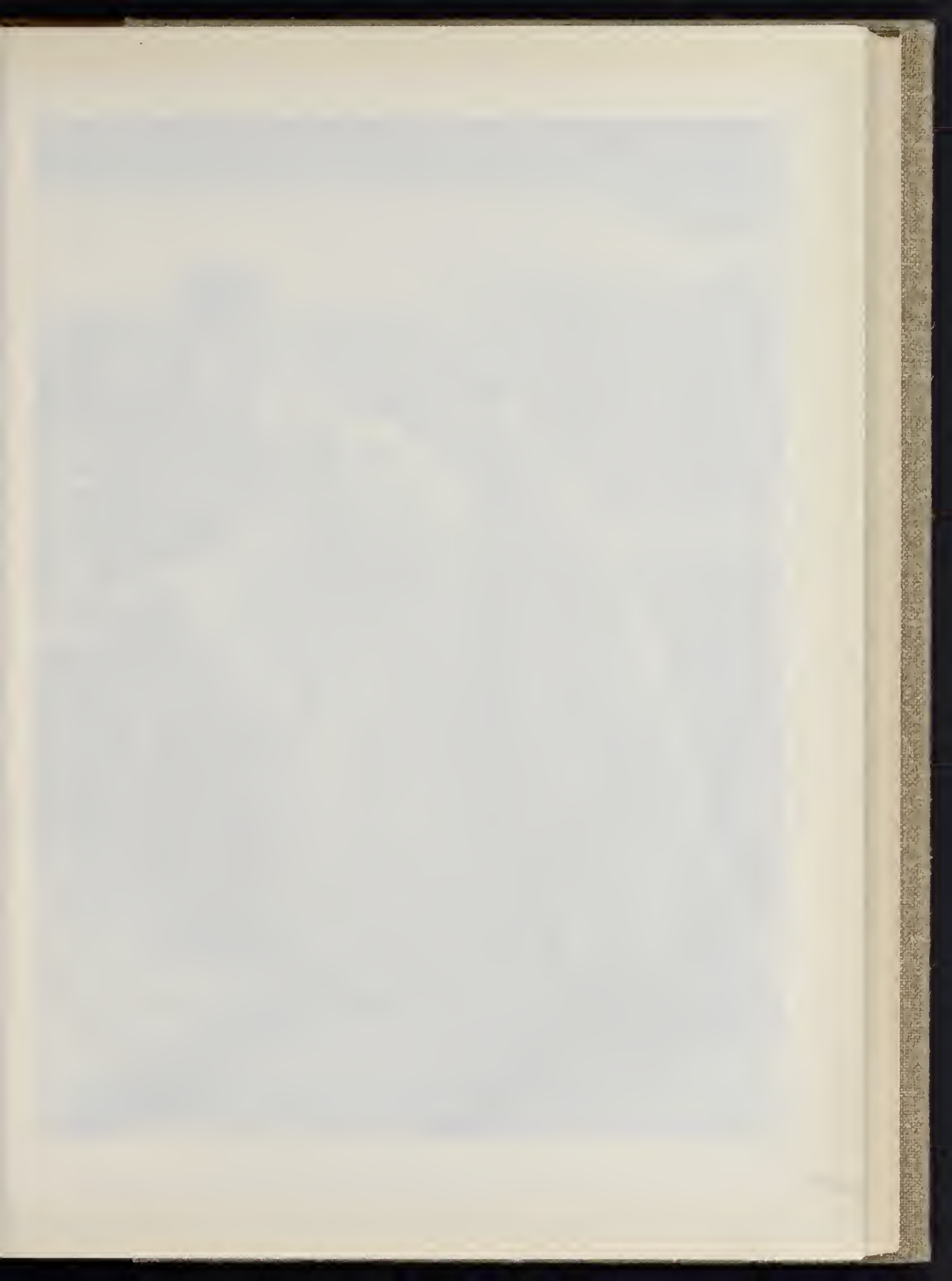
Then we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on Good Friday evening, and were locked in and guarded by Turkish soldiers with fixed bayonets. In this curious place, where religions and peoples are so strangely intermixed, at the most sacred spot on the earth—in fact, for Christians the centre of the world, inasmuch as this is the universally accepted spot where Christ was crucified and buried—order is maintained amongst the various sects of Christianity by Mohammedan soldiery. We went there about six in the evening, and did not get out until past eleven, having had to listen to seven sermons in different languages—Italian, Spanish, French, German, Latin, Arabic, and the other I cannot remember. The first sermon was preached by the Latin patriarch in Italian, at the entrance to the chapel belonging to the Franciscans, where we had the good fortune to get seats, very large stalls, of which there were very few, and which we received by being under the wing of the French Consul and suite, the only Consul who was there officially. After this we went in a body from one chapel to another, headed by a priest bearing a large wooden cross, then the Patriarch with some priests and monks, behind whom we went with the French Consul and Vice-Consul and two secretaries, all in uniform. This was a great advantage, as we had a certain amount of space round us, the crowd being pressed back by the soldiers. Later, they nailed

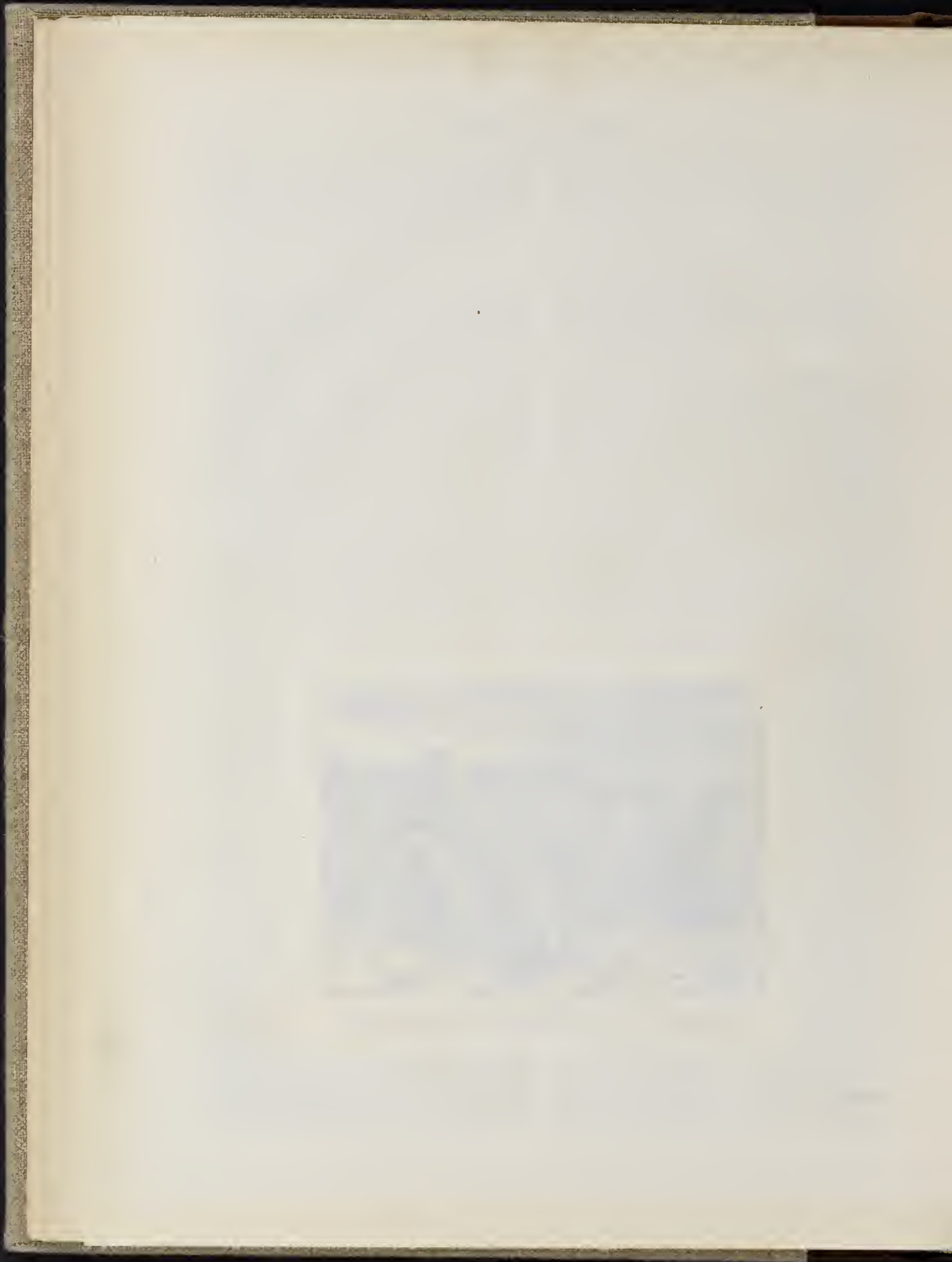


The Return from Calvary.

Sketch of the Picture by Herbert Schmalz, of which a portion is given in the large plate.

an effigy of Christ on the cross, a doll about two feet long, with which they went through much ghastly pantomime. Finally, during the last sermon, a very long one in Arabic, they took it off the cross and laid it on the "Stone of Unction," where they say the Lord's body was laid for anointing







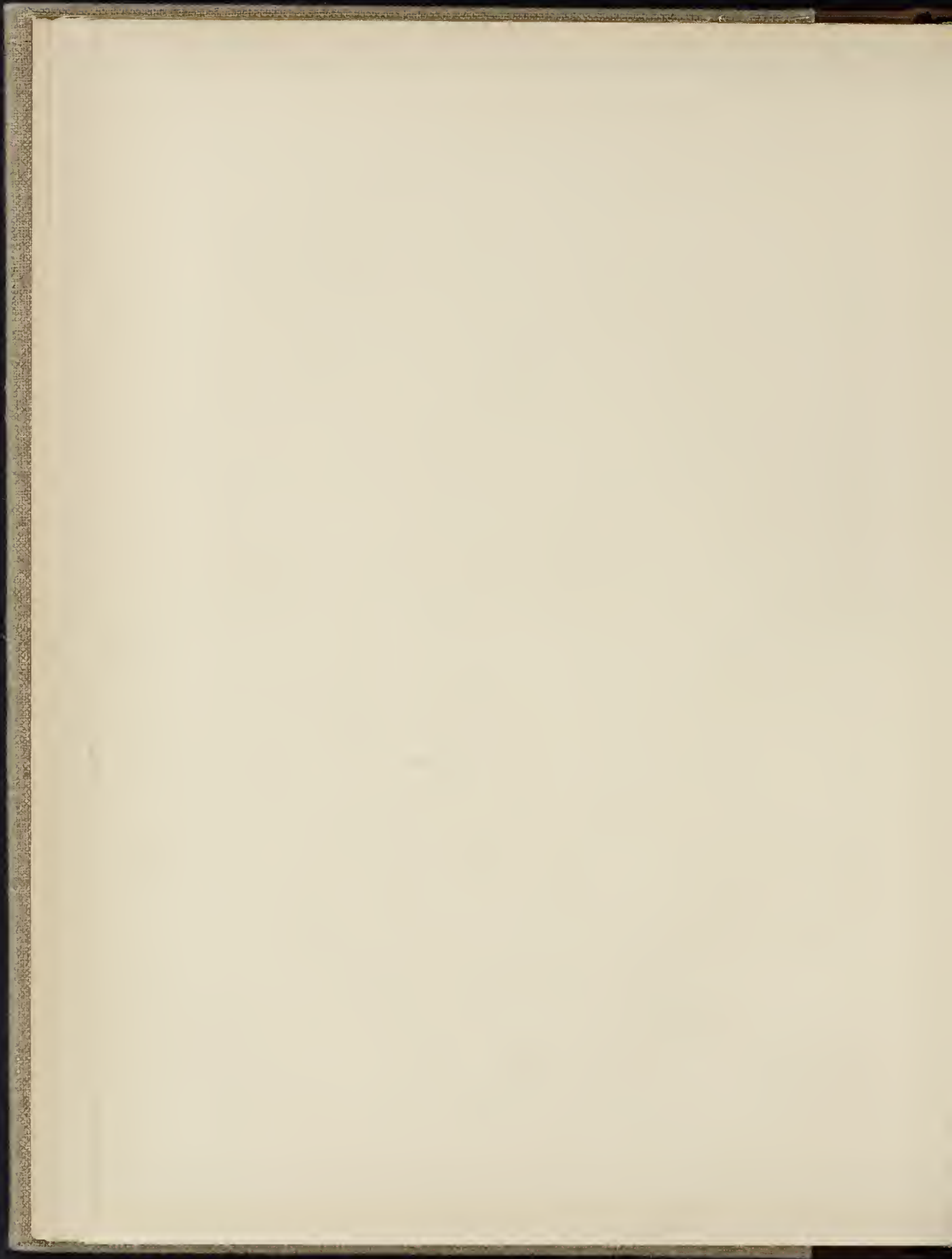
THE ART JOURNAL

Herbert Schmalz

THE RETURN FROM CALVARY - BY HERBERT SCHMALZ

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Bethany. By Herbert Schmalz.

when taken down from the cross. It was a weird sight in the dimly-lighted church to see this hot, devout multitude, each one bearing a long lighted candle, and faces from all nations looming from out the shadows. When all was over we were not sorry to return home and rest our weary limbs.

A friend promised to take us to the house of a leading Jew for the Passover, but, unfortunately, it was on this same evening; and when he went for us, hearing we were at the Holy Sepulchre, he followed us thither, but found the doors locked.

Our life at Casa Nova was very interesting. Here we met all nationalities: pilgrims from every quarter of Christendom come to the Holy City for Easter. At dinner we sat at a long table, differing in numbers from ten to about seventy—Mexicans, Norwegians, Italians, Finlanders, Argentine Republicans, Poles, Canadians, etc. When all the fasting was over, at dessert on Easter Sunday, a small glass was put to each, and a special wine poured out, and Père Philippe, the dear old Père Directeur, made a little speech wishing all the pilgrims a happy Easter. Two elderly Polish ladies who sat opposite to us at table, and who had not been in Jerusalem before and never expected to be able to return, certainly made the most of their time. They went to the Sepulchre on the Thursday evening and stayed there praying until the Friday night, only returning home for an hour at mid-day. They were, of course, so exhausted for want of sleep and food that the poor things quite broke down when it was over, and at dinner fell into each other's arms and wept.

A fair delicate-looking young Austrian priest sat next me one evening, and told me that he also had been an artist, and

then he said that he had been a professional pianist at Vienna and Paris, but that he had retired from before the public, and had been in a convent in Italy for some years. His one idea was now to spend the rest of his days in a convent at Nazareth, whither he went the next morning. After dinner we heard the most heavenly music coming along the stone corridors, and on going to whence these sounds proceeded, we found the young Austrian playing on a little piano in the Director's private room, where we spent a very pleasant hour in listening to him.

An ardent pilgrim, a French Canadian, who spent most of his time in the Sepulchre, and buying rosaries, and olive-wood crosses, told me he had bought nine hundred of them, as he belonged to a club in Quebec with that number of members, and he intended to give a memento to each. On Good Friday night he was in a crush coming down the narrow uneven stairway from the Chapel of Calvary, after the sermon there in German, and his watch was stolen, a very handsome one, which had belonged to his father, and had been in his possession for forty years. The poor fellow told me about it the next morning with tears in his eyes.

We were also present at the Greek Feast of the Holy Fire on their Good Friday, which comes a week later than ours. For some days bodies of men, mostly young, kept arriving at Jerusalem, singing a strange chant. This ceremony must be seen from a private box in the gallery, if one is fortunate enough to get a place. Some years ago all the different sects participated in this terrible performance, but they dropped off one by one, and now it is only practised by the Greek Church, and the more enlightened of this community do not at all

approve of it. In former days it was not unusual for many people to lose their lives, and only a few years ago six people were killed.

The whole body of the church was packed with wild-looking men—many stripped to the waist—chanting at short intervals a fierce monotone to this effect, "Death to the Jews! they killed our Lord"—a straining, seething mass of hot humanity, holding bundles of long thin candles, which with the heat of their hands melted and dripped. The women and children were on platforms, fixed to every accessible spot; for example, there were two or three stories fitted into the upper part of the arches. A passage round the centre chapel was kept by a line of soldiers with fixed bayonets, the officers having whips with long thick lashes, with which they lashed those who became obstreperous. Men were lifted up to the heads of the crowd, and rolled about unable to get down again. Then the Greek Patriarch entered, and amid great excitement marched three times slowly round at the head of a long procession of richly-clad priests. After this he went into the Holy of Holies—inside of which is the supposed sepulchre, and there was a silence full of awe, which lasted two or three full minutes. He then put a lighted torch through a small hole in the wall of the chapel, supposed and believed by most of those present to have been lighted by fire from heaven. This was received by a priest who was borne aloft on the shoulders of a body of men, who rushed with him, dispensing fire on the way, to the courtyard to light the candles of hundreds who were unable to get inside, and send a messenger with the flame direct to Bethlehem to light afresh the lamps at the Church of the Nativity. What followed is not in the power of words to describe, the delirious excitement and the mad rush for fire. In a marvellously short time the whole place was in flames and thick with smoke, and men, women, and children were bathing themselves and their clothes in the flames from their bundles of candles.

On some other occasion I shall, I hope, recount our experiences at Jericho and Hebron, and our twenty-three days' ride from Jerusalem to Damascus by Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee, during which time we lived in tents; then our stay at Baalbek, and our journey home by Smyrna, Athens, and Constantinople.

Meanwhile, I may say a few words about the illustrations. The little pencil sketch of a village (Yabroud) which forms the tailpiece below, is one of many picturesque villages perched on hills. This I jotted down in my sketch-book while riding, either from the horse's back or sitting on the ground with the reins under my foot.

Bethany lies on the road to Jericho; we went there on donkeys from Jerusalem in the afternoon. My wife made tea and we drank it amongst those olive-trees below the road. Although everything is so grey, the road was so light and reflected so strongly that I had to bribe a woman to go up to the village and bring a skin of water and sprinkle it all round me. I got a man with his plough over his shoulder to stand for me, but was much disturbed by Russian pilgrims on horses and mules passing to and from the Jordan, who not knowing what he was doing in their way, knocked against the plough, which twisted my model round.

'The Grotto of the Shepherds' is about two miles from Bethlehem, and is believed to be the identical spot where the shepherds watched their flocks by night when the angels appeared to them. It is now a dark, subterranean chapel belonging to the Greek Church. In the picture, a shepherd and woman of modern Bethlehem are depicted. The other illustrations I think explain themselves, but it may be added that the plate of 'The Return from Calvary' is a portion of a large picture finished after my visit to the Holy Land. The outline sketch gives an idea of the entire composition of the work.

HERBERT SCHMALZ.



Yabroud - sur Gilead.

SOME REMARKS ON IMPRESSIONISM.

IN one of the earliest numbers of the new London evening paper, *The Westminster Gazette*, an article appeared containing an interview with Sir George Reid, President of the Royal Scottish Academy. In this some sweeping assertions were said to have been made by Sir George regarding what is called "the impressionist movement." We learn that this article was not revised by Sir George Reid, and therefore he is not to be held responsible for every detail therein, and we believe we are right in interpreting his remarks as being connected with Impressionism so far only as relating to the studies of young painters. Judging also from the extract which follows below, Sir George Reid is quite alive to the best qualities of Impressionism. As what has been published, however, has caused a serious discussion in the ranks of painters, and especially among Impressionists, we have asked one or two representative painters of this school to give their opinions on Sir George Reid's observations. The following is an extract containing the gist of the interview so far as it is specially interesting to readers of THE ART JOURNAL:—

"The so-called impressionists have, unfortunately, some followers in Scotland. There is quite a school of them at Glasgow. It is the influence of the modern French school of painting. But what is this impressionism except, among the younger artists, 'the offerings of admiring incapacity in the shape of more or less dexterous imitation' of some of the better-known leaders of the movement in France? I greatly dislike young artists going in for this kind of thing. It is simply an impertinence. Every young artist should learn first to paint by analysis; he should study things separately—drawing, colour, and light and shade. Afterwards, when he has acquired a thorough knowledge of these things, he is qualified to become a painter in the true sense of the word. He may then, in short, paint synthetically; for painting, in the true sense, is a comprehensive synthesis of all knowledge. You may call this impressionism if you like, but it is very different from the empty superfluities of the 'impressionist' school, so called.

"Personally, I do not believe in sitting for a fortnight under an umbrella, in exactly the same spot, painting the scene before me. It is quite impossible to get a true impression in this way. For as the light is changing every moment, a landscape may appear altogether different twenty, or even ten, minutes after you first begin to paint it. My own way of working is to make a tone study with the utmost rapidity, to seize the impression of the moment, if possible, and then, for the knowledge of form and detail, to make a careful and accurate drawing. If you so will, you may spend days over this latter, but, for my part, I never take more than twenty minutes to get the first tone study."—*Westminster Gazette*, February 4th, 1893.

In reply to an intimation from the Editor of THE ART JOURNAL that he was inviting artists to make reply to the remarks conveyed in the interview, Sir George Reid has written:—

"To the best of my recollection the subject discussed with the interviewer was *not* "Impressionism," its merits or demerits (I never expressed any opinion on these points), but whether it was a desirable 'ism' for our young Art students to take up. I think it is not; and probably you yourself will agree with me in this. If you re-read the extract—keeping this in view—you will make out more nearly the real drift of my remarks. A discussion on Impressionism would, doubtless, be both interesting and amusing; but it is a pity that it should be raised (at least so far as I am concerned) on a wrong issue."

Although specially invited, none of the younger members of the Glasgow school have cared to commit themselves in writing a reply to Sir George Reid, and this is the more to be regretted, as the President of the Scottish Academy has very specially mentioned the School in the West of Scotland. Possibly a commendable feeling of respect for the genuine artistic quality of Sir George Reid's own paintings and pen-and-ink drawings, has prevented them openly writing, even in self-defence, to express their aims and aspirations; but a strong feeling exists in Glasgow that the western artists have not been fairly treated in the reported interview. The President of the Glasgow Art Club, Dr. C. Blatherwick, referred to the discussion in his lecture on the general aspects of Art, under the auspices of the Corporation of Glasgow, on February 11th. We have Dr. Blatherwick's consent to say that the following are his opinions on Impressionism as expressed in his lecture:

"Impressionism in its true sense is the very highest form of Art, since it is the one that appeals to our intelligence. A picture to be worth anything should convey something beyond the mere feeling of admiration for the painter's cleverness and skill. It should raise some genuine emotion in the mind. Detail and elaboration are all very well so long as they go towards strengthening or accentuating the sentiment or emotion that has to be conveyed. If carried beyond this they are mischievous. A mere suggestion is not an impression, nor is a sketch an impression unless it conveys something beyond mere form. So instead of true impressionism requiring no previous study, it really can only be reached by the most earnest students, because they must learn to express form thoroughly in order to make form express sentiment. The term has been made to stand sponsor for the veriest rubbish on the face of the earth. It has been ridiculed and vilified from sham samples on the one side and sheer ignorance on the other. Some so-called artists think it can be adopted without any preliminary training, others are content to copy other people's work. Have nothing to do with these! Show no mercy to the Drone, or the Parasite, but in the contention do not let us lose sight of what impressionism really is. 'It is a protest against manipulative dexterity being considered the chief aim of Art, and against the idea that there is finality to any one mode or method of Art expression.' Those who stick fast in their own grooves, and assert with an assumption of authority that there is no Art in these new movements, because they do not understand them, simply put themselves in the same category as the missionaries who, because they could not understand the language of the new country, declared that the natives had no religion."

The following letters express the opinions of certain well-known artists, whose names are attached thereto:

"I quite agree with what I understand Sir George Reid means when he gives his advice to young artists in the early stage of their studies, viz., that without earnest and constant study it is on their part an 'impertinence' to endeavour to imitate the clever technique of the so-called impressionists.

"Sir George Reid, however, avoids a definition of the meaning of that much-discussed word Impressionism.

"In its right and true sense, Raphael is as much an impressionist as Monet or any of his school.

"'Paint your impressions,' was one of Turner's favourite sayings. No doubt the impression of each individual must vary considerably, but it is only the true and great artist whose impressions are beautiful, and who is able by constant and persevering study to communicate to the spectator a feeling of delight in the contemplation of that beauty he has himself so strongly felt.

"H. B. BRABAZON."

"At the term 'Impressionism' one looks for, and is willing to excuse, the derisive smiles of the ordinary outsider, but we would have expected a President of the Royal Scottish Academy

to have been a little more *au fait* with the subject before airing his views in print. No one doubts Sir George Reid's ability as an artist less than I, and for that reason think it the greater pity that he should write in so ignorant a way, knowing, as he must, the strong protests that it will call from those who are in the habit of being classed by art critics and the public among this school, despite the strongest dislikes they may have to the unsatisfactoriness of journalistic controversy on Art matters.

"Sir George evidently takes the word 'Impressionism' to mean technical incompetency, but to me it has no relation whatever with any of the technicalities of painting. To me it means a combined impression of the artist's feeling—colour and form with the character of the subject, whether light and delicate, or strong and powerful; in short, a recording of the impression on the painter's nature.

"Avoiding moderns, should we have ever known Turner, Constable, Corot, or Millet without their earnest and early training? And Sir George Reid may rest assured that there are those of to-day—and among the much-abused Impressionists, too—painters of their little own, who are in no way less in earnest and sincere than these four great artists were.

"EDWARD STOTT."

"Sir G. Reid's attack is so obviously directed against the Glasgow School, and is so evidently the outcome of local party politics, that it may be left there. The bad taste of an attack on a 'school' of artists, three or four of whom are members of the body over which Sir G. Reid presides, is apparent. There is, however, enough of truth in his general remarks as Impressionists to serve as a timely warning to some of them. The absurdity of the attack lies in the fact that it does not discriminate.

"FRED. BROWN."

(Slade Professor of Fine Art at University College.)

"I suspect from the interview published, that Sir George Reid has been tricked by the sound of his own phrases into ill-considered confidences about some of his fellow artists, of whose efforts he has an incomplete knowledge and a total misunderstanding. That this is so is evident from his remarks upon what he imagines to be their method of work and his own.

"It may be that painting is a synthetical process, but a synthesis surely of harmonious facts gathered by reasonable analysis of the results of accurate observation. The charm and the art of it lying in the selection, the proportion and relation of its elements of place, form, size, colour, and light and shade to each other, and to the work as a whole. If any of these are inaccurately noted, or are ill-balanced in the picture, then its impression lacks unity. If drawing obtrudes before colour or tone, if detail disturbs general effect, or if any other quality of the work be disproportionate (and even subject-matter must be in fitting relation to technical power of expression), then the picture is inconsistent, inharmonious, or lacking in spontaneity of execution. The piece is spoiled, for the music is out of tune.

"The method of study, the method of work, might be even as the President of the Royal Scottish Academy inadequately describes them, and yet the painted picture be no more than a patchwork of bits of worn-out conventions. It is through the qualification of the method that the personality of the artist enables him to escape dullness. You do well, sir, to ask for a short reply; for, in support of the reason of impressionism, there is a mountain of cumulative proof too great to be overborne, a mountain which the sunlight of examination makes more attractive in its glory.

"English impressionism is not an imitation of anything French. It is no mushroom growth of to-day. It is animated by an enduring truth clearly traceable in its evolution from the beginning of art. We who have faith in it are content to leave the judgment to a generation more sensitive, more prone to reflective contemplation, than the one Sir George Reid so worthily represents.

"FRANCIS BATE."

"There is some truth in the general sense of Sir G. Reid's remarks, but the subject is too wide to be disposed of in a summary and off-hand manner. Of course there are 'impressions' which are but impressions of other men's work; and this is foolish enough. But on the other hand there are impressionist pictures which give me a true and living sense of nature, and are among the most beautiful works I know. If a man's work embodies his honest convictions, it has the fullest right to consideration. It is perhaps a pity that the term 'impressionism' is narrowed down to one of its phases (the rendering of effects of light); if its aim is to present, not a

literal transcript of nature, but the impression or emotion which nature gives to the painter, no exception can surely be taken to it, it is the base of all good Art. Then I take it that the dispute is mainly on questions of method. What does it matter, after all? A picture must stand or fall on its own merits; it is not good or bad because of its methods, but because of the insight into nature expressed thereby. There will always be antagonism between the followers of well-accepted views and those who decline to hold them as final; and it may be worth while to recall the many instances of men whose works have been received with disfavour by their immediate contemporaries, but who have come to be acknowledged to be in true kinship with the masters.

"GEORGE CLAUSEN."

"I have not the privilege of acquaintance with the results of Sir George Reid's practice in painting; with his general theory, as set forth in a cutting from an interview in a new paper, I find myself in entire agreement. Into his classification of painters into young and old, involving an implied difference in kind, I must admit that I cannot quite follow him. And the distinction he draws several times between 'impressionism' and 'so-called impressionism' reminds me of the preacher's 'so-called nineteenth century.' But it may be that Sir George Reid is not entirely responsible for every turn of expression in his interview.

"WALTER SICKERT."

"Can anyone who knows the Art schools of Europe wonder why students prefer to learn their craft (remember, we do not say their Art, that is another matter) from the Parisian professors instead of wasting their time in our antique and life schools under some half-interested, and often wholly incompetent Academician? And is it not a fact that the few men who have done individual work in this country have either been entirely untrammelled by Academic tuition, or have received their grounding on the Continent?"

"It is not the object of the writer to convert the men who believe in 'painting by analysis,' or who profess that painting is a comprehensive synthesis of all knowledge, but rather to give the public the opportunity of knowing that, even though in some cases the works of young artists may be 'the offerings of admiring incapacity in the shape of more or less dexterous imitations,' yet more often they prove an awakening on the part of the artist to the truth of the new movement, a conviction that these are the right lines to go on, and a determination to cut out a path for himself in that wide field of unexplored ground which 'so-called impressionism' has opened up, a field full of new beauty, which those fettered by tradition will never see.

"SYDNEY ADAMSON."

Although not clearly expressed, it was Sir George Reid's wish not to condemn the impressionism which is arrived at after years of study, that is, the impressionism of the matured artist—Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Velasquez, Turner, or Constable, but rather to warn the young student that this ultimate development of certain great artists was not to be attained by any rapid road of progression. All these painters were consummate masters of their craft; a mastery they acquired after the most careful and exacting study of drawing, combined with a thorough knowledge of details; but while the whole world agrees in applauding the superb mastery of the later works of these masters, there are many differences of opinion as to the methods by which similar achievements may be obtained. In scientific research or in astronomical study it is comparatively simple to begin where a previous student has left off, but in artistic matters the case is entirely different. Each individual painter must acquire technical dexterity for himself; and we venture to think, if some of our younger Impressionists would be more serious in their study, and gave more time to their training, that with the heaven-born gift of artistic excellence which many of them undoubtedly possess, they will take their stand in the development of Art, in such a way as to make the last years of the nineteenth century one of the epochs of artistic progress.



On the Battlements.

SINCE Louterbourg astonished the town with his scene painting in *The Christmas Tale*, produced by Garrick at Drury Lane, the art has advanced to a point of poetic illusion that seems almost perfect. Professor Herkomer has made useful suggestions in the direction of lighting and mechanism, and has shown examples of his method in his little theatre at Bushey. One feels with him the disadvantages that belong to footlights in respect of unduly displaying certain features of the performers; but this is less apparent at the Lyceum than on most other stages, and it is of vital moment that the faces of the actors should be thoroughly illuminated. Lighted from the sides of the house outside the proscenium, as at Bushey, the stage does not obtain a sufficient radiance for the exhibition of facial emotion. Seeing that every word expressed, and every action made, should be foreshadowed by the preceding thought, lighting is so important that one is constrained to forgive even the artificiality of the limelight, when it follows the principal actor in a dark scene. Realists, so-called, strongly object to this feature of stage lighting, but one gives away the entire *raison d'être* of the theatre, when one tries to bring it into line with the commonplaces and realities of life. There is nothing more unreal than

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a play out of doors with real trees and with nature's own setting—*As You Like It*, for example—which has been acted in the grounds of famous mansions during the past few years, and by comparison there is nothing more real than "Margaret's Garden" in the Lyceum play of *Faust*, and the martyrdom of Becket on the same stage.

Outside Shakespeare, the two most notable plays produced at the Lyceum are Goethe's *Faust* and Tennyson's *Becket*. THE ART JOURNAL took pains to present to its readers an artistic retrospect of *Faust*, which, in a reprint, had an enormous sale; and the public interest aroused by the production of *Becket*, induces the editor to include it among the current events of the time, that appeal to lovers of poetry and art.

The Lyceum, under Mr. Irving's management, has been conducted in the same spirit of Art for Art's sake as might be expected to guide the destinies of a subsidised theatre; and while this represents large financial risks, it may nevertheless be regarded as the secret of Mr. Irving's success. Considered merely from the point of view of money-paying popularity, the management would never have presented *Werner*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Iron Chest*, *King René's Daughter*, *The Cup*, or *Lear*. As a rule the treasury has responded to the best Art instincts of the actor-manager, but there have been serious exceptions. *Becket* has no doubt been a labour of love. It is fortunately its own reward. The play has hit the popular taste, and the only regret one hears connected with it is that Lord Tennyson did not live long enough to see his dramatic story upon the stage. A triumphant night for *Becket* was the one thing in life to which Lord Tennyson looked forward in his declining days. If *Becket* is not a great play, judged from the point of view of dramatic construction, it tells the stirring story of the friendship and quarrels of Henry and the Archbishop, and provides the great actor (whose Cardinals in *Henry VIII.* and *Richelieu* had already become historic in theatrical history) with a still finer and more human example

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The Death of Becket.

of the splendid bigots of the Church, than the Frenchman in Lord Lytton's play, or the bullet-headed Englishman of Shakespeare. *Becket* places the name of Tennyson among the foremost ranks of poet-dramatists, and with the strong personality and courage of an Irving to risk the good work and take managerial chances, the production of such plays as *Ravenswood*, *The Cup*, *Lear*, and *Becket*, are arguments that the Philistines will not fail to use when the question of a national subsidy for a national theatre becomes one of the questions of the day.

As a series of stage pictures, *Becket* has a special charm. It is not a far cry back to Garrick as *Macbeth* in a Court suit of his time; and yet to-day the stage-manager calls to his aid the brushes and technical knowledge of painters of renown and Royal Academicians. Mr. Irving has upon his painting staff men who are worthy successors of Stansfeld and Beverley. The pictures in *Becket* by W. Telbin and Hawes Craven are in the very best style of scenic art. If these two painters have not the scope for their fancy that was presented to them in *Faust*, they have discovered in *Becket* an inspiration no less exacting. Nothing could be finer than Telbin's 'Trees and Mountains,' that opened the Brocken scene in *Faust*, or Hawes Craven's exquisite cloth 'Nuremberg (Evening),' engraved, with other examples of pictorial work at the Lyceum, in *THE ART JOURNAL* in 1886 (pp. 24 and 57). Telbin's 'Castle in Normandy,' and Craven's 'Rosamond's Bower,' in *Becket*,

may be noted as companion pictures. As a mere illustration of the poet's lines, the latter lacks concentration; it is too scattered, suggests too wide a central space. As a stage picture for the purposes of the incidents to be enacted therein, 'Rosamond's Bower' is the work of a master of his craft; and the moment of Rosamond's fanciful appeal—

"Rainbow, stay,
Gleam upon gloom
Bright as my dream;
Rainbow, stay!"

is one that will live in the memory, for the poetic grace that belongs to it, both as a picture and an incident.

'On the Battlements' is the subject already referred to as 'A Castle in Normandy,' one of the simplest and yet one of the most effective of the *Becket* pictures. It is made chiefly by its back cloth, which represents a wide stretch of champagne country, watered by winding rivers, and dotted with towns and villages. Against this is a striking foreground; on the left is a solid flight of covered steps leading to the principal keep or donjon, and on the right a suggestion of creeper-covered trellis built for shade or as the private entrance to some room or bower of the lady of the castle. The height of the terrace where Becket and the king are playing chess is emphasised by jutting incidents of the lower battlements, and by the tops of the round towers on the outer walls, or some such device of easy illusion, as well as by the low-lying and distant country so admirably painted on the stage-cloth.

This careful consideration of dresses, properties, and



The Blessing.

Painted scenes, so far as I know, was entirely new to stage decoration until Mr. Irving had his own way at the Lyceum Theatre. With this he brought to bear new systems of lighting scenes, fresh methods of changing sets, novel plans of dealing with footlights, all of which go to the artistic perfecting of stage pictures. A Lyceum play may now be said, with its beautiful, if evanescent, landscapes and its living tableaux, to be competitive with a season's picture galleries.

The story of Tennyson's *Becket* is too well known to need recapitulation in pages intended rather to illustrate the stage-play than to deal with the poem or the acting of it. The English history most popularly known among the people is our history as Shakespeare has told it. Had he been confined to the closet where some well-intentioned critics would have had him remain, the royal stories of old English life told in the picturesque language of the time, which have sunk deep into the public mind by repetition on the stage, would have remained comparatively unknown. It is the stage history of men and things that is best known by the people. The production of Goethe's *Faust* at the Lyceum gave a new and vital impetus to the reading of Goethe. This play of *Becket* has already sent Tennyson's dramatic poem into a new edition. Through the medium of the new play the general public will learn more of the rivalry of Church and Crown in Henry's days than they ever knew before, while the shrine of Becket at Canterbury will for

many a summer to come be visited by an increased and increasing number of pilgrims. Not alone is Art indebted to such productions as *Becket*, but literature, poetry, education find in it a national advancement. What remains most active in the spectator's mind, the tragedy being ended, is the mas-

terful ascetic figure of the intolerant priest, with his moments of gentleness, and his courageous act of martyrdom. Around this fascinating personality there surges a characteristic crowd of warlike barons and brawling peasants, and in the intervals one picks up the silken clue to a love story. The actor-manager has been singularly successful in not only giving us the colour of the time, but its atmosphere, intrigue, heroism, and turbulence. The two restful spots in the story are in

'Rosamond's Bower,' and at 'Becket's House in London.' The simplicity of Mr. Harker's scene is in harmony with the home-coming of the Archbishop, his defence of Rosamond, and his brief pathetic blessing of Eleanor's unconscious rival. The line in which Becket commends her to John of Salisbury is Shakespearian in its pathetic suggestiveness:—

"Be sweet to her, she
has many enemies."

The keynote of the contest between Henry and Becket is struck at the very outset of the play, and with a certain subtlety that is absent from the rest of it. The audience is taken into the confidence of the dramatist as it should be, the chess-players recking nothing of the prophetic significance of the royal player's king being checkmated by Becket's bishop. The forecast comes true in the dramatic sequel at Northampton. Here we have one of those well-managed, artistically grouped scenes in which Mr. Irving's stagecraft is seen at its best. With the introduction of the street where the queen meets the barons and Becket on the way to the

Council, the locality might indeed be the famous Council-chamber where powerful kings had met and debated and taken council. In all the feudal establishments of the realm none were more noted than Northampton Castle. Henry I., Stephen, Henry II. held great meetings of state within its walls. It



"O Rainbow, stay!"



At Montmirail—The Curse.

was here that the barons swore allegiance to John in 1199; and when they secured the king's signature to Magna Charta, Northampton was one of the castles given up to them as security for the fulfilment of the royal engagement. It was a parliament sitting at Northampton that imposed the poll-tax that led to Wat Tyler's rebellion. The Lyceum picture in no wise discounts these historic memories. It is the council-chamber of the time, the inner chamber opening into the greater hall. Crowded with ecclesiastics in their gorgeous vestments, knights and nobles in their coats of mail and embroidered tunics, the clerks and officials of the Council in their varied costumes, the chamber is alive with action, flashing with colour, noisy in its fierce controversy, barbaric in its splendours of decoration. The entrance of Becket, the lull of preliminary debate, the development of the bitter feud between Church and throne, until the climax of the incident of Becket's refusal to seal the declaration of the customs, is full of dramatic strength and varied with artistic groupings; the final tableau, its crowd in the great hall, and the welcome of Becket with the cry, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," is perhaps the most real, as it is certainly the most dramatic, scene in the play.

'The Meetings of the Kings at Montmirail' is a gorgeous setting in which the simple priestly robe of Becket stands out with rare effect; as does the intellectual personality of the ecclesiastic, his cross, the mighty weapon of the time, against sword and buckler, mailed men, and the power of kings. For one brief moment Becket softens to the king, as he softens to the appeal of the youngest and the oldest of the barons at Northampton, but it is only to see in his passing weakness the on-coming of his martyrdom—

"And when my voice
Is marred, mute, and thine in disappearances,
That perfect trust may come again between us."

It is only now and then that one is permitted to sympathise with Becket in his struggle with Henry. The arrogant claims of Rome might have been more fittingly asserted by a cleric to the manner born, rather than by Becket, the soldier and friend of the king. Henry's complaints against Becket had the backing of right and justice, and were strengthened by the ties of friendship. Becket is a part that actors call "against the audience"; but Mr. Irving knows how to avail himself of every opportunity to reach the hearts of his public. His exit as the Jew in *The Merchant of Venice* is a striking example in point; and there are episodes even in his *Louis XI.* when you feel a touch of pity for the fiendish king. How much then would Irving be likely to make of his chances of humanising Becket in fulfilling the courtier's unwilling pledge for the safety of Rosamond, in the pathetic prelude to his martyrdom at Canterbury, and in the almost soldier-like death itself, where after the first impulse of resistance, he yields himself up to God and dies a martyr to his devotion to Holy Church. There is no actor who suggests so much as Irving in soliloquy. But it should not be difficult for any master of English speech to "say volumes" in such lines as these:—

"I once was out with Henry in the days
When Henry loved me, and we came upon
A wild fowl sitting on her nest, so still
I reached my hand and touch'd; she did not stir;
The snow had frozen round her, and she sat
Stone-dead upon a heap of ice-cold eggs.
Look! how this love, this mother, ran thro' all
The world God made—even the beast—the bird!"

How infinitely pitiful and prophetic of the coming death are the lines that follow—

"There was a little fair-hair'd Norman maid
Lived in my mother's house; if Rosamund is
The world's rose, as the name imports her—she
Was the world's lily. . . . She died of leprosy."

To John of Salisbury's question why Becket calls these old things back to remembrance, he answers—

"The drowning man they say remembers all
The chances of his life, just ere he dies."

Sitting upon his hard couch, his face all white, his eyes looking far away into the future, the doomed priest reflects and talks and heeds not the warnings of his faithful Salisbury, but, face to face with the enemy once more, the passion of the zealot, the courage of the soldier blazes up afresh, and he defies the threatening barons.

"Ye think to scare me for my loyalty
To God and to the Holy Father. No!
Though all the swords in England flashed above me
Ready to fall at Henry's word or yours."

No more characteristic prelude to the closing scenes of the play could well be imagined, rising with the rhythm of a musical cadence from a sorrowful motive in a minor key to an outburst of a grand march with its finale in the exclamation,

"I go to meet my king."

It is in the north transept of Canterbury Cathedral where the tragedy has its climax; not the transept as it is in these days, but as it might have been in the monastic period of Henry II. Mr. Telbin, going to Canterbury to make sketches for his stage-picture, found little left of the transept of the story. The result of his investigations is a very realistic piece of work. It may be viewed from any part of the theatre without detriment to the truth of it. There are no blurs or blemishes of flapping borders, no suggestion of the seamy side of theatrical pictures, no glimpses of whitewash beyond the wings; it is a real set that bears examination and reveals

fresh beauties from various points of vision. Mr. Telbin has done far more elaborate work than this for the Lyceum, but nothing that gives a greater sense of the truth of the thing portrayed. On the left as seen from the stage is the chapel with its open screen—the light streaming through coloured windows; facing you the massive columns and arches, the chancel steps and the nave beyond; the main entrance deep in the wings, while the roof has the striking effect of seeming to extend beyond the proscenium into the theatre itself. The dignity of the place of martyrdom, the solemnity of it are in accord with the incident itself, marred somewhat though it is by the cowardly rush to and fro of the monks who flee hither and thither, and name this hiding place and that with the timidity and panic of a craven mob without a hope here or hereafter, and without one redeeming glimpse of manhood. He knew them, this Becket with the iron will and the soldier's nerve; "Why should all monks be cowards?" he wonders, as he sits ruminating on the past a little while before his hour has come; and when it does come, the pride of the Primate and the valour of the soldier are aroused for a moment against the hireling band of murderers, and he hurls Fitzures headlong to the floor as the base knight lays hold of the Archbishop's pall.

In *Becket*, as in *Faust*, the spectator's most varied tastes and feelings are challenged. Poetry, painting, music, the beauty of carefully arranged colour, the varying sheen of brocades, and the glitter of decorative ornament, apart alto-

gether from the theatrical presentation of a great poem, all these things come within positive touch of the sensibilities. When masters of the Fine Arts combine together to make stage pictures, the heroic painter is, for the moment, left far behind by the scenic artist in co-operation with the actor and the musician. In *Becket* we have the historic picture in action, alive with its suggested perils and triumphs, bustling with its men-at-arms, thrilling with trumpet calls, shaken with thunder-claps; or softened with sunset, and endowed with the real emotions, the chastened sorrows, the dying words of the men and women themselves. The stage-play, arranged, lighted, dressed, and set in motion at the Lyceum, is the same as giving life and action to the historic frescoes that decorate the Houses of Parliament, galvanising into life the heroes and the martyrs for the time, and filling the memory with living pictures that no other art can evolve; and yet, alas! the actor's work dies with him. He has, however, in his lifetime, so many advantages, so much personal fame, so much homage continually at his feet, that he may well be content to leave his name and his labours to the records of his time. In the chronicles that will carry down to posterity the name of Henry Irving, he will surely take foremost rank for his many-sided capacity; for his genius as an actor, his artistic perception, his powers of combination, and his practicability as a stage-manager; for the courage with which he has fought for the heights and the best in stagecraft, and the position the theatre has taken under his leadership.

JOSEPH HATTON.



Reading the Customs.



Group of Carved, Perforated, and Repoussé Work, designed and executed by Mr. F. A. Butler, Mr. M. V. Marshall, and Miss E. Simmance.

A CERAMIC EXHIBIT FOR CHICAGO.

SELDOM has it happened in the experience of a single generation, to see the birth and complete development of an entirely new Art industry. In most cases such a result is arrived at by slow and tedious steps, too often overlooked by those who in after-years reap the benefit therefrom.

Yet in the short space of some twenty years there has been originated and perfected at the Lambeth Potteries, without the aid of previous tradition, a wealth of ceramic method that seems likely to become a conspicuous feature of that Renaissance of English Art which dates from the Victorian era.

It is true that, being in its earliest conception grafted on the languishing productions of common salt-glazed pottery, it has by some

been qualified as a revival of the Grès de Flandres of earlier days, yet a glance at the results is sufficient to convince the observer that there is little in common but the original *motif*.

The clever and artistic handling of plastic decorative methods, combined with a richness and variety of palette altogether unknown to the potters of Liegburg, Rären, and Höhr, have deservedly operated in according to this interesting ware a place of honour among the original productions of the present day.

Though some of the earlier examples are crude and elementary in their treatment, the wealth of opportunity has in later instances tempted some designers to indulge in needless and even harmful elaboration. But an examination of



Umbrella Stand in Salt Glazed Stoneware. Triple-Handled Vase and Pedestal. Stoneware Ewer. Group of Ware designed and executed by Mr. M. V. Marshall.

the latest types proves that some at least of these errors have been corrected; and that the necessary restraint has in no way curtailed the vigour of conception, and directness of method, which are the natural outcome of a process entirely completed in one firing.

To this unique ware, originally forming the *raison d'être* of the Lambeth Art Pottery, there have been gradually added other varieties altogether distinct in technical detail, such as Lambeth Faience, Carrara ware (a lustred enamelled stoneware), Silicon ware (vitreous unglazed stoneware), Marqueterie ware (earthenware inlay), and, during the present year, the Crown Lambeth ware.

While these have all been developed at Lambeth, by a staff of designers trained entirely outside and apart from the traditions of Staffordshire and other potteries, there has been carried on at Burslem, by the enterprise of Sir Henry Doulton, an important extension of the decorative processes connected



The "Chicago" Vase. Height 32 inches. Modelled in Burslem China by Mr. Nokes, and decorated by Mr. Piper.

with earthenware and china. In these, on the contrary, the whole available skill and tradition of several generations have been brought successfully to bear.

The most typical productions of these two Art Potteries have lately been accumulated at Lambeth, previous to their despatch to the Chicago Exhibition. They form a striking and unique collection, which, for range of material and versatility of design, cannot fail to help greatly in maintaining the high reputation of this country for skill in ceramic decoration.

The accompanying illustrations of some few important specimens may serve to give an idea of the different treatments adopted.

The Lambeth Faience Vase, one of a pair, has a modelled foot and neck delicately designed by Mr. M. V. Marshall; soft tints of green and brown glaze giving emphasis to the treatment. The contour of the body is particularly graceful, and is boldly decorated in underglaze colour by Miss F.

Lewis. The adoption of cereus and orchids on a background of turquoise shading into orange is peculiarly happy, and executed with admirable feeling. The total height is four feet nine inches, and the vases are ultimately destined for the palace of the Gaekwar of Baroda.

The large Doulton Ware Ewer is six feet in height, being the largest work ever made in stoneware. The treatment and design of this magnificent piece is very novel. Round the shoulder is a powerfully modelled band of scrolls springing from horses' heads. This is perforated and forms a kind of gallery.

The crisp and strong handling of all this upper portion is a pleasant contrast to the subdued, yet interesting, low relief of the body and foot. The characteristic light brown semi-glazed surface peculiar to the Lambeth stoneware is allowed to appear in parts, and the colouring generally is light, except the strong band of blue green at the base. The necessary contrast has been successfully obtained by the light and shade of the fantastic, yet vigorous, modelling; and the whole, though somewhat sombre in colouring and extensive in size, gives the impression of lightness and grace of proportion which is largely due to the skilful management of the ornament throughout.

The peculiarly original triple-handled Vase is an example of the versatility



Large Ewer, 6 feet high. Designed and executed by Mr. M. V. Marshall.



Large Faience Vase, 4 feet 9 inches high. Decorated under glaze by Miss Florence Lewis.

manifest in the Lambeth Art Pottery. Altogether distinct in *motif* from any of his later works, Mr. M. V. Marshall has availed himself of a rich, transparent Royal blue background to display a wealth of feathery seaweed-like decoration floating over the surface, and coloured in strong brown greens, yet lighted by the delicate white slip tracery which creeps as a mossy covering over the whole. The triple handles harmonize very completely with the general contour. Altogether the piece reminds one distantly of some old Burmese design in metal, and is yet, at the same time, full of suggestion to the decorator. The colour is of the richest quality, approaching that of Sèvres in depth and tone.

Another example from the hand of the same fantastic designer is an umbrella stand, oval in form, perforated and carved at the top, having a handle which gives it somewhat the form of a large jug. This piece has been thrown on the potter's wheel, the modelled accessories being afterwards added. As a specimen of clear manipulation of plastic form, it is certainly unique.

The group of carved and repoussé Doulton Ware shown is striking in its versatility and skilful mastery of the soft clay. They are chiefly the work of one designer, Mr. F. A. Butler, and are without exception "thrown" upon the potter's wheel, being subsequently squeezed and carved in the soft state.

Each piece is decorated forthwith upon the surface of the object, no previous drawings being prepared. The colouring is chiefly confined to rich blue, green, and brown, and the brilliancy of the glaze in some examples is superb. The carving is crisp and well executed, much of the natural colour of the stoneware being allowed to appear. In some instances the "repoussé" method has been resorted to, the surface being forced outward while quite soft, in this way adding strength and variety to the design. As a collection of original work, in salt-glazed ware, this group has never been surpassed in brilliancy of colouring or variety of device.

In marked contrast of method and material to all the previous examples is the "Chicago" Vase from the Staffordshire works of Messrs. Doulton at Burslem. This very fine piece, thirty-two inches high, is in china body, freely treated in the Renaissance style, in the panels of which the artist, Mr. Piper, has painted fruit and flowers in rich and luscious colouring, reminding one of the old Dutch school. The other portions have been delicately treated, while a gold sheen has accentuated the modelled surfaces, thus enhancing the general effect. Though not as large as several other pieces from these works (some of which are over four feet high), it is in all respects worthy of a place in the representative exhibit which has been forwarded to the forthcoming display.

MAN IN ART.*

UNPROMISING as its title sounds, this is one of the best of Mr. Hamerton's contributions to English Art criticism. The questions it deals with are rather miscellaneous. They seem chosen, too, somewhat at random. It is not easy to see why we should have a chapter on "Raphael's Principle in Biblical Illustration," and none on those of other painters, or one on "Protestant Art—Rembrandt" and none on "Catholic Art—Velasquez," or one on the "Hair and Beard in Portrait" and none on the "Eyes and Nose." But such strictures are perhaps unfair. The real blame lies with Mr. Hamerton's title, which could only be justified by an encyclopædia. What he has given us is a number of analytical discussions of various points, to which the attention of every writer on Art is occasionally directed. The scope of the book may be best indicated by giving the names of a few of the chapters: "The Education of the Figure Painter, Literary, Scientific, and Technical"; "The Study of the Nude"; "Clothing and Nakedness in Finished Art" (what is unfinished Art?); "Amateurship in the Study of the Figure"; "Culture going beyond Nature," etc. On these questions, and many others like them, Mr. Hamerton discourses with the clear common-sense, too closely shorn of humour, which marks everything he writes. His chapters on the Nude are especially good. They are so lucid that the reader will be apt to miss the evidence of thought and sound judgment they embody. And yet simply as he writes, Mr. Hamerton fails to take the wide ground that, in

this connection, there is no evil except one of our own creating, which we can sweep away as easily as we set it up. With some of his *dicta* we disagree, of course. In the head of Richelieu, for instance, as painted by Philippe de Champaigne, we see, or fancy we see, a good deal more than "a cultivated gentleman and a prelate who knew the world." Has anyone ever remarked the great likeness, in essentials, between the head of Richelieu and that of Lord Beaconsfield? Again, on page 47, Mr. Hamerton says that the craftsman is jealous of the amateur because the latter has not been apprenticed to the trade, a jealousy which does not exist among men of letters because literature does not include a handicraft. The difference to which Mr. Hamerton here points has a deeper root. The artistic amateur is a man who attempts to build upon no foundation; the literary amateur reverses the case. He has the same foundation as the expert, a liberal education, but his practice in building upon it is insufficient. No educated man is an amateur in literature in the same sense as Philip IV. was an amateur in painting.

The illustrations to Mr. Hamerton's books are always valuable, but we confess that those in the present volume seem to fall below his usual level. The hyalographs especially leave much to be desired. The best plates are the mezzotint by Mr. Norman Hirst after Mr. Watts's 'Lord Lawrence'; Mons. Pierre Gusman's 'Silenus,' an original woodcut; the etching by Mons. Manesse after a famous Ghirlandajo in the Louvre; and Mons. Didier's line-engraving after Ary Scheffer.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

* "Man in Art: Studies in Religious and Historical Art, Portrait and Genre," By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Macmillan: 1892.

THE ARTIST AS PHOTOGRAPHER.

SINCE photography became so important a feature of our daily life, the liberal patronage, the praise as well as payment, freely bestowed on those who practise it, have not suppressed a constant vague sense of opprobrium in their breasts. At least this may be inferred from the letters, lectures, and remarks in conversation one comes across now and again. Most of these practitioners are pretty well-to-do. A well-to-do tradesman has the best of all reasons to believe he has public approbation, for the public puts its hand in its pockets to prove it. But in spite of this, many a prosperous photographer is discontented; and why? Simply because, although he makes pictures, the great mass of the people persist in distinguishing between the artist who paints and draws, and the artist who photographs pictures. At times he will literally take a photograph in his hand and ask: "There! can any of your painters do a picture like that?" On the whole the artists view with quiet amusement this exhibition of self-respect; while occasionally a good-natured painter will even patronise one of these illegitimate brothers, and profess to esteem and admire him, as essentially, if not recognisedly, a son of the same mother, Art. Great are the claims put forth. While many people were hesitating to admit the serious character of Impressionism in painting, a paper was boldly read at the Adelphi, not long ago, proclaiming and defending the existence of a School of Impressionism in photography. A good deal of dust has been kicked up first and last on this topic: argument, not much. A contemporary made the slightly puzzling remark lately, that—"if the painter did not want anybody to call *him* a photographer, why should a photographer want to be called an artist?" Although I cannot hope that the last word in this discussion will soon be said, yet it may not be unprofitable to describe at least one more view of the position really held by this Art-Science, as it is sometimes styled. If we could get a clear definition of Fine Art, that might help us to place the photographer, or at least show us where he is in relation to it. Pictures of every class have claims on the affection of some sub-

division of society; each of these flinging out as mere rubbish all but the special kind itself loves. For it would seem as if the spirit of religious heat had now possession of the field of Taste, and opponents make up for their unwillingness to predict hot punishment hereafter, by giving each other "pepper" here. Before speaking of the real nature of this calling, and the real functions as craftsmen of those who follow it, I may be allowed to give, briefly and roughly, an account of its ascent from youth to manhood.

As a commercial element, photography began with the introduction of the daguerreotype. This process had always something taking and pretty about it, even in its poorer examples. It refused to be ever quite ugly, and in skilful hands, with a good subject, it was often exquisite. But it was costly, and difficult for any but the deftest fingers, and was soon laid aside for the cheaper, coarser, and easier glass positive. The simplicity of this latter process invited swarms of all sorts and conditions of people to the practice of it. Its easy method could be mastered by motley hordes of clumsiness, ignorance, coarse impecuniousness, who rushed at it as to a mine of gold. It lived its day of prosperity, and then died out before the various paper processes that began to find favour. Of these the "carte-de-visite" was popular and highly remunerative for a long time. Even yet it survives,



The Marchioness of Granby and her Children. Group by Mr. John Thomson.



Miss Marion Terry. By H. S. Mendelssohn.

though large pictures, at very large prices, have been evolved from it, and form the staple business in the more important establishments. These latter are a new feature on drawing-room and boudoir tables, where they figure in various glories of coloured plush, ivory frames, frames of various metals, and even in the photographer's ornate mount, unglazed.

At the introduction of these paper pictures, and perhaps earlier, an artistic taste began to assert itself. An artist here and there drifting unrecognised on the tracks of fate, had the acuteness, so rare with his race, to see this new business lying like an El Dorado before him, and in he stepped among the bricklayers, and bakers, and candlestick-makers who were the bulk of those who first found its riches. This addition of artistic operators soon began, in the large towns, to raise the standard of work in photography. In a few instances artists began to use a faint photographic basis, and to work on this in water colours till the pictures were really charming, and had the qualities most liked in a miniature: colour and fidelity. Of course the whole air of the business was soon more refined as these aristocrats crushed out the coarse and the unskilled. Some of the latter, however, began to employ artists to work for them, and this, though it did not impede the progress of the profession on the whole, was at the same time a very ungracious characteristic, which is only too prevalent now. The artists who took pride in doing their work themselves have almost all fallen out of sight.

As photographers increased in numbers and importance they began in the way just described to loom large in the public eye as artists; but with a something indefinable about them far more impressive than the half-romantic halo that long ago surrounded the painter in his atelier. The modern spirit of devotion to the true, the real, was just dissipating the pseudo-sacred aspect of the artist of palette and pigment. As he cast aside the slouch hat and velvet coat, the artist of the camera with a wise instinct picked them up and donned them as if to the manner born, whether he really was so or not. Miniature painting died out with Sir William Ross, and the sun artist put out his wares in the empty place at once. The painter's room had held a fascination of its own hitherto. It seemed as if poetry, elegance, beauty, radiated an influence from every corner, all qualified by the Bohemian charm of the owner. The photographer in his glass-house threw off a new and more powerful and more profitable glamour. It was one of reticence, of silence, in fact of mystery. There was mystery in the hollow eye of the lens; in that strange brass-bound mahogany ark—the camera; in the snap as the dark-slide was inserted; in the breathless apoplectic seconds of exposure; in the solemn withdrawal into the recesses of the dark-room; and in the re-issue with the announcement, brief, courteous, but unbending, "That will do, sir. Kindly leave your address (*i.e.* money) with the young lady in the reception-room!" In all this there was the consecration of a new order. The high ground this new order took is illustrated pleasantly by an odd story.

Long ago two gentlemen strolling into a photo studio that was imposing in gilt and paint, though built of wood, and smoking as they went on, were appealed to by the proprietor thus, "Gentlemen! gentlemen! we do not allow smoking here! Remember this is no common artist's studio!" The intruders retreated hastily. One was an architect and the other an artist of great repute at that time. Mr. Punch made this worthy illustrious in his pages—made him immortal with a smile, as it were! The typical photographer still maintains that he is no common artist; and it may not be amiss to see for ourselves how much that may really mean.

What is Fine Art? Definitions are notoriously leaky, but a fairly trustworthy one is that which says: "Fine Art is the work of the head, the heart, and the hand." Does the photograph employ all these in its production? When the light-artist works, he places a sitter in a glass-house, and having arranged him or her suitably beside various accessories, he takes the cap off a camera that is ready filled with a sensitive plate. For some few throbbing seconds the sitter keeps as nearly steady as possible, while the light of the form strikes itself on the sensitive film. The operator puts on the cap at such time as his judgment decides. The plate is handed to an assistant, who develops it. It is then sent on to a retoucher. Then a printer places sensitive paper beneath it to receive an impression. This again is toned and fixed, mounted and "spotted," and sent on to the client. The

photographer may not have lifted a finger in all the labour of carrying out the order, except to "arrange" the subject and take the cap off the camera. In this much the finished picture is the work of his hand and in no more. Where, then, does the heart's influence come in? In the anxiety felt about the sitter's steadiness? Or in some slight doubt as to whether the operator will over or under-develop the plate? But here the sitter and the assistant might claim to have borne a part equally with the photographer himself! And as to the part borne by the *head* in getting out the work of art? Is it shown in the arrangement of sitter and accessories? Why, the artist in paint does all that to begin with, and then feels that intellect and heart and hand have the battle yet to fight—have not fairly begun indeed on the work that is to place their owner among the immortals! Clearly, if our definition of Art is anything like final the photographer is not necessarily a *Fine Artist*, though it cannot be denied he uses skill and practises a craft. Perhaps his claims are fully met if we admit that, though not necessarily in the full sense an artist, yet he must be highly artistic if he can turn out an agreeable and vigorous picture, whether by his own or the manual dexterity of others who are under his direction.

The lens is master always of the situation. It cannot be used as a brush or a knife to carry out an idea, or to correct a fault. A wink, just a little too prolonged; an intrusive yawn, a jerk of the little finger, are remorselessly commented upon and turned into utter nonsense by the lens; and it is powerless to remedy them, or atone for them at all, unless by going once again through the ordeal of a sitting. The lens has a memory like a vice to grasp what is before it; but it has no

discrimination or choice; and it is capricious in obeying the direction of its employer, who sometimes has both.

Although I assert that the photographer, while photographing, can never bring into play the essential qualities of the painter or draughtsman, yet I also believe in and would strongly urge the necessity of every taker of portraits by this method being an artist. Were this the case there would be none of those mistaken attempts to make "subject pictures" which only grieve the judicious. Somehow any attempt to make a human being look under the influence of sentiment, in a photograph, results in imbecility. Some photographs of great beauty of tone and light and shadow, lose our sympathy by the evident posing—the self-consciousness they reveal in the sitters—especially when two or three are gathered together, their heads meeting in the centre of the picture, in mutual support, that lacks spontaneity.

It is in grouped humanity the photograph fails most signally. For either the attempt to arrange the figures artistically is feeble; or the frank ignorance displayed when they are ordered like ninepins, is revolting. There is no reason why this state of things should last. Let the artistic photographer accept the limitations of his craft. Though he cannot be as beautifully artificial as a Whistler or a Turner, yet he may gain and apply knowledge akin to theirs, in ranging and bringing together the materials of his subjects. The more of an artist he is, the more he will see the necessity for counter-acting the known defects of the lens. In portraiture I think he should give up the idea of rendering atmosphere and distance. He should limit himself to getting the nose and the ear equally focussed, for instance, in a full face or three-



"A Portrait Group." By Mr. Van der Weyde.



E. J. Leveson, Esq. By Messrs. Cameron & Smith.

quarter view. Long-focus lenses may, in time, be found practicable for indoor portraiture, and then suggestions of great beauty may be expected in the combination of figures with the objects of household use that are the usual environment. The mistake would be in that case to think that arrangement was not needed. It is not only needed, but in an educated draughtsman's hands it could be given. If photographers gave half the attention to the study of accessories once in six months that many an artist gives once a month, their works would obtain more than the grudging approval accorded to them by artists now. A good plan to obtain a certain result in the case of grouping, is to make a fairly finished drawing in charcoal of the possible arrangement that might be carried out where half-a-dozen people, say, are to be represented together. With that before him, I have known a photographer very successful in his results, for his mind was free to attend to the mere mechanical considerations, he having his sitters arranged nearly as they had been designed in the cartoon. At present, of course, the commercial conditions are such that only an exceptional order would justify such a proceeding. I say this, because the designing of a photographic group in this way means sometimes designing a piece or pieces of furniture and background to suit it as well. An artistic hack once made such a cartoon as this for a group of no less than thirteen persons, all of a most un-ideal type. They were set in subdivisions of three and two at the farther side and the ends of a cloth-covered plank table on trestles, which the cloth hung over and covered. The photographer and the artist were in sympathy, and the resulting picture was recognised as a great success. In the case of less numbers the difficulty is of course less. Where a cricket or football team is to be done, none but a genius could make a

picture! Them the operator should "pot," and devoutly hope no more may ever come to try his skill.

These ideas apply only to the present prevailing state of photography. Perhaps a time may arrive when every photographer will be a skilled artist, and being so, will know the limits of his craft and how to unite his technical knowledge of both draughtsmanship and photography in giving really good pictorial results. When that does happen, it will certainly be through recognising that the mechanical must be helped by the artistic, if there is to be anything but a botch, pictorially. The omens are encouraging. The many-headed is not so insistent on having "a shiny surface" to his picture as of old. There is a growing pleasure in such pictures as have a "mat" or "dead" surface, like the platinotype and similar kinds. There is a reviving interest in the ivory miniature—monochrome as well as colour. In fact the public is going forward in matters of taste, though a reflux current of reaction here and there would seem to say still. Best of all, every year sees added numbers of artists among the great throng of photographic operators. Some of these have taken the greatest pains to acquire not only knowledge but practical skill in draughtsmanship and in painting. We give illustrations which, though necessarily only echoes of the originals they copy, yet show conclusively how high the standard of such work is.

Between these examples and those of thirty years ago there is a wide difference. At that time the artist as photographer was little known. It is true Adam Salomon of Paris was producing most beautiful effects of the Rembrandtesque kind. Shortly after that, Mrs. Cameron followed with fine qualities of breadth, harmonious lines, judicious distribution of light and shade. She had all an artist's indifference to prettiness and smoothness—her work being left "unspotted" in the technical sense—*i.e.* the spots were not removed. These black and white specks seemed to add a sketchlike character—a quality akin to looseness of handling in a drawing. While she was in the heyday of her reputation, the work of a young man, a foreigner in England, came under her favourable notice. She encouraged Mr. Mendelssohn by generous appreciation that was well bestowed. He has not belied the promise she saw in him. Since then and even yet he progresses. The special features of his work are variety of light and shade, great force and breadth, and skilful blending of lines. If he models himself on any masters specially, they are those of the Reynolds epoch, whose engraved works his own often closely resemble. Attempting great things, he sometimes, as he admits, fails of his purpose; but even the failures do not strike one as commonplace. He works far from the madding crowd that surges about Piccadilly—deep in the recesses of Bayswater. Mrs. Cameron has passed away, but her son carries on her work in company with Mr. Smith—they work in Mortimer Street. There you may see specimens of their art that conform to Lionardo's dictum, that a picture "should seem as if breathed on to the paper." Delicacy in general effect, and completeness of detail, together with admirable expression in the eyes and mouth, are the main characteristics of these photographs. Most of them might be rivalled in strength of tint by a drawing done with an H.H. pencil; indeed, many are as pale as some silver-points. In this too their individuality is apparent, and it separates them from the broad depth of most of Mrs. Cameron's pictures.

Another artist who rises distinctly far above the ordinary mechanic in this art, is Mr. Thomson of Brook Street. Even to

an expert the mezzotint-like quality he gives is quite surprising. Many of his portraits tell like original drawings or engravings of the best class, such is their unflinching depth and breadth of effect. They are dignified too, as well as simple; these qualities being greatly owing to the fitness of the backgrounds, which are changed very often, and are designed and painted by Mr. Thomson himself. I am speaking here, of course, of adult portraits. In those of children the same perception of the fitness of surroundings to their age and aspect is visible. Mr. Thomson's are the only photographs I have lately seen which are taken full length without loss of stature; many persons cut off the feet in such prints, so that the spectator may get an indefinite idea of height in the subject. He works in an old-fashioned spirit, but it is a spirit that can never go out of fashion, for the best portrait painters of the best periods have worked in it. He attributes his success to his training as a painter.

Not least of these individualists of the art is Mr. Van der Weyde, who, by the way, claims descent from the old master, Roger Van der Weyden. The last letter of the old name was dropped by some, who, having turned Protestant, wished to be distinguished from the Catholic branch of the family.

Mr. Van der Weyde is as ardent in the search for excellence in his art as are any of the group with whom I here associate him. The great qualities common to great portraiture are his aim too, and he is not to be balked in his pursuit, for the word "thorough" is stamped on all he does to attain them. A very little attention reveals the fact that though his

purposes are similar to those of Messrs. Cameron and Smith, Mendelssohn, and Thomson, yet his individuality shows in every picture he makes. His care is bent on every accessory: every fold of a dress, each feature of the body, telling in the whole result. This comes instinctively, because, like those I

have already mentioned, he is an artist. It may surprise many to hear that he never uses daylight: only electric light. He has invented a means of obviating the distortion of hands, feet, and even dress, which takes place when they are nearer the lens than the body is. If this can be always done, surely the Body Photographic should secure the invention for general use. Without some such means in use, poses like those of Reynolds' 'Tragic Muse' can never be successfully reproduced. Mr. Van der Weyde showed me the immense difference of effect in some prints taken before, and some obtained after the application of his patent—for such it is. One picture was useless, the hands being so large; another was spoiled from the heads being big in relation

to the bodies. In each case the defects were quite removed, and yet every detail was untampered with—no retoucher seemed to have intervened.

On the whole, photography has a good future before it. The old-fashioned ineptitudes that die so hard, are here really, surely, if slowly, dying. Art in photography is not played out, but only beginning to assert itself. If the public do their part the interesting character of such work must become more and more apparent and widespread.

THOMAS RUNCIMAN



The Kiss of Peace. By Mrs. Cameron.

THE FUNCTIONS OF TEXTURE IN THE ARTS.

THE word texture has a conventional use almost independent of its etymology, but its proper and original signification is merely *woven*, being derived from the Latin "textura," a web or woven thing. Its common or conventional use has not hitherto been defined, and I have not been able to discover any literary treatment of the subject.

The word is freely used in nearly all technical arts. It is a favourite expression amongst painters to signify the condition in which the paint is left by the brush, amongst water-colour-

ists the condition in which their paper leaves the mill, amongst architects and sculptors for the condition in which the stone is left by the chisel, amongst goldsmiths for the condition in which the chasing punch leaves the gold. In short it signifies a condition of surface, not of some, but of all things, and is a rudimentary attribute of matter.

Every solid substance must have a surface, and this surface will appeal to our sense of touch as a rough surface or a smooth one, to our sense of sight as a transparent or an opaque one.

These two faculties of touch and sight are always ready for intimate co-operation, so that the excitement of either one is capable of awakening the sympathetic reaction of the other by calling up a mental image of the object.

Form primarily appeals to the sense of touch—a sense very highly developed at the ends of the fingers. There are some forms that tempt one to touch them, there are others from which one would recoil as from a toad or a snake. Colour, on the other hand, appeals primarily to the eye and not at all to the fingers; you are not more tempted to touch a patch of light red than one of lamp-black.

It is doubtless true that colour may suggest tangible properties, although it has them not. I have known a full-grown and intelligent man swear that he could walk under his rainbow, so intimately allied in his imagination were colour and substance. Of course a rainbow is a complete and typical instance of the subjectivity of colour, for without an eye to see it there would be no rainbow, and when the eye moves away the rainbow moves also.

The sense of touch is very highly developed in the human lips, but their range is limited. They cannot distinguish an opal from a flint. The varieties of surface in the world are very numerous, but for the purpose of artistic discussion may be grouped under a few heads, such as: 1. Rugged surfaces. 2. Granulated or mat surfaces. 3. Burnished surfaces. 4. Polished surfaces. 5. Furry or fluffy surfaces. 6. Satin or sheeny surfaces. 7. Bloomy surfaces.

A beautiful example of a rugged surface is the side of a distant mountain, where the excrescences are of multitudinous shapes; a texture of great value in landscape painting on account of the interwoven grades of colour and darkness which it presents, and which when a few miles off exhibit a delicacy and intricacy of hue unrivalled in the natural world and excessively difficult to represent.

Another example of a rugged surface is a sheet of corrugated iron, galvanized. Although this kind of texture may have an unpleasant effect upon the sensitive organization of an architect, yet it has its uses, and forms a fitting and characteristic exterior to a certain sort of modern temple.

Rugged texture is not much used in sculpture, but is a very favourite kind of cheap surface with the architect. When he does not value his wall space as a reflector of light and cannot afford to decorate it, he "rusticates" it. This is a texture much admired for club houses and such-like pretentious structures.

Now let us consider granulated surfaces. They occur very frequently both in nature and art, and deserve very careful attention. A typical example of this texture is the surface of sand. The great and important function of a granulated texture is to scatter the light.

Before going further it has become necessary to dwell for a few lines on the optics of the subject, and to explain the way in which light is affected by texture. There are two terms at least that must be defined, viz., "dispersion of light" and "scattering of light." The scientific use of these two terms is totally different, though both refer to a like mechanical origin.

Light is said to be dispersed when it is divided up into its component coloured rays. The term describes the dissociation of the elements of white light. Light is said to be scattered when it is broken up generally by a granulated surface not adapted to separate and sort out the different colours. Both these terms are applied equally to reflected and transmitted light.

Think for a moment of a burnished surface such as a plane looking-glass. When light falls upon this it is reflected and comes back to the spectator in the same state as it was in at first, so that his eye can focus it to a true image of his own figure, just as if it had not struck any surface at all. The mirror, if it is a good one, is totally invisible.

A granulated surface differs essentially from a burnished one, inasmuch as it *is itself visible*. It disarranges the rays of light and sends them back in a mixed state, diverging in all directions. They can no longer be focussed by the eye into an image of the object that first sent them forth. The same is true of transmitted light. When the frost has covered your window with minute crystals you can no longer see through it, although the material is quite as transparent as before; the crystals scatter the light.

Think again of the phenomenon of dispersion. It is caused by interference with the waves or vibrations of the light.

If you take a piece of polished glass and rule some parallel lines on it with a diamond very near together, you make an instrument of great scientific importance called a diffraction grating. When the rays of light fall on these minute grooves their course is altered, but as some coloured rays have longer and others shorter wave lengths, they are not all interfered with to the same degree, hence, those waves of light that you see under one particular angle will not be of the same colour as those of a different wave length which reach your eye under another angle. Thus, the different colours come to the eye from different regions of the ruled space. If the lines are ruled vertical the red rays will appear to come from your left, and the violet ones from your right, and *vice versa*, in alternate series. This show of colour is called a diffraction spectrum.

Precisely the same facts occur in the case of a finely granulated surface exposed to light, but the little ridges which interfere with the wave lengths not being drawn parallel, but facing in very multitudinous directions, the red is not seen only on your left, and the violet on your right, as in a spectrum, but above and below as well, and on all sides, so that the colours are thoroughly mixed, and the eye focusses them into a white or colourless image of the surface. This is known as *scattered* light. The main function, therefore, of the granulated texture in the arts is *to make the surface visible*, and its importance in sculpture is of the first order. The difference between the texture of plaster and of marble is that the plaster scatters the light more completely than the marble, so that the shape of the surface in plaster is seen in all its naked crudeness, whereas the facets of the crystals in the marble, being larger, allow the light to penetrate the translucent substance to some extent, so that the extreme surface is not all that we see.

This is the reason why a poor thing in marble is less hideous than in plaster. You cannot in fact see the shape so well in the marble. A granulated texture has an extremely important function in the painter's art in emphasising the outline, but if I analyse this it will take up a whole paper, so I pass to the next textures on my list, viz., the burnished and the polished surfaces.

It must be borne in mind that you cannot see through a translucent substance, although light can travel through it. A substance that you can see through is called transparent.* A perfectly opaque substance when quite smooth on the

* I do not think "absorption" is at all a good term for the alteration that colour rays undergo in getting through a translucent substance. The term "partial extinction" seems to me more appropriate, since there is no residue lodged in the substance.

surface is described as burnished. Burnish is usually produced by pressure.

The similarly smooth surface of a translucent body is said to be polished. Polish is produced by abrasion. This is only a technical distinction adopted for convenience.

Burnish has already been referred to, and I gave as a typical example of it a plane looking-glass. Such a surface is said to reflect whole light, since it has no effect either on the parallelism or on the colour of the rays, and it has no function whatever in the arts. Whenever such a surface is introduced in decoration it shows that the decorator had more space than he knew what to do with, and it reflects upon him in more senses than one.

When, however, a curved surface is burnished, though it still reflects whole light, it does so in a peculiar way. The effect produced by specular reflection from a convex or domed surface is to show a brilliant point of light, since the eye can only focus the few rays that come off normal to the surface. The effect produced by a convex cylindrical surface is to draw out this point of bright light into a line. The function of this condition of surface in goldsmith's work is extremely important, as it affords the means of lighting up dim or mat surfaces with sparks or lines of brightness.

In the case of burnished hollows this function is merely inverted, and points or lines of darkness are produced. Its use then is equivalent to that of undercut mouldings in architecture, viz., to give emphasis.

Polished surfaces have a totally different function from burnished, and so far as I know are chiefly important in architecture and painting. Polish, like burnish, conceals modelling, but is of great importance in relation to colour. The utmost ability of burnish is to produce small areas or lines of strong light and deep darkness, whereas polish when applied to translucent bodies has the power of admitting rays of light within the substance, from which, after traversing its depths, they emanate enriched with colour to the utmost possible degree.

I do not say that opaque and granulated surfaces may not be coloured: we see them every day in wall-papers, and our forefathers saw them in fresco painting: but the range of intensity of these mat colours is very small, and the effect is weak, for the simple reason that the scattering of the light, as I have already pointed out, tends to produce whiteness.

In order to appreciate this tendency it should be remembered that a mat lampblack surface under strong illumination may appear quite white, whereas black glass, or black velvet, or a dish of ink, will remain black under any conditions.

The colouring effect of polish may be well shown by comparing tempera with a stained-glass window. Coloured marble lends itself very favourably to polish, and without polish its beauty would be lost. In architecture this advantage is

limited to plane surfaces, or to shafts where the element of form is very simple.

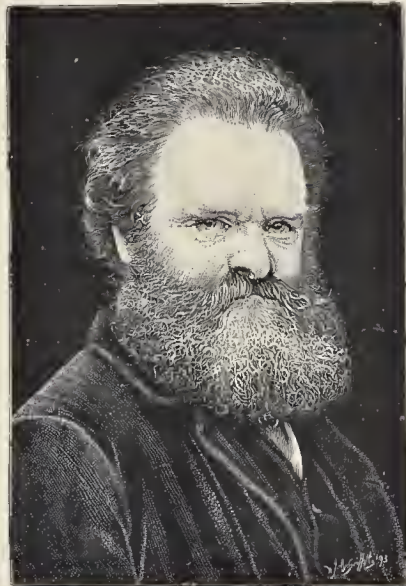
My critics will here point to della Robbia sculpture, and ask me whether it is not lovely. I reply, Yes, it is lovely in sentiment, but its form, strictly speaking, could have been better seen before glazing. In ordinary pottery, also, the use of glaze is to enhance the colour, but its practical purpose is simply to keep it clean.

It remains for me to show the function of polish in painting, and as it is in this department that my opponents will be most fierce, it behoves me to handle it with care and clearness, for the schools of fresco and water-colour include a certain number of active and powerful artists, and if there is anything in this world calculated to fill their souls with horror it is a shiny surface.

The force and splendour of oil-painting depend largely on the use of transparent paints, and paint is only known to be transparent when the surface is so smooth as to admit the light without scattering it, so that it may illuminate the coloured particles that lie below, and having become more and more coloured as it penetrates the paint, it comes back to the eye with a deep, rich tint, that is to say, a complex tint, inasmuch as the several rays of light have penetrated to different depths before reflection. The polished surface then allows them to emerge without being scattered or confused, and the eye perceives an accumulated wealth of colour derived from numerous layers of crystals, instead of from a single surface only. This is the *rationale* of glazing in oil-painting, a practice that has prevailed ever since the method was invented, and particularly characterizes the Venetian School, who were pre-eminently colourists.

It obviously requires the paint to be laid in considerable substance, and with a rather dense vehicle to cause it to dry with a glossy face or polish. If a slice of extreme thinness could be peeled from a stained-glass window, and laid on plaster of Paris, it would have no more richness of tint than water colour, and if the surface were then finely granulated or made mat it would appear as hard and crude as fresco.

It should not be overlooked that the water-colourist does to some extent avail himself of the resources of a polished surface by exhibiting his drawing under glass, but there is a property of great value peculiar to water colour, and dependent on texture, which keeps it from falling into the same category as fresco. When water colour is correctly used it is



John Brett, A.R.A.

capable of showing fine colour, and it is for me to show what texture has got to do with it.

Although paper, in the first instance, possesses a scattering surface, owing to the cotton fibre of which it is made, it is also turned out from the mill with an artificially corrugated or rough surface, derived from the drum on which the pulp is laid. The judicious water-colourist avails himself of this peculiar texture in the following manner.

Paint, of course, is a ponderable substance, and if you put plenty of water to it the major part of the colouring atoms will deposit themselves at the bottom of the furrows of the texture, whilst the balance will be distributed in various degrees of density, up and down the hill-sides thereof. The consequence is that the different intensities of coloured light reflected from, say, a square inch of surface will be multitudinous, and will have a nearly similar effect upon the eye to that derived from a translucent substance.

The success, therefore, of the use of water colour depends on the paint being laid on in blots, and the greatest master of the method of blots we have ever known was William Hunt. This is not a complete account of the resources of water colour, but it is so as far as texture is concerned. By mixing white with water colours of course the merits of the blotisque method may be obliterated, and the work then rivals in poverty the plastery surface of real fresco.

There is yet another word to be said in favour of oil painting: it can show momentum. The delicacy of the touch or the vigour of the handling are indelibly impressed on the texture as the paint leaves the brush. It may have been laid with fury or with tenderness.

This sentimental power of oil painting has always been recognised as of extreme interest, and is one of the reasons why there is no prospect of its ever being superseded. The broad practical conclusion that this investigation leads me to is, that a glossy surface is as detrimental to form as a dead one is to colour.

On entering upon the study of any artistic subject in these days you must expect to find it in a state of chaos. This was very much so in the case of texture. I think our first endeavours should be directed to leaving the subject in a more orderly condition than we found it, so as to assist future investigators.

With this view I set out to put before you an index of the various sorts of texture that I have examined, and I have ventured to suggest some technical definitions. I have offered my own views upon four descriptions of texture, viz., Rugged, Granulated, Burnished, and Polished surfaces. There are several others of equal beauty and importance left to be handled by artists who are specially interested in them.

JOHN BRETT.

THE LATE CURATOR OF SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM

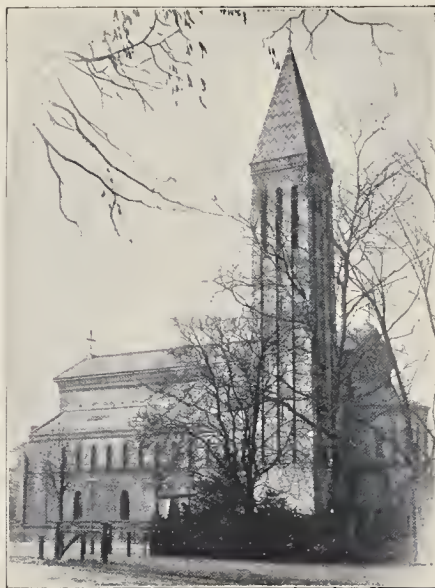
THE Council of the Royal Academy having just appointed

Mr. Wyatt Papworth to the curatorship, the present seems a fitting opportunity to give some reminiscences of his predecessor, the late Mr. James W. Wild, in whose life there were several eventful episodes.

Mr. Wild was educated as an architect, but not enjoying robust health in his early career, he travelled in the East, pursuing his professional studies, where he acquired Arabic and entered on some architectural practice. Amongst other works he designed and superintended the erection of the English church of St. Mark at Alexandria—one of the few buildings which escaped destruction during the bombardment consequent on the revolt of Arabi. This work brought him into certain intimacy with Turkish and other officials, through whom he was successful in obtaining a firman from the Porte granting an inspection of the great mosque at Damascus.

In the course of his travels, Mr. Wild reached that city, paid

his respects to the British Consul, and requested such help as it might be in his power to render, and the firman entitled him to receive. The official was horrified at the proposal, such a desecration of the sacred building by an infidel would mean death at the hands of the Mohammedan custodians if discovered, and he earnestly begged to be relieved of all responsibility for the consequences. Mr. Wild, however, was not to be deterred from making the attempt, and next morning the Consul accompanied him to the door of the mosque, leaving him, with much anxiety, to his fate. The Arabic language, native dress, and a certain ascetic appearance were, however, an ample disguise, and he had the gratification of seeing the entire "Holy Place" without exciting the slightest suspicion, no European ever



Christ Church, Streatham Hill.

before having been successful in so doing.

During his Oriental travels Mr. Wild made a collection of materials for illustrating Arabic ornament, and from these the Arabic plates in the "Grammar of Ornament," published by Owen Jones (who was his brother-in-law), were prepared. Drawing in the East involves no inconsiderable amount of inconvenience, not to say danger, from the great suspicion of the natives of the use which may be made of their treasures; here again he had to resort to stratagem, and what could not be done in the daytime had to be accomplished in the night. From time to time in his wanderings he "marked in" the objects he desired to copy, prepared his damped paper for squeezes, and in the darkness set forth and obtained impressions with such perfect exactness of details as could not be obtained by drawing under an umbrella without intrusion.

Long familiarity with Lombardo-Byzantine architecture led Mr. Wild, in his English work, to adopt that type as affording scope for distinctive features when carried out with ordinary bricks. One such structure is the basilican church (Christ Church), Streatham Hill, with its square, slender campanile, visible from north and south, erected about 1840, and considered at the time a remarkable departure. Some twenty years afterwards it was sumptuously decorated, under Mr. Wild's direction, from designs by Owen Jones. We give a view of this church from a photograph by Mr. Douglas Pym, of Streatham.

Another of his brick buildings, equally distinctive, but

differing somewhat in type, is the St. Martin's Schools, in Castle Street, Long Acre, *i.e.* behind St. Martin's Hall, and practically concealed; the precursor of many buildings in which Lombardic was affected. He was wont to say of this building, "Had it only been on such a site as its neighbour in St. Giles's, one might have had credit for doing a good thing." About twenty years ago Mr. Wild prepared the designs for the British Residency at Teheran, and superintended the making of all the work in this country.

For a few years Mr. Wild was employed in the Architectural division of the Science and Art Department. With the design of the Science Schools, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, he had much to do—where "they turned my palazzo façade into a corridor"—while it is understood that the brickwork of the Bethnal Green Museum passed almost entirely through his hands. When the appointment of Resident Curator came to him in 1878—on the death of Mr. Joseph Bonomi—the comparative leisure and repose was just what Mr. Wild's nervous and not over-energetic temperament seemed to require. Here he designed and carried out some reconstruction of the Museum premises, in which it was his delight to provide for the best possible exhibition of the treasures—especially Oriental treasures—committed to his care. He died at the Residence, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in November last, in his seventy-ninth year.

T. P.

THE HENRY TATE COLLECTION.*

II.

FEW questions are more interesting to the student of contemporary painting than that which asks what posterity will think of our illustrations of life as it is lived to-day. Will their actuality atone for their frequent want of Art? Will our great-grandchildren forgive the vulgarity of the 'Derby Day' for the sake of its truth? Will they accept Mr. Briton Riviere's inelegant giants for the evidence they afford of what the nineteenth-century pitman was like? Mr. Riviere has painted many better pictures than 'Giants at Play.' We shall find one of them presently in this very collection, in the 'Gadarene Swine.' But nothing he has done is more simply sincere in its endeavour to record a type. How far will this sincerity go in keeping interest in the picture alive?

Mr. Tate's collection has a fair proportion of pictures conceived on these lines. Sir John Millais' 'North-west Passage,' Mr. Stanhope Forbes' 'Health of the Bride,' Mr. Fildes' 'The Doctor,' Mr. John Reid's 'Country Cricket Match,' Mr. Kennington's 'Orphans,' Mr. Gregory's 'Marooned,' complicated though some of them are with melodramatic elements, are all pages from the life we know; so, too, are Mr. Orchardson's

two pictures, the 'First Cloud' and 'Her Mother's Voice.' All these are documents for the student of Victorian manners. On each some Austin Dobson of the future could find a nineteenth-century vignette. For my own part I think it a pity that our painters do not more greatly persevere in this actuality. Life in London teems with subjects which would bring into play all the resources of Art. So far, they have been left mainly to those who have seen in them opportunities for pathos of the Adelphi stamp. Mr. Kenning-



Venice. By William James Müller.

* Continued from page 71.

ton's 'Orphans,' which was engraved in our first article (p. 66), errs in that direction. Among the thousand *va-nu-pieds de Londres* you will find no group like this, no pair so conscious of their solitude, and of the exact sentiment it inspires in the well-to-do. These are drilled orphans, and the wall at their back is that of Mr. Kennington's studio. Visitors to the Salon of a few years ago will remember a picture in which Mons. Pelez treated what was practically the same theme, 'Le nid de misère,' as he called it—showed us two children, both boys this time, asleep in each other's arms under an old coat. The study was so sincere, the effect of veracity was so strong, that pity rose to passion in the spectator. It is no use painting such subjects with any lower aim, but to reach it such posing as we find in 'Orphans' must be tabooed. Mr. Riviere's colliers, or navvies, reproduced in the page plate, have more than a touch of classic grace, but grace never fails to accompany strength, and especially the strength of a big child of nature in repose. Of all the pictures referred to above the only one in which there

is no discontentment with the commonplace is Mr. Stanhope Forbes' 'Wedding.' Next to it comes 'The Doctor,' by Mr. Fildes. Neither pays any homage to the crowd beyond its choice of subject. They are worked out with veracity to the last detail. This question will have to occupy us again when we have the engravings of these two pictures before us.

Nothing could be farther removed from actuality than Sir John Millais' 'Knight Errant,' illustrated on the opposite page, and yet in artistic spirit it has much in common with the pictures under discussion. Sir John's distressed damsel is studied in the same spirit as Mr. Riviere's workmen, and no attempt has been made to clothe her in the glamour of heroic times. She is simply a lady who has imprudently tried to move from castle to castle with an insufficient escort, who has been robbed and stripped, and only saved from further maltreatment by the advent of a man in iron. Her forms are not those of a girl, her action does not suggest the virgin's agony of outraged modesty. Her face is invisible, but we can divine the placidity with which she will turn to thank her deliverer when she has hurried on her clothes. As an exercise in the nude her torso is a masterpiece. The limbs are not so good, for they are flat

and wanting in muscle. But the weakest thing about the picture is to be found in the way it avoids, as difficulties, what ought to have been elements of success. It was all very well for Timanthes to hide the face of Agamemnon. He had the central incident of Iphigenia's death to work upon, and her father was after all a secondary figure. With Sir John Millais' lady it is very different. She is the picture, and the effect upon her of the indignity to which she has been subjected should have been its *raison d'être*. To confine that to such narrow limits was to reduce the picture almost to the level of a life

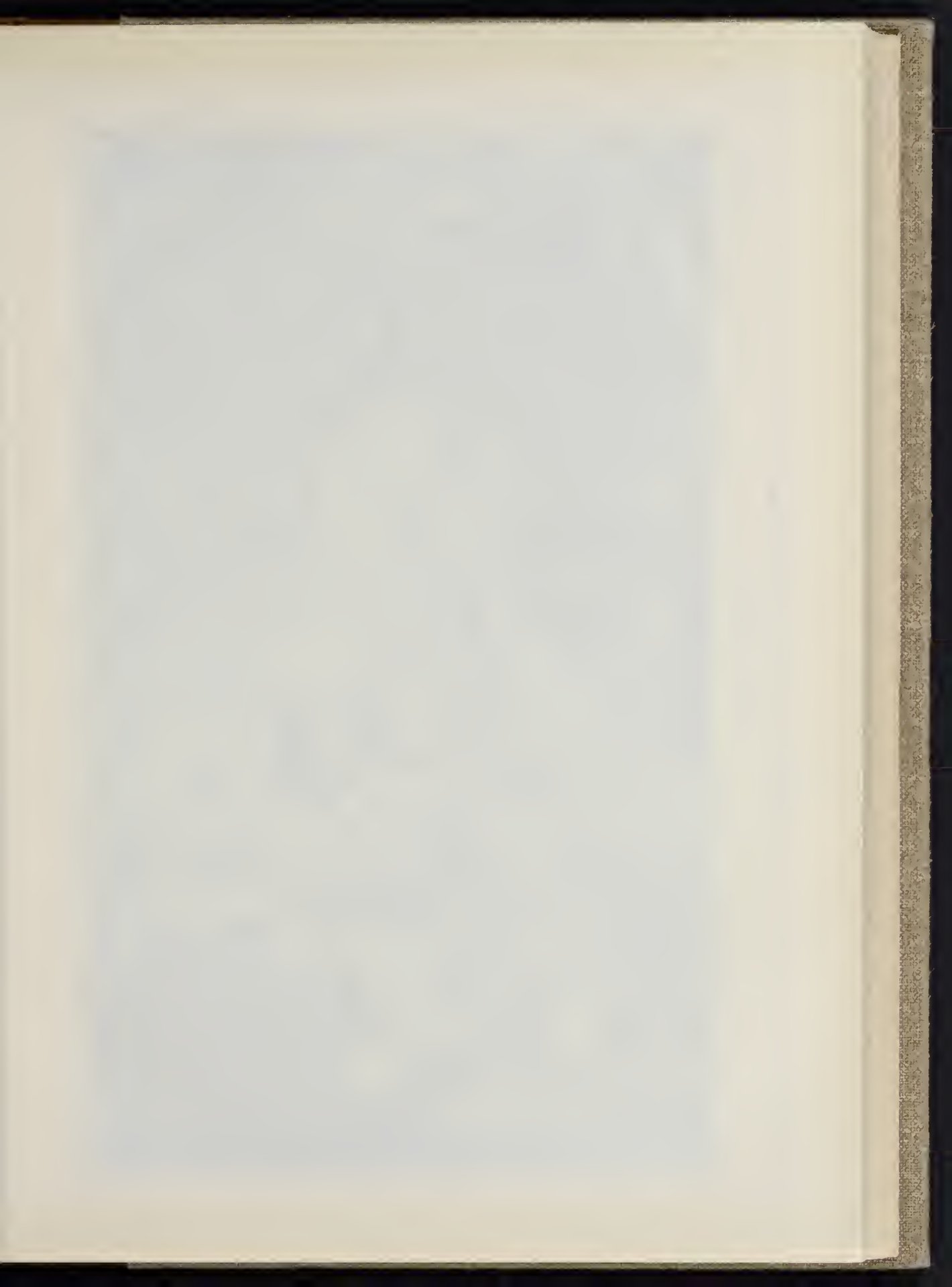
study, a level from which the action of the Knight is scarcely sufficient to redeem it.

The fact that both deal with the nude must be my excuse for taking a sudden spring from the 'Knight Errant' to 'Etty's Bather,' here reproduced. This, too, is a glorified study from the life, as so many Ettys are. In these days, when Frenchmen have carried the painting of the undraped female form to such a pitch of objective perfection, the genius of Etty runs a chance of being ignored. Genius, perhaps, is too large a word, unless those who define genius as

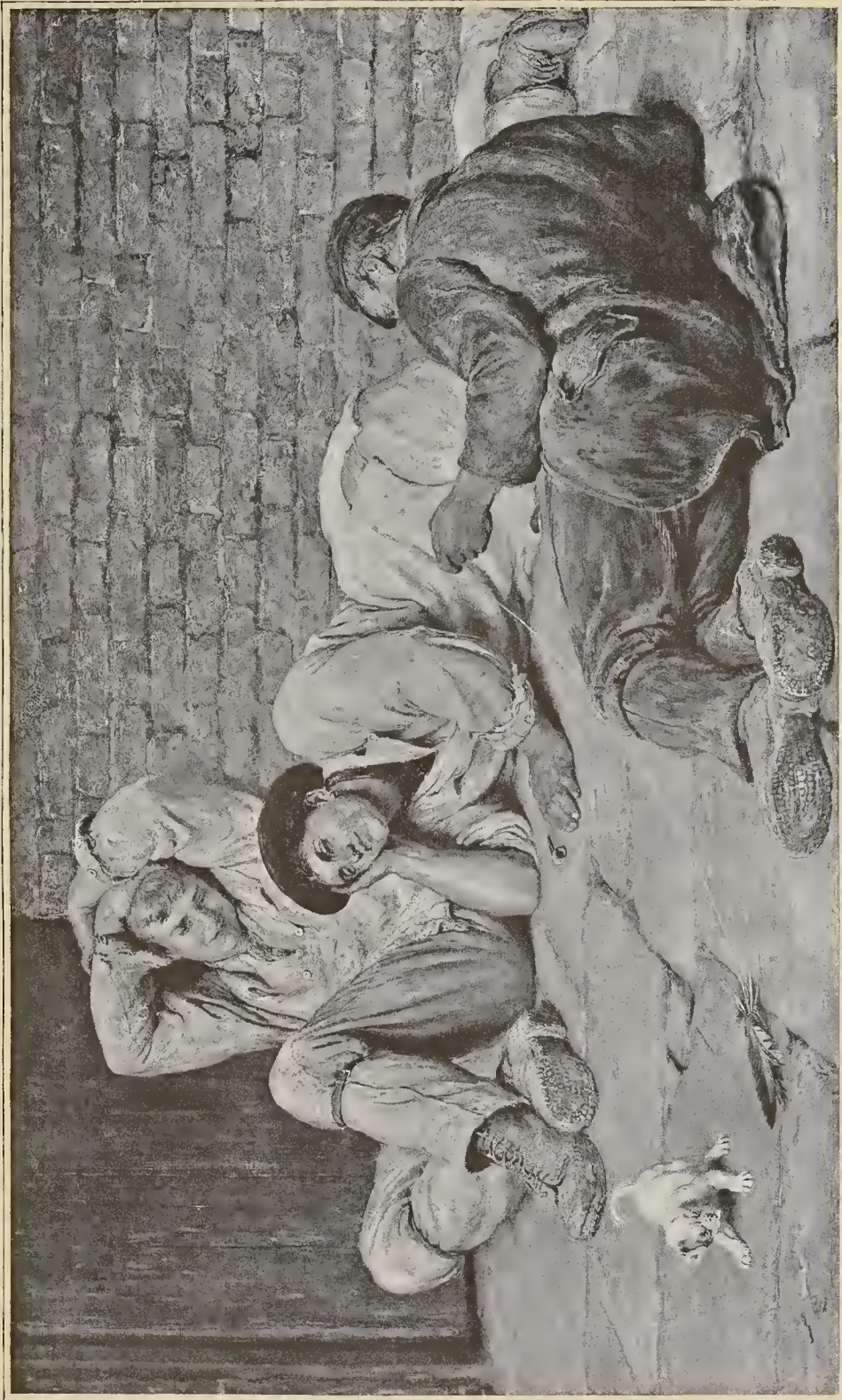


The Bather. By William Etty, R.A.

the gift of taking pains are in the right. Etty was never surpassed in that direction. The old books on art and artists are now so neglected, writers like Leslie and Haydon find so few readers in the new generation, that it may be as well to recall the fact that Etty painted in the life-school of the Royal Academy, down into old age, such old age as he reached. Night after night he would take his place and watch the model as humbly as the youngest student there. This conduct, it is related, brought down upon him the remonstrance of his fellow Academicians. They said it was not dignified for an R.A. to learn among the boys it was his duty to teach. His answer was, "Very well, take away my diploma, and I will be a student again." That such devotion earned its reward is not surprising, and for genuine painter-like quality there are no life studies like those of Etty. One of the best of those modern Frenchmen to whom I have alluded is now (March, 1893) to be studied in London at the Grafton Gallery—I mean Mons. Picard. Look at his painting of flesh. From the point of view of tone and surface modelling it is marvellous. The silvery light, the warm shadows, the brownish opacities of the human skin, are rendered with illusive skill; but the painting



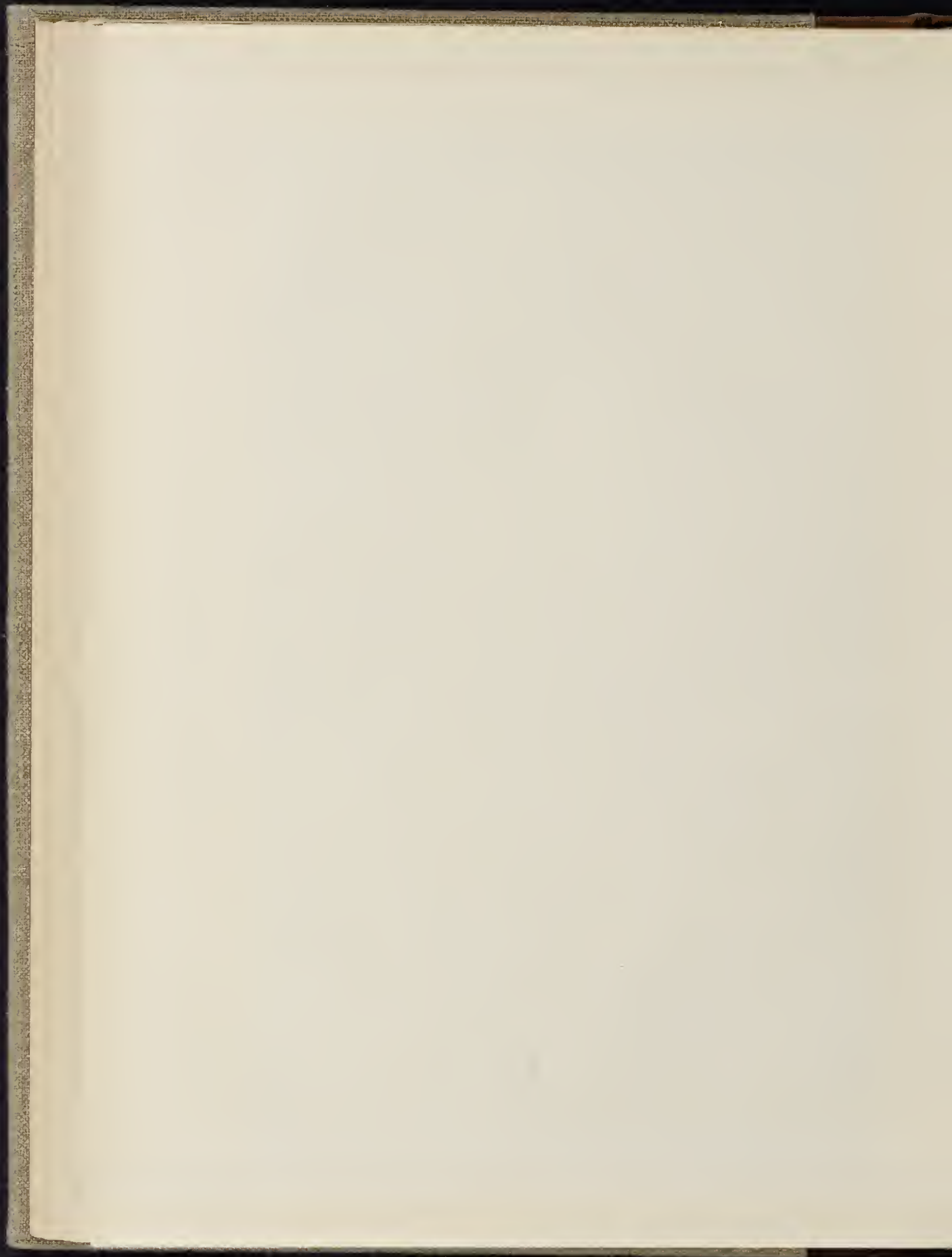


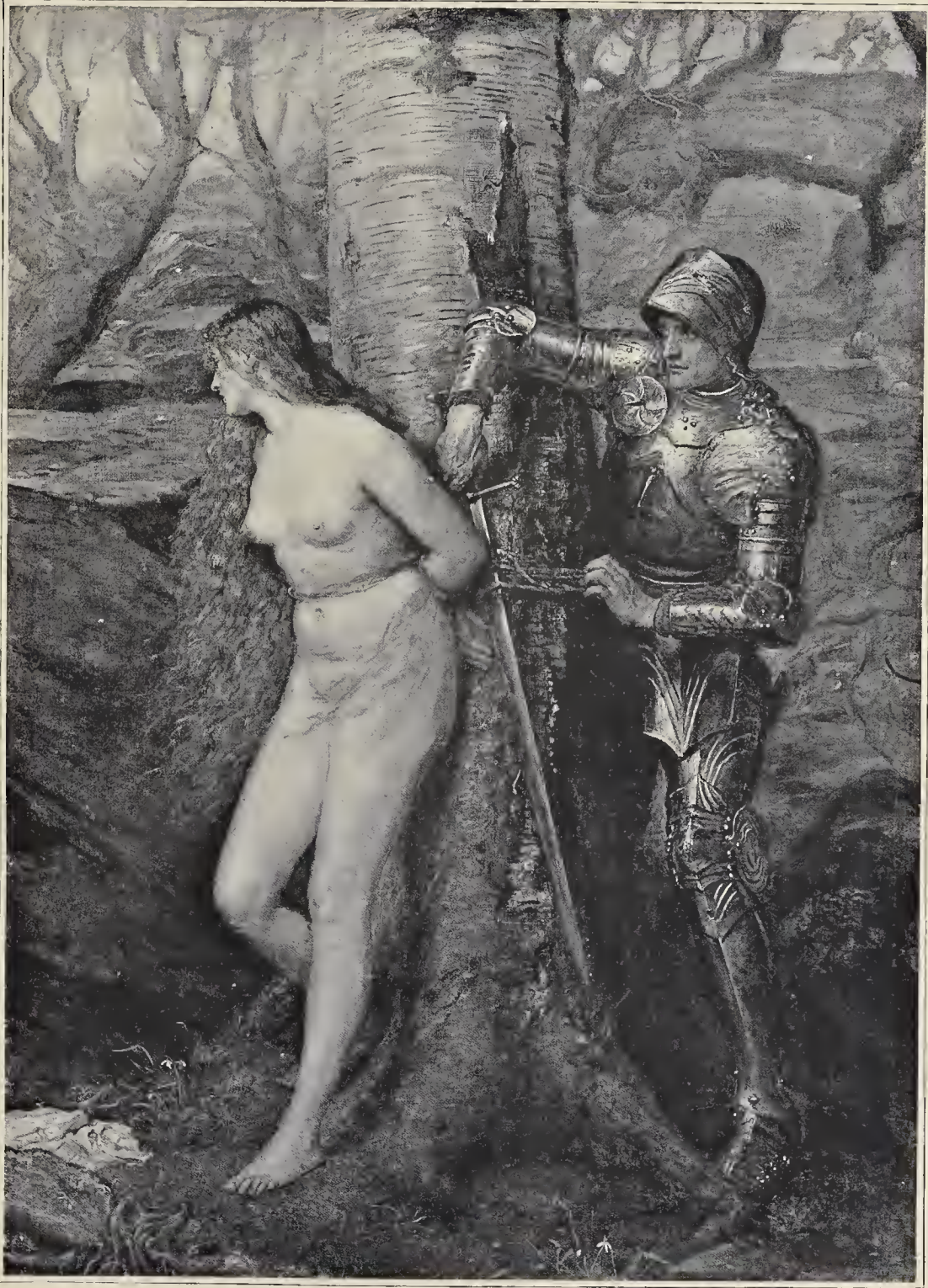


THE ART JOURNAL.

GIANTS AT PLAY.

From the painting by BRITTON RIVIERE, R.A. In the Henry Tate Collection.





The Knight Errant. By Sir John Everett Millais, Earl., R.A.

great snow that fell covered it and the whole forum where it lay, which circumstance shows that the holy martyr suffered in winter."

"That the holy martyr suffered in winter": then the fall of snow was not so miraculous as Mr. Waterhouse makes out. Other liberties he has taken with the tale told by Prudentius, as you will see if you compare his picture with my quotation from Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints," for which the first Christian poet of Spain is the authority. The torn sides, the scorched breasts and head, all these, of course, as Mr. Waterhouse paints not in the Boulevard Clichy but at Primrose Hill, are left out. Instead of them we have a young corpse without visible marks of violence, and beside it a sort of rude

cross, which may have been the actual instrument of the martyrdom or may have been merely a stake to tie the girl to during her complicated torture. Pictorially, or rather technically, the interest of the scene as Mr. Waterhouse has treated it, is concentrated on the foreshortened body of the saint. To paint it thus was a *tour de force*, which not many English painters would have brought off so successfully. On the other hand the accessories seem a little tame and unconvincing. Even in cruel Spain, and in the days of the Roman persecutions, a martyr's body on the pavement would surely have created more excitement than, according to the artist, it did in the forum of Merida.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY AT BOSTON, U.S.A.

FOR many reasons peculiar interest attaches to the development of the public free library movement at Boston, Massachusetts, and the magnificent new building, now fast approaching completion, in which it is shrined. Boston has always been in the van in the matter of free libraries, and was the first city in the world to permit the free taking home of books. The present institution is the largest free lending library in either hemisphere; and a million and a half volumes are annually borrowed, cared for, and religiously returned by Boston citizens of all sorts and conditions. It also covers enormous special libraries of architecture, theology, science, and other subjects, with rooms especially adapted to the uses of their students. But the range and scope of the Boston Library go very much beyond the gratuitous circulation of literature. They aim at the general culture of the people and the raising of the standard of artistic feeling of the entire town. The earnest and ardent advocates of this vast, noble, and in many ways unique scheme are, after long years of bitter fighting against selfishness and philistinism, establishing a live and pulsating heart of refinement and beauty. They are realising some of the fondest aspirations of those dreamers whom we have always deemed Utopian. Their institution will be the fine flower of the democratic, intellectual, and æsthetic tendency of the day, the signal proof to all the world that democratic and iconoclastic are not convertible expressions.

And now to deal with the matter in terms more convincingly detailed and explicit. In October, 1847, Mr. Josiah Quincy, jun., then Mayor of Boston, suggested a municipal tax for the purpose of establishing a free library. The idea was at that day considered both extravagant and revolutionary; nevertheless, in the following year the State Legislature passed an enactment giving it effect; and the Library became a fact, and remains to this hour the only institution of its kind supported by a state tax. Donations of large private libraries and of money flowed in. Mr. Bates, of London, gave, on two separate occasions, the sum of 50,000 dollars to the book fund; and the history of the movement reads prosperously, but uneventfully, till the year 1879. Then a new building was suggested, and trouble began. A grant from the Legislature of the plot of land now occupied was obtained, on condition that the building be commenced within three years. But a wrangle began between the City Council and the Library Trustees; and the City Architect, Mr. Clough, very lukewarmly undertook the drawing out of certain

plans which came to nothing. Not only did the three years granted slip away, but three supplementary years were running out. Then, in alarm, 60,000 dollars was practically wasted in laying the foundation for some problematic edifice. But in 1887 the Legislature passed an Act empowering the Library Trustees to erect the building. Twenty days later a contract with Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White, architects, was signed. In the December of that year Mr. McKim submitted plans which were practically unconditionally accepted.

It may be fairly questioned whether in any country except the United States architecture is a really progressive art at the present day. In the Old World she reproduces with variations some of her former triumphs. In the New World she is very eclectic—a fact for which variety of climate, needs, and conditions in some measure accounts. Classic and Gothic, Saracenic, and Italian Renaissance, nothing comes amiss to the American architect, who possesses a distinctly greater power of adapting old styles to the vastly different requirements of modern life and invention, than his European brother. The best of American street architecture is in advance of the best of that of Europe; and the new houses of the very wealthy are far finer than anything of the same sort on this side. We would not go the length of saying that anything approaching a new style is being developed in America; but we think a common feeling will be found hereafter to distinguish all the best examples of the present period. Such is certainly not the case in England. If American architecture be conceded to be more advanced than our own, there is still less doubt that Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White stand out clearly in the front of the American architects: which comes very close to stating that they are without rivals.

The Boston Public Library occupies one of the finest sites in New Boston, as the Book Bay district may very fitly be called. Holy Trinity Church, Old South Church, and the Boston Art Club are immediately contiguous; and on the other side is the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The building is two hundred and twenty-nine feet by two hundred and twenty-five feet, and sixty-nine feet high. It is a severe example of the style of the classic Renaissance; built of Milford granite, of a warm and attractive colour, and filling the eye with a sense of dignity and of suitability to its purpose. The main entrance is by a fine archway in the centre of the façade, on both sides of which are single figures representing Philosophy

and History. The doorway is flanked by recessed windows, under which are carved granite seats. Beyond these recesses will stand groups representing the Arts and Sciences. The first storey is of simple design in huge blocks of stone, with a frieze in Greek fretwork, and over the main door is the inscription, "Open to All." The great decorative feature of the façade is the grand row of arches occupying the second and third storeys, and giving light to Bates Hall within. The windows occupy the upper two-thirds only of these recessed arches, the lower third being panelled with slabs bearing the names of the great artists and writers of all time, from Homer to Thackeray. The central window blazons the arms of the institution. Between and just above the arches are placed great medallions of symbolic design. Along the cornice of the long roof runs the Latin inscription to the effect that "This Edifice is the Gift of the City of Boston, for the Use of the People's Library, 1852." Within, a noble staircase of Sicilian marble gives access to the great Bates Hall, a magnificently decorated chamber, running the whole length of the main front, two hundred and eighteen feet by forty-two feet, and fifty-one feet high. This is the great showroom of the Library, and will be probably the most beautiful interior in America, and the finest single reading-room in the world. It is the idea of the Trustees, who present the State with their services, to make this building take the place in the education of the masses of the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, which gave the people a history of the world petrified into stone, or glorified into pictures, exerting to this day a refining influence in Europe, of which newly civilised America enjoys no counterpart. Hence the commission given to America's most illustrious sons; to Mr. Whistler to decorate a wall in the great

reading-room; to Mr. J. S. Sargent, for his noble designs symbolizing the evolution of religion from superstition; to Mr. E. A. Abbey, for his decorative treatment of the Holy Grail, probably the first romance common to all Christendom, on which he is now employed; and more than this, seeing that, though patriotic, no local prejudices warp the Trustees' catholic appreciation of Art, to M. Auguste St. Gauden for the groups of external sculpture, and to M. Puvis de Chavannes for the decoration of the main staircase.

Curiously, an extraordinary clamour has been raised by the very persons whom one would suppose should support such a scheme as this. The cultivated and well-to-do class of the town of Boston contend with great warmth that literary buildings should primarily be fire-proof boxes for the storage and distribution of books; and that anything in the way of ornamental or decorative developments has nothing to do with the purposes for which libraries are maintained. These people also possess very frequently most expensive little homes, with greater or smaller accumulations of works of Art, and overlook the fact that the great mass of those who resort to the Library possess but a very meagre assortment of household gods, and are, as a rule, poor students, teachers, clerks, artisans, sewing-women, and the like, living on scant earnings, to whom the place is the one place where they may forget the sordid facts of their daily lives, a place withal that belongs to them, a temple of the people, to which each one pays his or her proportion of taxes for its maintenance. But the hands of Mr. S. A. B. Abbott, chairman of trustees, intelligent director, and the very soul of the movement, have been upheld in the struggle by the moral support of the majority, and we wish him heartily every possible success.

EXHIBITIONS, NOTES AND REVIEWS.

ONE of the primary aims of the Burlington Fine Arts Club is to hold "once in the year, or oftener, special exhibitions which shall have for their object the elucidation of some School, Master, or Specific Art." This year the Committee has selected the early Italian, Luca Signorelli, a rather rare master who flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth, and the three opening decades of the following century. To all but special students of this artist, the result has been a delightful surprise. It is stated that only twenty-four examples of Signorelli exist in the United Kingdom. Seventeen were lent to the Club, and they fortunately covered the whole development of his art from the earlier work of about his thirtieth year, when his colour was a little heavy, on through his best period, when he painted the 'Feast at the House of Simon,' lent by the Dublin National Gallery, to the 'Crucifixion,' painted shortly before his death—a marvel of multitudinous and animated figures, and glowing with an opulence of deep colour. The collection profoundly impressed us with a sense of the artist's wonderful power of conveying intense human passion and violent movement. He lived, we are told, in days when anatomy was studied almost openly in the municipal graveyards; and he evidently gloried in his knowledge of the play of the muscles. Indeed, some of his smaller figures almost look like *décorchés*.

The Eleventh Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of

Painter-Etchers, maintained the prestige of the Society. The sardonic humour, the old Dutch feeling, and violent contrasts of light and shade of Mr. William Strang's work commanded attention. In 'The Conventicle,' a dry point, the rapt expressions of the devout, and the ossified weary cheeks of the aged, are observed with an accuracy which can only be characterized as grim. But the faces of two young girls, whose thoughts wander far afield, are fresh and full of peasant beauty. A portrait group of 'Engineers and Shipbuilders' at dinner, despite the keen modernity of the faces, oddly suggests a posse of mediæval burghomasters masquerading in the dress of the future. 'Summer,' a group of nude figures, proves that Mr. Strang can be idyllic and decorative, even if his drawing suffer. Mr. Fred. Short is slight, suggestive, and dainty in all his Dutch landscapes. In 'Overijssel,' a dry point, he gives us a wonderful feeling of pulsating light; and in 'Maxwell Bank,' a fine rendering of lowering weather. Mr. Oliver Hall seems to etch the very movement of the wind itself in 'Millow Castle'; and in 'Peat Moor, Cumberland,' gives modelling and form to his fugitive clouds by a few subtle lines. Professor Herkomer's contributions keep the seton in the wound of the old quarrel; but his 'Portrait of an Old Lady' is of undeniable gentleness and distinction. Mr. Axel Haig, who is more popular in his appeal, satisfies those who demand exhaustive work with the massive Norman dignity of his 'Chancel of Durham Cathedral.'

Mr. Burne-Jones has definitely decided to send in his resignation to the Royal Academy. This step has been anticipated for some time.

The Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society will be held in the New Gallery, Regent Street, London, in October and November next, under the Presidency of Mr. William Morris.

The Grafton Gallery and the Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition will be noticed next month.

The Salon of the Champs-Élysées will open on the 1st of May, and close on the 30th of June; and the Salon of the Champ-de-Mars will open on the 10th of May, and will close about the 10th of July.

The Société des Aquarellistes Français has opened its fifteenth exhibition with a large and important collection of drawings. Unfortunately this year the number of exhibitors has been rather reduced. The absence of some of the principal masters, such as Detaille, Madeleine Lemaire, and Français, is much to be regretted, for their works would assuredly have helped to relieve the monotony created by a too numerous quantity of landscapes, mostly devoid of interest, and all a little too much inspired by the same master. Nevertheless, the collection, as a whole, is creditable and interesting. Harpignies occupies the leading place with a dozen water colours of great beauty, wherein the freshness of colour and the freedom of treatment mark the hand of a master. There is some work by J. G. Vibert, remarkable alike for its vigour and its faultless drawing. G. Béthune surpasses himself with a series of water-colours representing views of London and the Thames. F. Rivoire shows himself, by his handling of the colour effects of flowers, a rival not unworthy of Madeleine Lemaire, and Boutet de Mouvel, Maurice Leloir, and H. Tenré add to the strength of the exhibition by some original and charming works.

The "cercle" at Paris known as "Les Mirlitons" or "l'Épantant," as it is sometimes called, is on the whole somewhat below the average in quality in its annual exhibition. This year it has offered to the public a collection for the most part selected from the works of contemporary masters; and this exhibition is indisputably the most frequented and important after the Salon itself. The worst fault that can be found with it is that there are rather too many portraits. E. Friant exhibits a woman's portrait which is admirable in every respect. Bonnat, F. Flameng, J. Lefebvre, and A. Morot contend for the palm in a series of male and female portraits. The only military painter who exhibits this year is Berne Bellecour, who sends a couple of charming and most effective canvases, while Gérôme shows one of his *genre* pictures. The landscapes by Cazin, Vayson, M. Courant, and Dauphin have attracted great and well-deserved attention, and the admirable works of Doucet, Carolus-Duran, and Benjamin Constant will maintain the well-known reputations of these artists.

If we as a nation are to maintain the supremacy of our commerce in the world's markets, it will be by increasing the facilities for the best technical education for our workpeople, and by offering them similar advantages to those their foreign comrades already possess in the excellent technical schools of the Continent. In the "Report to the Special Committee on Technical Education of the London County Council," com-

plied by Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith (Steel and Jones), will be found the result of exhaustive inquiries into the subject, and recommendations for carrying out in the best way the powers granted under the Technical Instruction Acts. With regard to the teaching of Art handicrafts, Mr. Smith has many proposals to make for remedying the uneven way in which much of London's Art teaching is at present carried on, and he pleads for the establishment of a central Municipal School of Art to set a standard. He estimates the annual cost of his proposals at £10,000. While our Science and Art Department does a great deal of good work, and is even the object of some envy abroad, there is still plenty of room for supplementing its efforts in the matter of teaching the technical arts, such as designing, modelling, bookbinding, wood-carving, engraving, pottery, needlework, wrought-iron and gold and silversmiths' work.

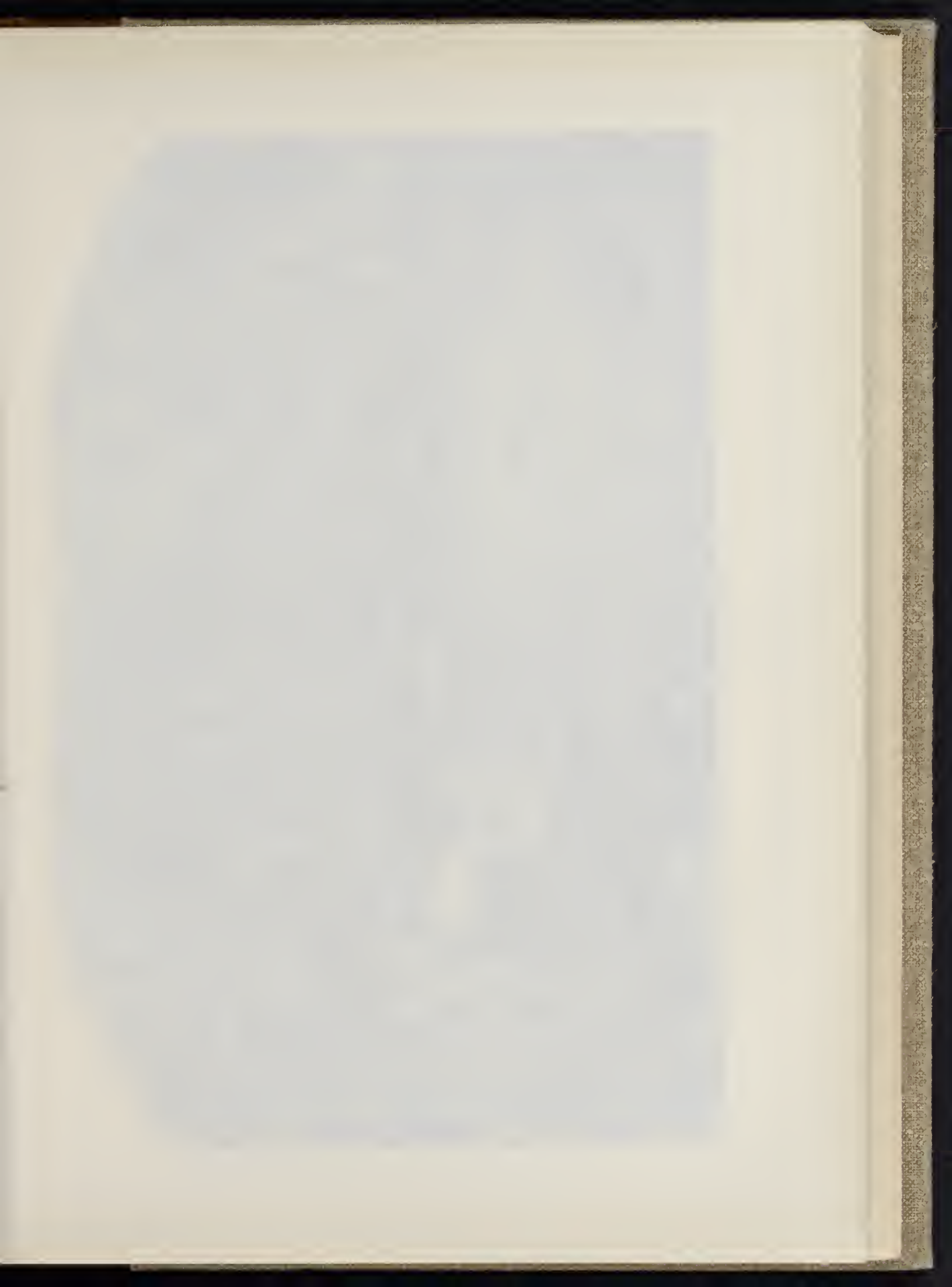
The Japan Society of London is in a very flourishing condition, and is continually adding to its membership. On February 8th, Mr. M. B. Huish delivered a paper on "The rare influence of European Art on Japanese Artists," in which it was reluctantly admitted that the Art of Japan has never been influenced in any appreciable degree by Western Art. In this connection it may be mentioned that a second edition of "Japan and its Art" (Simpkin Marshall & Co.), by Mr. Huish, has recently been published.

The Société des Amis des Arts, of Paris, is an Art Union of a very superior character. The annual subscription is £4, and there are about one thousand members. Each subscriber receives an elegant album containing seven really first-class etchings from the best pictures of the Salon. There are the usual chances of substantial prizes, and since its foundation eight years ago, the Société has purchased nearly seven hundred works of Art at a cost of about £18,000, and it has a reserve fund of almost £1,000. This is a well-conducted Art Union, and affords an excellent opportunity to those who wish to secure an interesting portfolio of French etchings. The secretary is Mr. F. Philippon, Palais des Champs-Élysées, Paris.

OBITUARY.

The sudden death of Mr. John Pettie, R.A., took his many friends and admirers entirely by surprise. Although he had been in comparatively bad health for a year, it was not anticipated that the malady from which he suffered would end fatally. Mr. Pettie was born in Edinburgh in 1839, and was educated at the Scottish Academy's School there at the same time as Mr. Orchardson, Mr. McWhirter, and Mr. Peter Graham. He was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1866, and Academician in 1873. His best-known pictures are 'Two Strings to Her Bow,' 'The Traitor,' 'A State Secret,' 'The World went very well then,' and 'A Sword and Dagger Fight.' We hope to do full justice to Mr. Pettie's career in an early number of THE ART JOURNAL.

Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, of Liverpool, died on February 27th. His name is well known as the donor of the Walker Art Gallery, a building he gave to Liverpool, at a cost of £40,000, in 1876, on the occasion of his mayoralty of the city. Sir Andrew was born in Ayr in 1824, coming from an old Scottish family, and he was the chief member of a very wealthy firm of brewers. He spent large sums in charity and in fostering art and literature in the districts from which he drew his great wealth, and he was universally respected.



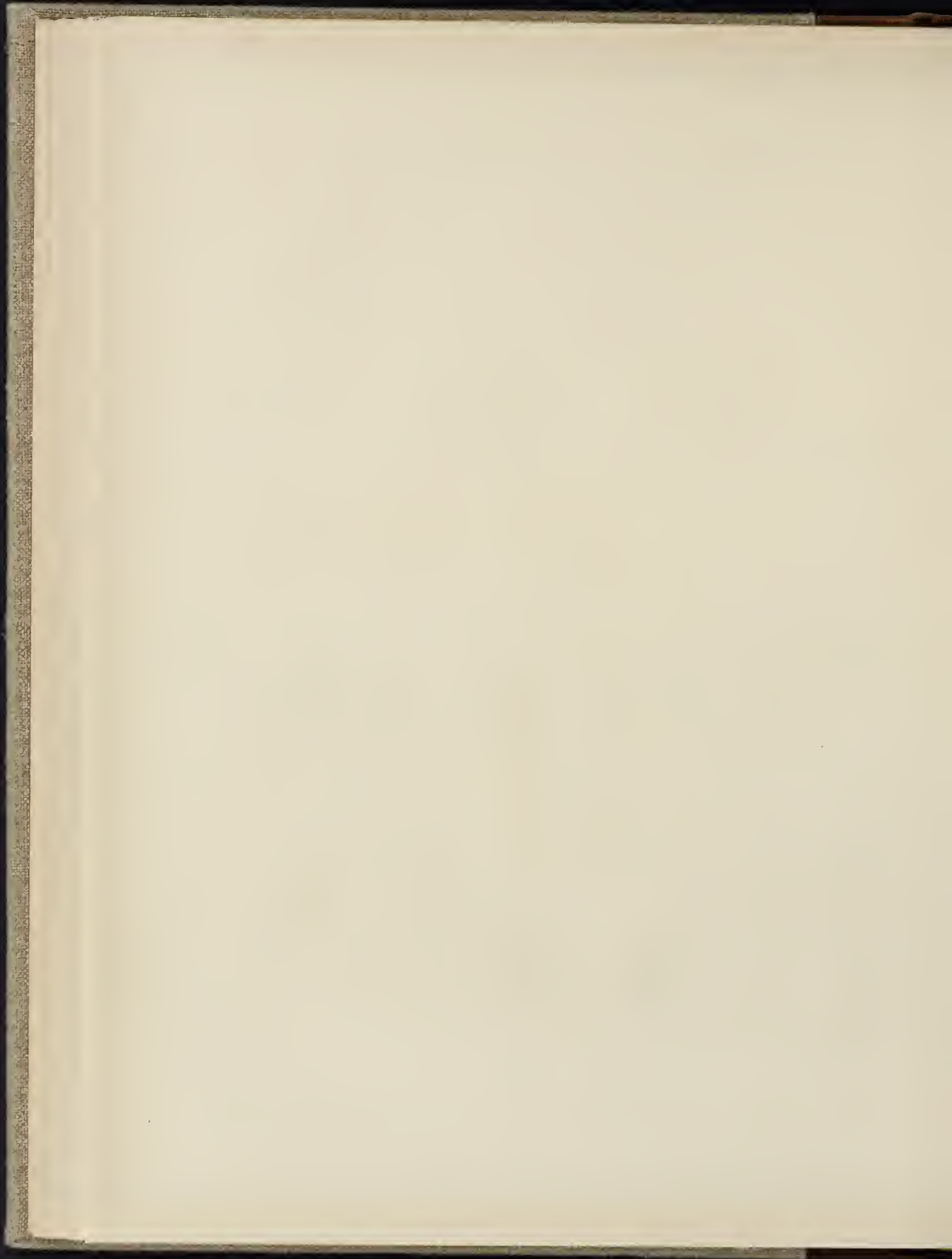


THE ARTIST'S ORIGINAL

OPHELIA

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART. RA. IN THE HENRY TATE COLLECTION. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS H. GRAYES & CO.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED



THE HENRY TATE COLLECTION.*

III.

I NOTICE that some of the reviewers who have done me the honour of referring to these articles, treat them as if their object were the criticism, or, rather, that side of criticism which confines itself to praise, of Mr. Tate's project. I hope I have said nothing to justify such an opinion. My desire has been to describe the gift about to be made over to the nation, and to leave every reader to form his own conclusion as to its value. Now and then it is impossible to avoid leaving description with a certain amount of praise or blame. If one succeeded in doing so, the result would be too heavy for any reader. In speaking, for instance, of Sir John Millais's 'Knight Errant,' I ventured to point out how, in my opinion, he might have strengthened his own conception by being a little more courageous; and, as occasions arise, I shall return to the same method, even indulging here and there in still more definite verdicts. I shall draw attention to what seem to me the internal beauties or defects of the more interesting pictures in the collection. But, so far as I can, I shall avoid expressions of opinion on the collection as a whole. The time for that will arrive when it is arranged at Westminster. At present no one

can say exactly what the Henry Tate Gallery will be, or what it will contain. The views of the building which have appeared in various publications represent nothing but a suggestion, which may be—which, I hope, will be—greatly modified before a final scheme is arrived at. And if the appearance of the Gallery is still undetermined, so are its contents. The list of seventy-four pictures given in *THE ART JOURNAL* for March includes all those from which Mr. Tate will allow a selection to be made. The total will, no doubt, be considerably reduced before the country enters into possession, and for that no one is better prepared than Mr. Tate himself.

The frontispiece to the present number of *THE ART JOURNAL* is a photogravure after Sir John Millais's 'Ophelia.' I imprudently said so much of this picture in my first article that little is now left to say. Since I then wrote, however, I have spent half an hour in its presence, and have felt, in renewed force, the old perplexity caused by its finesse of conception. Nowhere else in Millais's work do we find the essential harmony between



The Valley of the Llugwy. By B. W. Leader, R.A.

a thought, and its rendering, we see here. The Shakesperian unity, the genius which turns the gladdest things in Nature--

spring flowers, a babbling brook, irresponsible song—into echoes of death, exists on the canvas, and is helped even by the painter's sins. If Sir John Millais had painted no other pic-

* Continued from page 126.



Landscape. By Old Crome.

ture but this, how false would have been our guesses at his personality. And yet a man can burn with no emotions but his own. If Millais's later work seems to betray an *insouciant* observer, a man floating on the surface of life's stream, and noting here and there the bits that take his fancy, the 'Ophelia,' and, in a less degree, 'The Return of the Dove to the Ark,' prove that the fire which burns within him can develop a fusing heat with the right hand on the bellows.

The distinction between talent and genius may be called a matter of temperature. The man of talent collects the materials for a work of Art. He arranges his ideas with skill. He apportions his elements rightly, both as to quantity and juxtaposition, and he makes a pretty pattern, a pattern so pretty that most of us don't see that it can be taken to pieces and rearranged into another just as pretty. With a genius it is very different. He, too, selects his elements, and lays them side by side in due quantity and order. But when this is done he submits them to his own heat, to the fiery blast he carries in his own brain, and the elements run together and are fused into a creation, into a thing which will endure, into a thing you can neither add to nor take from. The elements of the landscape by Old Crome here engraved are so unambitious that genius sounds a big word to use in connection with it, and yet no smaller word would be fair. Crome here paints nothing but a pool of water, a few oaks, an old paling, and an afternoon sky; and he paints them in a fashion confessedly borrowed from Dutchmen of two centuries ago; and yet his design is so good, his colour so full of warmth and harmony, and every detail of his execution so profoundly consistent with his dominant idea, that we are constrained to allow him genius. In a picture like this he rises to the level of Ruysdael at his best. Nothing of Hobbema's has so much dignity, repose, and poetry. Few men have equalled Crome in making the most of simple

elements. The only painter of serious merit whom we can put beside him in that matter is Georges Michel, whose versions of the plain of St. Denis afford a curious parallel to Crome's work in the outskirts of Norwich. But Crome is infinitely richer and more subtle than Michel. He holds a place midway between the Frenchman and Ruysdael, now sinking almost to the level of the one, now rising quite to that of the other. Let me try to sketch him.

John Crome came into the world at a time when landscape-painting scarcely existed in this country. Its only exponent of any great merit was Richard Wilson, and he starved by its pursuit. Turner and Constable were only to see the light some years later, and the forerunners of our school of water-colour were neither numerous enough nor sufficiently gifted to affect the truth of what I say. Crome was born at Norwich in 1768. The son of a journeyman weaver, his early years were passed like those of other boys in his station. At twelve he became errand-boy to Dr. Rigby; but he seems to have been endowed with some initiative, for a few years later he apprenticed himself to a house and sign painter of the symptomatic name of Whistler. While in this man's service he learnt, no doubt, a good deal about paint and brushes, and drying oils and vehicles. But he can have had no education in Art. For his first steps in that direction he must have depended on his own instincts, stimulated by the lovely scenery, speaking from the pictorial standpoint, which encircled his native city. Norwich itself "was picturesque, full of antiquarian interest, and seemed as if it had slept while other cities of the Kingdom were up and at work. The lanes in the suburbs, the banks of the river, the heaths, the commons were wild, untrimmed, and picturesque; the old labourer's cottage with its thatched roof, the farms with their rural homesteads, were scattered close around the city. Villas and terraces had

not yet, like drilled intruders, broken in upon their picturesque decay. The river as it wound with silvery surface through the fat meadows, or stretched away towards the sea, widened into lakelets called broads, and bore on its way, inland or seaward, the picturesque barges, or wherries, as they are locally called, whose tanned sails, ruddy in the sunlight, contrasted so well with the green of the landscape. Thus the very sleepiness of the land, not yet awakened to afford instruction to its children, was yet peculiarly fitted to call into life an instinctive love of Art."*

The aspirations roused by scenes like these in a mind naturally artistic had their direction fixed by a happy accident. Crome was introduced to a Mr. Thomas Harvey, himself a painter, who possessed a small collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures. To the study of these the boy applied himself with enthusiasm. We do not know what masters were represented, but Crome's own productions are pretty conclusive as to that. There must have been a Hobbema, a Ruysdael or two, and perhaps a few things by such comparatively insignificant men as Dekker, Rombouts, and Verboom. Echoes of them all are to be found in the Norwich painter's work. Clearly, however, it was to Hobbema and Ruysdael that his love was mostly given. From the first he learnt execution, from the second a broad and solemn way of regarding nature. Mr. Tate's landscape is a Ruysdael in spirit, a Hobbema in handling. Mingled with these Dutch influences, we find in

*"A Century of Painters," vol. ii., p. 362.

a good many Crome's unmistakable evidence of the power over him of Richard Wilson, whose pictures he is known to have copied. Wilson's example did not always work for good in Crome's case. It sometimes led him into a soft, sloppy execution, which did not suit his inventions.

Crome, then, as a painter, was the result of Dutch examples working upon a thoroughly English mind, upon a mind which, probably long before he had ever met a picture, was fired with a desire to reproduce the scenes about him; to reproduce them too, with fidelity, but at the same time with that regard for unity to which the artist's best stepping-stone is an intelligent use of tradition. In no other English painter do we find so just a blend between sincerity and school, between a personal aim and an acceptance of authority in the methods of arriving at it, as we find in Old Crome. And I know no better outcome of the combination than the picture here engraved.

Among our illustrations to the present article will be found three more landscapes, a Hook, a Leader, and a Keeley Halswelle. Mr. Tate's Collection includes three canvases signed by Mr. Hook, 'Love's Young Dream,' 'Home with the Tide,' and 'The Seaweed-gatherer'; but they are practically all the same picture. Mr. Hook is no believer in variety. Like the great Dutchmen, he pegs away at a single idea until he reaches something like perfection in its management. The only change he has given us for some years is the accidental one involved in turning his back on the sea and painting an inland view. And this he has only done at rare intervals,



Love's Young Dream. By J. C. Hook, R.A.

the most successful instance being the picture in the Chantrey Collection called 'The Stream.' Apart from this change of venue, his variations are confined to those implied by different hours of the day. Occasionally he paints a sunset—there was a fine one at the Academy some three years ago—occasionally an early morning, before the last vapours have fled before the sun. But his true theme is the mid-day light of summer, shining down upon the perpetual flirtation of sea and land. It gives him a double opportunity. It gives him an opportunity to show his power over gem-like colour, over the myriad scintillations which form the texture of earth and water at noon, when the sun is behind the painter; and it gives an opportunity for design. The chief use of water in any landscape is to afford an arabesque, to enable some grand line to be introduced on which the rest of the composition can be hung. Without water it is very difficult to unite variety with concentration when any considerable expanse has to be dealt with. In narrow landscapes like those of Hobbema a big tree answers the purpose. It rises up against the sky, and its outline gives the accent required. In some panoramic Ruysdaels you will find the great church of Haarlem used to the same end. It gathers up, as it were, the wandering lines, and gives an eye to the whole composition. But the lines afforded by a rocky coast, by a coast exposed to the unchecked enterprise of the sea, are the finest of all. Their only drawback is that, from the nature of things, they can never have their echo: they must always divide the picture into water on one side and land on the other, or water above and land below. Mr. Hook uses them with great skill, and, after all, his pictures have as much variety as those of any "old master" in the same *genre*. He has been accused of being too personal, too subjective, in his treatment of nature. But experience shows

that the strong expression of personal ideas is a condition of permanent artistic fame. While a painter is still alive his individual peculiarities are counted against him. He is measured by the sort of abstract standard which every man carries in his own mind, and is praised or condemned accordingly. To be too yellow, or too brown, or too blue, is to court abuse from contemporaries, but how has it told against Cuyp, or Rembrandt, or Vermeer of Delft? The peculiar chords of colour adopted by those masters are now seen to be among their charms, and the very men who criticise certain living painters for exactly the same predilections, would never dream of calling a Cuyp too yellow, or a Rembrandt too brown, or a Vermeer too much "in the key of blue"! Hook has just as much right to see the earth's surface as a weft of brilliant hues, of hues intertwined and interchanging like the vibration of the sea itself, as others have to see it as a pattern of tones, more or less broadly modulated according to the moment's purpose. The one universal condition is that the elements shall work to unity, that the final result in us who look on, shall be a state of repose over which an active sensuous enjoyment is, as it were, embroidered.

The other two landscapes, Mr. Leader's 'On the Llugwy' and the late Keeley Halswelle's 'Pangbourne,' are of the objective kind. They take a scene which has a certain beauty or character of its own, and they reproduce it to the best of their ability. In neither picture is there one spark of the fusing fire; in neither is there any evidence that the scenes selected had anything particular to say to their painter. The valley of the Llugwy is a pretty place. Mr. Leader has painted it prettily, with a plentiful display of mechanism and an equally lavish disregard of all that is fine in the colour of a Welsh landscape. As for the 'Pangbourne,' Keeley Halswelle seems to have



Pangbourne. By Keeley Halswelle.



CONSULTING THE ORACLE.
By J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A. From the Henry Tate Collection.

been attracted by the difficulty of making the long straight bank under the Great Western Railway into a thing of beauty. The subject is not one that many would have chosen, and yet its unity and the vigour of its self-assertion make it so good a theme, that this is one of the least abusable of Halswelles.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has one point in common with Hogarth. He paints dramatic scenes, and yet his conceptions are entirely pictorial. This factor of Hogarth's art has never been sufficiently insisted on; nay, so far as I know it has never been insisted on at all. And yet it is most undoubtedly the foundation of his celebrity. Hogarth was essentially an artist, *double d'un moraliste*, if you like, but an artist outside and first of all. It was by pictorial considerations that he was governed when he planned his moralities, and by them he is guided in the arrangement of his by-play, in the selection of his accessories, in the choice and management of every detail of design and colour. Look, for instance, at the fourth picture of the 'Marriage' series. In the left-hand corner you will see a black page, in a fantastic dress, pointing with a grin at a horned figure of Actæon. This action forms a pregnant comment on the relations of councillor and countess, but the group is also, from its outline, tone, and colour, exactly what the composition wants in that particular place. So it is all through Hogarth—in his most crowded pictures, such as the 'March to Finchley' at the Foundling, the 'Election Series' in the Soane Museum, or the bagnio scene of the 'Rake's Progress' in the same place, the pictorial motive is always present, and every touch upon the canvas at once enriches the story to be told and the æsthetic whole to be created.

To apply all this to Mr. Waterhouse may seem a little fantastic, and, in truth, it can only be done with some qualifi-

cation. Hogarth, artist as he was, was a son of his time. He forced his effects. He could not be content with allusion. His hints had to be hammered home. The modern fashion of giving little more than a glimpse even of a central motive had not then been invented, and so, with him, the dramatic element preponderates in quantity, though not in its essential importance. In these days it is the other way about. The pictorial idea is the conspicuous part; the story to be told is held down, and allowed to make itself felt slowly. The first glance at 'Consulting the Oracle' is enough to show that Mr. Waterhouse was induced to paint it by its pictorial capabilities. Probably it grew somewhat in this manner. The first idea that sprang into his head was a row of women, each stirred in her own way by a touch of the same passion. Many an artist has painted women in the Roman circus on a similar impulse. But the old idea was improved upon by Mr. Waterhouse by the semicircular arrangement. This in turn led to the provision of a central object to which eyes and thoughts could be directed, and so the picture, as we see it, was contrived. Had Hogarth painted it, he would have told us a great deal more than Mr. Waterhouse. He would have enriched the canvas with many little episodes and accessories in order to let us know what the oracle was saying, and what sort of fulfilment its prophecies would have. All this Mr. Waterhouse has left to his audience; we can fill in his sketch as we please. His object has been to get all possible pictorial value out of the incident as it might have occurred: to so conceive, design, and paint, that his scheme of light, and colour, and chiaroscuro, should be in harmony with the drama, and that the whole should fall upon our senses with the breadth of a musical chord.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

DESIGN AND THE ART OF MR. WHISTLER.

To the Editor of THE ART JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,

Since Mr. D. S. MacColl, in his article on "Mr. Whistler's pictures in Oil" in the March number of THE ART JOURNAL, quotes from, and refers to, at such length an article of mine on "Design," in the January number of *The Magazine of Art*—the second part of which appeared in February—perhaps you will allow me at once to relieve Mr. MacColl's mind (who seems really sorry for what he *assumes* to be the state of my own in regard to modern painting, and Mr. Whistler's in particular) by referring him to another article by me in *The Fortnightly Review* for December last, on "The English Revival of Decorative Art," where he will find Mr. Whistler is "numbered with the *Decorators*."

This at once removes the ground on which Mr. MacColl, in his otherwise able and spirited defence of the individualistic and impressionist view of Art, rests a great part of his attack on my position.

I can assure him that, as a matter of fact, I have always been an admirer of Mr. Whistler's Art from the days when he first appeared "at the piano" in the old Academy rooms in Trafalgar Square. Though I am not prepared to say that Whistlerism is either the first or the last word in Art, exactly.

I still think my words, "*Impression* and imitation of the superficial aspects of life and nature," quoted by Mr. MacColl,

fairly covers modern easel-picture painting. There is good work of both kinds, and the terms are not exclusive of treatment and selection. My words, "the result *may* be a picture, but it *must* also be a pattern," also clearly allow for the possibility of design in painting.

To deal with all the minor points raised by Mr. MacColl would require at least as long an article as his own, but I agree so much with what he says about painting (he is, perhaps, unaware that I have followed the gentle craft myself from my youth up) that it seems a pity he should have been in such a hurry to make me appear in the wrong by arguments of his own based on mere assumptions of what I might, could, would, should, or ought to think.

For my part I am for the unity of the arts, and the sooner design, painting, and decoration are drawn closer, the sooner artificial, social, and commercial distinctions are obliterated in their equal, and interdependent, co-operative brotherhood, the better.

I am, Dear Sir, faithfully yours,

WALTER CRANE.

* Mr. Crane's cordial admiration of Mr. Whistler is what one would expect from an artist of his distinction, and I took care to say in my article that he probably had not Mr. Whistler's work in his mind when he wrote. But does it not make his

description of modern pictorial art the more unmeaning, that he has left out of account the kind of painter who need be considered?

I founded my argument, not on assumptions of what Mr. Crane might think, but on what he said; and to avoid any doubt of his meaning, I quoted him with great fullness. If he will refer to the context of the phrase he cites, "The result may be a picture, but it must also be a pattern," he will find that it is expressly applied to "decorative" painting as distinguished from "an easel picture, or any pictorial rendering

of nature." Now Mr. Whistler has, as Mr. Crane allows, produced "decorative" painting, that is, painting in conjunction with architecture, or some other condition outside of the picture; but the greater part of his work has been "easel pictures and pictorial renderings of nature complete in themselves." My argument was that design is as essential an element of this kind of painting as of the "decorative," the point of Mr. Crane's argument I understood to be that it was entirely absent from any but "decorative" painting.

D. S. M.

THE MEISSONIER EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition of the works of Meissonier which has recently been opened in the gallery of M. Georges Petit, Paris, and of which the proceeds are to be devoted to charitable purposes, may certainly be regarded as one of the most imposing and interesting held in Paris during the past twenty years.

On entering the room, full of so many *chefs-d'œuvre* and souvenirs of the master, we are at once possessed with a feeling of respect for his genius and influence, and this impression, derived from so practical a glorification of one of the greatest and most sincere workers of the century, is

overpowering, and we become not only conscious of the presence of the artist to whom had fallen the rare good fortune of receiving and enjoying in his lifetime all the honours and emoluments of his profession—the Meissonier who is immortalised by a long series of splendid achievements and world-wide reputation—but we find ourselves admitted, as intimate friends, to the inner shrine of his Art and genius, a favour heretofore totally unknown to the public, albeit a few select acquaintances enjoyed the privilege of entering to discuss with him his various projects and fancies. Our keenest interest is awakened. With

twelve hundred sketches in oil, water-colour, and crayon, we are irresistibly impelled to a closer study of his work. Taste-



Original Sketch by Meissonier
for *Cuirassier in the Picture* '1807.'



Trumpeter of Hussars.
Original Sketch by Meissonier.

fully arranged, amid and around his principal pictures, they show indefatigable application to work, extensive knowledge and wonderful ability, a conscientious and eager effort to reproduce faithfully the various forms and moods of nature, and a learned and precise execution of apparently the most trifling details of costume, feature, and drapery.

To a serious and attentive lover of Art these sketches form an invaluable treasure-house. By carefully examining all the

studies which have served for the elaboration of a picture, and thus acquiring a knowledge of its successive stages, one realises to a certain extent the various conditions of mind through which the artist himself passed in order to produce the final result. We have before us a complete record of his labour—almost the image of his life—a marvellous representation of conception and creation, all his efforts and advances made during sixty years of incessant activity, from the earliest sketches of his youth to those productions of maturity which are the sacred heirlooms of posterity.

Naturally the painters of his time produced their influence on the earlier works of Meissonier, where the general effect of composition appears to dominate precision of drawing and colour. But he is soon seen to withdraw from such

apprenticeship to devote himself to an independent interpretation of sacred subjects and of the stories and legends of the great writers who had interested him. It was at this period that he made the series of sketches and designs for the 'Prophets' and the 'Evangelists,' 'Esther,' the 'Holy Family,' and 'Joan of Arc,' the last being evidently intended to figure in some larger work, but the idea seems to have been abandoned. These two sections of Meissonier's work are relatively insignificant, and afford no indication of those qualities which eventually rendered him famous.

It is not till he begins to admire and study the Dutch Masters, and becomes enthusiastic over the grand events in the career of Napoleon, that one is able to perceive the unfolding of his unique talents. By constantly meditating over

the records of the miseries and heroic achievements of the Grande Armée, his conception and execution attained the highest degree of realistic excellence. His troopers, halberdiers, readers, musicians, and smokers, all strongly reminiscent of his admiration of the Dutch Masters, rapidly rendered his position a firm and conspicuous one; but his first real triumphs were obtained with 'La Rixe,' 'The Chess-Players,' 'The Picture Connoisseurs,' and other pictures, of all of which in the present exhibition we find such an array of preliminary sketches and studies as has scarcely been equalled by any other artist.

About this period he painted two small pictures, 'Man at a Window,' and 'The Engraver,' which are exquisite and unrivalled, and mark in a decisive way the acme of his genius.

As may be readily imagined, military studies and drawings occupy a prominent position in this collection; and it is among them that one must look for the development of those admirable works, the pride of the national museums of France and of private galleries throughout the world. We might mention them all, and each would have a different interest, and call forth some memory or other. All the figures, whether officers or soldiers, great and small, execute their



Portrait of Meissonier, painted by himself.



THE BATTLE OF CASTIGLIONE.

An unfinished Picture by Meissonier. By permission of M. Charles Meissonier.

evolutions with an accuracy of movement, gesture and deportment which, after a moment's contemplation, produces the illusion of reality. There is a series of studies made for the famous '1807' and '1805,' remarkable in every respect, and each study is of itself a masterpiece. We reproduce a Cuirassier from the '1807,' a picture now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. 'The Battle of Castiglione,' of which we give a full-page reproduction, is a large unfinished sketch which Meissonier thought of utilising in an important painting. It is one of his best compositions, showing in the final design to what an extent he could work up a first rough idea. 'Le Trompette de Hussards,' of which we reproduce a sketch, 'Les Voltigeurs,' and 'Les Guides,' are also remarkably fine. On this page we also give reproductions of horsemen in repose, being portraits of Marshal Lannes and Marshal Bessières.

In the midst of this glorious profusion of works of Art, all instinct with the deepest thought and most perfect execution, the outcome, beyond doubt, of gigantic efforts and struggles, Meissonier seems to have rested awhile, but only to portray some of his contemporaries. He abandoned the heroes whose



Marshal Lannes.
Original Sketch by Meissonier.



Marshal Bessières.
Original Sketch by Meissonier.

features were so deeply graven in his mind and so imperishably depicted in his '1814' and other episodes, wherein the drama of defeat is most vividly epitomised.

Our portrait of the master, painted by himself, is a very dignified piece of work, and does not give the idea of smallness of stature for which Meissonier was in reality remarkable. He is seated in his study on a kind of throne with his favourite hound at his feet.

So magnificent a collection, formed wholly of the works of one artist, is beyond all precedent, and well deserves the high praise it has received from all quarters. It for ever consecrates the memory of Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, not only in the thoughts of all lovers of Art, but in the grateful remembrance of the poor for whose benefit the exhibition is held.

We have to thank M. Charles Meissonier for his kind permission to allow the reproductions to be made which accompany this paper, and to call attention to the Meissonier Exhibition now open in Messrs. Tooth's gallery in London.

GEO. BERNE-BELLECOUR.



Tapestry in the Sitting-Room. By William Morris.

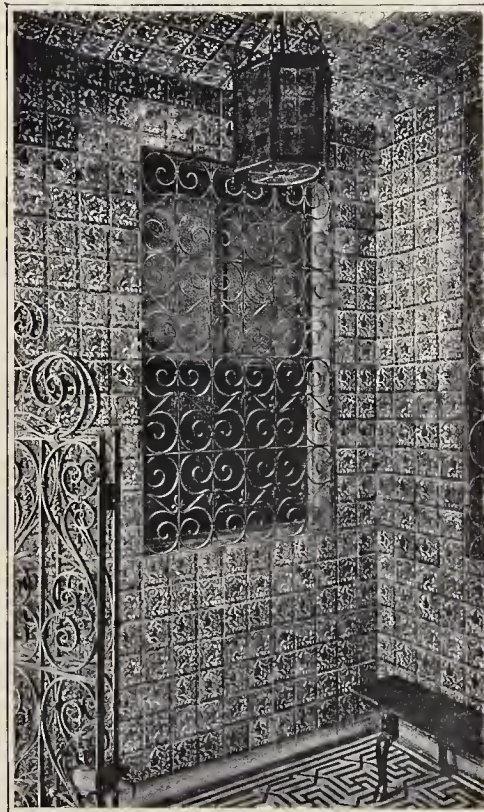
A KENSINGTON INTERIOR.

THE neighbourhood of Holland Park is rich in houses of some artistic account. The President of the Royal Academy and other notable artists have made it their home. The late William Burgess built himself there that wonderful realisation of his quaintly anachronistic ideal, a mediæval dwelling "up to date." But it would be difficult to find among them a house more full of interest to lovers of Art, and especially to those who care for the decorative side of it, than No. 1, the house of Mr. Alexander Ionides.

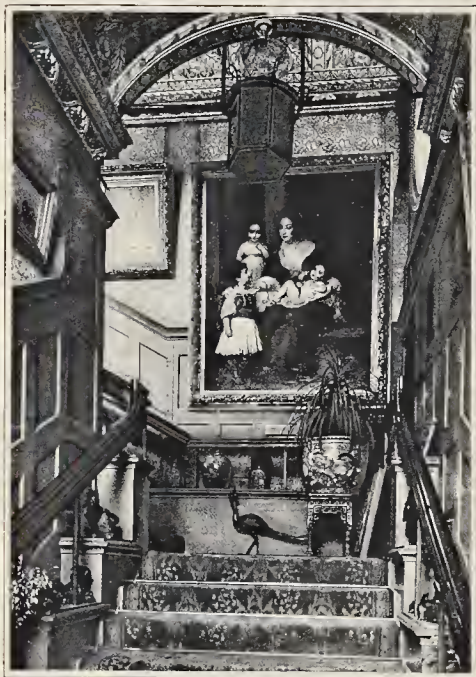
The severe simplicity and the dignified treatment of the long side-wall, as you approach the house from the direction of Notting Hill, indicate plainly at first sight that an architect of more than ordinary ability and character has had a hand in the work. But this is not "an architect's house." One source of interest in it is to see the kind of thing a man like Mr. Philip Webb could make out of what was, to begin with, an ordinary builder's house. He has made it something he would never have thought of designing if he had started building it from the ground. It may lack this or that in consequence; he himself very likely sees in it faults of proportion which are none of his; but it gains thereby the infinite attraction of unexpectedness. Difficulties to be overcome have suggested to him contrivances which indicate at every turn the cunning of the constructor. His tact and taste are tried continually, and he is not found wanting. The house appears, not so much to have been designed, as to have grown, and one experiences in it something of the charm which we feel in an old building which embraces work of several successive generations. That tells us of the centuries through which it has survived to us; this tells us of a man very seriously concerned about the house he lives in, proud of it, always trying to better it, and make it fit him better; who has called to his help artists unsurpassed, and probably unequalled, in our time; who has filled it with beautiful things, and who has yet impressed upon it the stamp of himself. It is no mere glory of the decorator and furnisher in which he basks. This is very especially the home of the Greek Consul-General, by whose good leave the readers of THE ART JOURNAL have this month a peep into it.

There is no porch or other advertisement of the entrance. One steps straight from the sidewalk into a bright little lobby, walled with painted tiles, and protected by slender grilles of gilded hammered work in iron. Entering the house you ascend at once to the reception rooms by a stair-

case planned to go round three sides of a solid square. From the soft grey and cedar-coloured carpet the eye wanders over the green panelling of the walls to the portrait group prominent in our illustration, one of the earliest works of Mr. Watts—which, with the other interesting paintings belonging to Mr. Ionides, we must pass over for the moment, reserving them for separate notice in the near future. On each side, beneath



The Tiled Entrance Lobby, with Iron Grilles.



The Staircase, designed by Philip Webb, with early Picture by G. F. Watts, R.A.

the handrail, are a series of higher steps, forming, as it were, pedestals for a collection of bronzes, very well worth notice but never by any chance calling for it. The upper walls, pierced at the ends by large round windows, are patterned in silver outline on a ground of pink, so pale that you scarcely recognise at first that it is more than a warm white; and above the cornice the soffits of the further flights of stairs are very satisfactorily disguised by a waggon-vaulted roof, painted with severely disposed foliated ornament, in yellow on a white ground, after the design of Mr. William Morris. The architecture is by Mr. Webb, who also planned the mosaic flooring, which takes the place of the carpet in the hall on the first floor, and is designed on the lines of a carpet: that is to say, there is a long strip of scroll pattern in green, very much the colour of the woodwork, relieved here and there with touches of yellow; and beyond that the white margins are just diapered with tessere of black and orange at regular but discreetly wide intervals.

The two drawing-rooms approached from here are thrown into one, with double curtaining to divide them if necessary; and the decoration is so devised that there is no suddenness

in the transition from one scheme of colour to another; but they are by no means alike. You enter the richer of the two rooms first. The walls are covered with an embossed pattern of conventional chrysanthemums, lacquered in transparent colour over silver; the leafage is of bright bronze green, the background of deep madder, the flowers in lighter and brighter tints harmonizing with the ground, and varied so as to form cross bands of colour contrasting with the upright lines in which the pattern grows. The woodwork is of polished walnut, the floor of parquetry. The cornice is in lacquered silver, the ceiling is patterned in gold and silver on a creamy ground, in the more or less Persian manner which Mr. Morris very often adopts when he forgets to be Gothic. The richness of the wall-colouring is carried through in the carpet, where the pattern is in pale green and blue and cedar pink, on a dark green ground, the cedar-coloured ground of the border connecting it, as it were, with the parquetry; and the cooler colour is more emphatically pronounced in the window curtains, which are of silk damask in two shades of greenish-blue which might be called "peacock," did not that misused name almost imply a certain coal-tar iridescence peculiarly objectionable to the colourist responsible for the scheme.

The chief interest of the room in its owner's eyes lies, however, in the Tanagra figures, which he has enshrined in an architectural overmantel, designed for that purpose by Mr. Walter Crane. Enough to say that the contrast between the delicately-tinted figures and their black marble setting is softened by judicious use of gold as a background to the niches, and by the introduction of columns of red and yellow Siena marble midway in tone between the extremes of light terra-cotta and dark limestone. One wonders, by the way, how much of the pleasant colour of these works is due to disintegration. There is just a suspicion that these mellow tints may once have been as crude as now they are beautiful. Of the figures themselves it is hopeless to attempt description. They are only a few out of the many which Mr. Ionides is fortunate enough to possess; and they were among the first found at Tanagra, before ever forgeries were thought of. Two



Overmantel in first Drawing-Room, with Tanagra Statuettes.

of the most beautiful of them are not included in our illustration—a figure of Europa, recumbent on the bull, and a still more lovely Leda, with the swan craning his neck towards a cup with which she teases and attracts him. It would be difficult to say too much of the grace and delicacy of these masterly little sketches in clay, of the feeling that is in them, the charm that is about them—as difficult as it would be easy to fall into fine writing concerning them.

The walls of the adjoining room are hung with a sober textile material, in which the pattern merges itself into a general tint of greenish or greyish blue, according to the angle at which the light happens to fall upon it; the window curtains are of the same, and the woodwork is painted a quiet green, which is really a lower tone of the prevailing tint. The brighter colouring recurs in the ceiling, which is painted with floral ornaments, in floral colours, on a white ground; in the carpet, with its blue ground; in sundry pieces of furniture, covered with old Broussa velvets, embroideries and other rich stuffs. A very remarkable piece of needlework masks the way into the dining-room. The design consists of bold scroll-work, mainly in ivory-white and green, with occasional orange-pink flowers, on a ground of soft but slightly greyish blue. It was bought in Constantinople, but is obviously of Italian Renaissance design, the Eastern character of the workmanship betraying itself in the tambour stitch employed, and still more markedly in the detail of sundry subsidiary bands or border lines (possibly left plain in the original), where the embroiderer has ventured

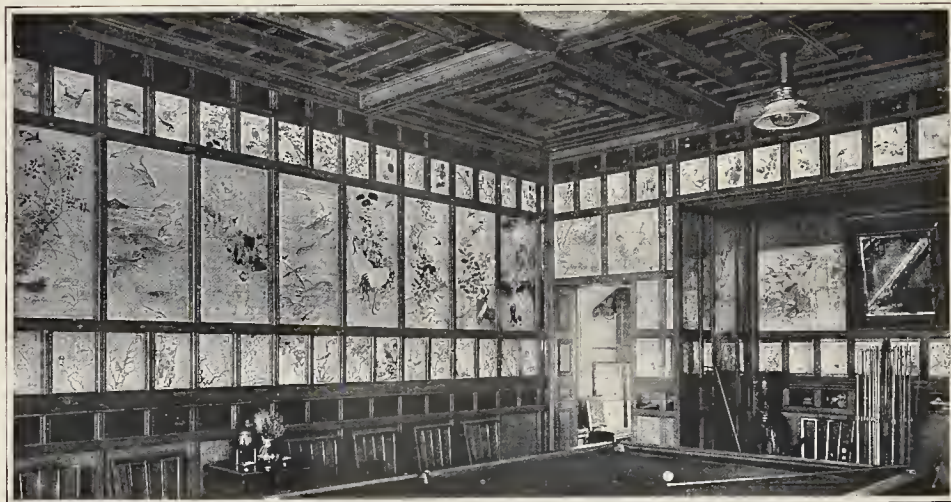
upon a little running ornament of his own, quite Arab in drawing. The colour of this portière is so precisely right that it might very well have given the keynote to Mr. Morris's decoration; and, strangely enough, it arranges itself into those marked horizontal bands, so dear to his heart. If, as I understand to be the case, that was not so, then Mr. Ionides made a remarkably fortunate discovery when he came upon it.

In this room is the grand piano, which was shown at the first exhibition of the Arts and Crafts. It is stained a deep rich green, and enriched with gold and silver ornament in slight relief, by Miss Faulkner.

The greyness of the walls of this room is relieved by plaques of old Persian pottery against them, old Chinese plates, old lustre dishes, old Greek vases, old hawthorn pots, each object in itself worth more than ordinary attention, and all seeming curiously at home together in their modern habitation.



A corner of the second Drawing-Room, decorated by William Morris.



The Billiard-Room, designed by Jeckyll. Decorated with Japanese Paintings, Prints, and Panels.

The pictures in the drawing-rooms are just enough, and are as fit as they are few.

Passing through to the dining-room you face the fireplace, which was, as a matter of fact, the starting point of its decoration. Finding himself in possession of some of those fine old Persian tiles, with lords and ladies, modelled in relief, riding out on slender-limbed horses, a-hawking, amidst flowers as large as themselves, it occurred to Mr. Ionides that he would like to use them for his fireplace. Mr. Philip Webb accordingly framed them very skilfully, as the illustration shows, in a chimney-piece of sober Purbeck marble, which gives great value to the luscious colour of the Persian faïence. In admirable keeping with this combination is the old Cordovan leather with which the lower walls are covered, embossed with a pattern in lacquered gold, bronze-green, and a little dark red, on a sea-green ground. This forms a perfect background to a few fine pictures, each of which has the place of honour it deserves.

Mr. Webb, more careful of architectural form than of colour, appears to have left the upper walls and ceiling of the dining-room bare, and Mr. Crane was called in to decorate them. He set out the ceiling and the frieze in panels, devised between the two doors at the end of the room a sort of architectural framing to the serving-table or sideboard, decorated the doors with gesso, and the chimney-breast, the frieze, and the ceiling in like manner.

The leading motif of his ornament is the vine—the vine of Omar Khayyam—

"The grape that can with Logic absolute
The two-and-seventy jarring sects confute."

It creeps up the pilasters of the chimney-breast, it trails along the door-panels, it overspreads the ceiling, where it is associated with the twice-appropriate symbol of the wine-cup, "that inverted Bowl," as Omar styles it, which "They call the Sky." At every intersection of the ribs, where one expects to find the ordinary rosette or patera, Mr. Crane may be said, in memory of the poet, to "Turn down an empty Glass."

The connection between this and the Fables of Æsop, illustrated in the main panels of the frieze, is not at once apparent, even though the story of the Fox and the Grapes be found among them. The intention is, presumably, to counterbalance the easy-going philosophy of the Persian poet by the more practical teaching of the Greek moralist.

In the modelling of this considerable work Mr. Crane had the assistance of the late Osmund Weekes, who somehow failed to make for himself the position he should have attained. The long panel over the mantelpiece, however, is entirely by the designer's own hand. He has framed it with the words it illustrates:—

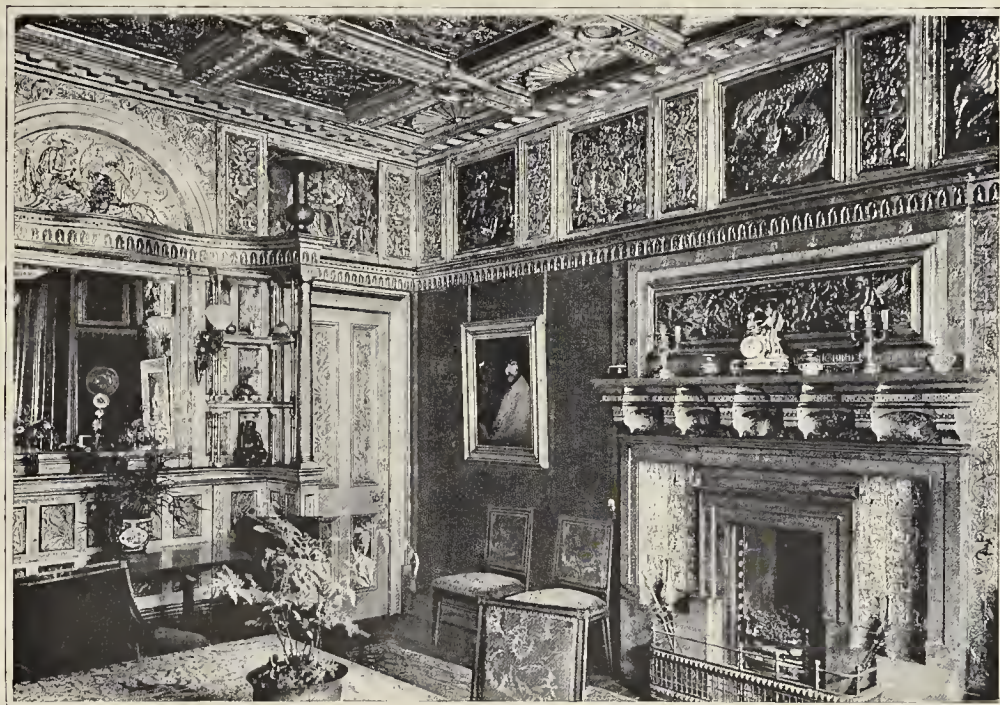
"Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring
Now winter-garment of Repentance fling;
The Bird of June has but a little way
To flutter—and the bird is on the wing!"

The colour-scheme is a daring experiment, justified by complete success. The whole of the frieze, the ceiling, the chimney-breast, the doors and other woodwork, everything, in short, but the marble mantelpiece with its tiles, and the Spanish leather, has been silvered; but the brightness of the silver has been so softened by lacquer, deepened here to gold colour, there to copper, glazed to bronze or brighter green, and occasionally to ruby red, that it goes for little more than a rather higher note of the prevailing sober colour of the walls below. The danger of anything like glare or glitter has been most skilfully parried, and this really rather gorgeous decoration is restful and reposeful enough in effect, not merely for a room to dine in, but for one in which even a modest man might comfortably live.

It is one great charm of the whole house that it strikes one unmistakably as a place to live in. It is stored full of beautiful things; but they take their place, and are not, as it were, on exhibition; it has none of the air of a museum. Details may be what some might think unnecessarily beautiful, but they do not call to you to come and look at them; it is only by accident, as it were, that you discover that the bell-pulls and the finger-plates of the doors in the dining-room are works

of exquisite art, designed and modelled by the artist himself. The difficulty of making rich things keep their place in decoration is largely in the impracticability of surrounding them fittingly, of leading up to them, and supporting them. Here everything is so choice that there is not much to choose between them, and nothing asserts itself. One is struck not so much by the richness of it all as by its beauty, and the taste with which, out of elements one would have thought sometimes incongruous, a congruous whole has been evolved.

There is no time to linger in the hall. By a short flight of stairs, the handrail supported on open panelling of very dignified design, one reaches the sitting-room, evidently a favourite room with the family, overlooking a magnificent view of the grounds of Holland House, *the* attraction of the house Mr. Ionides calls it; but that is only his modesty, because it is about the only thing with which he had nothing to do. At all events he had the wit to build a room with a look-out on to it. To his dismay there is rising between it and him a screen



A view of the Dining-Room, decorated in Gesso by Walter Crane. With Mr. Whistler's Portrait of himself.

of too promising poplar-trees, which, without really effectually securing the greater privacy of Holland House grounds, begin to spoil the view—an injury which Lord Ilchester would surely not willingly inflict upon his neighbour. Your attention, as you enter, is called at once to the out-of-doors by the wide window bay, stretching the whole of the way across the end of the room, quarried in small panes of clear white glass, which hide nothing of the beauty of nature outside, but give one the comfortable assurance that the windows are not open, and that you are not exposed to the chill climate in which a Londoner lives the greater part of the year round. Facing you as you turn round and sit in the window seat, or better seen as you draw nearer the fire, is the noble piece of Merton Abbey tapestry which was shown at the exhibition of the Arts and Crafts in 1887. It takes up the upper portion of one entire side of the room. The illustration, forming a head-piece to this article, relieves me of the necessity of saying much about it, except that it is at least as fine in colour as it is in design. The big, live scroll and the old-fashioned flowers,

tulips, daisies, cornflowers, jonquils, and what-not, are mainly the work of Mr. Morris, and for the creatures peopling it Mr. Philip Webb is responsible. Cleverly as these are drawn they scarcely show Mr. Webb at his best. They answer much more literally to the title of "beasts" than the ornament can be said to do to the description of "wood and waste," as the text has it; their lines do not flow with the rhythm of the ornament, and they have slightly the air of being interpolated among it. Nevertheless it is especially interesting to see this work of a distinguished architect in a direction not precisely that of his profession, just as it is to see Mr. Crane's ventures in the direction of architecture.

In the design of the fireplace and overmantel quite another architectural hand is to be traced, that of the late Mr. Jeckyll, who was about the first to introduce into England (after the Paris Exhibition of 1867) that Japanese manner which was turned subsequently to such excellent account by the late E. W. Godwin, and by Mr. Whistler, whose wonderful Peacock Room at Prince's Gate was built, as one may say, upon the wreck

of Mr. Jeckyll's work there. Here, indeed, is what may be called the first impulse towards that same masterly freak of decoration, indulged in at Mr. Leyland's expense. The overmantel is the prototype of that *étagère* in the famous "Peacock Room" which Mr. Whistler took upon himself to gild, much to the disgust of Mr. Jeckyll, who naturally resented being painted-out in that superior way.

Here we have an overmantel comparatively simpler in detail, but as the architect designed it: the framework only is his, the panels in it consisting of old Japanese lacquer of the carved coral kind, admirably suited for a background to the rare red-and-white Nankin vases, which form its principal ornament. In the deep green marble of the mantelpiece are embedded a number of blue-and-white Nankin saucers, with quaint but admirably harmonious effect. The main colour of the walls is a low-toned green, but there is little left bare of pictures and what not. This is the room of contrasts, not to say contradictions. A dish of Japanese dragons in raised lacquer is hung as a pendant to one of Spanish lustre, and a Græco-Roman elephant in bronze is found in close proximity to one in brass, patterned all over with subordinate beasts and ornament in the manner peculiar to Persian Art. Yet it is one of the cosiest and most reposeful rooms in the house. It is here that Mr. Ionides finds place for his bookcases, his bureau, and suchlike furniture necessary to personal comfort, all of which are in the English version of the style of "Louis-Seize" to which we give the name of "Sherraton." Passing from here through the bedroom, furnished also entirely in the Anglo-Japanese manner, one regains the landing of the second staircase (there is no back staircase—what was the main stairway having been put, as it were, into the background by the more commodious modern one), and descending by it one comes to the billiard-room, immediately under the sitting-room, and of the same shape; planned, in fact, and built at the same time with it (some twenty years ago) by Mr. Jeckyll.

The billiard-room is very ingeniously planned, with a view to the game to be played in it, with recessed side windows and broad bay furnished with seats, out of the way, for onlookers. It is an oak room from floor to ceiling. The oak is relieved throughout by panels of red lacquer. Hundreds of Japanese trays must have been slaughtered to supply them. The ceiling is framed up with alternate bands of plain oak and bands of little panels, each, of course, framed with its own mouldings. Immediately under the cornice is again a band of these lacquer panels, and another occurs just above the dado. The wall space between is divided up by oak framing, which repeats the lines of the mullions and transoms of the windows; and the openings which correspond, as one may say, to the upper and lower lights of the windows are filled with fine old Japanese prints, whilst the larger middle spaces between contain Japanese paintings on silk. Both prints and paintings are exquisite; the colour is as delicate as the drawing of flowers, birds, fishes, and all sorts of creatures, is characteristic and clever. But the

curious thing is that, these being all on what is practically white ground, the effect is very much as though the frames were window frames, and one were looking out of them, an illusion which might become an annoyance in a living-room, but which is decidedly amusing in a room devoted only to the idle hours when one wants to be amused. A high mantel of oak and red lacquer, with tiles of red lustre framing the fire, yellowish brown leather to the settees, and curtains in shades of light and dark brown, complete the scheme of colour decoration—oak and red—against which a few, a very few, choice pieces of Japanese bronze stand out in dark relief. In the table Mr. Jeckyll has succeeded in reconciling the lines of English Renaissance furniture with details, carved in very flat relief, distinctly in the manner of the foliage and fretwork of Japan.

The servants' hall below, built on the same plan and at the same time, is a very museum of old blue china. It is arranged round the walls, on shelf upon shelf, reaching almost to the ceiling. To describe it in detail would take an article by itself. One leaves it with an impression of fresh and delicately beautiful colour, blue and white and pale yellow, and a wonder what the servants think of it!

The modifications in the plan of the house have given occasion for various recesses on the staircase landings, which, apart from their convenience on occasion of receptions and the like, afford space for more treasures, Greek vases, busts, and water-colour drawings. A glazed door on the landing of the main staircase opens into a sumptuous smoking-room, lined with translucent alabaster and other English marbles, which Mr. Webb has used with his accustomed taste and reticence. The architectural feature of the room is a recess on one side of it, supported on columns of Purbeck marble, with capitals of creamy-toned alabaster. This is fitted with a long, low, comfortably cushioned seat; it only wants a figure or two lounging on it in more or less antique costume, to make a picture that Mr. Alma-Tadema might paint.

We have here a really beautiful house, full of beautiful things, an ideal interior in its way; but it is the idea of its owner, not the idea of the artists he has called to his help, that it realises. It is far from fulfilling Mr. Morris's ideal of "Art for the People by the People," and it is a strange inconsistency in the working of fate that he, and some of those who think with him, should be so largely engaged in art which is essentially, and always must be, for the very few who have the taste to appreciate it and the purse to pay for it. But with all this wealth of art there is no suggestion of grandeur. Perhaps the difference between this and most houses of anything like the same artistic interest is that this is distinctly not a mansion, flunkies would be out of place in it. It shows how modest art can be. Mr. Ionides is a Greek, and he has the love of a Greek for lovely things; but he is English-born, and he has the knack of building round him an interior such as even a Frenchman finds himself compelled to call by the English name of "home."

LEWIS F. DAY.

THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

EVERY fresh addition to the already ample space available for Art exhibitions in London runs the risk of seeming superfluous. No new gallery can hope to make a success save by superseding more or less some of those which already exist, and therefore it must from the first base its claim to attention upon superiority. The directors of the Grafton Galleries have so far recognised this principle that they have done their best to construct a building possessing exceptional structural advantages, and more thoroughly adapted for exhibition purposes than any other now open. This judicious policy has at least insured safety for their venture in future years, and has secured it from the fate that proverbially attends the competitor who is insufficiently prepared for possible vicissitudes.

Of the exhibition with which the Grafton Galleries have been opened, the best that can be said is that it is worthy of the building. As the rooms are unlike any others in London, so the collection is in its way unique. Whether by accident or design, it avoids to an extraordinary extent the paths of convention, and takes a new line which is as startling as it is successful. While out of more than three hundred and fifty pictures there are only eight by members of the Royal Academy—and these such academic exceptions as Mr. Watts, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Boughton, and Mr. Murray—there are instead admirable examples of MM. Whistler, Degas, Segantini, Khnopff, Raffaelli, and Joseph Israels; a delightful little study by Mr. Albert Moore; an amazing portrait by M. A. Besnard; and last, but not least, a series of canvases by members of the Scottish school, which is, as a collection, better than anything they have yet shown in London.



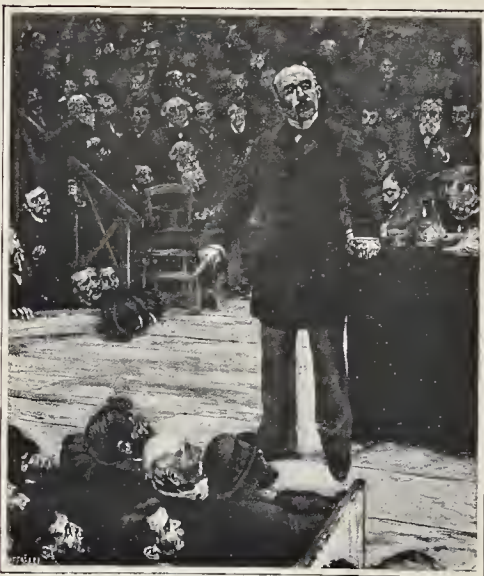
Idyl. By Alexander Roche.

The key-note of novelty and strength is struck in the first room by the audacious composition, 'Buccancers,' for which Mr. Brangwyn is responsible. As a technical achievement this picture is interesting, because it combines in a manner unusually successful great executive freedom and much vigour of colour, with a good deal of judicious restraint. It has besides a touch of true realism, which is less apparent in the second contribution by the same artist, 'Eve.' On the opposite wall is a good example of Gari Melchers, 'Faith,' a scene in a Low Country chapel, painted with great force and soundness, and drawn with much intelligence. Not unlike it in simplicity, though very different in treatment, is Signor Segantini's 'Melancholy Time,' a study of subtle colour and quiet atmospheric effect, an illustration of pastoral life full of pathetic suggestion. In the same room hang Mr. Graham Robertson's 'Sorceress,' a gracefully designed figure, illustrated overleaf; the brilliant 'Soleil d'arrière Saison,' by E. Claus, also illustrated; and Mrs. Jopling's 'Siren.'

In the second room the Glasgow painters are strongly represented. Mr. Alexander Roche's 'Idyl,' a fascinating compromise between realism and idealism, is one of the best pictures that he has exhibited. Unlike most compromises



An October Morning. By Emile Claus.



Clemenceau. By Raffaelli.

it has strong individuality, and is full of suggestion of nature. Its gentle colour scheme is essentially consistent; and its design and composition are excellent, albeit the group of figures in the foreground is not on the whole helpful to the general effect. Mr. Millie Dow's 'Autumn Landscape' is graceful, but suffers not a little from its juxtaposition with Mr. Whistler's superb portrait of 'Lady Meux,' an admirable example of his finest production, and handled throughout with superlative skill. Mr. E. A. Walton's 'Pastoral,' a good landscape, drawn with great discretion and painted with conspicuous mastery of materials, is spoiled by lack of luminosity in the sky; while Mr. E. A. Hornel's fantastic 'Summer' labours under the disadvantage of being unnecessarily involved, a fault that prevents its qualities of brushwork and colour composition appearing at their full value. Mr. William Stott's 'Iseult' is disappointing, and lacks power both of design and treatment; and Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley's portrait of 'H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife,' of which we give an illustration, though expressive as a likeness, needs greater solidity in the handling of details. Herr Khnopff's two little landscapes, 'Grasses,' and 'Heather at Fosset,' have a simplicity that compares oddly with the rather morbid character of his figure work. At the end of the room Mr. Guthrie's statuesque portrait of the 'Archbishop of Glasgow,' Signor Raffaelli's 'M. Clemenceau at an Election Meeting,' illustrated above, and M. A. Besnard's inimitable 'Jaune et Bleu—Portrait de Femme,' make a well-arranged group; the characteristics of Signor Raffaelli's picture are the photographic literalness and absence of artifice which seem less appropriate to the art gallery than the illustrated newspapers. M. Besnard's portrait is surpassingly clever, painted with absolute certainty, drawn with animation, and posed with charming vivacity. The effect of contrasting lights to which the title refers is least happy on the flesh, but to the draperies it imparts an iridescence which the artist

has used to produce subtle gradations of colour. Close by is another canvas by Signor Segantini, 'The Punishment of Luxury,' a curious commingling of quaint fancy and earnest observation. In technicalities it is quite the finest of the painter's contributions, and in colour it is especially refined. Mr. Peppercorn's landscapes are pleasing in tone but quite lacking in vitality. M. Louis Picard's study of a sleeping girl, which hangs beneath 'Jaune et Bleu,' is admirably handled, and is very happy in character and feeling; and Mr. Moffat Lindner's 'Swanage Bay' has exceptional qualities of luminosity and atmosphere.

The Long Gallery, as the third room is called, contains many fine things. There is a brilliant colour note by Mrs. Stokes, 'The Passing Train'; and there are two studies by M. Picard, one a half-length nude, excellently painted, and the other a characteristic and lifelike portrait. There is a clever pastel by Mrs. Jopling; and just beyond hangs a delightful arrangement in green, white, and orange, by Mr. Albert Moore—one of



The Sorceress. By Graham Robertson.

those inimitable little canvases that he alone knows how to paint. Herr Khnopff's drawing of 'Samuel and the Witch of Endor' is one of his most powerful and imaginative conceptions, treated with unusual executive skill and pervaded with individuality. As a study of sunlight M. Emile Claus's 'October Morning' can hardly be surpassed. M. J. E. Blanche is at his best in 'The Sisters,' an original piece of work noteworthy for its expressive dexterity.

In the last room there are two oil paintings and a pastel by M. Degas; the first of these, 'L'Absinthe,' nominally a study of low life, is really a representation of a well-known French painter, M. Desboutins, and a *modèle d'atelier*, Mlle. Jeanne André, painted with extraordinary vividness and with absolute freedom. The characterisation is complete, and what there is of story is set down with an absence of circumlocution that is almost painful. In the



Soleil d'arrière Saison. By Emile Claus.



H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife. By A. Stuart-Wortley.

other two, 'The Little Student,' and 'The Rehearsal,' there is more attention to pure technicalities and less to dramatic effect. M. Danat's 'Study in White,' a girl demonstrative in pose and gesture, is very well rendered, but is lacking in distinction; and M. A. Zorn's 'Sunday Morning—Sweden,' is within little of being a masterpiece. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes reaches a very high level with her small picture, 'The Burden and Heat of the Day,' but the blackening of the shadows in her later work, a fault which she has acquired at Newlyn, is a matter for regret. Mr. Arthur Melville's 'Sapphire Sea' is an extraordinary study of Southern scenery, so pronounced in its hues that it seems to the unaccustomed spectator to be almost incredible; it contrasts oddly with the sombre subtlety of the pathetic 'Dolores,' by M. Joseph Israels. Mr. Welden Hawkins surprises all who remember his early realistic work by his strange digression into romantic affectations, and by his production of designs so archaic as the 'Temptation' and its companion. He has apparently abandoned the beliefs which not very long ago he assiduously supported. Mention of Mr. C. W. Furse's 'Red-Gold Sunset' and 'The Fir-Tree,' of Mr. T. Blake Wirgman's 'Study,' and of a marble 'Head of John the Baptist,' by M. Rodin, must suffice to complete this notice of a most interesting show.

A. L. BALDREY.

A NOTE ON MODERN INDIAN POTTERY.

WE have, in this country, been subject lately to a series of fashions for various kinds of more or less ornamental pottery. A few years ago Blue and White—Chinese or Delft—had its day. Just now the Japanese fancy has enjoyed a long and successful "run," and is showing signs of a rapidly waning influence. But I have no hesitation in saying that Indian pottery has never yet been fully appreciated or understood here at home; and, having in view the usual effect of our appreciation on an Art manufacture, it is almost to be hoped that it never will become popular.

In France the Parsee merchants have distributed a certain quantity through the medium of the various exhibitions; in Germany and Austria still less has found its way into the market; while the only specimens which have reached the United States have caused some connoisseurs to rather over-hastily class all Indian pottery as a hybrid, already vitiated by European influence. This is a serious error; the purely native wares do exist, and their intrinsic merit is very great. But it must be confessed, that as surely as the enterprising Parsee discovers a market for them, and dazzles his simple client with the high prices which mere repetitions and shoddy imitations will fetch, so surely do the old traditional beauties vanish, leaving the merest caricature of their former worth. Of course prices soon fall, but the mischief is done and the potter unsettled for ever.

Moreover, we British, who have, at one time or another, almost successfully imitated nearly every foreign manufacture of pottery under the sun, are now, with curious audacity, setting



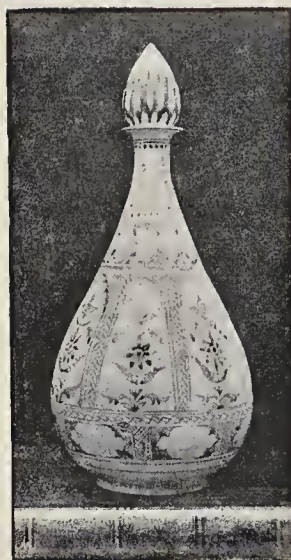
Vase, Delhi. Height, 7½ inches.



Hooka. Black earthenware, slightly gilt. Height, 15 inches.

about the task of improving the native wares. The Schools of Art at Bombay, Madras, and other places, are, in reality, Art factories, and the students paid workmen. They produce imitations of native work which, carried out in some cases—Bombay is one—under supervision of native potters of tried skill, certainly come sometimes very near success, but only in a piece here and there. One is driven to the conclusion that these craftsmen act somewhat in the spirit of the Chinese adage, that "he who tells others all that he knows, makes them wiser than himself"; for, to take the instance I have already mentioned—the Bombay School of Art ware, which especially follows the colouring and style of that of Sind, and which is produced under the superintendence of a Sind potter—we find that while the imitation is, in some instances, so close as to be discoverable only by a superior, but too apparent, finish, there is nearly always some defect in glaze or clay. Mr. George Terry, the superintendent, must, nevertheless, be credited with great taste; and his adaptations of the beautiful scrolls of flower-and-leaf ornament preserved to us in the Buddhist paintings of the Ajanta Caves, are quite legitimate, and often of the highest excellence—as design. It is too often the case, however, that the colouring is due to a mistake somewhere; that the glaze has run in firing; and that the final result, good or bad, is evidently, to a great extent, accidental. The Madras School has hitherto succeeded in producing a very excellent and substantial fabric, of which the colouring and design are bad in the extreme.

In this place it may be interesting to refer to Sir George Birdwood's account of the manufacture of the glaze. The *Angrezi Kunchi*, or English glaze, is, he states, made of white quartzose rock, twenty-five parts; pure soda, six parts;



Bottle ("Serai"), Delhi. Height, 12½ inches.

pure borax, three parts; and sal ammoniac, one part. The ingredients, having been finely powdered and sifted, are mixed with a little water and made up into balls about the size of an orange: these are red-heated, cooled down, ground, and sifted. The material is put into a furnace until it melts, when clean-picked saltpetre is stirred in. A foam then appears on the surface, which is skimmed off and set aside for use.

The *Desi Kauchi*, or country glaze,

is similarly made, with variations in the ingredients and in the quantities.

The colours are produced by oxides of various metals; lead, tin, zinc, or copper being treated separately or together as required. The native potter is, moreover, provided with a set of recipes for firing; and selects fuel (wood of various kinds), with care equal to that which he bestows on his colours. The question has not yet been satisfactorily solved as to how far this selection of wood really influences the result; perhaps it may, after all, account for the failure of European imitations. The choice of an auspicious day for the operation has also to be taken into consideration by him; and this must by no means be dismissed by us as a piece of idle superstition. So

long as the Indian potter keeps his reverent care for all the traditions of his work, he is at least safe from degenerating into a producer of meaningless, slipshod objects, in the making of which he has no further interest than that of giving as little as possible in return for a dealer's money.

The pottery of Sind, which is one of the most important of the decorative wares of India, dates probably from about the thirteenth century. It is a red earthenware, generally covered with a "slip," or coating of a finer clay, worked into a paste and applied very wet; and has a thick transparent glaze, almost equal in the best examples to that of Italian majolica. The shapes and colours have strongly marked Persian characteristics, as might be expected in a locality so near the trade route to that country; and there is little doubt that the manufacture is actually due to colonies of Persian potters.



Plate (Tatta), Sind. Diameter, 10 inches.

The prevailing colours are a bright strong green, yellow, or brown (these having often, especially in old examples, a fine iridescence), yellow on black, and a turquoise blue, which sometimes equals that of the finest Persian ware.

Multan, nearer to Persia than Sind, also approaches it more nearly in its ware; of which the characteristics are, a red or yellow earthenware—slightly harder than that of Sind—with a thick white "slip" decorated with bold diaper or floral patterns; as a rule in two shades of blue, turquoise and a very deep colour, almost violet, which is peculiar to this fabric, and gives it a richness unattained by any other in India. A light warm fawn-colour is also sometimes used with the blues, but these specimens are less common than those with a cream ground. The decoration follows Persian forms, the tulip being an especial favourite in design; but Indian influence has had its usual effect in the direction of evenness of distribution and regularity of arrangements.

Among the other "sumptuary" wares of India, that of Delhi is well worthy of notice. It differs from those already dealt with in being made from a siliceous artificial clay; it has a thin glaze, and is decorated with colours of great purity and beauty, applied without the use of "slip." This is also thoroughly Persian in the character of its ornament. Another artificial ware of importance is that of Jeypore,



Sweetmeat Jar, Khurja. Jar, Sind, roughly glazed earthenware.
Pipe-bowl, unglazed clay. Bowl, Rampur.

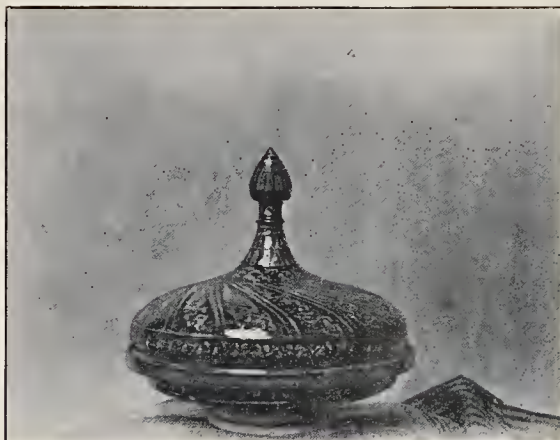
which is very similar in many respects to the Delhi manufacture, but has acquired in the best examples a decided style of colour and decoration; large, strictly conventional, but not unpleasing forms being carried out in good colours, generally in an effective combination of deep blue and dark green.

Within the last few months, however, British shops have been flooded with a much-deteriorated ware of this nature, of which it may be shortly said that not one piece in twenty would receive consideration for a single moment from any one at all acquainted with the produce of unaided native potters.

The pottery made by Abdul Majid of Khurja is also worth noticing, as it represents a not unsuccessful phase of European influence. Up to 1882 nothing was made but plates and such like simple utensils; but when Mr. Purdon Clarke visited the place, he drew out for this potter some typical examples of Mogul vases, etc., leaving the decoration in the hands of the craftsman. In this way some excellent and fairly original work was produced, the best specimens of which can be seen at South Kensington; but it is doubtful whether the manufacture will, any more than others, stand the test of popularity. The red earthenware of Ferruckabad, with sprig "slip" decoration, and the painted clays of Lucknow may



Vase, Sind. Height, 13 inches.



Dish and Cover, Sind. Height, 8½ inches.

also be mentioned in passing.

Turning to Ceylon, we find evidence of a curious and interesting study in the history of ornament. Ceylon was converted to Buddhism by missionaries from the court of Asoka about 250 B.C., only a century or so after the expulsion of the army of Alexander the Great under Seleukos from the Greek province on the Indus. Its conversion was immediate and thorough; and it, alone in India, has retained its religion to

the present day. Consequently we need not be surprised, bearing in mind the wonderful tendency of the various Indian



Sweetmeat Jar ("Martaban"), Multan. Height, 13½ inches.

racés to preserve crystallized, so to speak, the Art of bygone generations, to find something more than a mere trace of that Greek influence which was so powerful in early Buddhist Art. Much of the painted ware is quite crude and bad; to such an extent that we may suspect its offensively Greek design to be due to some of the Europeans who have lately been cultivating Buddhism in Ceylon; but there is a class of red earthenwares with incised patterns, of a higher standard

altogether; and so thoroughly Greek in feeling, that it would have been very likely accepted as such, if disinterred in, say, one of the early Mediterranean colonies of that nation. This ware probably represents very nearly the local art unaffected by any foreign influence.

So much for the Sumptuary pottery. But in a sketch, however slight, of Indian Ceramics, it would be impossible to pass over in silence the native undecorated pottery, which is made in such quantities in every village from the Himalayas to Ceylon. Simple, but all the nobler, inasmuch as use is the sole object in view, it furnishes us with as beautiful a series of outlines as can be found anywhere in the world. There is no need for detailed description; indeed such would be impossible. It is sufficient to note that the villagers still use a wheel as old as Egyptian hieroglyphics; they maintain the still older process of beating out vessels of clay with a flat piece of wood; and with these simple appliances obtain a purity of form which all our skilled designers and complicated machinery cannot surpass.

In the limited space available, it has only been possible to give illustrations of a few typical specimens, chosen, with the kind permission of the authorities, from the very complete collection of modern Indian pottery in the Indian section of South Kensington Museum. Of these the Sweetmeat Jar

from Multan, the Vase and Jar from Sind, on the opposite page, are all examples of the fine blue colouring and bold, telling ornament derived from Persian sources, the peculiar suitability of which to the decoration of the dark, solidly furnished rooms of northern countries does not seem to have been yet recognised. The Plate and Dish with Cover are specimens of the highly-glazed, iridescent wares of Sind, in different shades of brown and green respectively. The examples from Delhi are also extremely good in colour—the scale of blue employed being quite different in quality from those of Multan and Sind. The first illustration is a Hooka of black earthenware, to which a pseudo-glaze has been given by highly polishing the surface and touching it lightly with gold leaf; this process is in very general use throughout India, and is of purely native origin.

It should, in conclusion, be borne in mind that one of the greatest charms of Indian Art is its absolute freedom from the mechanical accuracy and too high finish of European productions; but those who have realised that an uneven glaze enhances the play of light on a well-shaped pot, and that rigid exactness of drawing wearies the eye instead of interesting it, will not fail to understand and delight in the simple productions of the Indian craftsman.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION.

THE sixty-seventh Annual Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, which was opened in Edinburgh on the 3rd of February, marks a new departure in the history of the Academy. It is the first exhibition held under the *régime* of the new president, Sir George Reid, and it is also the first since the supplementary Charter came into force—two events which have exercised an important influence on the Academy's affairs. Since his accession to office, Sir George has endeavoured to allay the irritation which had unfortunately been allowed to grow up between the artists of the east and west of Scotland, and the election to Associate rank, last March, of half-a-dozen prominent Glasgow men had a good effect in furthering this pacific work. One immediate result of it is seen in a largely augmented number of pictures from west country artists, which, in many respects, has led to an increase of interest on the part of the public in the exhibition. Under the new Charter the number of pictures which Academicians and Associates are entitled to exhibit has been reduced from seven to five; outsiders are restricted to four in place of five, but perhaps the most sweeping change effected in the appearance of the galleries has been in connection with a resolution of the Council to raise the general standard of the exhibition by hanging fewer pictures. Instead of admitting nearly one thousand works of all classes as formerly, only five hundred and seventeen are catalogued on this occasion, a number which has enabled the hanging committee to place the pictures upon the walls in three rows only, one on the line, one row above, and one under the line. All "skying" has thus been avoided, and a promise implemented to the letter, which was made in the preliminary circular to artists, that "all works accepted would be hung in such

a position that their merits may be fairly judged of." Such drastic changes, of course, could not be carried out with-



Cromwell examining a Portrait of Charles I. By G. Ogiy Reid, A.R.S.A.

out apparent hardship being inflicted on individual artists of moderate capacity, who have been exhibiting for years at the Academy; and in certain quarters much discontent has been expressed with the new arrangements. But on the whole the public has approved them, and has shown appreciation of the policy of the new president by supporting the exhibition in a heartier way than has been seen for several years. Other innovations connected with the decoration of the galleries, and the admission of portraiture to a share of the line, have also contributed to change the face of the rooms so much that an old *habitué* would have some difficulty at first sight in recognising this as an exhibition of the Scottish Academy. The gain, artistically, has undoubtedly been considerable, and though the line is not entirely purged from bad pictures, the standard all over is higher than usual. A distinctive feature, as already indicated, is an invasion of the walls by "Impressionist" work by Glasgow artists. One or two of these pictures are of a pronounced type, and around them the

battle of the styles has raged with considerable animation. The Edinburgh people, still imbued with the traditions in landscape of McCulloch and Nasmyth, Harvey and Alexander Fraser, have not yet made up their minds to accept Impressionism as other than an eccentric, and more or less evanescent, phase of Art.

In portraiture, the President takes a foremost place with a telling portrait, three-quarter length, of that genial Scotsman, Emeritus Professor Blackie, and he also contributes a charmingly-painted study of roses wet with the dew of a July morning. Mr. Robert Gibb has two ladies' portraits handled in a refined manner. A picture which has attracted much popular notice is Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid's representation of the christening at Balmoral on the 31st October, 1891, of the infant son of the Prince and Princess of Battenberg. It includes portraits of her Majesty and about thirty other Royal and distinguished personages, and is as good as artists generally succeed in making those Royal commissions where facts have

to be chronicled without special regard to their pictorial significance. By effective lighting and agreeable colour, the artist has, however, thrown a pleasing glamour over the scene. Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid is also represented by a large and excellent picture called 'Cromwell's Reflections on seeing the Portrait of Charles I.,' a semi-historic scene taken from the pages of 'Woodstock,' of which we give an illustration. Mr. Lavery, Glasgow, contributes a well-painted and interesting picture of Mary Queen of Scots and a train of horsemen in the midst of a sombre landscape as they appeared on the night after their long ride from the disastrous field of Langside.

One of the pictures of the New School is 'Midsummer,' by Mr. James Guthrie. Three elegantly gowned ladies seated at afternoon tea on a sunlit lawn appear in the picture, the motive of which, however, has been to give a naturalistic impression of the aspect of various delicate colours under sunlight coming through foliage, and distributing itself in playful patches on the faces and costumes of the ladies, and upon the verdant grass. The work is artistically treated. Mr. E. A. Hornel's 'Springtime' is another half impressionist, half decorative picture which would make an admirable cartoon for a Turkey carpet. The most charming landscape in the exhibition is contributed by Mr. J. Lawton Wingate. It is simple in composition and perfectly delightful in its cool silvery grey tones. Other artistically handled pictures are a



Landscape. By J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A.

coursing incident, by Mr. Robert Alexander, called 'Watching and Waiting,' notable for its fine quality of colour and learned drawing of a group of dogs; and a Dutch shore scene with 'Shrimpers,' by Mr. Robert Macgregor. Younger men who have shown much ability this year in their work are Mr. Robert Noble, Mr. Allen Stewart, Mr. G. Denholm Armour, Mr. Coutts Michie, Mr. David Muirhead, and Mr. Robert Burns. In the water-colour room Mr. R. E. Nisbet, Mr. Tom Scott, Mr. H. W. Kerr, Mr. Arthur Melville, and Mr. Edwin Alexander are to the front. In sculpture, Mr. W. G. Stevenson contributes

a well-balanced figure of 'A Sower,' and Mr. Pittendrigh MacGillivray a series of admirably-executed heads in bronze.

Art Exhibitions are being held at present in Glasgow and Aberdeen. At the Institute Galleries, Glasgow, many fine old pictures are on view. At Aberdeen the great attractions are three Vandycks and a grand Raeburn from Duff House, lent by the Duke of Fife, and Millais's portrait of the Marchioness of Huntly, lent by Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks.

W. M. GILBERT.

MR. JOSEPH FARQUHARSON AND HIS WORKS.

WITH a country the very history of which is a poem, it is scarcely matter for wonder that our brethren North of the Tweed have produced at least one of the sweetest poets that ever sung, and certainly as great a painter as ever graced British Art. For all time the tender and stirring melodies of "Robbie Burns," and equally inspired designs of David Wilkie, will find responsive echo in the heart of man. Nor is it to be forgotten that the land which furnished an un-failing theme for pen and pencil of those so gifted in a past generation, was one also where our own Landseer and others of Southern blood culled some of their happiest thoughts. 'The Monarch of the Glen,' which is, perhaps not without reason, accepted by many as Landseer's masterpiece, is an inspiration of "bonnie Scotland," whilst the same master's intensely pathetic 'Shepherd's Chief Mourner' owes its existence to a like source.

With such picturesque subjects for thought and brush at one's very portals, it is not surprising that the generation of painters in the land referred to has been a transmitted succession. As the world grows older we must travel with the times, and if the name of Wilkie has now become matter of history, there are those of his countrymen living upon whom his mantle has fallen. But it is not for the moment of one who, like the great Dutch Masters of the seventeenth century, loved to depict the inner social life of his own country, I have now to speak, but of an artist whose life and artistic inspirations are with the fair amphitheatre furnished by nature in mountain, stream, and woodland tract; in wild moorland, snow-covered passes, and forest glade, as seen under the varying aspects of sun, storm-cloud, or tender radiance of the moon.

It was no question of "general ability accidentally determined to some particular pursuit," as Sir Joshua Reynolds

has phrased it, that induced Mr. Joseph Farquharson to turn his attention to Art. He was a born painter, if there ever was one, and from a child upwards nothing ever turned him from that pursuit. It was no doubt an advantage to him that his father, Mr. Francis Farquharson, was an amateur artist of no mean repute, who, before he succeeded to the family estate of Finzean, would have given up his practice as a medical man to follow Art professionally, had he been allowed. But the parent's love of Art was an advantage to his son, Joseph, who until he was of the age of twelve, was permitted on Saturdays—the leisure day from his school work—to paint in his father's studio. When he had reached the

mature age of twelve years it was a proud and happy day for the boy, as he was presented with a paint-box of his own; and, spurred on by the acquisition of such a treasure, the very next year he sent a picture to the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy at Edinburgh. This, which he called 'A Study from Nature,' was one of the pretty corner views in the woods at Finzean, with figure of a child, and was an astonishing production from so young a hand. But prior to this a friend of the family, Mr. Peter Graham, R.A., who was not slow to appreciate the evidence of talent in the lad, was in the habit of giving him the benefit of his instruction and advice. Under such a preceptor, as may be imagined, the lad's dawning love of nature in her more poetical aspects was not allowed to rest idle; and seeking on all possible occasions companionship with a master who, to the boy's mind, appeared to embody all possible excellence in Art, he greedily imbibed the information Mr. Graham willingly afforded.

From his first appearance as an exhibitor in 1859, down to some twelve years ago, Mr. Farquharson's pictures appeared in the periodical collections of the Royal Scottish Academy



Mr. Joseph Farquharson.



'He led them wandering o'er the sandy way.' By Joseph Farquharson.

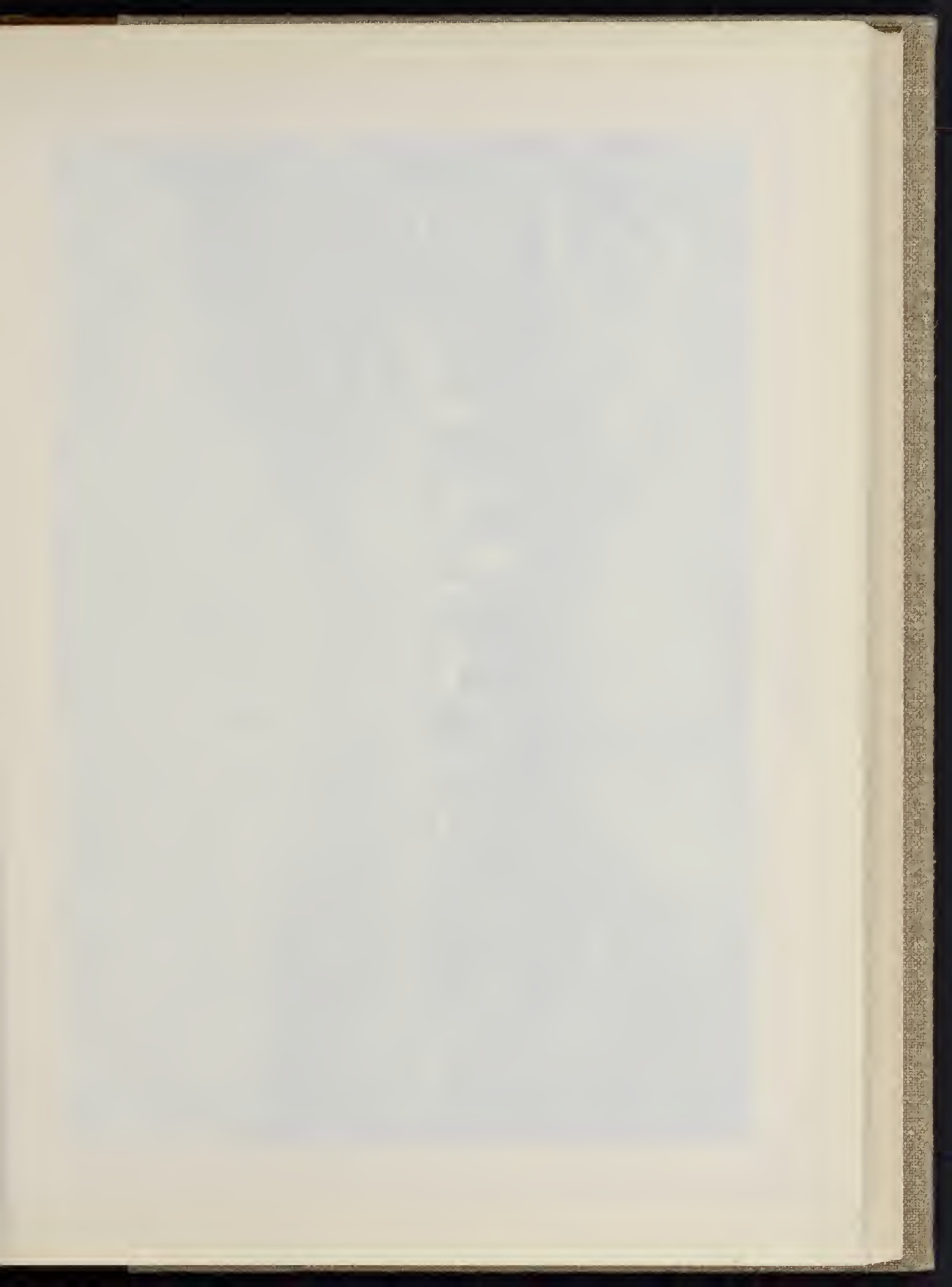
without a break. Landscapes, many if not most of them from his native woods, close studies of rocky streams, and grand old trees, which he sought to individualise both botanically, and from the knowledge of geological formation, occupied his time. He also practised painting figures, and curiously enough, poultry, of which latter class of subject there is rather an amusing specimen extant in what he calls 'The Critics,' a group of fowls that have strayed into his studio, gazing with questioning surprise at one of his pictures. The incident actually occurred, and was readily seized upon by the artist, the work being exhibited at Edinburgh in 1866. But all this practice with the brush did not interfere with his still more important course of Art instruction. When he was sixteen, after benefiting from Mr. Graham's teaching, he entered the Board of Manufacture School, Edinburgh, under the superintendence of Mr. Hodder, where he passed into the Life School, there laid the foundation of his work on figure designs, and by dint of close application, mastered what is after all the great rudimentary principle of pictorial Art.

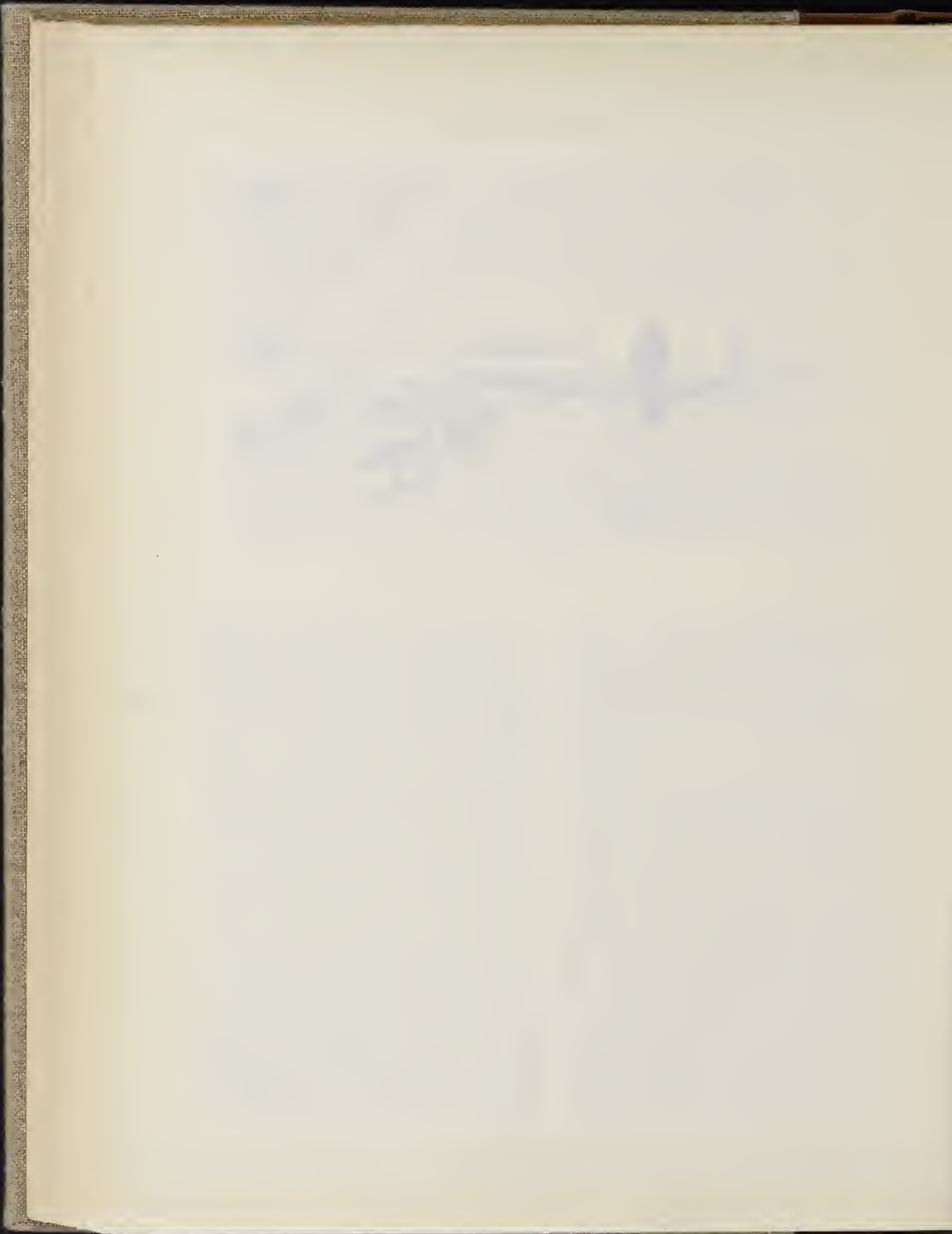
But Mr. Farquharson has the wisdom to realise the fact that an artist is always a student, and it was as recently as about the year 1880 that he determined to finish his more direct course of learning his profession by a visit to the Parisian ateliers, working for several winters in the studio of Mr. Carolus Duran. As a very tangible and pleasant evidence of success, if not invariably a test of merit, the artist's pictures had hitherto always been readily disposed of, and this reward of labour was continued when he commenced, in 1873, exhibiting at the Royal Academy. From that time to the present our leading Art society has always had one, and sometimes several of his pictures, in the galleries. His first contribution, 'Day's Dying Glow,' a beautiful landscape, with warm sunset

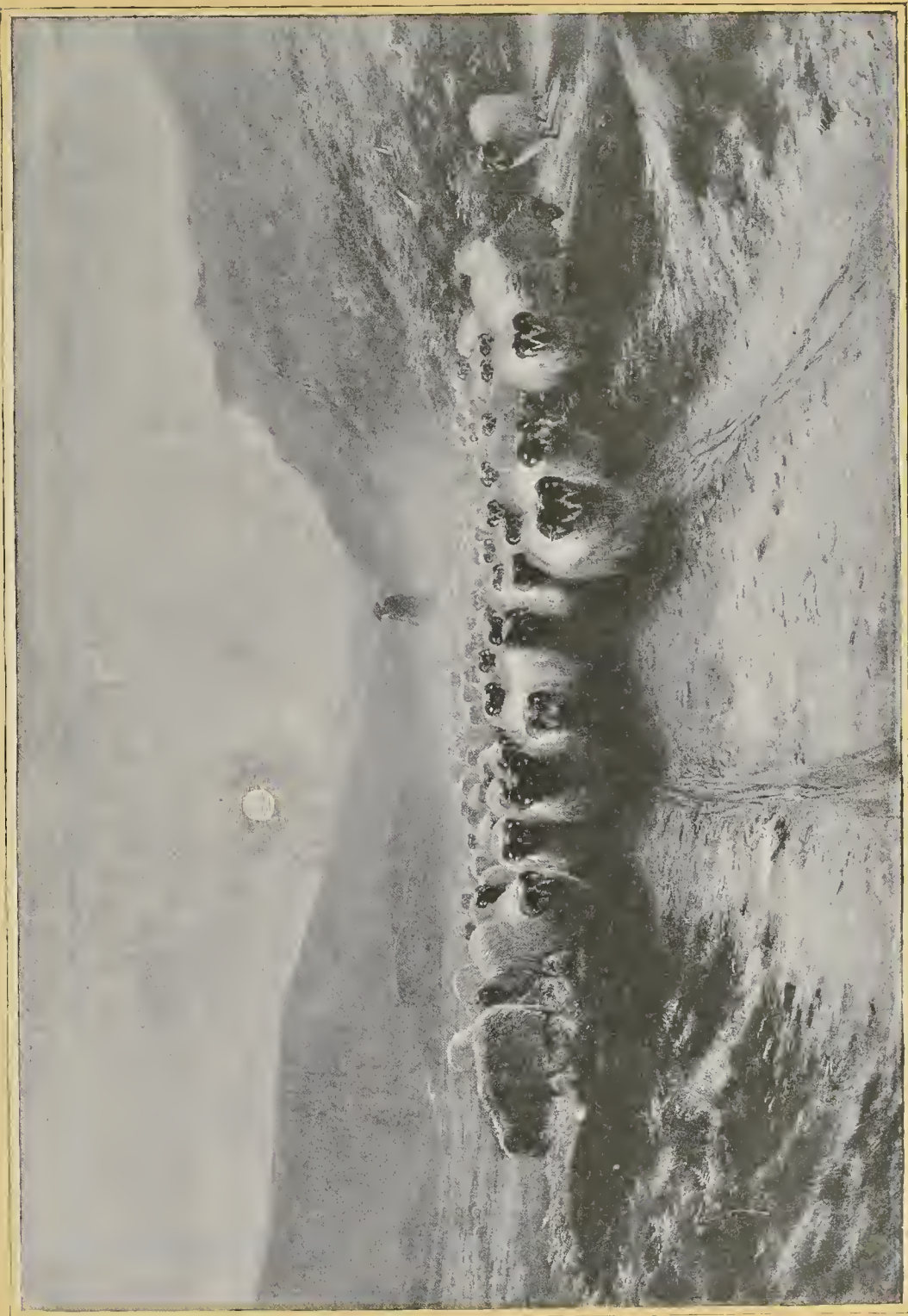
effect, aroused attention, so that there were those who looked anxiously for the painter's work in the future. This was followed by a series of Scotch views, until in 1879 he exhibited his 'Wonderland,' a child reading fairy tales, which established Mr. Farquharson's right to count as a figure painter. Next season there was a more important essay in that direction in a touchingly beautiful picture of 'The Babes in the Wood,' with the pretty little wanderers of the legendary tale sorrowfully wending their way through the solemn mysteries of the darkened forest.

The year 1883 saw the young artist triumphant in scoring a great success. His 'Joyless Winter Day' was at once purchased for the Chantrey Fund, and well did it deserve the honour. On a bleak and barren snow-covered Scotch moor, a shepherd is driving home his flock. Muffled in his plaid the man seeks to save himself from the swirl of the eddying snowflakes, whilst the sheep, half blinded by the darkened atmosphere, yield ready obedience to his guidance. There is powerful, almost painful force, in the realisation of this scene. The companion picture, in the same exhibition, was in its way equally fine. It was entitled 'Where next?' and represented a group of tramps by the wayside. We give an illustration of this picture opposite, in which a man, with his wife nursing her babe, rest on the outskirts of a wood, around them being their other children, and the few packages and bundles constituting all their worldly goods. It rather reminds one of Mr. Luke Fildes' 'Casuals' in motive; and it is a most pitiful story of those who have found the battle of life too hard for them, and are wanderers on God's earth, whilst the fair face of nature where they are grouped, with blossoming wild flowers, speaks at least of wealth and profusion of beauty.

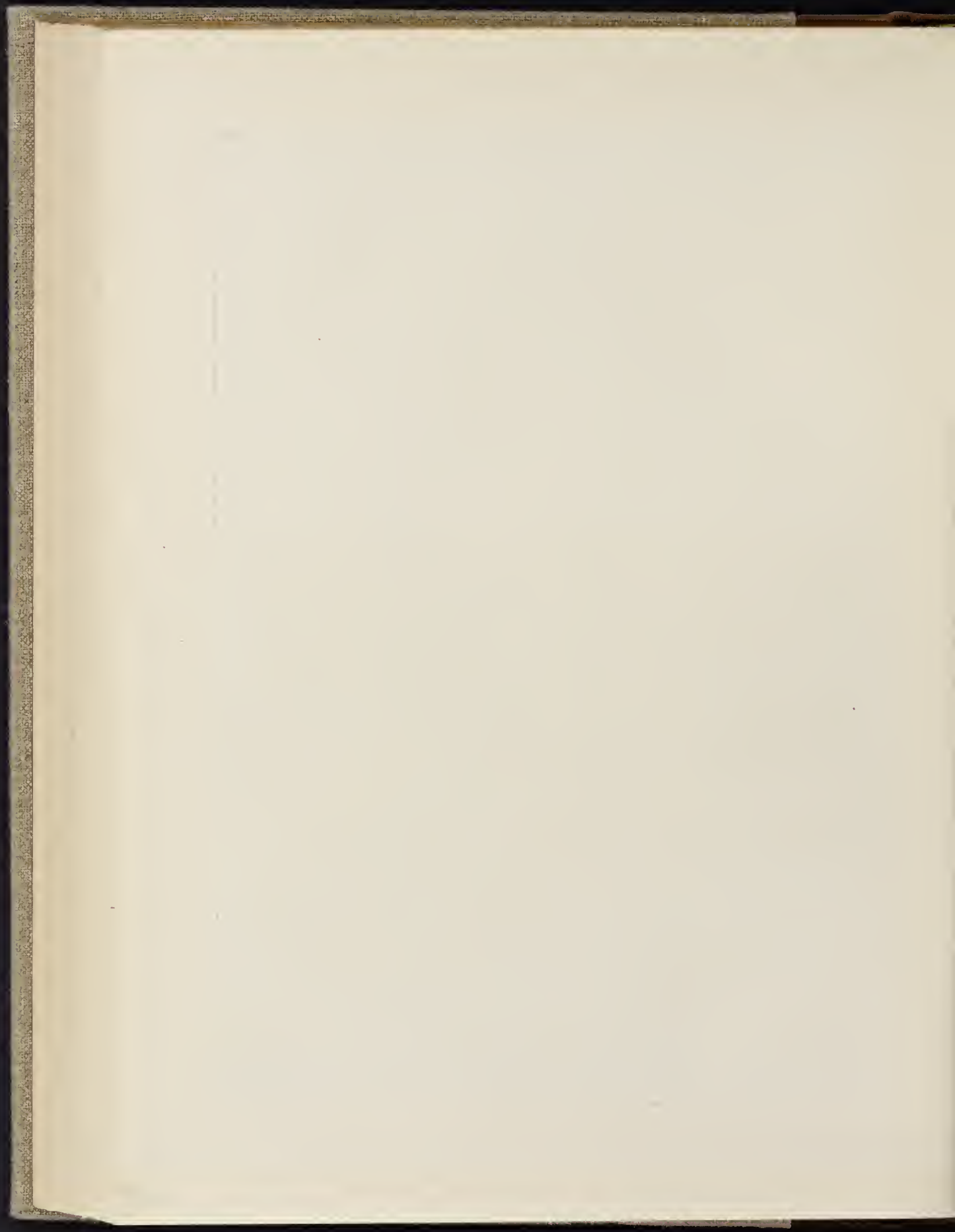
Keeping still to figure designs, Mr. Farquharson, next season—1884—abandoned for the nonce his more pathetic







LEAVING THE HILLS.
From the painting by JOSEPH FARQUHARSON.



subjects and produced in 'The English Vintage' a scene replete with joyous charm. Those who are familiar with the Eden-like loveliness of the county of Kent will not need to be told of the charming time when the hop blossom has reached maturity, and the hop pickers, old and young, are busy at their task. When in our favoured land the earth thus gives forth its increase, no harvest in the world—not even that of the vineyards of sunny Italy—is more fair to view. The artist, as may be seen in our illustration overleaf, here again entered into the spirit of his subject, the figures being skilfully grouped, varied, and not ungraceful, whilst form and colour were combined in a rich and subtle, sunny harmony.

It was about this time that Mr. Farquharson visited Egypt, and, as a consequence, the following year—1886—he recorded his remembrances of his journey by a painting at the Academy he called 'In Cairo,' a street scene in the famous eastern city, with a large group of the picturesque natives round the door of a coffee shop. Here we had an example of the value of special habits of close observation in the artist, in well-defined characteristics of race, as well as in evanescent effects of colour, the vivacity of the natives of a hotter clime, and the brilliance of a sunshine with which we, in these colder latitudes, have no acquaintance. An extended view from about

Ballater, on a large upright six-foot canvas, 'My heart's in the Highlands,' seen by sunset, was in the Academy in 1890. And in 1891 another memory of the Egyptian tour, 'He led them wandering o'er the sandy way,' an Arabian shepherd with his great flock of sheep on the borders of the canal, of which we give a reproduction opposite. The sun is at red heat and apparently, from the shadows cast by man and animals, nearly at its meridian. The whole atmosphere glows with brilliant light, and the sorely distressed flock is being conducted to pasturage over the sandy plains.

Mr. Farquharson is fond of sheep pictures, and his contribution to the Royal Academy last year was of this class. Our large illustration, 'Leaving the Hills,' shows us an old Scottish shepherd who has been collecting the animals from their wanderings, and is taking them home to the fold in the evening light. They are represented advancing along the road, making distance indistinct with the dust raised, and the artist faithfully portrays the ruminating, timid character of the animal, whilst he impresses upon us, with a strength peculiarly his own, the points of interest in the particular scene he desires to reproduce. In 1887 appeared two works which were at least illustrative of the painter's versatility. They were 'Summer Days,' a capital group of sheep in sunlight on a



'Where next?' By Joseph Farquharson.

heathery hill, and 'Under the Palm Trees,' another attractive Egyptian scene. Another contribution was, as far as the design went, a change from gay to grave, in a snow-bordered Scotch river, 'And winter's breath came cold and chill,' in which, as our illustration shows, the leafless trees bordering the broad, shallow, half-frozen stream, and lands with their pure white covering, speak of the season of nature's rest.

In March Mr. Farquharson had at the Fine Art Society's, in New Bond Street, London, what is termed, with more freedom than elegance, a "One Man Show," of seventy of his pictures. The exhibition was interesting in placing him before us in his capabilities, as well as in the failings common to all artists alike. It is, I apprehend, no part of the duty of a biographer to exert his ingenuity in the endeavour to detect faults in the works of one whose professional life he is recording, but to seek rather to glean such lessons as may instruct, guide, and encourage the student from the life work of one who by patient toil has gradually risen to success. The designs I now refer to which were at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, illustrated the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, and were a pretty representative collection of what might be accomplished by thoughtful, intelligent labour and talent. They comprised landscapes, figures, and flower subjects, and were specially noteworthy from the success of the snow scenes. A picture which was I think in the Royal Academy under a different designation a few seasons ago, was certainly, in its way, a gem. It had for title or quotation, 'Sheep before the pinching heaven, to sheltered dales and downs are driven,' and showed us a long line of the fleecy creatures winding along a pathway through the hills in winter time. The ground was thickly carpeted with snow, and the reddish brown, leafless trees lined the winding hilly path. The gleams of a cold winter sun shone at intervals across the landscape with telling effect, and the painter certainly succeeded in filling the mind of the spectator with an impression of the brighter side of sad winter. Conceived in somewhat similar vein, but more sketchy

in execution, another like season scene, with sheep, 'Descend, ye chilling, smothering snows,' pictured a meadow in which was a small haystack, as food for the frozen-out animals. Other leading works were a broad but shallow Highland stream, with water falling in miniature cascades over its rocky bed, and here and there clumps of fir-trees, to which the artist gave one of his poetical names in 'The incessant roar of headlong, tumbling floods,' the colouring being sympathetic in prevailing tone of grey. The other more prominently placed canvas was an elaborate study of a grand old tree, 'The Monarch of the Glen,' whose rough gnarled trunk and branches bore testimony to a life of many centuries. There were here also beautiful colour exercises in 'Winter's breath came cold and chill,' the sands at low tide, and cloudy sky in tender silver-grey tint; 'Among the blooming heather,' rich in purple bloom; 'Through yellow, waving fields,' with harvesters at work. Two brilliant little studies of 'Peonies,' in glass bowls, also did duty as bright spots in the collection, whilst they at the same time showed that the artist is not unmindful of the beauties of the world of flowers.

Mr. Farquharson is engaged finishing a large composition with many figures of 'An Egyptian Market,' intended for the Royal Academy Exhibition. It is the most important work of its class I have yet seen from his brush, and should greatly add to his reputation. Having alluded to a good many pictures which are specially representative of his talent, it may be needless to say more on that head. But with artistic blood in his veins, born with the necessary faculty, and boy exhibitor at thirteen years of age, it would indeed seem strange if he had not taken position in his profession. Since the time long ago when his father—somewhat unwillingly, it is true—permitted him to draw in his studio, he has had the earnest, absorbing wish to excel in a pursuit he well knows is not to be gauged by man's lifetime. The judicious instruction of his father, followed by that of Mr. Peter Graham, prepared the way for the Edinburgh Art School he subsequently entered,

and for that still further and final branch of knowledge to be acquired with modern French masters. That he works hard we have proof, if only in the large number of his exhibited pictures. Fortunately for himself, such recreation as he takes is of a health-giving nature in the shape of hunting, fishing and shooting, whilst in at least one month in the year—August—he makes it a rule that his studio is locked up and forsaken. Unlike some of his professional brethren, his constant search is for the beautiful, and be it in the sylvan scenes and woods around his ancestral home, or in far-distant



'The English Vintage.' By Joseph Farquharson.



'And Winter's breath came cold and chill.' By Joseph Farquharson.

lands, the pleasure afforded by the painter's work will be found to be referable to this fact. That artist is perhaps fortunate whose earlier and more impressionable years are spent among influences tending to foster sense of beauty, and when that is aided by wise guidance, as was the case in the

present instance, the prospects of a successful future are enhanced; at any rate such has been the case, as I have endeavoured to show in this very brief sketch of the life and works of Mr. Joseph Farquharson.

M. PHIPPS JACKSON.

EXHIBITIONS AND NOTES.

IF happiness is measured by the absence of history or record, then do the Royal Society of British Artists enjoy a full measure of felicity. Their history ceased when Mr. Whistler fled their presence; since his tumultuous exodus exhibition succeeds exhibition in Suffolk Street, and leaves no chronicle—save in the pleasant memories of those painters who have sold their wares. Six artists this spring, however, decline to be classified with their commonplace, but often genial fellow-exhibitors. One of these is Mr. Louis Grier, whose large and poetic canvas, 'The Night Watch: Cornish Fishing-Boats guarding their Nets,' rightly occupies the place of honour. The scene is the tranquil summer sea: it is night, and the cloud-hidden moon makes the darkness tender and tremulous. In the foreground two massive Seine-boats ride heavily at their kedges; the corks that buoy their nets stretching out in a long oval on the flat sea. Mr. Rouse, in his Troyon-like cattle pictures, is almost too good for the company he finds himself among. Mr. Cayley Robinson possesses a feeling for colour, and a very laudable desire to subordinate the literary to the æsthetic which makes his curious and frankly conventional fantasies on the New Testament, and Browning, interesting; though with sim-

1893.

pler aims he has achieved what now escapes him—success. Mr. Sherwood Hunter, rigid in line, cold in colour, sees Nature for himself, and grasps the quaint type and character of such Breton and Dutch peasants as refuse to toe the line of modern uniform unpicturesqueness in dress with a humour distinctly his own; but has now taken to drawbits of the Alhambra with a preciousness of detail and cold, clear sparkle of colour which command attention. Mr. Wyke Baylis, in his 'Certosa di Pavia,' is not seen at his best, the technique is so unsatisfactory; but the drawing is excellent, and he never fails to give his church interiors a certain sentiment of sanctity. Mr. Yeend King is at home in the translucent graceful greenery of a Devonshire trout stream, whilst water-colours by Mr. Leopold Rivers and Mr. T. B. Hardy should not go unnoticed.

The two pictures which command most attention at Messrs. Tooth's galleries are M. Bouguereau's 'Cupid and Psyche,' painted four years ago, an example of the academic style at its highest, masterly in modelling, simple but elegant in line and composition, and exquisite in the painting of the nacreous and delicately-veined flesh of the girl and the more golden

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tints of the god; and Mr. David Farquharson's fine landscape 'Shades of Evening,' a spacious Scottish valley with a brown river glimmering mistily through it, and the tinted crepuscular vapours descending the encompassing heights, warm but subtly harmonized in colour, the tonality well preserved, and an unaffected unity of sentiment and aim pervading it. Mr. Dagnan-Bouveret's studies for his 'Pardon,' a fine sketch of a rough terrier by Mdlle. Bonheur, little pictures by Mr. Albert Moore and Mr. Henry Moore, and drafts on those Germans and Italians best appreciated in England, help to make up a strong and popular exhibition.

Mr. Thomas McLean was, we believe, the first to introduce the British public to Harlamoff, the Russian painter of children, whose directness and ease of method, happy and distinctive colour, sympathy with his subjects, and genial insight into their natures, make him justly popular with the critic and public alike. 'The Gipsy's Daughter,' which is none the worse for being a little sketchy, has this year furnished us with an admirable example of his skill and feeling. Two noble studies of wild beasts by G. Vastagh (one of which, by Mr. McLean's kind permission, we herewith reproduce), flanked by an elaborate classic composition by G. Muzzioli. 'Moorland and Mist,' by Mr. Peter Graham, was a characteristic picture of well-painted, ruddy Highland cattle standing in relief against a cold grey mist. Smiling De Blaas, luscious Conrad Kiesel, remunerative Burton Barber, and other seasoned favourites did not fail to exhibit, and also probably sell.

The tenth exhibition of the New English Art Club at the Dudley Gallery illustrates excellently well the development and progress of this Society. With maturity has come certainty of conviction and some definiteness of aim. From a strange jumble of youthful emotions and juvenile enthusiasms always at variance with one another, and with sad waste of energy, pulling often in opposite directions, the Club has grown into a sober and united body of workers, consistent in both beliefs and practices, and conscious not only of a mission but of a policy as well. And this growth has led to consolidation, to the elimination of incongruities, and to the assertion of firm

principles. Eccentricity and obsolete convention no longer snarl at one another on the gallery walls, and in their struggles for the upper hand oust sincere effort. They have both gone the way of all other shadows. There is certainly neither eccentricity nor convention in the large canvas by Mr. C. W. Furse, which first attracts the attention of the visitor to the exhibition. This picture, of which we give a small reproduction opposite, in its power of handling, originality of treatment, quality of draughtsmanship and composition, and above all in its sobriety and restraint, is a remarkable example of the manner in which the painters of the younger school keep touch with fundamental principles in their search after new methods of expression. In another contribution—a portrait of Mr. Justice Collins—Mr. Furse shows equally high technical



Lion's Head. By G. Vastagh.

capacity and feeling for colour arrangement. It is indeed in the portraits that some of the finest work in the gallery is to be seen. Mr. Walter Sickert's full-length of Mr. Bradlaugh, and his smaller study of Miss Geraldine Maud Blunt, are in his very best manner; and Mr. Wilson Steer's two three-quarter lengths are excellent in handling and colour. Mr. Francis Bate is also responsible for two portraits, of Mrs. Arthur Silver and Mrs. Frank Arnold, which have great technical distinction and much charm of reticent colour; and Professor Fred. Brown shows at least one remarkable piece of strong painting. Among so much that is excellent

Mr. E. A. Walton's small full-length of Miss Symington is hardly effective, and looks commonplace and poor in handling.

The landscape painters have at their head M. Claude Monet, whose 'Peupliers' is a delightful instance of Impressionism, strong and rich in colour, fine in design, well realised in effect, and painted with consummate skill. In another picture, a sunset, he has rendered the suffusion of rosy light with admirable expression. Mr. Moffat Lindner shows an effect of after-glow over marshy ground, and Mr. R. E. Fry an excellent study of a well-selected "bit." Mr. Bernhard Sickert's 'Isle of Man' and 'Pig Market' are capable and interesting, and his third canvas is gentle and delicate in colour. Mr. Edward Stott's 'November Twilight' is a noteworthy piece of low tone, but the best work of this artist is the brilliant 'Storks,' painted deftly and composed with taste,

a picture possible only to a man whose powers of observation have been matured by careful practice. Two amazingly clever water-colours of Venice by Mr. H. B. Brabazon, a yacht race by Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. C. E. Holloway's 'Lambeth,' Mr. Peppercorn's 'Gipsy's Encampment,' Mr. W. W. Russell's 'Street Singer,' and Mr. George Thomson's 'Crochet,' are all features of the exhibition. Mr. Christie's 'Halloween' and 'Pied Piper' claim attention by their dainty fancy; and there are also to be noted studies of kittens by Mr. Francis Bate and Mr. Arthur Tomson, two characteristic examples of Degas, and some black and white drawings by Mr. A. Beardsley and Mr. Joseph Pennell.

The exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours is not very notable, and differs only in a small degree from previous collections. There is a great deal of painstaking work, very earnest, but not well-directed; and the generality of the artists are too content to run on the old and now well-worn lines. A little leaven of change would be very welcome.

The principal feature at the Spring Exhibition of the Birmingham Society of Artists is a collection of the works of Professor Herkomer, numbering sixty-four in all. A long series of the productions of a single artist is apt to be wearisome, but Professor Herkomer's versatility is very great and his variety and resource prevent this from being felt more than is inevitable. The exhibition is fully representative of his work in oils, etching, and mezzotint, and many of the paintings which were reproduced in our *Art Annual* for 1893 can there be seen. But the exhibition is considerably more than a "one man show," and there is much work full of originality and charm on its walls. Mr. Legros sends two pictures, 'Femmes en Prière' and 'Les Bucherons,' full of the simple dignity and austere purity which we are familiar with in his work. While the exhibition is creditable to the Society, it must be confessed that the work of the local artists is rather overshadowed by the contributions of the distinguished strangers which form an important feature of the collection. Among the members Messrs. Jonathan Pratt, W. H. Hall, and others send some good work, while Mr. F. W. Davis does not seem quite so successful as usual.

In connection with the opening of the Birmingham Exhibition much interest was evinced in the address delivered by

Professor Herkomer on March 28th. The collection of his own works by which he was surrounded, supplied text and illustrations to the address, which dealt largely with the developments of his own artistic career. The tale of early struggles, of the production of 'The Last Muster,' of successes which followed early disappointments, of hopes for the future, were woven into a deeply interesting story, delivered with a clearness which riveted the attention of the large audience.

It will be interesting to Art students under the age of twenty-five to know that in July there will be six scholarships of the value of £50 each—three for painting, one for sculpture, one for engraving, and one for architecture—offered by the

British Institution, 19, York Buildings, Adelphi, London. Subject to the limitation of age, these scholarships are open to all Art students who have already obtained medals, or scholarships to the value of £15 in any Art school in the United Kingdom, in which the study of the nude living figure forms part of the ordinary course of study. A pamphlet giving full details of the conditions may be had from the secretary.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., one of the best-known landscape painters of the Academy, died suddenly in London on April 6th. Mr. Cole was the son of a landscape artist, and was born at Portsmouth in 1833. At the age of twenty he exhibited two pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition, and the following year he received the Society of Arts medal for a 'View near Leith Hill.' In 1870 he was elected an Associate and ten years later a Royal

Academician. In our February number (page 33) we gave a portrait of Mr. Vicat Cole and also a reproduction of his 'Westminster,' the chief of his most recent works. The ranks of the Royal Academy are rapidly changing, and this death raises the number of vacancies higher than it has been for a very long time.

M. Paul Girardet, a well-known French engraver, died in Paris on February 27th. He was born in 1821, and came of an artistic Swiss family, from which many artists and engravers have sprung. M. Girardet's chief plates were 'Marie Antoinette at the Tribunal of the Revolution,' after Delaroche; 'Marriage in Alsace,' after Brion; 'The Prodigal Son,' after Dubufe, and others after Müller, Knaus, and Horace Vernet.



The Master of the Hounds.
By C. W. Furse. In the *New English Art Club*.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE Autotype Company have recently published three excellent reproductions of popular pictures, of two of which we give small blocks on this page. 'Consulting the Witch,' by Frederick Roe, was exhibited in the Royal Academy in



Consulting the Witch. By Frederick Roe.

1891, and represents a pair of lovers going to learn their fortunes by the fireside of the old woman of the village. The young girl is rather afraid of the witch sitting in the dark corner, and would willingly withdraw; but her lover has made up his mind to have his fortune told, and he thinks it better to speak her fair. 'The Carpenter's Shop at Nazareth,' by W. Lance, is a representation of Joseph in the workshop, and the young Child assisting him by sharpening tools. 'Young England,' by Edwin Douglas, is a reproduction of one of this facile animal painter's latest works. A mare and foal stand in the centre of a field in which some other horses and some rabbits are moving about. All these reproductions are printed in sympathetic monochrome tints, and are some of the best publications produced by the Autotype Company.

Notwithstanding the extremely modern tendency of much of the study of these times, the researches of the archaeologist are still as heartily welcomed as ever. Although it is only an enthusiast of the keenest order who can confine himself to one corner of the vast archaeological work, the Baron J. de Baye has found a very interesting subject in his "INDUSTRIAL ARTS OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS" (Swann, Sonnenschein & Co.), and his work is excellently translated by T. B. Harbottle. The Baron is a member of the National Society of Antiquaries of France, and he has plunged with refreshing zeal into the question of the origin and shapes of swords, axes, fibulae, hair-pins, ear-rings, vases, buckles, and even buckets. A considerable number of illustrations—a little too like diagrams, however, to be completely successful—help to make this volume one of great interest to antiquaries and archaeologists.

A glance at the illustrations to Mr. Balfour's essay, "THE EVOLUTION OF DECORATIVE ART" (Henry Balfour, M.A., F.Z.S., Percival & Co.), is enough to show that, short as it is, it is a real contribution towards the understanding of what he apologises for calling "Savage" Art. The drawings are, in some instances, quite rudely done; but they are unmistakably sincere, chosen always with a view to explaining what is said, and without any thought of making the pages attractive; indeed, they are not seldom so chosen, as of themselves, or by their sequence, to forestall the author's remarks upon them. The curator of the Ethnographical Department of the Oxford University Museum naturally approaches his subject from the scientific side. Instead of inflicting upon us his ideas on Art, which might or might not have commended themselves to us, he confines himself to that which he knows, and the result is a most interesting and suggestive little book. It may be no very difficult thing for anyone who has thoroughly mastered his subject to carry conviction to the mind of the unlearned; but it is most difficult for a man who does not pretend to be an artist to discourse for the length of one hundred and twenty-eight pages upon Art, without either wearying or annoying the artist: and that is what Mr. Balfour has done in the case of at least one reader. From the consideration of the savage's first wondering appreciation of decorative forms in nature, he goes on to describe his consequent attempts at artificially reproducing them, and

then further to consider how, in the course of successive copying, the workmen, both consciously and unconsciously, varied them, until it takes at last a learned ethnographer to tell us what they mean.



The Carpenter's Shop at Nazareth. By W. Lance.

The folio of PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE PALL MALL EXHIBITION, published at 215, Shaftesbury Avenue, with notes by Charles W. Hastings, is an

excellent publication which will be acceptable to all interested in the higher aims of photography. There are a dozen large reproductions from exhibits in the Photographic Society's annual collection, besides a number of attractive smaller reproductions in the descriptive text.



The Church of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, Rome. A Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN, AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN the first of our series of articles on the Royal Academy in the Last Century (see *THE ART JOURNAL* for 1891, pages 114 and 341), we described the origin of that institution—how, after many attempts to found “a public academy for the improvement of painting, sculpture, and architecture,” all destined to failure partly from want of means to make such an academy self-subsisting, and partly from the jealousy that existed among the artists themselves, the first difficulty was solved by the accident of an exhibition at the Foundling Hospital, which showed that people would pay to see pictures, and the second, by the intervention of the Sovereign who, in according his patronage to the project started by West, Chambers, and the other seceders from the Incorporated Society of Artists, gave it prestige and importance sufficient to crush all opposition and reconcile all rivalry. But George III. did more than give his royal patronage to the new institution. He provided it with a home in what was then one of his palaces; he undertook to supply any deficiencies in its annual budget; and he superintended every detail connected with

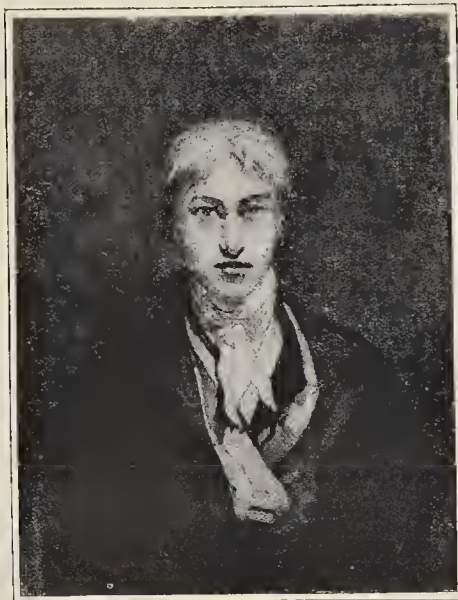
JUNE, 1893.

its management. But even the royal care and munificence might have failed to procure complete success for the Academy had not its infant steps been presided over and guided by two men, each of whom was admirably adapted for the task allotted to him. Reynolds, in virtue of his attributes as a man and his talents as a painter, was an ideal chief and leader

for a body of artists; and the business faculties of Chambers were of the utmost value in the conduct of business and in the administration of the funds.

As the result of this triple fostering care, the Academy, at the end of the century which saw its foundation, had attained a thoroughly stable and independent position. Its exhibitions were frequented by yearly increasing numbers, its schools were flourishing, its charities liberally bestowed, and it was in possession roundly of some £20,000 of invested capital. No call had been made on the royal bounty since 1780, the receipts from the exhibitions—the only source of revenue—having more than justified the expectations of the founders, that they would suffice to provide for the two objects in their

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Joseph Mallord William Turner, R.A. From the Portrait by the Artist.



Shipping. An early Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

minds—the gratuitous instruction of Art students and the bestowal of charity on artists in need of it.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had taken so great a share in guiding the institution successfully and wisely through the difficulties and dangers of its early course, had been at the head of a body of artists whose works belong to a distinct and separate category. They practised an art, very sober, very dignified, somewhat reticent, and not very discursive; an art which, though permeated with the influence of the old masters, was yet thoroughly national, having no kinship with that of any other nation, as we have already explained in a former article.

Reynolds had been succeeded by Benjamin West, who, as a president, was probably harmless. He was a well-meaning, benevolent man, but without any marked personality, and he exercised but little influence. His art was, for the most part, dull and pedantic, and if it was capable of producing any effect on the school, which is unlikely, such effect could not have been ought else than baneful.

With the nineteenth century there began an entirely new phase of British art. The portraitists still clung to the traditions inherited from Reynolds and Gainsborough, but illustrated them with less depth and richness, and also, it must be confessed, with less invention and spontaneity. In every other department, in lieu of the severe restraint imposed upon themselves by the earlier school, we find a widespread tentativeness, a diffuseness, and a tendency to explore new fields, which eventually brought about what modern French critics recognise as the peculiar characteristic of the English school, that is its personal character, and its entire independence of all schools and traditions. As M. Ernest Chesneau puts it, "there are in it no traces of a common method, of a collective education, of official instruction, of an academy in Rome, or of an *École des Beaux-Arts*."

We will not stop to discuss here whether this is an advantage or not, we will only say that it does not reflect upon the teaching of the Royal Academy, inasmuch as that was founded on the principle of allowing complete liberty to the student to follow his own bent. There is not and there never was in the

schools of the Royal Academy any authority exercised which would constitute what a Frenchman defines as "official instruction." "Quot homines tot sententiae" is the aphorism on which our system of Art education would seem to have been founded. There is no one mind armed with sufficient authority to exercise a preponderating influence on the students, and the rotation of monthly visitors would seem to have been expressly devised to avoid their adopting a uniform practice, a thing so dear to our neighbours across the Channel.

The result certainly has been, as we said before, a great diversity of styles and a certain isolation of each painter, as becomes abundantly evident when British pictures are seen in companionship with those of other countries, as at the great International Exhibitions. No doubt it would be claiming too much on the one hand, or proving too much on the other, to maintain that there is more originality in the British mind, or that we have adopted a system of education which

develops it, and we will leave the facts for our readers to draw their own conclusions.

Surveying British Art from the imaginary standpoint of the year 1800, we see little splendour or attractiveness in what is known as history, genre, or figure painting, in our immediate foreground. There is a long dreary interval on which no light is shed save by luminaries of a low order of magnitude, but on the other hand we see landscape painting attaining a splendour and brilliancy such as never was seen before. In this department, and out of grimy, smoky London, there had arisen an epoch-making artist, who set his seal on the art for ever as the master of space, light, and atmosphere.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A.

A very momentous event in the history of Art, and one probably enacted in a corner, took place in the year 1790, when an unpretentious and somewhat puerile water-colour drawing of Lambeth Palace was exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy. It was signed W. Turner. From that small beginning uninterruptedly for sixty years there followed a series of pictures and drawings; and for fifty years, we may say with certainty, they increased in splendour and imaginativeness, transcending the limits which previous conceptions could have assigned to human versatility and invention.

Of this painter, it is perhaps more true than of most others that his life is best studied in his works. Walter Thornbury wrote two bulky octavo volumes of "Life," into which he crammed every anecdote and saying of the great man which he could collect, at a time when many of Turner's friends and acquaintances were still alive, and the result as a biography is not convincing. It fails to supply the mind with the visual presentment of an individual. We learn from these volumes that he was short and thick-set, with large eyebrows and piercing grey eyes, that his nose was hooked, his mouth compressed, and that in middle life he was tanned and weather-beaten like a sailor, but very little else that we care to know; with his niggardly ways and with whatever other sins of omission or commission are imputed to him, we have no concern.

We must be satisfied with a vague and enigmatical conception of one of the world's greatest painters. He was evidently a self-contained, taciturn, and even inarticulate man. His industry was prodigious, his mind extraordinarily active, and controlled by intense earnestness of purpose and loftiness of aim, while it was also kept in motion by the pressure of a thousand horse-power of will. He shunned society to live entirely in and for his art.

His father was a hairdresser, who kept a small shop in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, and there Turner was born. It is said that the painter of the 'Garden of the Hesperides' and 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus' received a very rudimentary education, and his art training has also been made the subject of some severe strictures by Mr. Ruskin. According to him Turner's bad architecture, in other words his preference for the classical and Palladian, and his want of sympathy with Gothic, are attributed to his studies under Mr. Hardwick; whilst his "meaningless classical compositions," such as his 'Carthage,' 'Bay of Baize,' etc., are traced to the false teaching he received in the schools of the Royal Academy, with its casts from the antique and its classical traditions. Mr. Ruskin is sometimes very hard to please, especially when his text seems to require a little smart satirical flavouring; but considering that he has published five bulky volumes in which he proves to demonstration that Turner's art was based on Nature more completely than that of any painter who ever lived, that he had more profoundly studied her and penetrated more deeply into her mysteries, it does seem a little captious, to say the least of it, that he should cavil at a slight amount of instruction having been given him in conventional ideas, which have been universally accepted for centuries.

It is our opinion that in the case of Turner the accidents of fate and fortune, acting on a peculiar temperament and turn of mind, produced as perfect a form of art education, and one as consistently practical and progressive as that enjoyed by Raphael, who was the favoured nursling of fortune in that respect.

Just think of it. As a child almost, in a small backroom in a dark slum of this great city, we find him engaged in copying drawings by Paul Sandby and others which had been lent to him. Then he is sent to an architect's office,

where he is taught perspective and the precise drawing which is essential to that branch of art. Then he is in the schools of the Royal Academy, drawing from the antique and the life, and picking up advice and encouragement from the different visitors. Between whiles, to earn bread, he tints architectural drawings and washes in skies and foregrounds; he is commissioned to make drawings of gentlemen's country seats; he draws assiduously on the Thames, Lambeth, Chelsea, and Greenwich, training his hand to precision. Besides which a certain Mr. Munro, who possessed a fine collection of drawings, allows him, with his friend Girtin, to copy them as they please. What can be more perfect? He is brought face to face with Nature and with Art, and even the necessity of earning is salutary; it teaches him not to be dilatory, to be prompt and decided, to seize what is important, and to produce something which shall look completed.

Later in his life Turner was described by a countryman as "that short thick-set man with a pencil in his hand," a description which brings him before us as vividly, physically and mentally, as anything that has been written about him. He wandered over Europe with that untiring pencil in his hand, up and down the great rivers, over the Alps into Switzerland amongst the snows and avalanches, through Italy with its rivers to his loved Venice, where sky and water meet. He tossed about in the Channel and North Sea on board nameless smacks and colliers to learn the trick of the waves, he was in turns in almost every part of England, Wales, and Scotland. Wherever he went that pencil, with a deftness and certainty bred of constant practice, was tracing the forms of Nature, eliminating as by instinct what was accidental, and unimportant, whilst it recorded all that was characteristic and essential. This was certainly fine training, but we must bear in mind that it was not the training that made the Turner. What distinguishes him from every other painter is that in all



Zurich. A late Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

his constant intercourse with Nature he never for one single instant forgot Art. Everything he did, to the hastiest pencil scratch, underwent transformation in the doing; it was disintegrated and recombined into an organic whole. In the National Gallery there are, let us say, many hundreds of sketches by him, several of which illustrate this paper, and there is not one which does not suggest the elements of a completed picture. But, unfortunately, in his completed pictures there is not always the charm suggested by his sketches; they, many of them, have a look of things not taken *au grand sérieux*, of canvases upon which he amused himself by practising alterations. Occasionally, as it appears to us, he seems to have been untrue to his mission, and to have sat down indolently and carelessly to multiply unnecessary detail, and, moreover, to insist upon it with the unmeaning emphasis which belongs rather to tapestry than painting.

The first essential to insure just and instructive criticism is, that it be directed from the standpoint of the artist, without which his work must be seen in false and distorted perspective; but after making every effort to align ourselves with Turner, it appears to us that in such pictures as the 'Bay of Baia,' 'Apollo,' and the 'Sibyl' in the National Collection, the result does not justify the means either from the point of view of Nature or of Art. On the other hand, such canvases as 'The Frosty Morning,' 'Spithead,' 'Crossing the Brook,' 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' 'The Old *Téméraire*,' and 'The Building of Carthage,' are completely convincing. They are all perfect and of a piece, without a discordant feature; we follow the painter's conception through all intricacies, and are never turned aside.

These six pictures (which it may be noted were all engraved in THE ART JOURNAL between 1860 and 1864), place Turner at the head of the landscape painters of all time. If we indulgently admit that Claude has equalled or even surpassed them in grace of form and transparency of atmosphere, they soar immeasurably above him in imaginative power, as they do above Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Van de Velde, Wilson, Ruysdael, Constable, and the modern French school.

In describing the qualities of Art we are forced to adopt terms which refer to cognate sentiments in other departments of thought, terms which are accepted as established metaphors; hence we speak of majesty and dignity as descriptive of certain combinations of forms, tones, and colours which impress the mind in a peculiar way. These qualities Turner possessed in the most eminent degree. Indeed, he had the



Orleans. A Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

faculty of investing the face of Nature with an aspect corresponding with the momentousness, the importance, or even the playfulness of the subject he was representing; and his "Liber Studiorum," though unfortunately never completed, is still the most varied record of artistic adaptability to sentiment which the world has seen. Ruysdael, in such pictures as 'The Windmill,' 'On the Maas,' in the Van der Hoop collection, and Corot, in his best works, touch a deep note of melancholy solemnity, but that was nearly all they gave, whereas Turner seems to play on the whole gamut of human emotions. He is so subtle that he defies analysis. Take, for instance, 'The Frosty Morning' (see THE ART JOURNAL for 1861, page 332), and ask what there is in that picture, either in what it represents, or in the lines of its composition, to account for its extraordinary popularity? Nothing, so far as we can see, and yet that picture in some mysterious way is fraught with memories; before it the mind reverts to other days and far-off scenes: it is as suggestive as those most suggestive lines—

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail."

And to have achieved this in a picture so simple indicates the highest amount of imaginative power.

We do not agree with all the sentiments expressed in "Modern Painters." It was not necessary in order to enhance the fame of Turner to detract from the true merits of others; but it seems to us established beyond contention on the evidence of his life's work, that Turner's imagination in depth, variety, and scope far exceeded that of any other landscape painter.

If we turn from imaginative qualities to the rendering of facts of Nature, to the objective truth of representation, we seem to see a still greater interval. But here, to form a just opinion, we must turn more particularly to his water-colour drawings. They represent in an unbroken series the whole art energy of his life, and all the phases of its development; they are utterly untouched by whatever circumstances may have turned awry or thwarted his development as an oil painter. And here we will make a clean breast of it before our readers, asking them to give us credit for no other quality than sincerity. It appears to us that there was something wrong, either in Turner's theory or practice as an oil painter. In the National Collection there are one hundred and ninety-five oil pictures by him, and it contains a larger proportion of failures, of incongruous, ill-digested, bizarre, and obscure things than should be with a man of his genius.

But not so with his drawings. There the record of earnest, uninterrupted, progressive, and profoundly thoughtful effort to attain perfection is unbroken. After the age of twenty his drawings began to show ever more and more firmness and accomplishment. He was learning to manage and co-ordinate large masses, and to give depth of tone, influenced evidently in this latter respect by his friend Girtin. In 1802, when he was twenty-seven, he executed a large drawing of Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe, which was re-exhibited in the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1887. Here we find him completely emancipated from all the thralldom of prescription. We find in it a mountain rightly drawn for the first time in the history of Art. He has given the inclination of its beds, their weathering and fissuring by the action of water, the piling-up of detritus in hollows and at its base; the construction of it, in fact, is made apparent, and if we compare this with the conglomeration of unclassified matter which

had in previous Art done duty as a mountain, we must acknowledge that it was a creditable step in advance for a young man of twenty-seven to have made. From that time forward he never ceased in his onward progress, ever analysing and observing, rendering with more and more certainty and knowledge the forms of the solid earth, the growth of trees, the forms of water, of waves, torrents, clouds, spray, and mist, delighting be-

yond measure in the glamour of flitting light and shade which mists and vapours shed over a landscape, giving it a touch of mystery and indistinctness which excite the imagination like a tale half told.

Between the years 1816, when he executed a beautiful series of drawings in the West Riding, and in Richmondshire in Yorkshire, to the year 1820, he attained the highest perfection in the delineation of form. His colouring up to this time had been subdued, his palette had been charged only with pale blues, browns, greys, and olive greens. But after 1820 he entered upon what is known as his second period. He may have said to himself at that time, that he had done enough in the way of form, that there was another world of impalpable evanescent beauties, of colours and reflections, things like dreams which pass and go, leaving no trace behind them, and these he set to work to record. Like Humboldt, who began his *Kosmos* with stating the elementary laws of physics, and ended with a description of all the most abstruse phenomena of mind, Turner felt his *Kosmos* would not be complete without the intangible dreamy side of nature. Accordingly, after 1820 we find him indulging in gorgeous colouring, in fleeting effects, seen only at rare intervals, such as sunsets amongst cirrus clouds, and mountains glowing in the last rays of the sun. Amongst oil pictures 'Polyphemus' in the National Collection is a very typical example of this period, and amongst water-colours 'Knaresborough' and 'Rivaux Abbey.' His touch in water-colours now became easier and lighter, he was less precise, often suggesting quantity and detail by play of colour, and the drawings of this period in which he set himself simply to record scenes in nature are, as Mr. Ruskin says, "faultlessly magnificent."

But it was also the period of extravagancies, of compositions encumbered with detail, and the love of light which was growing upon him led him into endless subtleties of gra-

1893.



*The Funeral of Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, at St. Paul's Cathedral, January 21st, 1830.
A Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*

dation which sometimes injured the solidity and unity of the effect.

In his latter years this desire for intensity of light gave rise to one of the strangest whims that ever entered into a painter's brain, as M. Chesneau has pointed out. Turner disintegrated colours into their primary elements of red, blue, and yellow, using these independently in touches placed side by side. His idea no doubt was that their combined effect on the retina would produce the effect of white light. There is no denying the intense brilliancy of some of his later works, such, for instance, as 'Phryne going to the Bath' (*THE ART JOURNAL*, 1861, page 268), but it is extremely questionable how far that is owing to the artifice he adopted.

Reason and common-sense tell us that when a painter violates the impressions of nature generally received, he must put himself out of court, and accordingly we find that Turner's later pictures are an enigma to ordinary mortals. It is quite possible to those who will it, and it is very tempting to those who wish to be superfine, to see in them transcendent merit which is only revealed to the highest culture. We do not ourselves profess to be utter Philistines. In his latest works, even in the wildest of them, we recognise a grand artistic faculty, but they seem to us to be faulty because they insist upon one quality at the expense of all the others. It is a very grand effect, and one which has fascinated all great painters and colourists, when large masses of light are seen to be defined and yet to melt into one another; but the definition is essential; without it a picture merely represents the aspect of primordial chaos after the first fiat, "Let there be light." And Turner himself had, in his second period, given the most superb and masterly rendering of this effect, to take one instance out of many, in his 'Knaresborough,' where the town with its ruined castle all aglow with full evening light, is relieved against an equally luminous sky, while below it is the

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hill equally ablaze, with a white path, cattle and figures relieved against it sharply, light telling against light, one merging into the other but never losing itself, maintaining its sharpness and definition. But we have heard, and there seems a certain colour of probability in it, that late in his life Turner's sight became intensely astigmatic. In many of his latest Venetian pictures and sketches there is hardly an indication of a horizontal line, everything is on the vertical principle; and the inability to discern horizontal lines is said to be a symptom of astigmatism.

According to Mr. Ruskin, the last picture Turner painted with quite undiminished powers was 'The Fighting *Téméraire* towed to her Last Berth' (see THE ART JOURNAL for 1864, page 108). That grand old ship, which had stood the stress and the piled-up agony of so many hours of doubtful strife, has ended her career and is going to be broken up. Her past glories are sinking with the setting sun, and the coming night is already above the horizon. It is a picture typical of Turner's own career; he too had fought as none else had done, and this, his last great effort, is tinged with the glory of a gorgeous sunset. In some respects it is the most splendid of his works, not technically, perhaps, but imaginatively. It appears to us to focus all his views on Art, to explain and account for many aberrant strivings. It is not given even to an intellect like Turner's to command and control the wayward flights of a great imagination, but in this picture of the 'Fighting *Téméraire*' we see the complete synthesis, the union of objective truth with sentiment, which is the underlying effort of his life's work.

Turner, in the early part of his career, lived with his father the hairdresser in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, but in 1793 his address in the catalogues is changed to Hand Court, Maiden Lane, where he continued until after his election as Associate of the Royal Academy in 1799, when he was twenty-four years of age. The Royal Academy was evidently not slow in recognising his genius, as we find that only three years after he was elected full Academician, that is in 1802, when he made his first trip abroad, which resulted in Lord Yarborough's beautiful picture of the 'Vintage of Macon.' In 1800 he moved to 64, Harley Street; the year after to 75, Norton Street, Portland Road; and in 1804 back again to 64, Harley Street. In 1812 he bought the house in Queen Anne Street. From 1809 to 1811 in addition to his London address he gives also West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith; and from 1814 to 1826 he had a country house at Twickenham, which he called Sandycombe Lodge.

In 1851 Turner was missed from his accustomed haunts, he appeared no more at the meetings of the Royal Academy, which he had always regularly attended, and he had disappeared from his home in Queen Anne Street. All his life through he had encompassed himself with mystery, and had let none know of his goings to and fro; but on this occasion as his health was known to be breaking there was great anxiety amongst his friends, and his faithful old housekeeper, Mrs. Ellen Danby, was in great trepidation. By accident a clue to his whereabouts was discovered, and he was found dying in a small cottage in Chelsea, where he had been known by the name of Booth. Such was the end of this remarkable man, unquestionably one of the great geniuses in Art, the select few who can be enumerated on the fingers of your hands.

He was buried with much pomp and circumstance in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 3rd December, 1851, and a statue

was erected to his memory, with a sum of money which he bequeathed in his will for that purpose. Of this will itself we shall speak in our next article.

On the subject of Turner's personal character the testimony is conflicting. Thornbury in his life relates an early love affair, into which narrative all the elements of the dramatic are judiciously interwoven. The scene is laid at Margate. Turner loves the sister of a school companion. After a certain series of episodes in which he in turns "sighed and wished himself dead, turned hot and turned cold," etc., etc., he finally in "the summer dusk" ventured to ask the question and heard in answer the "whispered, bashful, Yes!" Turner then goes away for two years, whither to no one knows, and when he returns finds the young lady married or about to be married to somebody else. She had had a very bad time of it, according to Mr. Thornbury; month after month and no letters from him, but "hope at first chilled, still guards the sacred chamber in the heart where love weeps for its idol." Such severe symptoms could not last, her fate may have hung in the balance: but she recovered and took somebody else.

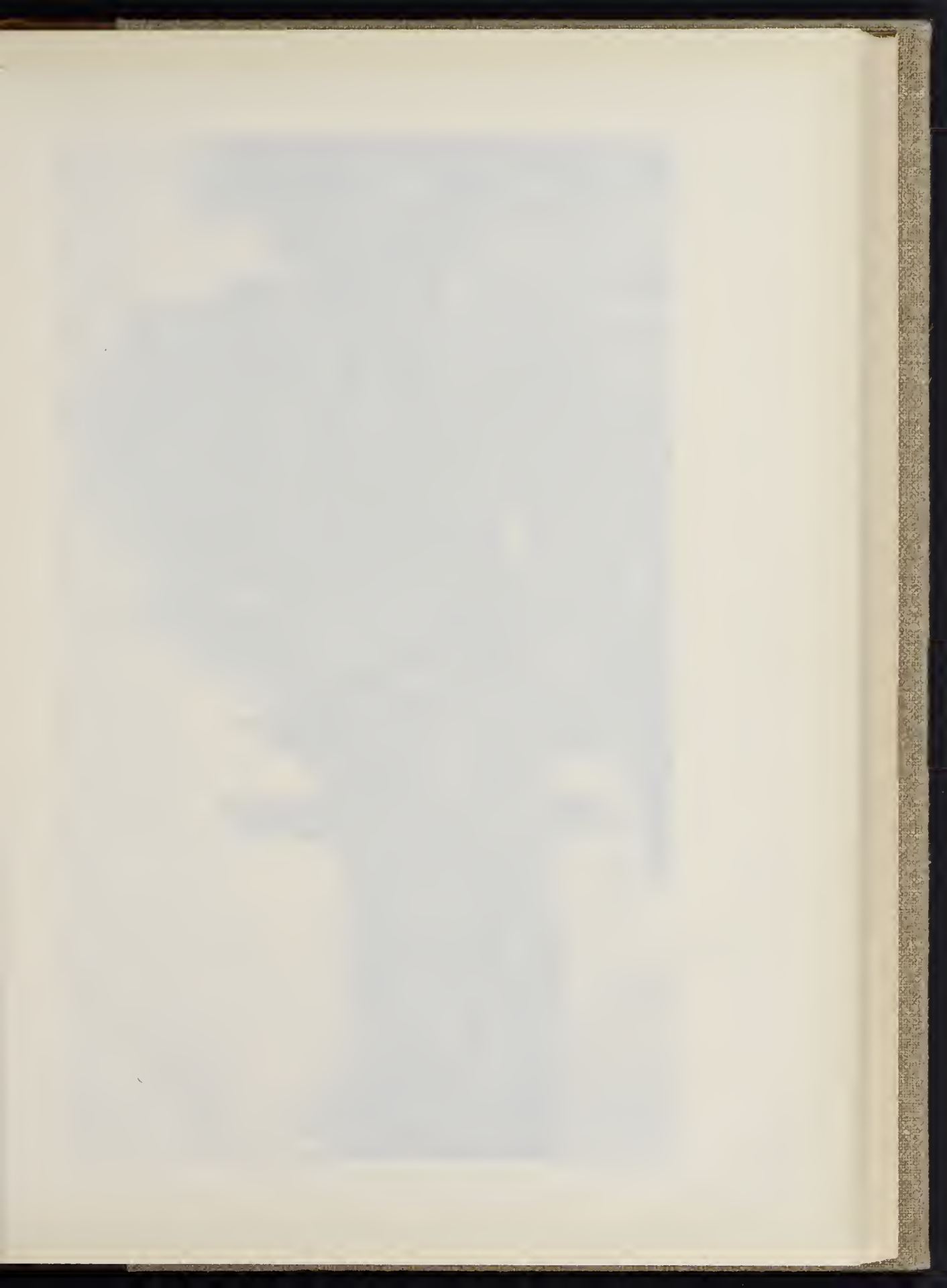
It turned out that Turner's letters had been suppressed by a cruel step-mother. Why Turner should have stayed away two years from her, and not hearing from her not have made inquiries, is a detail which is not mentioned in the narrative. Anyhow, according to our eloquent author, this event cast a gloom upon his life, he became a blighted being, with no hope on this side of the grave, or on the other; drifted into an "entangled and ill-thought-out existence," which ended ultimately in brown sherry and a dubious housekeeper.

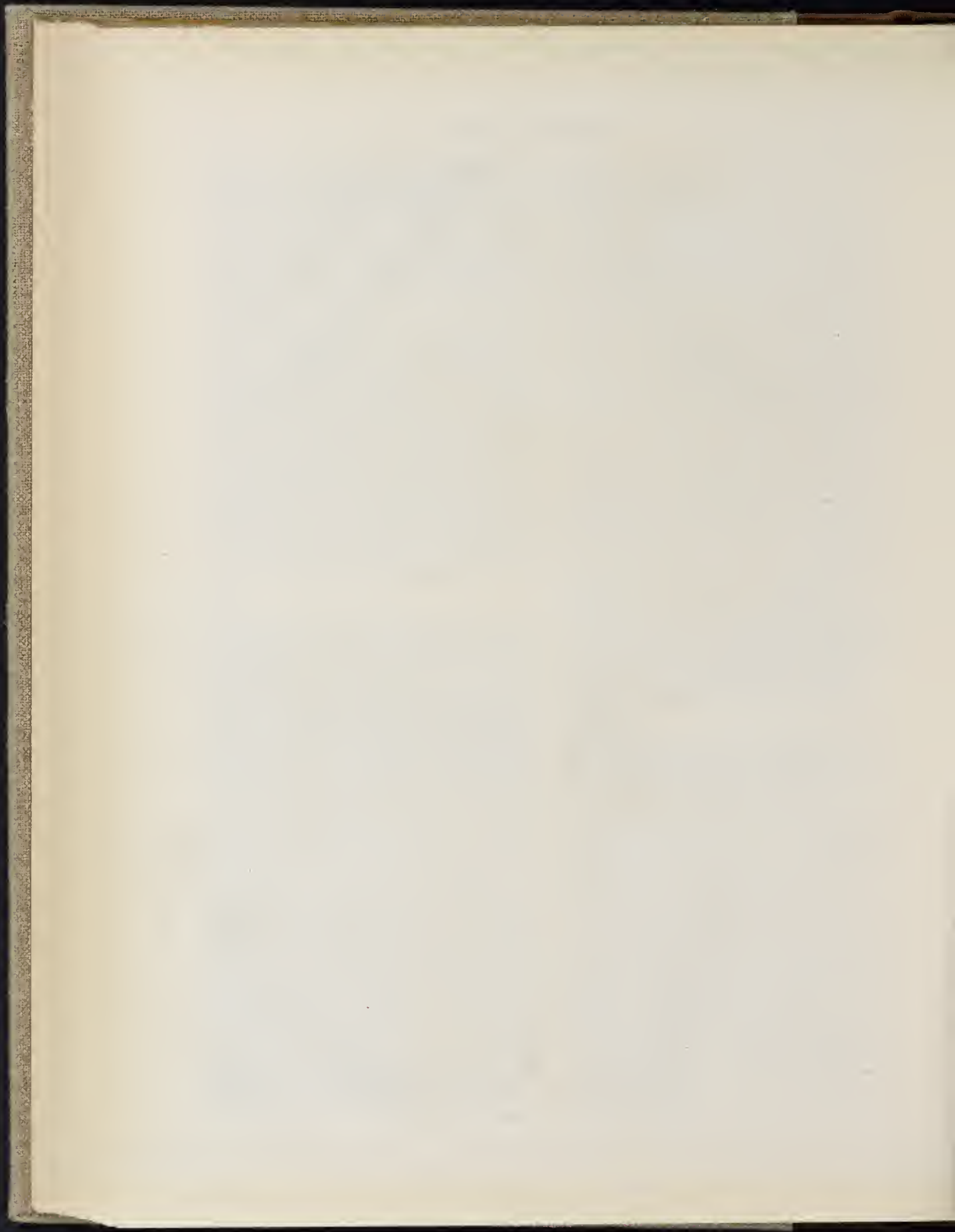
Ruskin puts his case differently. "Imagine," he says, "what it was for a man to live seventy years in this hard world with the kindest heart and the noblest intellect of his time, and never to meet with a single word or ray of sympathy, until he felt himself sinking into the grave. From the time he knew his true greatness, all the world was against him; no one understood him, no one trusted him, and everyone cried out against him."

It appears to us, and we are bound on such a matter to speak humbly and apologetically, that the exigencies of fine writing may at times lead authors into extremes. From Mr. Fawkes of Farnley, Mr. Munro, and Mr. Trimmer, not to mention a number of other life-long friends of Turner, he must have received "a word or ray of sympathy," and after all a man does not become embittered and disappointed except he is neglected and has to suffer poverty. Turner all through his extraordinarily industrious life amassed money hand over hand, by the sale of his drawings and by the profits of the engravings of his works; and he died worth £140,000. It does not seem likely that the non-sale of his oil pictures should have affected him much, especially when we find that he bought back those that he had sold whenever he had a chance.

We doubt very much whether Turner was a morose and disappointed man. He had an especial affection for the Royal Academy—the body that early recognised his merits, and enrolled him amongst its members; and towards it he felt a life-long gratitude. The Royal Academy was "his mother," as he used to say, and on the annual varnishing days before the exhibition, he perpetrated nearly all the jovial sayings and doings which are recorded of him. He dearly loved a social meeting of his brother artists, and in fact left money in his will to provide an annual dinner.

He had a natural love of mystification, of putting people off the track; he was secretive, and would let no one into his

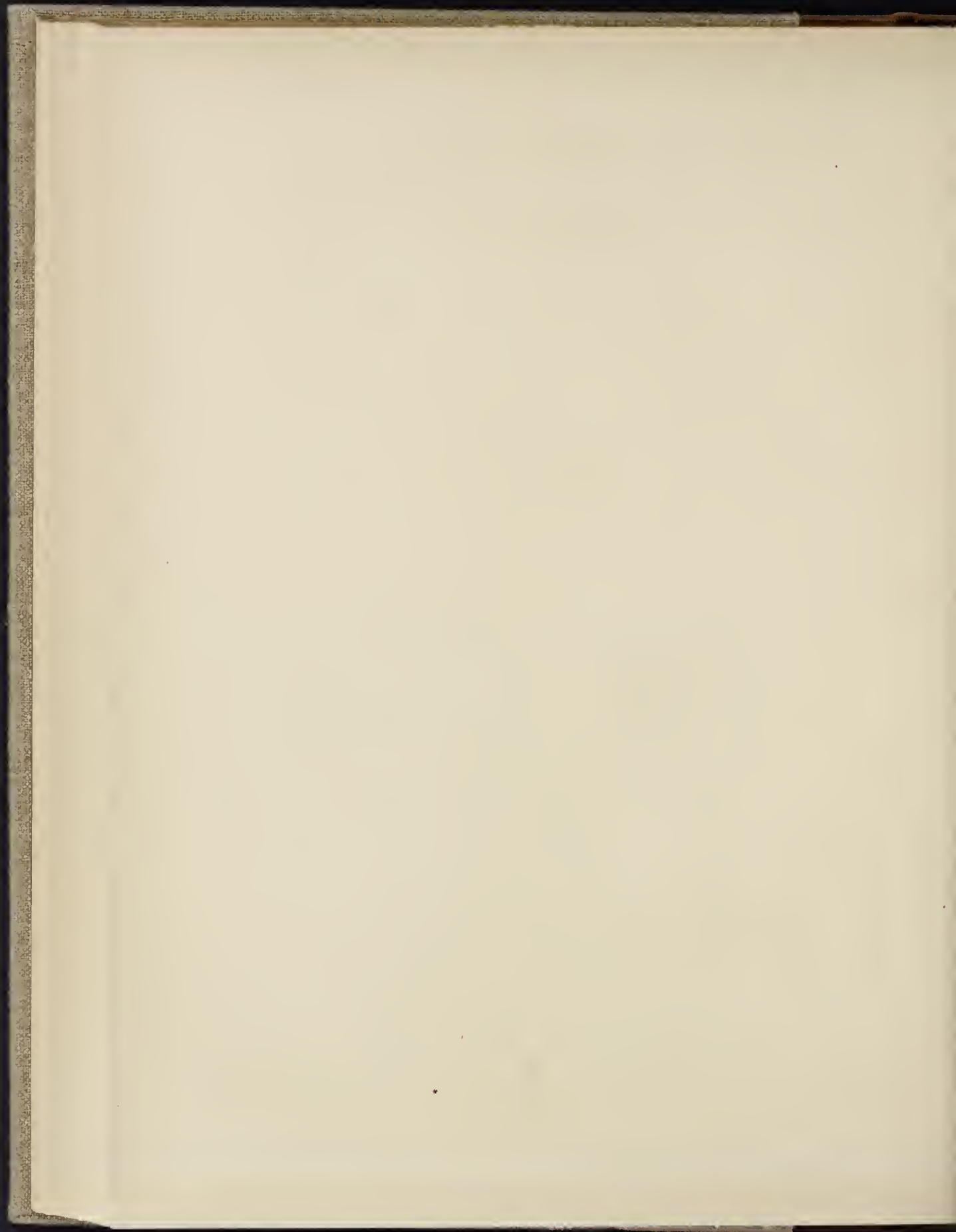






PAINTED BY E. A. WATER, O.W. A.R.A.

THE FOUNTAIN



professional secrets, and he was utterly absorbed in his art. Probably also he had an infirmity frequent in superior minds, an impatience with common-place people; he was not called upon to tolerate them, why should he bother himself? On the face of it the idea of Turner's life having been a sad one is an absurdity; every man takes his pleasure when he finds it; what but joy, intense love and delight could have been in the man's soul who through long years wandered over Europe in all weathers, conscious of the supreme gift of artistic genius, pouring himself out in his matchless drawings in never-ending fulness and versatility. He was singular and not like other men, in more ways than one; and if he never found a sympathetic mind, it was probably because, either from shyness, from indolence, or indifference, he did not take

the trouble to look for one. But no doubt if any of us were allowed to take Turner's imagination on trial for a week we should ask for no better companionship for the remainder of our lives.

When visitors called upon Turner in Queen Anne Street, they were shown into a dingy room on the ground floor and asked to wait. After a time there was a shuffling sound of slippered feet on the staircase, and the great painter entered, presenting, so it is said, a somewhat fuliginous appearance, like Vulcan issuing from his forge. Into the sanctum of the studio none was allowed to penetrate except Mrs. Danby, his housekeeper, and she related that when she went in of an evening and saw what he had done in the day she used to say to herself, "He must be a God."



Ship at Sea. A Sketch by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

THE EVENING HOUR.

BY E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A. ETCHED BY JAMES DOBIE.

THE day has been a hot one. It is full summer prime; as we can see by the rich foliage, by the well-formed flower-heads of the sedge beside the little river Tauber. And that enchanting moment has arrived—enchanting, whether on English or Bavarian rivers—that pause in the world's life that comes to man and brute alike, after the sun has sunk below the horizon. It seems as if the grind of the great wheels of the universe had stopped for an instant, and all nature holds its breath, and listens for the coming of night. The air grows cool; a radiant after-glow of sunset flames up to the zenith; and the few clouds are lighted with a strange farewell glow, as they grow thin and yet thinner, and presently melt away into the pure clearness of the evening sky.

The long lines of poplars, carrying the eye far away into infinite distance of golden country, tell us we are not in England. It is the fashion among some people to abuse poplars. The average English traveller seems merely to go abroad in order to observe and admire those objects which remind him of his native land. The points of difference—from the bread he eats to the cathedral he stares at—which are the very spice of enjoyment to many of us, are to him

positively annoying and irritating. How often have we been told, for instance, that the poplars make France hateful and hideous by their constant recurrence! For ourselves, we confess frankly to more than tolerance of long lines of poplars of all sorts, whether in nature or in Art. And we venture to hope that after all we may not be far wrong, when we see how the masters of all schools, from Hobbema to Claude Monet, have used the tall spires, the slender stems, along straight roads or by still riversides, for some of their most impressive effects.

Yet even the most rabid Britisher might take comfort, and find points of resemblance in this evening hour on the Tauber with his own country; for at first sight we could believe the sun had set over some Oxfordshire village, on its willow-fringed stream. But nowhere in Oxfordshire should we find those steep house-roofs and quaint church tower, covered with crinkled red tiles; or a comfortable baby in just such a white cap, sitting by the roadside; or a field-hand with such a hoe as the peasant woman carries, who pauses by the orchard fence.

Mr. Waterlow tells us this charming subject (which is one of the representative English pictures now exhibited at Chicago) is

close to Rothenburg; that delightful, red-roofed, old Bavarian city, one of whose chief peculiarities seems to be, that all who go there imagine that they, and they only, have discovered its charms. A harmless illusion, and one which speaks volumes for the place. But an irritating one sometimes to the slightly impatient listener, who is supposed by the modern Columbus to be wholly ignorant of the existence of the town, though it has figured on the walls of every exhibition for the last ten years. Not the least of Rothenburg's attractions to us, if we ever dared to join the valiant band of its admirers, would be the near neighbourhood of such subjects as this one.

There is a sense of still content about the whole scene. Wood smoke, blue and quivering in the faint breeze that stirs the leaves and lifts the woman's apron, rises from the cottages. The evening soup is being prepared against the home-coming of those tired, hard-working Bavarian peasants. We hear the boy's laugh, as he sprawls under the willow, and throws a lazy word at the weary potato hoer. We hear the cackle of the geese as they pull a beakful of grass here and there, and the scream of the gander as he leads his harem through the meadow, from the pool under the bridge, to the German

farmyard that looks as if it had been taken out of a box of toys. We hear the sharp squeak of the swifts as they hawk high in air. We hear the ripple and gurgle of the stream over the stony shallow under the willows, before it reaches the deep pool against the farther bank. And there, where the shadows lie, we know the speckled trout are rising fast at clouds of gnats that hang like golden dust over the water.

A bat flutters out on dusky, noiseless, velvet wings. And soon church and red roofs and poplar spires will turn black against the fading light. The voices of the children will die away in sleep. The last pipe will be smoked, the last glass of beer drunk, at the little green table outside the Wirthshaus. The dew will rise, bringing forth countless sweet savours that the sun has scorched out of being through the day. And we may wander back to Rothenburg in the cool fragrant twilight, with the words of Keats on our lips:—

"I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness guess each sweet
Where with the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild."

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

THE MUSEUM OF GIZEH.

CONSIDERABLE anxiety is felt in Egypt for the security from fire of the splendid collection of antiquities (belonging to the Egyptian Government) which has always shared with the Pyramids, the Citadel, and the Mosques, the honour of being one of the sights which even the most superficial visitor to Egypt must "do." Familiar to many must be the unpleasant sights and smells of the dusty road along which the visitor had to go to reach the dingy building where these unique specimens of Ancient Art were for so many years deposited. Nobody could have felt more keenly the unworthiness of this building to receive the cherished results of his labours than the French savant Mariette, to whose industry and perseverance the museum owes its foundation. But in 1857, few indeed were the persons, even in Europe, to whom Mariette could look for help or assistance in his self-imposed task; and the Mohammedan prince who controlled the destinies of Egypt no doubt regarded the extraction and collection of these remnants of the dark idolatrous ages as flying in the face of Providence, which had wisely buried them in the earth. Mariette was thankful to procure for his projected museum the building which had lately been vacated by the Post Office, and statues and vases which had adorned the palaces of kings and the temples of the gods were huddled together in rooms built for the prosaic work of the Post. But not only was the old building unworthy of its contents, but it soon became quite insufficient to hold the ever-increasing number of new discoveries.

In 1890, however, a more than usually interesting discovery which the public clamoured to see, compelled the Egyptian Government to find a fitting building for its exhibition, and the transfer of the whole museum to the Palace of Gizeh, which had belonged to the ex-Khedive Ismail, was the result of this necessity. This decision, at the time, gave general satisfaction. It is true that the Palace is only a lath-and-plaster building in the gaudy style of the transient architec-

ture of modern Egypt, but it was cheerful and pleasant to look upon; and in its spacious halls the treasures of the museum might be seen to advantage. It is, too, situated within easy reach of Cairo, and stands in a beautiful park whose deep oriental foliage contrasts pleasantly with the brilliant colouring of the architecture. It offers ample room for expansion, and it was thought that the museum could rest in this by no means unworthy *encadrement* for many a year to come.

But the recent destruction by fire of the Khedivial Palace of Abdeen has given a timely warning that the collection is now exposed to risks from which it was comparatively free at Boulac. The Abdeen and Gizeh Palaces are similar in construction, and the catastrophe which has happened to the former shows with what alarming facility the devouring element can seize upon and destroy such buildings. The danger was brought so clearly home that a Commission of Inquiry was appointed, and their report confirms the worst fears. The present building is quite unfit to house such valuable property, and it is understood that the Commission recommends the immediate construction of a new building. Such a proposition is likely to receive much opposition from a Mohammedan Government, but it is for our representatives, who know and appreciate the value of this museum, to see that this report is not pigeon-holed. While we are at the helm in Egypt, the world will hold us responsible for this unsurpassed collection, in which the ebb and flow of Egyptian Art and civilisation, during a period of nearly seven thousand years, are shown in such a remarkable way.

A museum without a catalogue loses much in value, and at Boulac a satisfactory catalogue was out of the question. Thanks, however, to the scientific arrangement possible at Gizeh, M. Philippe Virey, an accomplished Egyptologist, has been able to remedy this defect, and has compiled a learned catalogue, by means of which the visitor may not only see the museum to greater advantage, but seeing, understand it.

H.

H. H. LA THANGUE.

BORN something over thirty years since, Henry Herbert La Thangue's determination to become an artist was in no way induced by artistic traditions, either in his family or in his surroundings. Here we have a promising fact in starting, for it may be laid down as a general rule that the strongest men in all the arts are those whose advent looks, on the face of it, very like an accident. Mr. La Thangue is not, as has been generally supposed, of Huguenot extraction; he comes of a Yorkshire stock: the name has probably a far-away territorial significance.

In 1870, we find him carrying off a prize at Dulwich College, but he did not remain long at school. At Dulwich, T. F. Goodall and Stanhope Forbes were among his contemporaries, the Fishers—Horace and Melton—following him. His first experiences of artistic tuition were by no means fortunate, nor did he find himself much more happily placed at South Kensington. Mr. La Thangue is not backward in his condemnation of the system of instruction pursued at those schools. At Lambeth, at which Art institution we next find him, he discovered a nearer approach to satisfaction. Now followed four or five years of tedious study at the Academy Schools. Here, in 1879, he won the highest honour open to students. Mr. La Thangue takes a highly commendable

and magnanimous view of these and kindred awards. He shares the doubt, which I confess to have entertained, as to their benefit and justice. The jury is so limited, and the attainments of several of the leading students are so nearly equal, that it is a moot question, whether it is fair or advisable to place one student so distinctly in front of his fellows. At the Academy, Mr. La Thangue numbered among his contemporaries a goodly body of men who have since made names and positions for themselves, including Messrs. Stanhope Forbes, S. J. Solomon, James Charles, J. Elder Christie, Stirling Lee, W. Mouat

Loudan, Maurice Greiffenhagen, and Gunning King. When we remember the men who were at the Academy during, and just before and after, Mr. La Thangue's time there, we are confronted with a great fact of modern British Art; for these men have actually been associated in an upward movement, that is not extravagantly described as marking a period of artistic renaissance.

The advantage gained by Mr. La Thangue at the Academy Schools by no means contented him.

He had heard so much of the excellent results following upon a course of study in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, that he made a determined and successful effort to reach Paris. He was the bearer of a letter of introduction from Sir Frederick Leighton to M. Gérôme. The great French painter's atelier was full, but remarking that he could refuse nothing to Sir Frederick, he immediately made room for the President's protégé. When, after three years with M. Gérôme, Mr. La Thangue left Paris he had already devoted twelve years to learning his craft. He may well say that he has put plenty of capital into his profession. During his residence in Paris, however, he had begun already to paint pictures for exhibition and for sale, though he destroyed the bulk of the work done in these years. Even on



H. H. La Thangue. From life.

leaving the Beaux-Arts he did not regard his studentship as over. It is probable that, like all true artists, Mr. La Thangue considers his studentship co-existent with his working life. But that by the way. Of the curriculum of the French schools, Mr. La Thangue speaks in terms of the highest praise, though I have heard him poke sly fun at the exhortations of the distinguished Professor, who continually urged his students to bring him drawings of some classical subject, an injunction which, if I am to do the young men justice, I must add, they were wont to treat with something like open ridicule.



Poverty. By H. H. La Thangue.

Young La Thangue soon found that any seeming attempt on his part to draw from his inner consciousness rather than from the model, met with scathing satire on the part of his fellows. They demanded of him absolute truth and accuracy, and unswerving fidelity to the object before him; if in their opinion he ventured upon a display of superficial dexterity they did not fail to challenge him. "Monsieur le Prix de Rome Anglais paints like a master," is an example of the style of irony in vogue. When they considered that their words had had effect, and they had satisfied themselves that the student kept his model before him, criticism would soften into some such remark as this, "Tiens! il n'est pas chicheur, I saw him look at his model just then." In Paris, Mr. La Thangue's contemporaries included William Stott of Oldham, Alexander Harrison, Héli-leu and Kenyon Cox who were at Gérôme's; George Clausen, James Charles, Mouat Loudan and J. Elder Christie, at Bougeureau's; S. J. Solomon and Edward Stott at Cabanel's; and Stanhope Forbes and Arthur Hacker at Bonnat's. Just previous to or later than Mr. La Thangue's period, Alfred Gilbert, Stirling Lee and Havard Thomas were at Cavalier's, while J. M. Swan and P. Wilson Steer were students at the Beaux-

Arts. Of many of these artists it may be said that the young English medallist incited them to the evil deed of deserting the paths of English tuition!

I have said that on leaving the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Mr. La Thangue did not consider his studentship over. He went at once to Cancale, on the Brittany coast, where he spent the summer. Here J. S. Sargent had preceded him, and here Stanhope Forbes was his companion. This painter was also with him at Quimperlé, where he passed the next summer. Of the work done at this time Mr. La Thangue has destroyed practically everything. Personally in this and in other instances, where painters of distinction have suppressed the bulk of their early work, I cannot but deplore the act, and I am not thinking of the hurt they have done themselves in a commercial sense, but in an artistic sense. One looks with pleasure and interest at everything Mr. Alma Tadema has allowed to remain to us of his younger efforts, before he had definitely hardened into his marmoreal period. Successful achievement demands the sacrifice of much that in itself is excellent, and one may find oneself face to face in early pictures with the evidences of these sacrifices, the renounced potentialities, which give us a fuller sense of the whole scope and power of the artist. A painter should never destroy on his own responsibility. Again, when in the following year Mr. La Thangue penetrated farther into the country, pitching his tent at Donzère, north of Avignon on the Rhône, he continued his iconoclastic practices.

In the Dauphiné and Provence the possibilities of acquiring wealth, or even of easily attaining a living, have departed. Still the natural gaiety of spirit of the people has not deserted them, a fact which Daudet has made patent to the whole world. Education was beginning to obliterate the native characteristics of the peasantry, and that enemy of the picturesque, the State schoolmaster, was doing his work, when in the neighbouring province Mistral appeared to revivify the beautiful folk-songs of the South, and to give a fresh impulse to the romantic strain which runs in the blood of the people. It is evident that Mr. La Thangue's intimate acquaintance with the peasantry of the Dauphiné, for he tarried with them



Fiddling. By H. H. La Thangue.

and shared their life; his vivid realisation of the main facts of their existence; their poverty, unending toil, their patient endurance of hardship and suffering, the realities diverging so thoroughly as they do from the preconceived views for which the idyllic presentations of roseate theorists must be held responsible, led him to the choice of the class of subject to which thenceforth he has largely devoted himself. He had arrived at that point in his artistic evolution, when the hand being finally at the command of the intuitions of the brain, the ideas then most forcibly presented to the mental vision take permanent hold of the imagination, and tincture there-

after the creative demonstrations of the artist. It was here 'The Poor French Family' and 'Poverty' were painted. Concerning the latter, which is illustrated opposite, I may fitly remark that, exhibited at the Royal Institute some ten years since, it was the picture which first drew me definitely to Mr. La Thangue's art. No doubt at that time I was largely, and somewhat crudely and unduly, influenced by the literary interest of the picture; for we do not learn, all at once, that in pictorial art high achievement lies in the truth of æsthetic presentation, or in other words in the subordination of the story—I still maintain that every great picture holds a story in its grasp—



Leaving Home. By H. H. La Thangue.

to the significance which perfection of technique extracts from the beauty of form and of colour. In 'Poverty,' the figure of the girl spinning flax is the centre of interest; the yearning and resigned expression of her fine countenance at once arrests us. She is a splendid type, a fine example of this Latin race. In the *ceinture* of her gown the distaff is held, and near the girl's feet hangs the spindle. The picture is perfect in composition and balance; delightful in sentiment; while its pathos is unquestionable. Its essential charm is its simplicity; it tells its story spontaneously, and by its directness of presentment takes a firm hold upon us.

Returning to this country in 1834, Mr. La Thangue settled for a while at South Walsham, on the Norfolk Broads, where he continued to paint out-of-door effects—rural life as it is. We are told by M. Theuriet that Bastien Lepage cherished the aim, an aim we know Jean François Millet set before him, to tell in a series of pictures the whole story of country life. Mr. La Thangue has evidently nurtured a like ambition. Leaving Norfolk for a time in favour of Rye, the young painter soon returned to East Anglia, and took up his abode in one of the many old-world, and almost inaccessible villages on the Norfolk coast. Here he remained until 1891, when he came to Bosham, a fishing village on the Chichester Harbour, where he still lives. During these years all

manner of rural and seafaring occupations have engaged his attention. Sometimes he would deal with the exceptional, such as "riving broches," *i.e.* splitting withies for pinning the thatch to the corn-ricks, or "pawking"—girls and old women—marine *chiffonnnières*—gathering the unconsidered trifles, the flotsam and jetsam of the seashore. But Mr. La Thangue is by no means wedded to the "exceptional," as those who have followed his work, year by year, know full well.

A word now as to the artist's principal pictures. For obvious reasons I confine myself to those that have been seen in public places, though I may say here that Mr. La Thangue has never been specially anxious as to the exhibitions, in which attitude he has, I think, much to justify him, for no artist's permanent reputation is made in the galleries; it rests upon the mouth-to-mouth commendation of the isolated units—men and women of keen artistic discernment—and very little upon the approval of gaping crowds, and not overmuch on the pronouncements of professional critics. After having said this about the critics, it will be only consistent in me, in giving a list of Mr. La Thangue's principal works, to let him speak through me, for himself; that is to say, in so far as to state what inducements led him to the choice of his *motifs*, and what were his aims in painting his pictures.

'A Boat-Building Yard,' exhibited at the Grosvenor in 1883, was the outcome of the æsthetic appreciation of the lovely and delicate colour of the *chantier* against the ribs of the smack, glowing in the waning sun, the background of blue sky heightening the effect. 'The Girl in White' (Grosvenor, 1883) was also a colour scheme, pure and simple, white drapery against dark flesh. 'The Poor French Family' (Grosvenor), and 'Poverty' (R.A.), had a somewhat more didactic purpose, as I have already indicated. 'The Portrait of my Father' (Grosvenor) was the artist's first important effort in portraiture and it achieved a conspicuous success. 'A Sketch' (New English Art Club) was designed to convey the sentiment of toiling humanity as it strikes the sympathetic beholder in the full glare of a mid-day sun. 'The Runaway' (Grosvenor) was an experiment in an out-of-door subject, in which an incident is treated without an attempt to force the story, without *parti pris*, in short; the artist had a wholesome horror of emphasising the story by cheap and vulgar means, thereby violating the sentiment of nature. He holds that the spectator's sensations on seeing the picture ought to be the same as those of the two rustics, who discovering the girl on the sandhills are quite incapable of realising the situation. No doubt there are those who are of the opinion that Mr. La Thangue has achieved this end to a very remarkable degree.



Sketch. By H. H. La Thangue.

'Gaslight Study,' a portrait of Mrs. La Thangue, was exhibited at the New Gallery, and it achieved, as it deserved to achieve, charming as it was in every regard, a very conspicuous success. In 'Mrs. Jane Mitchell' (New), the aim was to paint a graceful and beautiful woman in what is justly considered an attractive *ensemble*, (evening dress), with the environment properly belonging to the lady's toilette—a drawing-room as seen by lamplight. The portraits of ladies in evening frocks, painted in broad daylight with a curtain thrown in, seem to Mr. La Thangue, as they must to any man of taste with a keen sense of the dignity of the unities, to be inartistic—they show the *métier* too much. 'Leaving Home' (New) was essayed to illustrate a common out-of-doors incident. It was suggested to the artist upon seeing emigrants leave a Norfolk village. The main motives of 'Mission to Seamen' (R.A.), and 'After the Gale' (R.A.), were those of 'Leaving Home.' In this year's work, 'Gathering Wool,' 'In the Orchard,' "Punch," and 'Cuckoo Lambs,' Mr. La Thangue has wished to render pictorially attractive incidents at his door, so to speak.

It will be seen that so far as possible to one holding his views, Mr. La Thangue avoids monotony of subject, and there is no doubt that even so far as he has gone, he can sustain a plea that he has been catholic in his admiration of, and attachment to, varied subjects. As a matter of fact Mr. La Thangue's artistic life has been one of some isolation. He maintains, however, that a strong man can get nothing but good from association with those of his craft; it will strengthen him in his strength and may point out to him where he is weak. But there must be limits to this association; for although a strong man never need fear that his individuality will be watered out, the strongest may be fretted and hindered by the constant discussion of art problems. The canvassing of artistic achievement, to which that kind of artistic gregariousness that ends in the effort to paint by syndicate tends, cannot but eventuate in disastrous results.

I should, however, in attempting to indicate the place H. H. La Thangue occupies in modern art, be inclined to attach no little importance to this isolation. I cannot but think that it has helped to give him the unique position he holds, and that it has contributed to accentuate the individuality of his art, by virtue

of which he holds this position. He has been called our English Lepage, and in a sense this is true of him. He approaches his subject in a very similar spirit to that which inspired the great French painter. His main aim seems to me to be to paint without affectation, without undue mannerism. He sees nature through his own eyes, it is true, but with a single-minded endeavour to suppress his individual outlook and to sink it in the larger individuality of nature. This attitude is at once the strength and the weakness of his art. Undoubtedly, since the intellect is always predominant with the painter, while the emotions are held in subjection, Mr. La Thangue's art appeals primarily to the head. This, I imagine, is what he intended. In the mass of Mr. La Thangue's art, we are conscious of a sense of completeness. He has shown us what he wanted to do, and we feel that he has achieved his aim. There is a cohesion about his work which emphasises its mission, and which gives to it strength and vitality. The thought he puts into everything he paints, enforced, as it is, by skilful treatment, satisfies always, even when it does not enthuse. Mr. La Thangue's art is eminently the art which carries with it the sentiment of good breeding;



"Punch." From the Drawing by H. H. La Thangue.



Cuckoo Lambs. By H. H. La Thangue.

the dignity and reticence which went with it from its inception, are manifested in what we usually speak of as quality and style. Formal, perhaps, Mr. La Thangue may occasionally be, but he is never vulgar. If he does not always succeed in touching our sensibilities, he never fails to command our respect. It is, perhaps, true to say of him, as has been said of Bastien Lepage, that to him the literary and æsthetic sides of life appeal almost equally, and it is this fact which renders his pictures so singularly free from extravagance. His outlook upon the world is that of a man who has trained his brain as well as his eye and his hand. Therefore he rarely commits an error of taste. There are few modern English painters whose work evidences higher cultivation, using that word in its best sense.

In regard to the aspersions that have been cast on Mr. La Thangue's art which have taken the form of questioning its conscientiousness or of dismissing it as "mere technique," it must not be forgotten that many of his pictures have been produced under circumstances of the greatest physical discomfort, almost amounting to suffering. He has painted in sand which was frozen seven inches deep by a strong wind from the east; again he has worked in the open plain round Donzère when the sun was so fierce that it melted the resin in his brushes. Here, too, having been attracted to the South of France because the meteorological conditions gave him greater scope for the selection of more uniform out-of-door effects, he was baulked often of a day's work by the boisterous energy of "La Bise"—the north wind, which turned his canvas into a sagging sail. Moreover, painting in cottages is not always a savoury occupation; of the many and obvious

disagreeables to be endured, the chance of a fatal encounter with the ubiquitous microbe is not to be lightly dismissed; nor is it altogether exhilarating to have to submit to a high temperature, the thermometer standing at eighty-three degrees, when engaged during the summer months in painting a lamplight scene. It will be seen therefore that those who have accused Mr. La Thangue of achieving his results by mere technical dexterity have not the warrant of facts. Personally, he attributes the appearance of facility—*habile*, to use the more meaningful French phrase—which distinguishes his painting to sheer hard work; work alone can efface the footsteps of work, as Mr. Whistler has said.

As might be supposed, Mr. La Thangue regards Velasquez as the giant among the old masters, and his eyes are turned longingly in the direction of Madrid. Among his contemporaries, living and dead, Bastien Lepage, Josef Israels, Jules Breton, Orchardson, J. C. Hook, and others, whom it would be invidious to mention, have a high place. In common with most generous-minded artists and many critics, he speaks in the terms of the highest praise of an artistic achievement of last year, the pigeons in flight in Mr. Lionel Smythe's picture. In this picture, seen at the Royal Academy, Mr. Smythe has succeeded in painting the impression on the eye of the rapid movement of the birds rising from the stubble, eschewing as aids to performance the usual devices of the studio—stuffed specimens in various positions hung up by a string, and abjuring on the other the false help of instantaneous photography, which would depict the effect of flight as registered by a much more sensitive object than the human eye.

In regard to the reception his work has met with at the hands of the public and the press, Mr. La Thangue does not complain, though he cannot suppress a sly joke at the expense of a round forty of sapient writers who one and all mistook the marram grass of the sand dunes in his picture 'The Runaway' for growing corn—barley or wheat. The critics were also much exercised in spirit by the lighting of 'Poverty,' but into the blunders they made it does not become me to go.

My space is well-nigh exhausted, or I should have something to say about Mr. La Thangue as a man. I have indicated in some degree his intellectual bent, and it is only a corollary to what I have written to say that in literature he has a keen scent for all departures from the unities. It is refreshing to meet a painter whose artistic instincts are general rather than particular. Mr. La Thangue is not the man to ignore in the other arts the principles for which he contends in his own. Many painters regard all other arts as merely designed to amuse; they cannot understand why they too should be taken seriously. The painter is all too common who while reviling the literary man who looks for nothing but a well-told story in a picture, and who is insensible to, and, indeed, indifferent concerning all those questions of colour, value, and effect which, to a serious painter, are so all-important—who calmly tells the conscientious playwright, anxious to do sound work, that for his part he likes nothing better than Adelphi drama; who assures the naturalistic novelist that a "good, plotty, sensational novel" is more to his liking than one which aims at *vraisemblance*, both as to incident and characterisation.

Mr. La Thangue, I need scarcely say, is not of this order. He is a man of simple tastes, and he leads the life of a true artist. His house is situated on the further end of the peninsula which lies between Bosham and the neck of water which separates it from Itchenor. An important member of his establishment is a fine bloodhound, "Bor" (the Norfolk abbreviation for neighbour, a term constantly heard in East Anglia). One of the illustrations to this paper represents this somewhat formidable and self-willed animal taking exercise with Mrs. La Thangue, the original, by the way, of the graceful and charming figure—the lady whose face is averted from us—in "Punch."

'Fiddling' tells its own story. The village professor is proud of his young pupil, who evidently has warmed thoroughly to his work. The lighting of this picture is cleverly managed. 'Cuckoo Lambs' is a well-conceived picture of pastoral life, admirable in balance and technique.

The position Mr. La Thangue now enjoys in the artistic world has been won slowly and legitimately. I learn from several of his fellow-students, both at the Academy and at the Beaux-Arts, that he was always regarded as a man who would go far. Indeed, at both places he was looked upon with something like enthusiasm, and his drawings were often proclaimed to be among the best in the class by the universal voice of his fellow-students. Then at the Grosvenor and elsewhere his works were early acclaimed by critics of influence and distinction, and found their way into important collec-

tions. But Mr. La Thangue is not one of those men who come suddenly to the surface, have a few years of brilliant success, and whose after-life is a mere cooling down from the point to which they have been momentarily raised by injudicious laudation. No real or lasting reputation is created in this way, and H. H. La Thangue is all the more assured of a permanent place in the art of England, because he has stooped to none of the more obvious means of attaining it, but has relied upon the natural growth resulting from solid achievement. For my part I have indicated when I was first drawn to the painter artistically: the accidents of certain matters connected with the politics of Art in which I chanced to bear my part as Mr. La Thangue bore his, widened my respect for the artist into respect for the man. For some years I have numbered him among a small band of young painters, contemporaries of my own, whose names will be writ large in the annals of British Art. Mr. La Thangue has not suffered the outrages which have fallen to certain of this little band of sincere and independent workers, but with them he has shown remarkable powers of self-control and dignified patience in the face of no small measure of negative injustice. It is idle to pretend that he has received the official recognition to which his high talents and conspicuous attainments entitle him. Among the men who have toiled as honest workmen to achieve a high place for England as the home of Art, it may fairly be claimed that H. H. La Thangue has played an important part.

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE.

LONDON CITY SUBURBS.*

THIS work fills a vacant place in the list of illustrated works on London. It takes us in a bright, chatty manner round an immense circle well outside the central city. It is all about suburban London. Mr. Walter Besant and others have expatiated with cordiality born of intimacy on these fringes of our big town, and, in truth, they have a charm great and peculiar enough to justify the appreciative passages in the "Golden Butterfly." In that book, however, it is the gardens, the lawns, and the boweryness that are dwelt on; not the inner portions of those regions where, here and there, the heart of the city seems to have projected a portion of its sinister character, into the bands of summer and Arcady that lie about it. These bands are varied in character, irregular in size and shape. In some, as those of Greenwich, Wandsworth, Putney, and others, the sordid and the practical insinuate themselves in thin black lines, or spread in great amorphous blotches among the garden borderlands. At Chiswick, for instance, you wander among some of those shapely old dwellings where Hogarth and Cosway received few or numerous visitors, just as they happened to be fashionable or not, which have now upon them the wistful look of things that belong to other times, and are looking farewells from their glimmering windows; and suddenly

you emerge on river fringed with sedge, or meadows with cattle knee-deep in their "foam of flowers," or on a slum of mud, viscous as that of Whitechapel, or on the level tramway leading to Kew Bridge from Hammersmith, so that you do not quite know whether to call the district town or country. Suburb is country fastened to town. That adjacency qualifies the pleasure or disgust the pure country gives to the varied human temperaments. The tiniest extremity of genuine suburb pulses with systole and diastole of the "Mighty Heart." Early morning hears the long roar of traffic that fills the city and fills



Burlington Arms, Church Street, Chiswick.

* "London City Suburbs as they are To-day," by Percy Fitzgerald. Illustrated by W. Luker from original drawings. (The Leadenhall Press.)



Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill.

the earth with its doings. Midnight hardly sees the end of the reflux rush outwards again. The townsman has built him huts, sometimes called, proudly enough, villas; or palaces named, in the "pride that apes humility," cottages. The retired citizen can live casefully during the day among lawns and trees, taking his town amusement at night, while the unretired one, after the day's efforts at "getting on" are over, rattles by train to his suburban "Sans Souci." The increasing depopulation of the city proper at night swells the tumult of this diurnal ebb and flow up. This enlarging of town borders has affected Englishmen in extremely different ways. The Conservative socialist deprecates it as Cobbett did. He viewed London as a spot of useless growth on the fair face of England. Its mere size, without corresponding increase of good government, offended him. The "Great Wen" was his contemptuous summary of its uselessness to the nation at large. Johnson, in early life, dubbed it "The common shore (sewer) of Paris and of Rome." His Grub Street days had doubtless left a lively sense of the avid qualities of adventuring Signore and Messieurs, as well as of their too easy virtue in suiting means to ends. However, he lived to say of his favourite city, "swelling grand" no doubt, though Bozzy notes it not: "No, sir; when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life." Fierier moralists than he have often been aghast at detecting here those symptoms of corrupt human nature which portended the ruin that fell once on the famous city of prophecy. They have often hurled at our big town the epithet "Babylon—the modern Babylon." In his bitter grandiosity, the late James Thomson

wrote of her as "The City of Dreadful Night." Yet even to him her suburbs could yield hours of content as he floated on her river, or bethought him how the sedges still gave out the song Pan himself had heard.

The vast size and intricacy of it; the widely different lives of its inhabitants; the secrecy of its myriad motives, often tragically and comically unveiled; its enormous death and birth rate; its "crown's 'quest'" revelations of pest, mortality, murder, and ruthlessness among its various nations, for such they are,—all these seem to forbid the familiarity of affection that expresses itself in a nickname. When England's writers have not been slanging the Capital they have seemed impressed with the idea: "How dreadful is this place!" They can hardly apply the conclusion of Jacob's exclamation to the subject. London as the gate of heaven is hardly a congruous connection. The poets, both writers and painters, have many moods in their pictures of Town and River. There is Rossetti's forlorn girl, looking from her den of joyless shadow into the street where children such as she was dance hand in hand, suffused, body and soul, with the deep afterglow that seems the very irony of nature to her. We are most of us still awake to the tragic sympathy of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," with its "Dark arch and black-flowing river."

Yet at times these waters look clear and sweet enough to cleanse the Augean stable on its shores, but another Herakles comes not in haste to turn it on.

And yet it may be he is coming—may even now be here—with a difference; and how ridiculous it would be if he were disguised as a "Jerry-builder!" For it is manifest to a proper attention that as the last-named rears his streets of "brick boxes," and claps their "slate lids" on, they do become inhabited; and they are, for a time at least, wholesome, as compared with the dens, fever-steeped, in which their immigrants have survived. By the front doors of these maligned hutches, the Vestry, or the County Council, or somebody has taken to planting trees which do not all die; and really half a mile of such street is sometimes a lovely scheme of colour.

This sort of thing is beginning in various parts of our suburbs. It is true they are built to sell, these houses; but that may not be an unmitigated evil, for as they are really made up of rooms not large enough for any convenient or gracious life to be lived in them, it is better they should not be



Old Cottages at Hampstead.



River Roding, from Wanstead Park.

of too lasting materials. When the time comes for them to give place in their turn, it may be we shall be wise enough to turn the occupants into apartments as much roomier than these, as these were compared to the elder series that are gradually being tumbled down. What a consolation it would be, were that nonsensical obstruction, the "Law Courts,"

1893.

in the Strand, "jerry"-built. Or Northumberland Avenue, or the Peabody Buildings, or many another lugubrious crime in stone and mortar, not yet expiated, in London and its suburbs. Even the cynic must see how much Sentiment actually rules these latest days, since excrescences like the buildings just mentioned have not frightened it away. The

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Church Walk, Mortlake.

fact that certain human beings with exceptional abilities were born, cried, fought, were cuffed, beaten, lauded or pensioned, were benign or vicious, died rich, or poor, and unmarked—this draws crowds annually to the luxury of a few moments' reflection on the areas where all those things befell them. Very little beauty contents the hero-worshipper who visits London. Verity is a more important matter. He needs the identical floor and rafters, the lintels, the chimney-corner, the very foot-scraper and door-knocker his hero used and lived beside.

London has very little architectural beauty to please a more exacting taste. Her artists get up a fuss about her streets at times, but it is mostly a matter of ugliness hidden or mellowed by mist and darkness, not of beauty revealed by the bright sun. Nature here makes the mist go a long way, so we are fairly satisfied most part of the year. Where stupor has clubbed buildings together, by mere lack of thought, and chance, into a rather agreeable setting, most likely a useful engineer puts a nice straight-edge-looking line across, to keep us practical; as with the railway-bridge that bars the view at Ludgate Hill. When that is not done then somebody goes for some poor little excellence of form, or it may be merely of bulk that is a little too prominent to be easily missed. They want to pull down St. Mary-le-Strand. After that is done St. Clement Danes will be a "serious impediment to the expansion of traffic."

Still the destroyer has much to do; and even on the inner line of suburbs, skirted, as it is, by the "Inner Circle" railway, the visitor may see much that is interesting by going systematically to work. Failing a cab or a 'bus, from which he may get fine comprehensive views of the town, the "Underground" is pretty handy. This same line is changing the face of the land above its route. Nay, it is changing the aspect and habits of the population to a great extent. The laws of the Underground are most discomfiting to those new to it. A set of legends has grown up about its difficulties, more or less

based on fact. People have been known to be pitchforked about King's Cross, Earl's Court, Glo'ster Road, and the Mansion House, for hours, quite unable to escape from this labyrinth with its Cretan-like porters. There is the experience of the old lady who had a bad attack of lumbago, so that in leaving the carriage she was obliged to get out backwards. While doing this, the porter, thinking she was getting in, kindly, but without ceremony, thrust her forward into the compartment. Ere she could recover herself to explain, the door was shut, the train was off, and this was all repeated at the next station. Seven times she was swept round the Inner Circle in this way, when some happy chance allowed her escape. She remarked to her friends, when relating her experience, that she "felt quite sore."

Those who wish may see much that is really beautiful by using the various district lines. Of course a "guide" is invaluable to steer one's course by. There is still scope for meditative walks by Thames shore at Kew, Mortlake, and higher up at Richmond. The wanderer who seeks will find the spot whence Richard Wilson took his beautiful sunset view of Sion House. It is enclosed by the wall of Kew Gardens. Close by it are some noble elms whose branches spread like a vast tent around the boles. The sinuous walk between Kew Bridge and Isleworth shows the river at its best in shine or shower. The twilights there occasion a lovely greyness never monotonous, for breeze and current are always at work changing the lights and darks. Yet no matter how they shift and alter, the stream is still a soft silver-grey. Until lately, Brentford Ferry was a scene of constant variety and beauty. And though now some factory business has cast its bad shadow around, it is still a suggestive spot, especially in the late summer twilight when earth's solid masses are all warmly dark, while sky and river are light—rose or yellow. Isleworth at the same hour is still finer. It arranges into pictures without fudging, looked at either from Richmond way or from below the ferry. Sienna-coloured boats with male and female crews in bright tints of dress, leave silvery dashes every few minutes across the flat olive reflections from the banks. The sedges on both shores, and the eyot close to the ferry, with masts of barges



Cadogan Square.

beyond seeming to rise from among its lofty osiers or reeds, make a highly satisfactory scene to the sketcher. Brentford, near at hand, is old and tumbledown—but not too tumbledown—russet-red in its bricks, glittering in its many-sized windows, and full of the unexpected in its chimneys and chimney-pots of all size and every stage of unrepair. Close to the same spot is a barge-repairing yard of the richest disorder. Beside the barge, itself all weatherworn red and black paint and rusty stains, orange spars and oars lie around—the countless miscellanea of the carpenters' and smiths' trades. Luxuriant dock leaves and bright green grass decorate the whole place, while hawthorn bushes and loftier trees rise instead of walls enclosing it. It is noteworthy that if you cross the Thames at Hampton and go to Molesey you find nature making different things artistically out of the same material. That is the charm of your London suburbs. You find everything so similar in general character, and yet there come frequent little surprises such as nature only knows how to give.

Now you may go to Carshalton after this, and there you will find a perfectly new set of arrangements, yet made up of the same kinds of orchards, quaint cottages, and embanked gardens rising above the turnpike road at the level of the quaint



The Broadway, Hammersmith.

church and churchyard. One notable feature in that village is the stream of living water, with real live minnows in it, which edges the cart-road onwards to Beddington. Another is the house once occupied by Mr. John Ruskin, under which runs a stream through an arched culvert into two broad pools, which are really only one broad long pool narrowed at the middle to accommodate the ends of a curve-backed bridge. Water plants pave it; fish of higher descent than the minnow disport in it. It is pretty, but it does not shape itself into pictures. It has the deadly mark Ruskin warned the landscapist against long ago in "Modern Painters." It bears the impress too visibly of the hand of man.

In other favoured spots such as Harrow or Hampstead, the ruddy flush of villas becomes more frequent among the remnants of country. There is fortunately a growing attention to keeping foliage among the villas. Where orchards are being built upon I see real tenderness in the way the party walls at the backs of the houses are adjusted, so as to leave in each yard one or more of the fruit trees. And it is pleasant to see by the prompt way in which the best stocked backyards or gardens are bought or rented, how much the builder's care is appreciated. If this taste grows, I see no reason to doubt a renewal of the vineyards that once supplied grapes for the wine presses of monks and others in Piccadilly, Westminster, and other places near; but before indulging in visions of such luxury, we must bethink ourselves of how to carry a little modest greenery—grass, or the hardy plane, if better may not be, into the dolorous infernos that make a break in the ring of verdure around the City. It is so easy to do it when the will is present. No matter what noisome accumulations men make, nor what complex mud they discharge on the grassy earth, if only they keep back certain villanous acids, nature good-humouredly, if slowly, covers the place with her leaves and flowers again. I know places that must once have been arid and black all around with the grime and débris



Court Lane, Dulwich.

of coal pits, which are now pasture and woodland. In one the engine-house walls still standing in partly enclosed land have been so washed by the rains and weathered by the air, that it looks like a romantic fragment of old fortress amid a luxuriant meadow edged with hedges of hawthorn. It took about twenty years to do it though. But nature did it year by year unhelped. Give her fair play with the slightest help, and she will always do this. Retired nooks in this labyrinth of ours bear witness to her anxiety to restore health, purity, beauty, where in wanton carelessness they have been destroyed. Much is spoken of a desire to make the life of our masses beautiful. Amid all that Mr. Ruskin has written one truth is asserted which benevolence, associated or individual, is often acting on, most unconsciously. He said long ago that you cannot make these people beautiful in life and person till you have made the earth they house, feed, and labour in, beautiful. The laugh raised by such a remark is respected because it is the laughter of wealth, or the poor man's ignorant echo

of it. It is nevertheless true that a very small portion of the mental energy wasted in many ways by estimable rich people could, with the science and skill at their command, turn Whitechapel, Stepney, and their purlieus into pleasant avenues. Perhaps we have revelled long enough in quaint hostleries, prim Queen Anne mansions, and old little Hospitals hidden away at the rears of giant modern streets. It is indeed a mental delicacy to come on these things unawares and be shocked in the true antiquarian way. But the signs increase of coming change, when a finer enjoyment will be the sight of miles of town so clean, so well-built, so full of natural as well as artificial beauty, that the labours of those who get up trips to take children into the country will be unnecessary. Everything will be so fitted to the wants of rational creatures that the treat will be to remain joyously at home. At present to leave it eagerly and return to it regretfully is the fate of the many, whether poor or not so poor.

THOMAS RUNCIMAN.

YARROW IN SONG AND STORY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE NEW ACADEMICIAN, JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A.

YARROW and its vale form one of the high places of the earth. In this age of cheap trips it is easy to get there, and perhaps you don't think much of it as you rattle through on the coach. There is many a Highland scene incomparably grander. After all

"What's Yarrow, but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere,
As worthy of your wonder."

But is it its songs and ballads that make the stream famous? And again you may be excused for thinking little of some of the verse, and here again "there are a thousand such elsewhere, As worthy of your wonder." And the traditions that hang over every hill and ruin? You may think them clumsy records of brutality, touched by stray bits of sentimentality. But then the verdict of the world is against you. Probably you don't go with a prepared mind. Modern locomotive methods enable you to jump the distance between such places and your workshop, and you go to the stream with your everyday habits; far better that you take your pilgrim staff and approach it through days of toil and meditation. It may well be that is for you impossible. Let us then make the journey on paper; look on the place, its legends, its literature, with a reverent yet critical spirit, extract the charm, try to penetrate the secret of Yarrow.

A word of dry description must commence. The Yarrow Water is in Yarrow and Selkirk parishes of the county of Selkirk. It rises in St. Mary's Loch, it courses therefrom to its junction with Ettrick Water fourteen and a half miles, when the latter gives its name to the united currents. They soon are lost in the Tweed. Beyond St. Mary's Loch, and separated from it by a narrow strip of land, is the Loch o' the Lowes (or Lochs). It is about two miles in length, and is fed by the Yarrow, which rises some two miles higher up, though it is usually taken as beginning in the larger lake. In the lower reach the banks are wooded; farther up the hills are bare, soft, rounded, the stream is clear and swift-flowing, with a musical note on its large and small stones; there is no growth of sedge or underwood, but

the fresh green grass stretches up the slope till it is lost in the heather. Between the hills are glens down which wind greater or smaller tributaries to the Yarrow. Each has its legend and its ruin. Dim, romantic, enticing, these glens stretch away into the mysterious mountain solitude. You begin your excursion from Selkirk, which is on Ettrick Water, ten miles down stream from its junction with the Yarrow, and two places soon take your attention, Carterhaugh and Philiphaugh. There is a farm "toun," as they name a steading in the north, that is called Carterhaugh; but what is meant here is a charming piece of greensward and wood, that lies almost encircled by the two streams at and near their meeting place. A very Faeryland! and here is laid the scene of the faery ballad of "The Young Tamlane." The song is very old; it was well known in 1549, as we learn from a chance mention in a work of the period. It is a delicious poem, pure phantasy; a very Midsummer Night's Dream, scarcely of the earth at all, far less dealing with historical incident. The forgotten poet, lest he should be all in the air, makes the young Tamlane son to Randolph, Earl Murray, and Fair Janet, daughter to Dunbar, Earl March, but this is only because these were the noblest names in Scotland, and he chooses Carterhaugh for his stage; as like as not he lived somewhere on the Yarrow, and the stream sang in his ears as he built the song. Tamlane is nipe when his uncle sends for him "to hunt and hawk and ride," and on the way—

"There came a wind out o' the north,
A sharp wind and a snell,
And a dead sleep came over me,
And frae my horse I fell.
The Queen of Fairies she was there,
And took me to hersell."

Tamlane is very contented with the life, but his high opinion of his own beauty brings with it a haunting dread; all which he confesses in the frank manner—

"And never would I tire, Janet,
In Faeryland to dwell,
But aye, at every seven years,
They pay the teind to hell,
And I'm sae fat and fair o' flesh,
I fear 'twill be mysell."



Tibbie Shiel's Cottage. By John MacWhirter, R.A.

This conversation took place at Carterhaugh, whither Janet, having "prink'd hersell and preen'd hersell," had gone by moonlight to pull roses (probability and rationality are not the strong points of a ballad). To her enters Tamlane, and "took her by the milk-white hand, And by the grass-green sleeve," reminds her, "We loved when we were children sma'," and implores her help. She is to go to Miles Cross, and as Tamlane rides by in company of the Faery Queen at dead of night "upon a milk-white steed, Wi' a gold star in my crown," she is to seize him, pull him down, and hold on, whatever befalls, cast her green mantle over him, and possess him for her own. All that happens, to the great rage of the Faery Queen, as is at length set forth.

Oh! those old ballads, how delightful they are. Never sweeter than in our own day with its subjective poetry, so intensely self-conscious, so full of strange words and ideas, and the analysis of strange sentiments; they are like the breath of heaven in a close-heated, artificially-scented room; as a taste of the free country to one long in city pent. They deal with simple though strong emotions, simple though strong situations, red gold, and wine and blood, the strength of man and horse, passionate loves and hates, fidelity and falseness, delight of battle, sorrow at the loss of the loved ones, the gleam of moonlight on the green grass, the mystery of the night, the romance of the wind and the wan water, the splendour of mailed men, the earth and the greensward. And those quick straight thrusts of theirs. "Gurly grew the sea," where match you that? So much said in a line, sometimes in a word. Real ballad-making is of course a lost art, we can but preserve what we have; we cannot increase the store.

On the left bank of the Yarrow, just across from Carterhaugh, is Philiphaugh. It is a large space of level ground, and here the fortunes of the great Montrose and his Highland army came to hopeless smash in the early morning of 13th

1893.

September, 1645. Montrose had won six victories in the Highlands, had been appointed Viceroy of Scotland, and full of ill-placed confidence was preparing an invasion of England. He spent the previous evening at ease in Selkirk (they still show you the house) and was writing despatches to the king, when he heard the sound of firing. He galloped to the field and found everything practically over! David Leslie had been seeking him far and near for some time, had found the camp and invaded it in a mist. The Royalists were scattered; Montrose—no one ever counted cowardice among his vices—made a desperate effort to retrieve the fortune of the day, but all in vain. Finally he dashed through the opposing forces, galloped away up the Yarrow, then by a wild mountain path, right over Minchmoor, and drew not bridle till he dashed up to Traquair House, sixteen miles from the battle-field. A number of prisoners were taken. The common lowland Scot has still a certain contempt for the Highlander, whose appreciation in the modern world is due to literature; then he looked upon him as an outcast and outlaw, "a broken man," in the expressive phrase of an earlier day. The captives were shot in the courtyard of Newark Castle, and buried in a field still called *Slain-mans-lee*. Celtic troops are very brave, but unless mixed with the steadier Saxon, they don't seem reliable.

In all the Royalist and Jacobite rising, it is the same story. Brilliant victories with no results; one defeat and inevitable ruin. It has been remarked that all literature is on the side of the Jacobite, and so honest David Leslie and his blue bonnets scarce ever get their due. Waverley and the Jacobite ballads did more for the lost cause than all its soldiers. When the other side opened his mouth 'twas but to put its foot therein—to borrow an old Sir Boyle Roche. Why the very monument raised here is an example. This is the inscription: "To the memory of the Covenanters who fought and fell on the field of Philiphaugh, and won the battle

there, A.D., September 13th, 1645." Any Board-school boy could correct *that*.

Still keeping on the left bank, follow the road by the riverside and as before you come to two places, each with an interest very different from the other's. One is a ruined house, a poor enough building at the best. An inscription tells you that Mungo Park (1771-1805), the African traveller, was born and lived here. He saw Scott a little before his last voyage, told how he dreaded leave-taking (he had been recently married!) and that he meant to leave for Edinburgh on some pretence or other and make his adieux from there. On Williamhope ridge the two parted. "I stood and looked back, but he did not," says Scott. He had put his hand to the plough. Poor Mungo Park! his discoveries seem little nowadays, yet to me he is always the most attractive of African travellers, his life the most interesting, his end the most melancholy. One thinks how under the hot sun in those fearful swamps he must often have remembered the cool delicious green braes of his native Yarrow. But we turn our eyes to the opposite bank and scarce need be told that the castle we see, majestic though in ruins, is "Newark's stately tower." 'Tis a great weather-beaten square keep, where Anna, relict of the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, lived for some years of her widowed life. To her Scott's "Last Minstrel" sings his lay. But the place was already centuries old. It was once a hunting-seat of the Scots kings, when the whole region was the densely wooded Ettrick Forest, and here there was great sport with the wolf, the mountain boar, the wild cat, and all sorts of other small and large deer. Some place-names still save the old memories, Oxcleugh, Deerhame, Hartleap, Hindshope, and so forth.

"Ettricke Foreste is a feir foreste,
In it grows manie a semelic tree;
There's hart and bynd and dae and rao,
And of wild beste's a grete plentie."

So opens the old song of the outlaw Murray, whereof the scene is laid according to the vulgar in Newark, according to the learned in Hangingshaw, two miles farther up the Yarrow on the left bank, where a castle, of which not a stone now remains, once stood. The poem in simple, vigorous, natural verse tells how the outlaw first defied one of the Jameses, and then made his submission to him. Yarrow Hamlet, albeit the kernel of the valley, is a collection of commonplace though cosy-looking houses. It is the *locus* of the "Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," and what ballad is better known or better deserves its reputation? How well it opens!

"Late at e'en drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fecht it in the dawning."

The combat came off as arranged, and the brother slew his sister's husband; there is more than a suspicion of treachery, and his lady is told of it all, and goes to where "he bleeding lies on Yarrow," and kisses his wounds, "till her lips grew red." The picture is definite enough, but if you are so rash as to put the ballad into the crucible it well-nigh vanishes. There are said to be two ballads turned into one, and Aytoun asserted that the opening verse was not genuine, due to Scott, in fact. And some few touches do somewhat smack of modernity. Whether the slain man was a Scott or a Napier is dubious. A great unhewn piece of stone scrolled over with a long illegible inscription is supposed to mark the burial place of the slain knight, and tell his unhappy fate; but there were other like stones in the near vicinity, and diggings here and there showed that a vast host had been buried, so that it is the site of some prehistoric battle, and there is

enough of the inscription made out to show that the stone referred to that, and—but we had better stop, for what matters it after all?

After Yarrow hamlet the land is more desolate, the stream shrinks to a mountain burn, there are no more clumps of trees, and the hills creep in near the water's edge, and they are taller and steeper. You pass lofty Mount Benger, near where Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who loved and sang of those sweet vales, had a farm. Farther up on the right bank is Altrive, where he afterwards lived, and where he died. Almost opposite, the Douglas Burn flows through a gloomy and solitary glen to the Yarrow. Follow the burn and you come to the ruins of Blackhouse Tower. It was from here that Lord William and Lady Margaret fled at midnight from Lord Douglas and his seven sons. These last were slain one by one, but it was only when her lover began to press roughly on her father that the lady interposed.

"O hold your hand, Lord William, she said,
For your strokes they are wondrous sair.
True lovers I can get many a one,
But a father I can never get mair."

An obvious if belated reflection! 'Twas of no avail, the father is left dead and dying, and the lady follows her knight ("For ye've left me nae other guide," she says somewhat bitterly). They light down at "yon wan water" and his "gude heart's bluid" dyes the stream, though he swears "'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak." However, the lovers die that very night and are buried in St. Marie's Kirke, and "a bonny red rose" and a briar grew out of their grave and twined together to the admiration of all who saw, but to the great wrath of Black Douglas, who, a sworn foe to sentimentality,

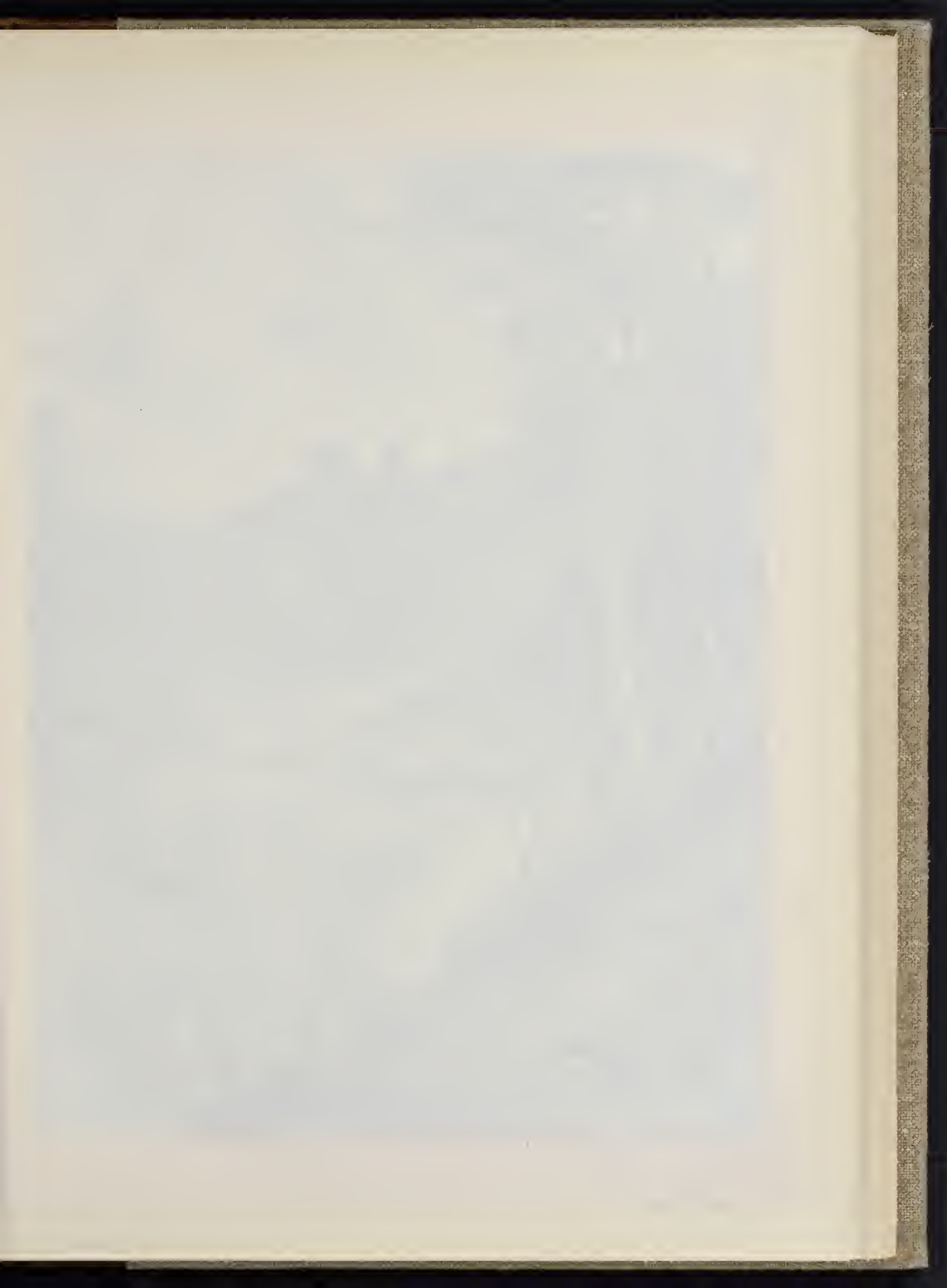
"Pull'd up the bonny briar
And flang'd in St. Marie's Loch."

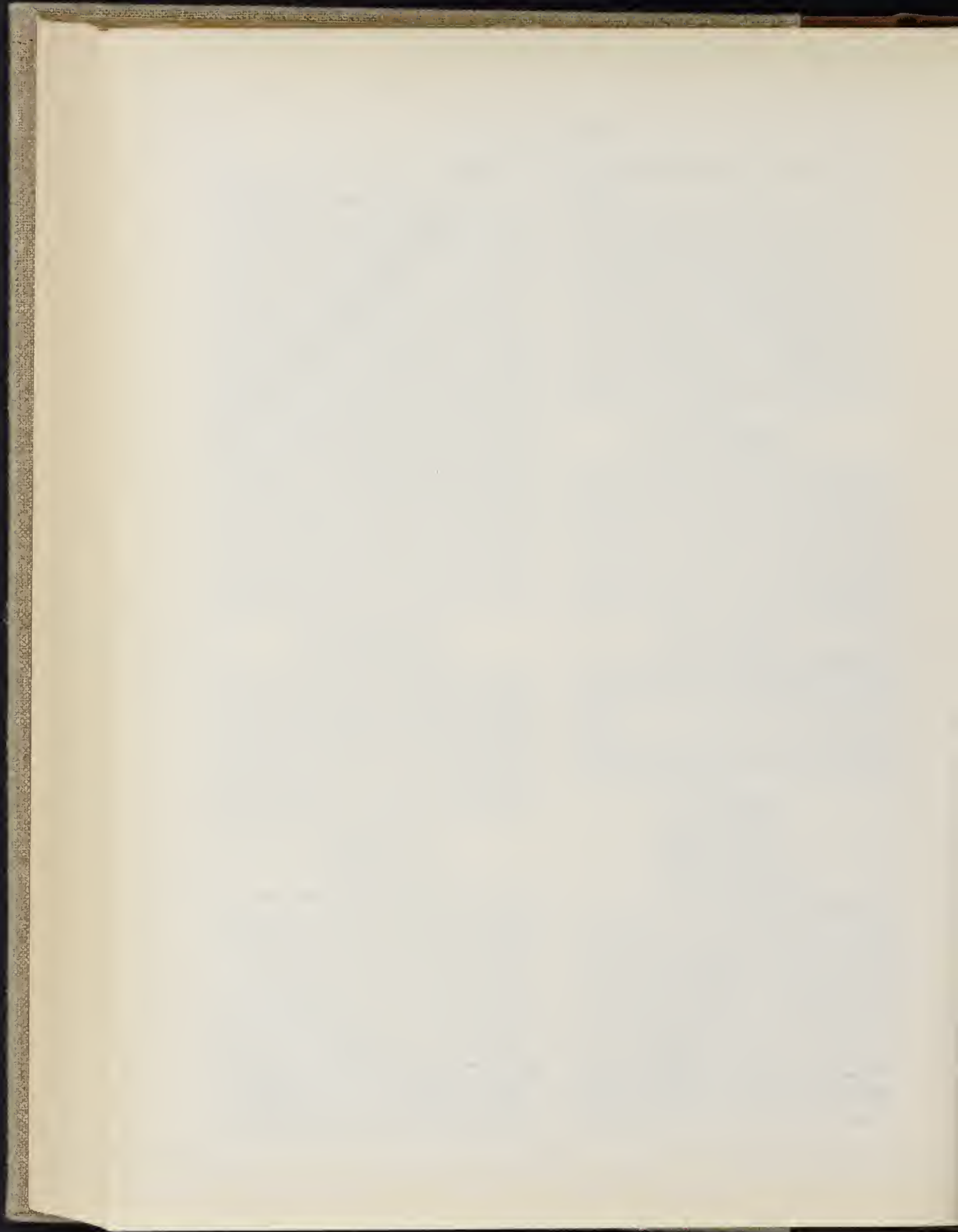
The wild path followed by the lovers over the hill-side is still to be traced, the place of the combat is marked by seven stones; but again these are of an earlier date, and again it would be useless to criticise the creation of the fancy too curiously.

And now we are at St. Mary's Loch, a beautiful sheet of water three miles long and half a mile broad. What can we do but quote the classic description in "Marmion," though it has been quoted enough already?

"Nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge,
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink,
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view,
Shaggy with heath, but lonely, bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there."

At the head of the loch is a monument to the Ettrick Shepherd. He is seated plaided; in one hand a staff, in the other a scroll, etc. The panels are adorned with choice extracts from his works. No one, not even Scott, is more identified with the surrounding scenery than Hogg; but the monument is a very ordinary affair, and though only erected in 1860 has already quite a weatherbeaten aspect. It was inaugurated with a pompous ceremony, after which there was a banquet, held in a "spacious marquee." That curious official, Albany Herald, sat on a slightly raised platform behind the chairman as *Designator Bibendi*. He wore the loose robe used at courtly revels during the fifteenth century, and was equipped with sword and buckler, besides numerous decorations commemorative of national events. He carried a golden Scottish Lyre, relieved with bars of thistle and ivy, and draped in



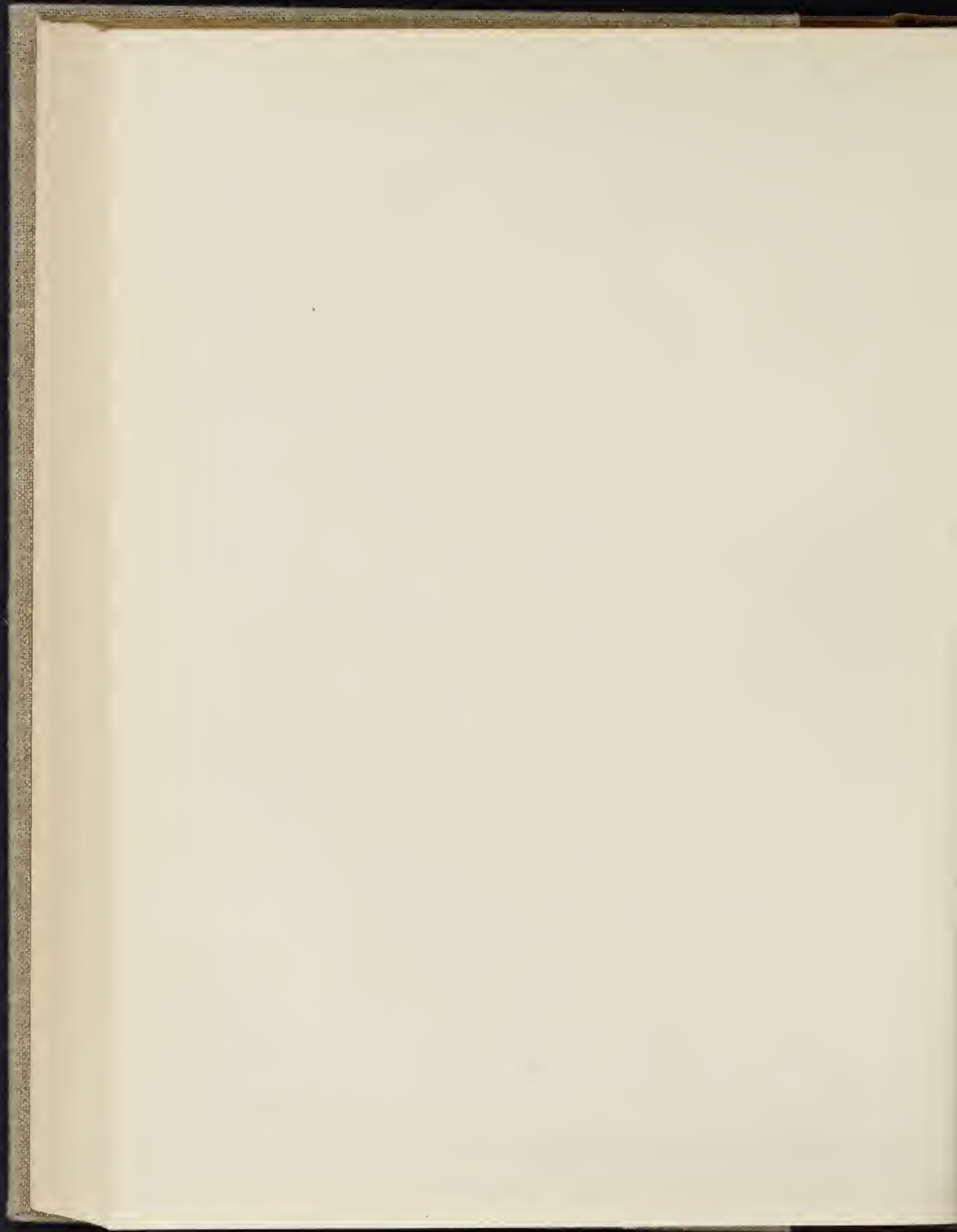




Mac W

J MacWhorter

NEWARK TOWER ON THE YARROW.



crimson satin, as borne at the Tournament of Minstrels within the halls of Holyrood, described in the "Queen's Wake." What a guy he must have been! One can't help thinking how ludicrous a hard-featured Scotsman would appear masquerading in this fashion! There was the usual number of speeches, inflated and ridiculous enough, yet, let us hope, with some real feeling at the bottom of them. Near the monument is St. Mary's Cottage, better known as "Tibbie Shiel's," and scene of many a gay carouse of Christopher North and his merry men, as you know very well if you have read the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The cottage is still kept by a relative of the original Tibbie, as a humble sort of an inn. If you are wise you will prefer it to the large new Rodona hotel not far off. It has a touch of the old times with its huge

fireplace and box beds. It is something to hear the local anecdote, how one morning "after," Christopher or the shepherd, being more than ever consumed with the pangs of thirst, in a burst of wild desire, cried "Tibbie, bring ben the Loch." It is said that Scott was never farther than the door. Scott, Hogg, Wilson were, we all know, great writers, though to-day Wilson is but little read, Hogg popular through one or two lyrics, whilst Scott is more and more known with the years. But each of the three had an impressive and attractive personality—he is more than a writer, he is first of all a man. Superior in interest to monument and cottage is St. Mary's Kirk, which stands on a height on the left bank of the loch. One should say stood, for nothing of it is left. Here generations of martyrs and freebooters were carried, and here



St. Mary's Loch. By John MacWhirter, R.A.

the heroes and heroines of so many of the tales and ballads were laid to rest, but—

"St. Mary's Loch lies slumbering still,
But St. Mary's kirk-bells lang dune ringing,
There's naething now but the grave-stone hill,
To tell o' a' their loud Psalm-singing."

They still bury there, though at rare and distant intervals. Hard by is Dryhope Tower. Here was born Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow." The romance of the name caused this heroine to be incessantly berhymed through all the subsequent centuries, but we don't know much about her. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, a gentleman widely and justly renowned for his skill in "lifting" other people's cattle. As a

portion the bride's father agreed to "find his son-in-law in man's meat and horse's meat for a year and a day, five barons becoming bound that, on the expiry of that period, Harden should retire without compulsion." Not one of the parties to the contract could write. A daughter of the "Flower of Yarrow" was married to another freebooter called "Gilly wi' the gouden garters." The bride was to remain at her father's house for a year and a day, and in return Gilly contracted to hand over the plunder of the first harvest moon. By the way, there is rather a pretty though quite untrustworthy tradition of the origin of the ballads connected with the name of Mary Scott. In the spoils brought home by her husband from one of his

forays, was a child. Him she took and reared. Of gentle nature, he delighted to hear of and celebrate in songs the tragedies and romances acted or repeated around him; and so he, "nameless as the race from whence he sprung, Saved other names and left his own unsung." The Meggat Water is one of the many streams that fill the loch. On one of its tributaries called Henderland-burn is a ruined tower, and near it a large stone broken into three parts, on which you may still make out the inscription, "Here lyes Perys of Cockburne and his Wyfe Marjory." Cockburne was in his day a noted freebooter, and secure in his tower defied all attempts to bring him to justice. But James V., in his famous progress through the Border land, heard of his proceedings, and came right over the hills and down upon Henderland, whose proprietor he found eating his dinner. It was his last meal; he was at once seized and strung up before his own door. His wife fled and concealed herself in a place called the Lady's seat, and when the recovered silence of the glen told her that the invaders had departed, she returned and buried her husband. One of the most pathetic of the old ballads is said to be her lament.

"But think na' ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mou' on his yellow hair;
O think na' ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, awa' to gae."

By the way, gold was found in the glen here; probably a little might be extracted to-day; but then it wouldn't pay for the washing. Quite a different set of traditions deals with the Covenanting period. Far up in the solitary side glens were favourite meeting-places; here the Saints came from far and near, with bible, and sword and gun, ready to offer up their lives if need be, but quite determined to sell them as dearly as possible. Alas! the minstrels were not on their side, and no contemporary ballads tell the story of the dangers and deaths, though those were dramatic enough. In later times Hogg and Wil-

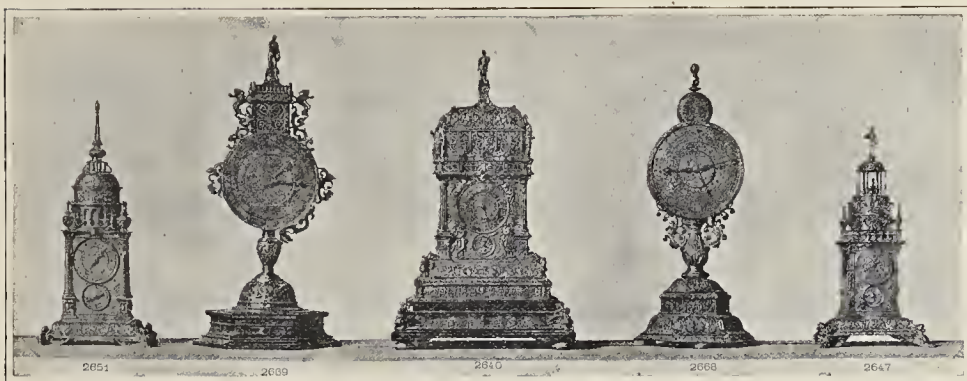
son did something to weave them into song and story. It was near the Loch o' the Lowes that Renwick preached his last sermon. "When he prayed that day few of his hearers' cheeks were dry." On 17th February, 1688, "he glorified God in the grass-market," as the old phrase ran.

And now one can understand how Yarrow came to its fame. Quieter, sweeter, softer than other vales, its green braes, its delicious streams attracted the old singers who preserved the memories of others' deeds. But why is their music sad? Well, most Border ballads are little tragedies, the strongest emotions are the saddest, and such the singers preferred. And then one or two ballads give a decided tone to the others. The "Dowie Dens," in fact, strikes the key-note of them all. William Hamilton, of Bangour, and John Logan have both told a story of love and death in excellent fashion in their poems on "The Braes of Yarrow." As for the rest, Scott is chiefly descriptive; Wordsworth, in spite of an occasional line or even verse of high excellence, is on the whole very poor. Alan Ramsay is exceedingly bad. And then the exigencies of rhyme must be considered. Yarrow has of itself a sweet sound, and it has become a poetical convention to use it in every verse in most of the songs of which it is the theme. O reckless and improvident singers! The words that rhyme therewith are far from plentiful. "Marrow" and "thorough" are available, but the most obvious is "sorrow," and that word is used in lavish fashion; six times it ends the line in the "Dowie Dens," and Ramsay and Hamilton and Logan and Wordsworth (in all his three poems) are prodigal thereof. If you thus ring the changes on the word it must infect your subject. But explain it as you will, the strange melancholy charm is there; if you feel it not, remember that your betters have, and that the shrine is not less worthy of reverence because the pilgrim is hard-hearted.

FRANCIS WATT.



St. Mary's Kirk-yard. By John MacWhirter, R.A.



Brass Clocks, Italian and German, sixteenth century.

THE SPITZER COLLECTION.

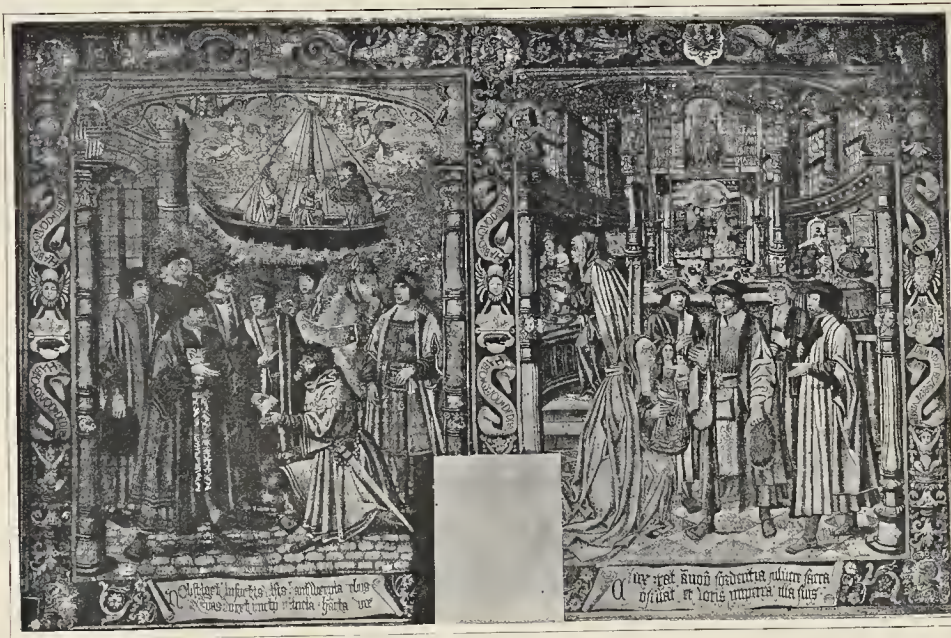
IT is unnecessary in these pages to insist on the importance of the Spitzer Collection. The readers of THE ART JOURNAL may be assumed to be fully aware of a fact so well known both within and beyond artistic circles. To many of them the collection must be personally familiar, for the owner always showed himself willing to contribute loans from his museum when occasion required, as was notably the case at the Universal Exhibition in Paris in 1889, at which the Retrospective Collection of French Art was very largely augmented by the selection of objects placed by M. Spitzer at the disposal of the directors. For his generosity in this way the world recognised its indebtedness to him, and for many years before his death he practically had the refusal of every work of the Industrial Art of the past which came into the market.

It matters not now that the museum is about to be dispersed, but the intelligent visitor cannot fail to wonder that the late owner was content to house his collection in so commonplace a home. The Hotel Spitzer, in point of æsthetics, is in no way superior to any of its neighbours. One can well imagine what a magnificent treasure-house, in every way worthy to enshrine these noble works of Art, might have been designed by an artist like Eugene Grasset, had he but been commis-

sioned to undertake the work. The means were not wanting; the owner was a man whose taste was beyond question; and yet here, in one of the best quarters of Paris, a part where surely, if anywhere, the exercise of the highest architectural talent



Embroidery in coloured Silks and Gold on red Velvet. Portuguese, sixteenth or seventeenth century.



Wool Tapestry, two pieces of a set of eight, woven at Brussels in 1518.

might be looked for, is a large private house that cannot so much as compare favourably with the "Chat Noir" tavern. Unaccountable as it may appear, the fact remains.

The collection itself is, in one respect, intensely modern; not, of course, that the objects which it contains are modern. On the contrary, the late M. Frédéric Spitzer cared for little that belongs to a more recent date than the Italian Renaissance, and he would, no doubt, have adjudged the Jones Collection at South Kensington both debased and undesirable. But the Spitzer Museum is the embodiment of that peculiarly nineteenth-century faculty, the historic sense; if, indeed, it were not more accurate to ascribe to these latter days, rather than to the century as a whole, a faculty which is only yet in process of evolution. That it is still far from matured amongst us is evidenced by the vague way in which we are in the habit of using the terms Classic and Gothic, covering as they do severally a period of some hundreds of years. For the thoroughness of its classification, chronological and topographical, and as being adequately representative of the branches of Art which it embraces, the Spitzer may claim to take rank in advance of any private collection, if it does not even surpass some of the great public collections of the present day. It possesses so many strong points that one hesitates to dogmatise to the extent of saying in what one department it excels. And surely the highest tribute to its excellence as a collection is to be found in the fact that, according to their particular preferences, so each individual pronounces the speciality of the museum to be this or that; and the different verdicts are almost as numerous as the various classes of objects it comprises. The few antiques, however, must be excepted, which seem to have been, as it were, an afterthought on the part of the late collector, and not the object of his lifelong attachment.

The carved ivories cover a longer period than perhaps any other class of objects in the collection. Dating as they do from the sixth to the seventeenth century, they form a tolerably complete record of the art. They consist, as is generally the case with such work, of triptychs, statuettes, crosiers, horns, boxes, mirror-cases, etc.; but these ivories are of exceptional value and beauty. One may go far before finding such splendid statuettes as the two (fourteenth century, French) which grace the Spitzer collection. Both are Madonnas, each about fifteen inches high, exquisitely modelled, the curve of the tusk imparting a graceful sweep to the figures, only to be found in works of this comparatively large scale, which necessitates the material being economised to the utmost extent. Worthy of mention is a handsome comb, across the middle of which is a group in low relief, representing the Annunciation, with a border of roses to right and left. The effect, as also in the case of one of the last-named statuettes, is enhanced by colour and gilding in parts. A greater treasure still is a magnificent carving, forming part of a saddle, believed to be Spanish work of the fourteenth century. Within an elaborate border of Romanesque scroll-work, interspersed with figures of men and animals, is an eagle, with wings outspread, preying upon a hare, having on each side a knight, armed and mounted, with couched lance, their shields bearing the charges of Sicily and Aragon.

There are some fine specimens of boxes and caskets of various materials with various kinds of decoration. A circular wooden box, forming a marriage casket (Italian, early fifteenth century), ornamented with gesso, bears on the lid a representation of a young noble offering his heart in his hand to his lady; while round the side are medallions ornamented with shields and groups of animals. Another casket (Italian, end of fourteenth century), oblong in form, is ornamented with

gesso in graceful flowing foliage pattern, in which are introduced allegorical subjects and flying Cupids. Another again, shaped like the last (Italian, of the same date), is covered with horsemen, ladies, etc., modelled in remarkably high relief, as though the box had been carved in wood. In leather there is a goodly array of book-covers and *étuis*, among which may be mentioned a box (French work, fourteenth century) ornamented with foliage and grotesque monsters in such high relief that it might easily be mistaken for wood, the brown colour of the leather still further strengthening the illusion.

As to the wood-carving it forms a very important element in the collection, both in the way of cabinets, coffers (here illustrated), and tables, and also of smaller articles. Among the latter are two monstrance-shaped triptychs, both of Flemish workmanship, one of the end of the fifteenth century, the other a decade or two later. The intricacy and delicacy of the carving of the tiny groups, crowded with figures, is quite marvellous. A German bas-relief of wood, painted and gilt, dated 1521, is shown on our next page. It evidently formed at one time the middle compartment of a triptych, of which the wings are now wanting. The subject is the Holy Family, the details of the execution, as well as the general conception and arrangement of the group, being most characteristic and beautiful. Other carved groups and single figures, plain and coloured, there, are too numerous to mention, except one magnificent statue which represents S. Sebastian. The wood is not coloured. On the pedestal are painted the initials M. W., and



Marriage Coffer, carved walnut-wood. Italian, sixteenth century.

the date 1474. If the work be not that of Michael Wohlge-muth himself, it is at any rate in no way inferior to that of the great Nuremberg craftsman. One of the most striking pieces of carved furniture is a Flemish table of the sixteenth century, which must have been a sight to see in its original splendour, covered all over with gold and scarlet, white and blue; now, alas! stained and damaged almost beyond recognition. It belongs to the transitional period, and is interesting as showing a quaint combination of Renaissance details on a framework constructed on strictly Gothic lines. The two folding chairs, which are illustrated below, are of a well-known type. They are Spanish work of the sixteenth century, in walnut wood, very elaborately inlaid in geometrical patterns throughout. The sumptuous velvet and gold tissue in the case of one of them covers a back of Spanish leather, beautifully wrought with arabesques. The high-backed seat is of the same material, and matches the back.

Of embroideries there is a beautiful collection. One of the



Folding Chair, with Marquetry decoration. Spanish, sixteenth century.



High-backed Seat, carved Walnut-wood. French, early sixteenth century.



Folding Chair, with Marquetry decoration. Spanish, sixteenth century.



Wood Sculpture, painted and gilt. German, dated 1521.

earliest is a strip of English fourteenth-century work; the subject being the Tree of Jesse, executed in colours on a crimson silk ground. There are two English copes of fifteenth century, easily identified by the characteristic figure-subject embroidered in the middle of the back, and the *parsemé* ornaments. Both are of velvet. One, of which neither hood nor orphrey is original, is red; the other, which wants those portions altogether, is purple, rich and deep as the colour of grapes. A Spanish cope, sixteenth century, affords a striking parallel to Henry VII.'s cope now preserved at Stonyhurst. Like the latter it is of velvet and gold tissue; the design, which is of the type called *à la couronne*, having none but heraldic features, viz., the pomegranate and the arms of Castile and Aragon. Besides some beautiful vestments (Cologne work, fifteenth century) with their orphreys, there are some detached Y-cross orphreys of Spanish and Flemish work, exquisitely embroidered with saints under canopies. Where is the French work of the same period? Or did they prefer to use the much-admired *opus Anglicanum*?

A large piece of Florentine embroidery, early sixteenth century, in silk and gold, is so finely wrought in parts as to look like painting. It represents scenes from the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord. The embroidery reproduced on the first page of this article is Portuguese, not earlier than the latter part of the sixteenth century.

Finer even than the embroideries are the tapestries, of which there are some excellent panels of moderate size; in particular one (Flemish, end of fifteenth century), with half-length figures of our Lord and His Mother under canopies, with a row of growing flowers in the foreground. Another,

of the same date and place of manufacture, differs, however, from the last in being woven of silk with gold and silver thread, the effect of which is superb. The subject is the Nativity. But most important is a magnificent set of eight, two large and six smaller pieces. Made at Brussels in 1518 for François de Taxis, Master-in-chief of the Imperial Despatches, they depict the history of the miraculous image of our Lady of Sablon. In the borders of the panels are scrolls with Latin verses giving a brief description of the several scenes. A letter of the alphabet is prefixed to each scroll to show the proper order of the subjects. The two on page 186 represent the removal of the sacred image from a church, and its conveyance by water. Apart from their decorative value they are an encyclopædia of costume and of the architecture and interior fittings of a church of the period.

The illuminated manuscripts, though not numerous, are choice. Among them is a Latin Bible, called the Bible of Conradin, of the thirteenth century. The text is written in a clear and beautiful hand, while the illuminations straggle about in a curiously irregular fashion, quite different from what one is accustomed to regard as appropriate filling for the page.

An art which one would be inclined to condemn as meretricious but for its respectable pedigree, dating back at least to the fourteenth century, is painting under glass. Its practice, as the examples included in the Spitzer collection testify, extended through Italy and Germany, perhaps even to Spain and Flanders. As an instance of its earliest form we find a Giottesque enthroned Madonna, executed in black lines with a gold ground. Colour-painting, carried to a high degree of elaboration, succeeded; the paintings being framed as miniatures or employed as panels for the ornamentation of furniture.

Of pictorial canvas-painting the Spitzer Collection contains no examples, a fact which has occasioned much surprise among persons who fail to realise that a man of taste, being sensible of the detriment that all the arts are suffering at the present day, consequent on the exaggerated importance attached to painting as a separate art, may even come to regard pictures, as such, with something like jealous intolerance. Thus we find that the pictures included in the collection have not been selected in that spirit which, beguiled by the magic of a great name, gives thousands of pounds for a monstrosity in drawing which, had it only been anonymous, could not have passed muster with the veriest tyro. They are for the most part nameless or by painters of no reputation, the only name among them of any account being that of Lucas van Leyden; but, from the point of view of decoration, few collections of pictures contain so large a proportion of striking and admirable works. The subjects are all but exclusively confined to the Madonna and Child and to portraits, each of which, besides being beautiful in the *tout ensemble*, has something which merits attention in the accessory details—here a glimpse of architecture, there a piece of furniture, here a brocaded canopy, there a costume, a jewel or some other feature or ornament which delights and satisfies.

Of ecclesiastical silver-plate and copper-gilt ornaments the Spitzer Collection contains many superb examples. There are three or four portable altars, which objects are of sufficient rarity to be very valuable. Three of them are partly enamelled, and one is further embellished with carved ivory. The collection includes two eucharistic doves, and one

more unusual form of pyx (thirteenth-century Limoges work), viz. a seated Madonna statuette, upon whose lap is a dove-crowned lid, covering the receptacle for the Sacred Host. A statuette reliquary of S. Elizabeth, of Schœnau, is as exquisite an instance of its kind as one could wish to see. It is German, of the end of the fifteenth century. The figure, beautifully modelled in silver repoussé, part gilt, is represented with a crown on the head, and holding in one hand a crosier, and in the other a book with a dragon upon it. Of domestic vessels in silver and less precious metals, of hanaps, beakers, cups, drinking-horns, salts, nefes, and other ornaments for the table and sideboard, in the production and display of which our forefathers delighted, there is no lack. We represent below a selection of these, of which the most curious is the ewer in the shape of a lion, the hollow tongue forming the spout of the vessel.

Among the cutlery may be noticed a silver fork of the fifteenth century. The design is extremely fine; the stem, consisting of ragged staff ornament, twisted rope-wise, is crowned at the top with a crocketed finial springing from architectural mouldings. At the junction of the stem with the shank, which is unusually long, and engraved with a monogram, is a spray of thistles in high relief. It may be doubted whether this was not formerly a spoon, for the prongs hardly seem in keeping with the rest. If, however, the fork is in its original condition, it is remarkable as an utensil of rare occurrence at so early a date.

There is an imposing show of faience of almost every variety of Italian majolica, besides a certain amount of Palissy ware. There are, moreover, seven pieces of Saint Porchaire, otherwise known as Henri II. ware, which is extremely scarce, and on that account always commands fancy prices, notwithstanding it has little or no beauty of form or colour. It is no unfair test, by which the sample-seeker's mania of acquisition may be distinguished from the genuine æsthetic faculty, whether one prefers the above-named or the unspeakably more decorative Hispano-Moresque lustres, or even the rude but picturesque earthenware of Germany and Flanders.

Space does not permit more than the simple mention of the

ironwork in the shape of keys and locks; the bronzes, enamels, wax models, terra-cottas, sculptured marbles, mathematical instruments, watches, clocks (see our headpiece), jewellery, glass vessels, playing cards, chessmen, and lastly, the backgammon boards, of which there are some fine specimens.

By the time these pages appear, this, the greatest sale of the century, will have begun, and the fate of many of the choicest of the Spitzer treasures already determined. The French Chamber has voted a sum of £25,000 for the purchase of works of Art for the nation. What share of the spoils, if any, will be acquired by our two great public museums, the British and the South Kensington, remains to be seen; though, judging from recent experience, there is reason to anticipate that, as a nation, we may be worsted in this respect by the enterprise of local corporations, *e.g.* of Birmingham or Liverpool, to say nothing of private individuals. The present, however, is an occasion such as is not likely to occur again for many years. Art treasures are without doubt safer in public keeping than in the irresponsible hands of private owners. To render them accessible in public galleries is the way to render them of the greatest advantage to the community at large. Nor have we ourselves only to consider in the matter. Shall we of this generation incur the reproach of all succeeding ages, or win their gratitude by gathering up and securing the fragments of the beautiful that remain over and above from the insensate vandalism of our predecessors? Our relationship to these precious possessions is not that of parentage, it is true, but that of fosterhood only. But let us see to it that those works which they who went long before us were both worthy and able to produce with a potency so prolific, and we ourselves unworthy to produce, we nevertheless cherish with more than parents' tenderness. So shall they who follow after us think kindly of us for our reverent care of these things, in those good times which tarry still but shall yet assuredly come—maybe when we have been long since dead—when that consummation, which we dare not hope to realise, shall at length have been attained, Art in all things, and for all men Art.

AYMER VALLANCE.



Bronze Candlestick. German, sixteenth century. Silver Book Desk. Spanish, sixteenth century.
Silver and silver-mounted Table Vessels. French and German, fifteenth to eighteenth century.

EXHIBITIONS AND NOTES.

FROM the highest artistic point of view there is not much to be said for the collection of pictures at the Royal Academy this year. It is certain that in twelve months' time there will not be twelve pictures in the exhibition still in the memory of any one but the exhibitors. To connoisseurs the show is a little depressing, and the best that can be said for it is, that the worst pictures are not quite so bad as usual—there are not more than a score of really bad pictures (!)—and that the general average is well maintained. Such is a charitable view of a collection of works by men who are themselves quite aware of their deficiencies, but who, all the same, strive very hard to achieve distinction if not to obtain fame. A little later we shall go more into details, but we would add our protest to that of others against the non-exhibition of works by the best artists. Mr. Orchardson contents himself with a very small effort, Mr. Fildes exercises his powers on portraits alone, Mr. Watts is far from remarkable and his best picture is elsewhere, and Sir John Millais is only moderately successful.

Of the members and associates of the Academy the only ones who reach their usual level are Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, who has a fine picture of 'La Belle Dame sans Merci,' and Mr. Oules; and Mr. Herkomer, notwithstanding his recent bad health, is welcome in all his productions. The latter has been roundly abused because of his recent change of style consequent upon his close fellowship with Mr. J. W. North, the new A.R.A., but the change is all for the better, and we trust Mr. Herkomer will persevere. Sir Frederick Leighton has one fine picture in 'Hit.'

The 1893 exhibition will be better remembered for its sculpture, notably for the wonderfully fine and fierce 'Bellona' by Gérôme, of which we gave an illustration in THE ART JOURNAL for 1892 (p. 247). Prince Paul Troubetzkoy's 'Dante' and others make up a good collection, notwithstanding the neglect of three sculptors in the Academy to contribute.

On the other hand, the New Gallery is a very interesting exhibition, and decidedly the finest brought together in the present *local*, reminding visitors of the palmy days of the Grosvenor Gallery. The pictures by Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Watts, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. J. W. North, and a painter of much talent scarcely yet recognised, Mr. W. R. Symonds, render the collection exceptional and remarkable.

The Institute is open to all the world, the "Old Water-Colour Society" reserves its wall space for its members and associates. The question as to which of the two systems better serves the interests of Art is matter of continual debate. This much is certain: when we find selectiveness as to quality, and catholicity as to style working together as we do in Pall Mall East—where Mr. Arthur Melville's 'Boulack,' a passionate dash at the colour and movement of a busy oriental port, a drawing so broad and defiant in touch that only at the artist's own appointed distance is its significance distinguish-

able, hangs with Mr. Birket Foster's elaborately stippled 'In Glencoe'—the "close" exhibition makes for the pleasure of the visitor, who is neither wearied by inferior work, nor depressed by monotony. Especially is this the case at the present exhibition. Mr. Herkomer, who has for some time been the guest of Mr. J. W. North, sends 'Hagar,' a well-proportioned, but sturdy, peasant woman of to-day, left deserted in a Somersetshire lane, a drawing that shows that the influence of the late Fred. Walker, transmitted through his recent host, is strong upon him, and small portraits of Mr. North and Mr. Briton Riviere, in all of which things the Academician is seen to great advantage. Mr. J. H. Henshall displays a power of draughtsmanship and master of technique in his 'Magdalene' far in excess of his taste. Mr. Robert W. Allan's large drawing, peasants crossing the tidal pools left on Scottish sands, which he calls 'From Shore to Shore,' possesses fine qualities of spaciousness and luminosity, and is handled with a broad serenity. Mr. Lionel Smythe, who last year left the Royal Institute to take his chance of election to this Society, is represented by 'Boulogne,' a group of buxom fisher-girls, vivaciously observed, dexterously drawn, skurrying along the foreground, and behind them the busy harbour, full of breeze and accident—one of the most direct and impressive drawings of the year. Mr. Thorne Waite sees nature as Cox and De Wint saw her; Messrs. Albert Goodwin and A. H. Hunt approach her through the charming vapours of their own sentiment.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes is a very successful artist in the sense that he knows his own limitations, and the taste of those who purchase his works, and he makes no attempt to exceed the former nor disturb the latter. It is his custom to winter in a distant land—Morocco being the last—take detailed notes, pictorial or otherwise, of what he sees, and returning home elaborate from them some two or three score minutely painted little panel pictures. These he sends to some fashionable London picture gallery, and in the first flush of the season they find many purchasers.

Sir John Gilbert, R.A., President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, is entirely to be congratulated on the munificent manner in which, during his lifetime, he has determined to bestow the harvest of his art upon the nation. For many years, he has informed us, he has been painting with a view to collecting his works, building a gallery for them and giving them and it to the people. He has now determined to divide his collection between the public galleries of London, Liverpool and Manchester, entrusting the various portions of it to the corporations of those cities. Thus Sir John best serves the public needs with an abnegation of self which is almost unprecedented, as the educational value to the country, of a Gilbert Gallery localised in any one town, would have been far less than that of his now widely disseminated works; though the idea is one more alluring to the vanity of the giver, had he chanced to possess that very human quality.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours at their last

general meeting elected Mr. Lucien Davis, Mr. H. M. Rheam, and Mr. Leslie Thomson to their membership.

The annual exhibition of works of Art held in the heart of the squalid part of East-end London, in the parish of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, proved an even greater success this year than on previous occasions. The English school was not quite so well represented as usual; and there were fewer of those anecdotal pictures which in their year at the Academy have attracted the greatest popular attention, pictures, of course, with an especial appeal to a Whitechapel constituency. On the other hand the Romanticists were strongly represented; one of the rooms containing such a collection of paintings by Corot, Daubigny, Millet, Rousseau, Troyon, Mauve, Israels, Mesdag and others, as is very rarely seen in London, nearly all of which came from the renowned but little-seen collection belonging to Mr. Alexander Young, of Blackheath.

A controversy which has been indirectly waged between Sir Frederic Burton on the one hand and Mr. James Orrock on the other, on the subject of the pictures of the English school in the National Gallery, has attracted much attention. Mr. Orrock stated that, on recently visiting the Gallery, he learnt from one of the attendants that though water was placed in the rooms in which the works of the foreign masters are hung to make the atmosphere humid and temper the shrivelling power of the heat, no such precautions were taken with British pictures; and he further denounced the condition in which he found many of the latter as the result of this inattention. Sir Frederic admitted the absence of water in the British rooms, and its presence in the others; but he explained that the British pictures were perishing because asphaltum was used in their composition, and its process of decay all known precautions were absolutely powerless to stay. Many of the foreign pictures were painted on wooden panels, and on these the moisture had the effect of preventing contraction and cracks. Mr. Orrock, having made investigations, rejoined that fifty-five of the British pictures were also painted on panels. There at present the matter rests.

The reforms in the charter of the Royal Scottish Academy to which her Majesty's consent was obtained last year have worked a revolution in its constitution and tendency with incredible rapidity. The associates are now enabled to vote in elections for both orders, and their own number is unlimited. At the first election after the change a host of the younger men were admitted; and the recent spring ballots have strengthened the Academy by conferring the associate-ship on no less than ten artists, who are as follows: Alexander M. Mackenzie, architect, of Aberdeen; R. B. Nisbet, aquarellist, Edinburgh; W. Burnie Rhind, sculptor, Edinburgh; John James Burnett, architect, Glasgow; C. G. H. Kinnear, architect, Edinburgh; Alexander Roche, painter, Glasgow; Henry W. Keir, Edinburgh; John Kinross, architect, Edinburgh; David Robertson, architect, Edinburgh; and J. Coultts Michie, painter, Aberdeen. The Royal Scottish Academy has thus placed itself in touch with the most advanced section of contemporary art, and stands to-day in the van of the official artistic institutions of the United Kingdom.

OBITUARY.

By the death of Mr. John Addington Symonds we lose a man of letters who has exercised a great influence on the Art of our day. Mr. Symonds was born at Bristol in 1840, and at Cam-

bridge plucked the green apple of the Newdigate, which has so often been taken by men whose maturer years have brought them riper rewards. His work followed hard upon that of the pre-Raphaelites; and his influence was exercised to a great extent in the field cleared by them. We should be inclined to class him as the first of the English teachers of the Decadence. All his life he chanted the virtues and vices of the Italian Renaissance, sketching with brilliant and polychromatic pen some of its more striking figures or passages, recounting its attractions not so much as an historian as a lover. Of style he was a consummate master, and indeed thought much more of the way in which he said things than the things he said. He was a man of excellent scholarship, thoroughly well versed in the period of which he wrote, and gifted with keen critical acumen; but he himself held his taste in much higher esteem than his erudition. His translations were amongst the most perfect things of their sort in our language; and his best works are probably his version of Michael Angelo's Sonnets, and of Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography. His books are best described as a series of delightful appreciations. His Introduction to the Study of Dante is one of the most stimulating books that can be placed in the hands of youth, and is greatly used by teachers. It is an incentive to learn more. It charms for just the period of life that Byron charms. Older men, those better versed in the subject, may discover a want of balance, an absence of the power to see steadily and whole.

The death has been announced at Exeter of Mr. William Widgey, an artist of great local repute, many of whose works have passed into the possession of the western city. Mr. Widgey was originally a stone-mason, but betrayed in the earlier days of his manhood a certain taste for Art, and at one time made a good deal of money by producing imitations of Landseer's 'The Monarch of the Glen.' Finally he took to his brush for a livelihood, and never lacked commissions. He painted the moorland and sylvan scenery of his native county with great ease and celerity, and in a manner singularly in sympathy with its inner spirit. He was in methods an impressionist, though he lived far from the jargon of the studios, and would probably have been surprised to have been apprised of the fact. Over-production made much of his work slovenly. With a systematic training and under other auspices it is probable that his fame would not have been confined to Devonshire.

An ingenious device, whereby a clean palette for painting in oil may always be ready, has been patented by Mr. W. A. Dixon, Holly Village, London. The palette, which is very inexpensive, is composed of compressed sheets of prepared paper on which the colours are spread in the usual way. When painting is over, the top sheet can be removed as sheets are taken off a sketching block, and this leaves a clean palette for the next working. The sheet need not of course be removed daily, but only when a fresh palette is required.

A well-thought-out little combination for water-colour artists will shortly be placed upon the market by Messrs. Reeves & Sons, Cheapside. It consists of a case containing sketch-block, pencil, rubber, brush, and palette, with nine colours, constructed to fold up into small enough compass for an ordinary pocket. It is likely to be specially useful for rapid sketching, and it is handy to take with one on occasions when it is inconvenient or impossible to carry the usual impedimenta.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTIONS.

At a general assembly of the Academicians and Associates of the Royal Academy of Arts, on May 4th, Mr. John MacWhirter, Mr. Henry Woods, and Mr. Henry Moore, Associates, were promoted to the full dignity of an Academician in the room of Mr. Thomas Woolner and Mr. John Pettie, deceased, and Mr. Thomas Faed, resigned; and Mr. John W. North was elected an Associate in the place of Mr. Burne-Jones, resigned. The death of Vicat Cole was of too recent occurrence for his chair to be filled; and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, not having yet complied with certain formalities, still appears amongst the Associates as R.A. elect. It is, however, probable that at the January elections four or five associateships, even if events do not augment their number, will have to be filled up, and so Messrs. Sargent, Swan, La Thangue, Clausen, Bramley, Tuke, Solomon, Hacker, and East—the “young men at the gate”—may not have long to wait for their next chance.

Comparatively little interest attaches to the election of Academicians, except to the persons most concerned. It matters little who “gets his step”; and seniority, other things being fairly equal, always counts. Some little surprise was felt that, weakened as the Forty find themselves by the loss of Sir E. Boehm, Mr. Woolner, and Mr. Marshall, Mr. Gilbert's election was not followed by that of another sculptor. Others thought that, for reasons not perhaps wholly æsthetic, Mr. Val Prinsep would have been advanced.

Mr. MacWhirter was born at Slateford, near Edinburgh, in 1839, was a pupil of the late Robert Scott Lauder, followed close on the heels of Orchardson, Pettie, Herdman, Graham, Hugh Cameron, and other artists who owe so much to that thorough teacher. Having been made an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, of which he is now



Henry Moore, R.A.

An Hon. Academician, he came south to paint and sell; exhibited at the Royal Academy when twenty-three, and was selected an Associate in 1879. A landscape painter, he loves the graceful forms of birch and larch, waving plains and bracken fronds, silvery blue seas and fleecy blue skies. He has also painted fine transcripts of Sicilian and Levantine scenery. Last year the “Chantry” bought a somewhat more laboured landscape, a field of wild hyacinths and marguerites, called ‘June in the Austrian Tyrol.’

He works in a high key, his feeling is broad and true, his touch dexterous, and his landscape spacious. The article on Yarrow at page 180 is illustrated by Mr. MacWhirter, and the large picture of Newark Tower is fairly characteristic of his work.

Mr. Henry Moore has abandoned landscapes, and paints on the seas and skies of the English Channel.

His shipping is a weak point, and his pictures are only studies of the clouds and waters seen within certain geographic limits; but such is his pre-eminence in handling them that his reputation is European, and some account him the greatest marine painter living. Born of a Yorkshire family in 1837, the senior, by nine years, of his brother—Mr. Albert Moore, the decorative artist—he has exhibited at the Royal Academy since 1854, was made an Associate in 1884, and has been greatly honoured at Paris and other Art centres.



J. W. North, A.R.A.

Mr. Henry Woods has lived many years in Venice, and paints the island city smartly as to colour, precisely as to touch. He was born at Warrington in 1846, and he is a brother-in-law of Mr. Luke Fildes. He was made an Associate in 1882. He is a faithful delineator of what he sees, not at all ambitious, and his fault is that he is content with small things. With his power of drawing and knowledge of composition, he has not done all he might, but as a comparatively young man, it is certain his admission as a full member of the Academy, will induce him to try his powers more extensively.

Mr. J. William North's election as an Associate came as a general surprise to the outsiders, of a wholly delightful nature. He is a middle-aged man, living near Taunton the life of a country gentleman and artist, wholly engrossed in rural affairs, and a great friend and admirer of the late Richard Jeffreys. Though exhibiting in oil of late years at the New Gallery and the Academy, he is chiefly known for his exquisite Somersetshire studies of late autumn and early spring at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. He possesses a rare and poetic sense of colour and landscape beauty, and a touch perfectly unique in its power to suggest an infinitude of detail. Year after year he has unostentatiously shown good work, sympathetic in feeling as that of the late Fred Walker and Cecil Lawson, but quite distinctive; and he owes his election to his real talent, purely English in expression and sentiment, and characteristic of what is best in Art in this country.

THE HENRY TATE COLLECTION.*

IV.

TO-DAY, the 27th of May, 1893, I have spent in a Continental city which is supposed to be artistic, which is supposed to be, above all things, musical. It is a Saturday, and on Saturdays the best military band available plays in one of the squares of the town, and the people turn out to listen. It plays from eight to ten, Greenwich time. To-night the programme consisted of eight items, one to each fifteen minutes. The first seven of those items were contributed by Mascagni, Greig, Gounod, Bizet, and other serious but less notable composers. Their compositions were received in respectful silence. The people seemed to listen, but I fancy they took a great deal more interest in the patterns made by the smoke curling from their lips than in the music. Their apathy was only dispelled by the last thing on the programme—which was, of course, the "Wacht am Rhein?" Well, it was not. It was simply a *fantasia* on English "popular airs," otherwise "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay"—if that is the way to spell it—"The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," and the works of Mr. Chevalier. All these the people accompanied with their voices, and when the band stopped they tried to get an *encore*. In fact, they behaved exactly as an English crowd would have behaved, not at an exhibition at South Kensington, but round a band-stand in Victoria Park. Earlier in the day I had spent an hour in the museum devoted to modern pictures, and there I found exactly the same lesson taught as round the band in the square. The rooms were crowded with people, and the art that drew them from the comparatively deserted gallery of old masters close by was the art of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," translated into colour—kitchens and nurseries, battles and other forms of sudden death, painted by men with no sense of the æsthetic capacities of paint at all.

At the present moment there is a sort of triangular duel going on, both in the studios and studies. At one corner we have the English school as it was, more or less, until very lately, with its offshoot, the French school of 1830, for offshoot it is, in spite of what too many try to prove. At the second corner we have the whole development which hangs about Impressionism, a development which includes all that depends upon suppression of the personality and acceptance of what Nature seems to give. The third corner, the corner corresponding to that occupied by the pursuer—wasn't it?—in the famous proto-

type of all tripartite battles, is filled by the futile schools, the schools which depend for their right to exist on the acknowledgment of unpictorial justifications for pictorial experiments. It is fair to say that this last corner is supported—"backed" would be the better word—only by those who are in a fog as to the constitution of "Art." It is a corner at which many strange companions meet. The style of art which is there acceptable has existed almost since the days of Giotto. From the first *éclosion*, at least, of the Italian Renaissance until now, men have lived and painted, in whose minds the curious notion has domiciled itself that to do very ill what a Beau Nash, or an operatic impresario, can do very well gives a right to immortality. To this form of art all the Germanic schools of the present century more or less belong. Their aim is always representation, the setting of a pageant or some more modest scene on the stage. They compete with the manager, and fight him with those weapons of his own in which he has so great an advantage. Pictorial design and colour, which open unrivalled possibilities to the painter, they scarcely break into at all. They depend on a dramatic subject, and neglect those factors which might turn dramatic into æsthetic value. The great distinction between their works and those of such Englishmen as might at the first



The Lady of Shalott. By J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A.

blush be put in the same category, lies in the fact that, even at its worst, the English school has always struggled on towards colour. The cold, leathery dirt which does duty for colour in nearly all the modern pictures at Berlin, at Munich, at

* Continued from page 134.

Brussels, at Antwerp, at Amsterdam—leaving out the modernest development of all—is only to be found here in a few already forgotten, or, at least, neglected painters. At Munich you will see a striking and miserable illustration of this. In the New Pinacothek there used to be until lately only one English picture of any importance, Wilkie's 'Reading of a Will.' It hangs in a long room, filled otherwise with the most egregious productions of the German school. Not long ago, when I paid my first visit to this Pinacothek, I was walking about, my spirits depressed into my shoes by the horrible colour by which I was surrounded, when I suddenly perceived the Wilkie a long way off. It looked quite as bad as all the rest. I rubbed my eyes, and felt as if my foundations were giving way. On a nearer approach it did

not improve, and then, when close before it, I saw that it had been painted almost entirely over, painted with a German palette, and in so *echt Deutsch* a fashion that even the inscriptions—the endorsement of the Will and so on—were re-written in German characters! The original surface had cracked, from the asphaltum used, and the servants of King Ludwig had been able to devise no better remedy than to replace a Wilkie, which must have been at least respectable in colour compared to the things about it, with a third-rate German *croûte*. Even in France people are found to praise a school which can permit such atrocities for what they are pleased to call its high aims. A bad painter generally has "high aims." He is unconscious that in the material he abuses his capacities for passionate



The Gadarene Swine. By Briton Riviere, R.A.

expression, completely apart from the story to be told. Consequently he chooses the most imposing subject he can think of, a verse from the Apocalypse, or a scene from the life of Barbarossa, or the entry of a *pickelhaube*-crowned grandee into Jerusalem!

One would think that no lesson is more clearly taught by the history of Art than the unimportance of subject. Whether you think of Greek statues, or Italian altar-pieces, or Dutch domesticities and still-life, or Spanish portraits, it is by the embodiment of essentially sculptural or pictorial elements that you judge. What man in the full possession of his wits would put the 'Laocoon' above the beautiful creature in the Louvre whom we know as the 'Venus of Milo,' on account of the more ambitious subject of the former; or the 'Transfiguration' above the 'Madonna del Gran-Duca,' or the 'Crucifixion' of Velasquez above his 'Portrait of a Sculptor'? And yet when contemporary Art is under discussion this is

continually done. The German school, from 1800 to 1870, the schools of the Netherlands for the same period, and the French official school, as we may call it, from David down to Cabanel and Bouguereau, are supposed to have some right to respect that ours is without. A great deal of all this, of course, is due merely to the blind prejudice against which English Art always has to struggle, a prejudice fostered, we must confess, by our own mania for accepting anything the Continent may choose to assert in matters artistic. It is to our own humility that the blame must be laid for fantastic assertions, like those of the late Albert Wolff, about French and English landscape painting. He says that Providence dropped a great painter, called Constable, into England by mistake; that he was meant for France, and that it is only in France that an *entourage* worthy of him is to be found. That Wolff should never have heard of the crowd of admirable landscapists who laboured modestly in this



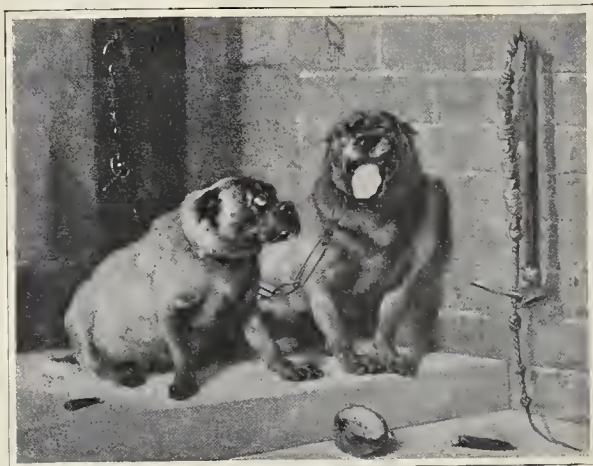
The Morning of St. Bartholomew. By Sir John E. Millais, Bart., R.A.

country between 1800 and 1850 was scarcely so much his fault as ours. I remember another striking instance of the same kind. One of the best-known of modern Frenchmen told me that we had only had three good painters of landscape; that one of those, Bonington, was French; that a second, Turner, was "par beaucoup trop anglais"; and that the third, Constable, was overrated, and had, moreover, built himself on Georges Michel, of whom neither Constable—nor for that matter his French contemporaries—had ever heard. I ventured to ask whether my interlocutor had ever seen a Crome, or a Cox, or a Müller, or a Cotman, or a Vincent, or a Stark, or a De Wint, or a James Holland. Crome and Cox he knew by reputation, "but they were only *aquevrellistes*"; of the rest he had never even heard the names. And yet he was in his way a connoisseur, and has now, I rejoice to know, convinced himself of the existence of many of those in

these uncivilised islanders to paint a good picture now and then.

But the reader may be wondering what these somewhat discursive remarks have to do with Mr. Tate's benefaction. I was led to make them by the comparison one cannot help setting up between English pictures such as those now presented to the nation and those which fill the modern galleries abroad. Putting aside the Luxembourg, where the standard of accomplishment, at least, is higher, I don't see that we need fear the collation. The English school, like that of the French Romantics, is individual. It is concerned more with the expression of passion, than with objective representation. It runs the risk, therefore, of having men in its ranks who can do nothing at all, men who cannot represent and who have no æsthetic emotion to express. The present French school, which is above all things objective, or acceptistic, if such a coin-

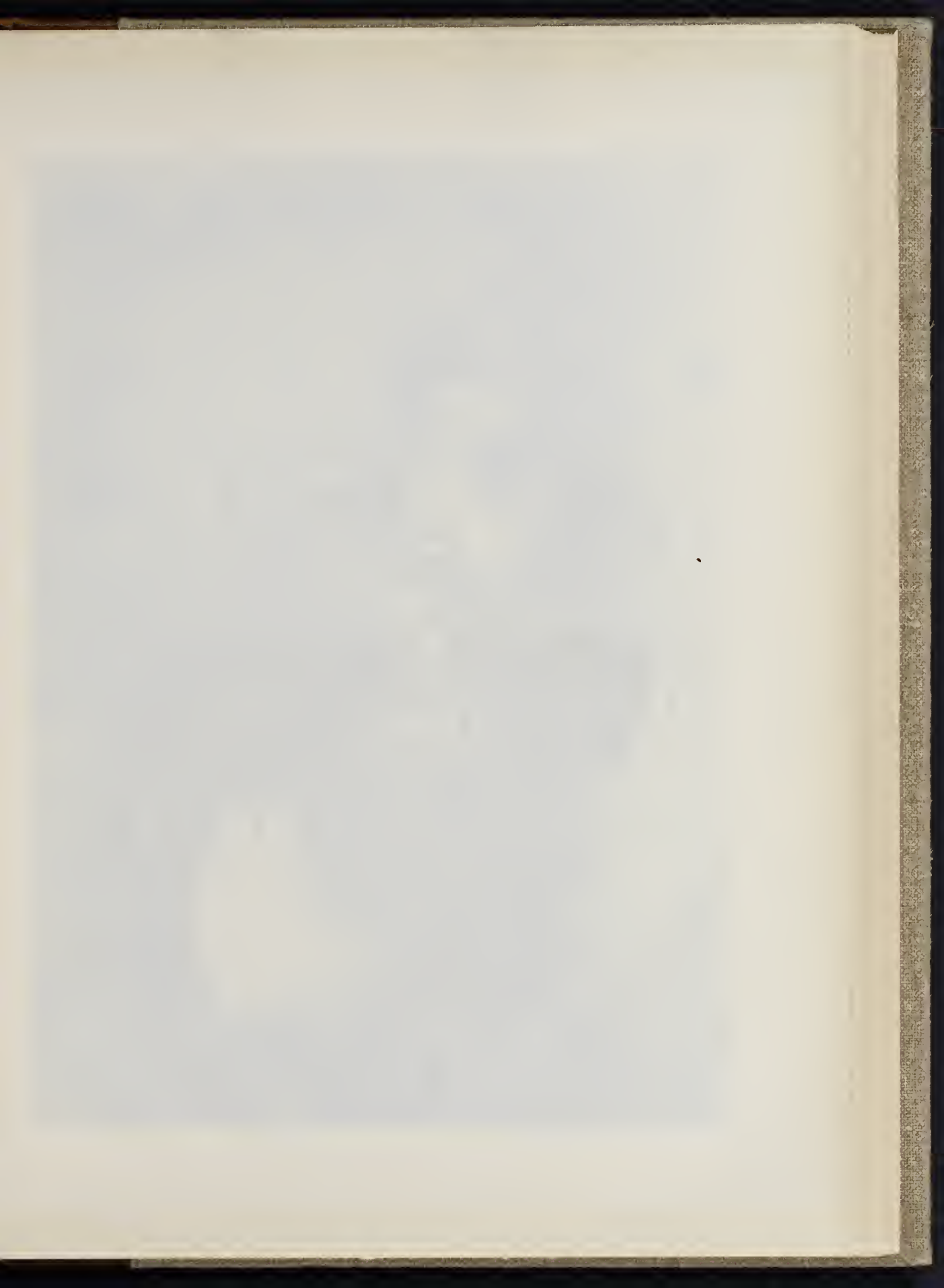
age be admissible, guards against that danger by insisting on accomplishment, and incurring the risk of degeneration into a coldness and absence of humanity worse than that of the Bolognese. The choice you too often have to make is that between emotion badly expressed and the good expression of nothing at all; a single pictorial quality will go far in such cases to save the situation. In France that quality is design; in England, in spite of many failures, many periods of extravagance, and many of simple decadence, it has been colour. Whether it be a result of climatic conditions, as many have pretended, or not, the fact remains that every considerable English painter, with one or two exceptions, has been a colourist; that all English schools have been schools of colour. The Dutchmen, with a climate like ours, were the best colourists of northern Europe; the Venetians, with a climate damper and more cloudy than the rest of the Peninsula, were the best colourists of Italy. The deduction, perhaps, is fantastic. The important fact is that in English

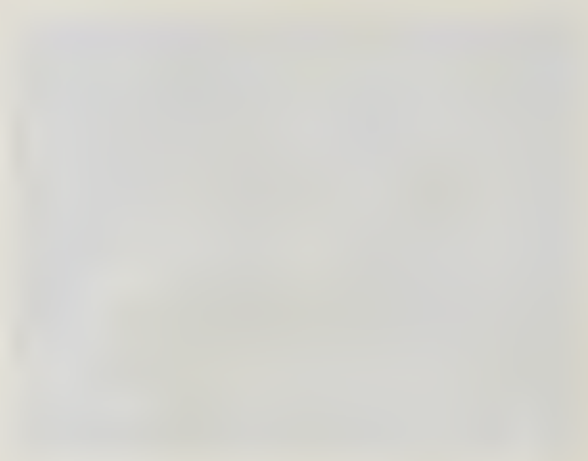


Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale. By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

the above list by buying examples of their work. It has been my lot to be called prejudiced because, whenever I have had the opportunity, I have denounced the notion that we English lie under any natural disability in the matter of Art. The conditions are unfavourable to us in some of the Arts, in architecture, especially, and also in sculpture, as well as to a less degree, perhaps, in music. Those three forms of Art have only flourished where they have been fostered by the community as a whole; our political individualism is against them, and until it is modified we shall never know exactly how Nature has treated us in those directions. It is otherwise with the other two great Arts—painting and poetry. Partly through the conditions under which they are pursued, partly through the constitution of their public, they do not require a collective support, and so they can flourish, nay, they flourish best, in an individualistic community. Even now, when foreigners are as keen to possess examples of our eighteenth-century painters as ourselves, we do not often hear a reference to our school in which it is accepted as a fact like any other. It is alluded to as with some such qualification as one makes in speaking of a performing dog, as if it were a freak on the part of Nature, the teaching of

studios it has been the custom to look to quality of colour, to keep it transparent, and consequently harmonious. With opaque tints it is difficult to avoid discords, with transparent ones it is not easy to get them. This is the chief reason why pastels are usually good in colour. The chalk, if properly handled, keeps a granulated surface, otherwise a surface full of innumerable little shadows. Each of these shadows acts as a glaze, warms the colour beneath it, and brings it into harmony with its neighbour. In painting the same result is won by glazing of a different kind. All our painters, until quite lately, painted in the old Dutch method, in which the high lights were solidly painted and the shadows kept thin, the whole being sometimes finished by glazings which embraced both. Pictures painted thus have a glow which cannot be rivalled by those carried out in the solid manner now taught in France. They are supposed, at present, to be less true than those of the Impressionistic schools, but that supposition rests, to a great extent, upon the indifference to, or the inability to see, the richer aspect of things, which is fostered by so much modern teaching. The chief claim to respect, then, of our painters of the second rank has been up till now their determination to avoid the dirty opacity of colour, and consequent





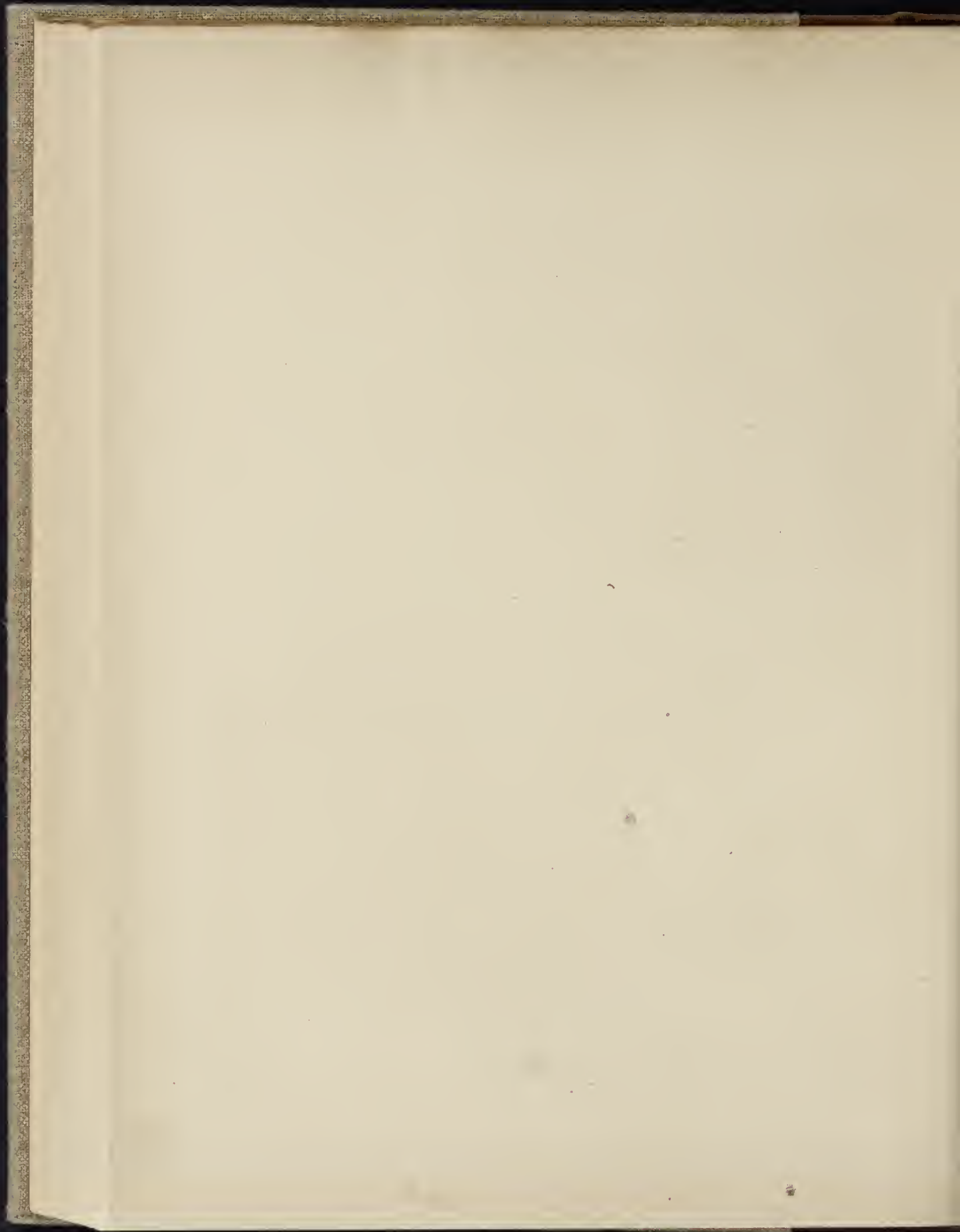


NEW YORK 1882

LAURENCE & BOWEN

THE CHATELAIN AND HIS WIFE

By J. H. W. ...



coldness and absence of vibration, which marks so much of the work of those among their foreign rivals who may be said to hold a corresponding rank.



Hush! By Frank Holl, R.A.

Let us see how this is illustrated in the pictures reproduced in this present article.

The aptest illustration of what I have been trying, rather incoherently, I fear, to say, is the picture etched as a frontispiece to this number. 'Sweethearts and Wives' sins, perhaps, by over-prettness in its conception as well as its title. It deals with stern old times in a spirit that is far from stern. I should imagine that when a Border chief drove in the cattle he had "lifted" from the hereditary enemy, he scarcely found his women-kind so evidently prepared for company as those of Mr. Waller. Other inconsistencies may be pointed out. The costumes are too late for the custom dealt with. Border reiving of the good old sort came to an end long before the days of Charles I., to which these dresses belong. The castle, again, is too old, too southern in its architecture, and too suggestive of size in its proportions. In fact, the archæology of the picture requires revision, as well as the dramatic intention. How, then, is it redeemed from insignificance? By the good school of colour to which it belongs. I do not mean to say that Mr. Waller is a great colourist, but only that he preserves a certain glow and transparency all through, by which his work is saved from the coldness and utter want of animation that marks so much continental painting of the same class. I should like to see a Border foray, or its consequences,

1893.

Painted realistically. It would be a capital subject, if treated in the uncompromising French way. Imagine the 'Death of Johnnie Armstrong and his Thirty Men-at-Arms' painted like the 'Charles the Bold at Nesles,' with which Roybet has just won the *médaille d'honneur* at the Salon. Perhaps one of the "boys of Glasgow" would like to try his hand at it, or it might possibly chime in with some of the notions of Mr. Frank Brangwyn.

During his lifetime the late Frank Holl was always blamed for being too black, too funereal in colour. As a fact, it would be difficult to find a real black in a picture of his. His method, modelled, of course, on that of Rembrandt, consisted in building up solid, reflecting masses on a background of transparent and absorbent shadow, which was often too deep, and sometimes too hot a brown, but never black. As generally happens, Holl's reputation suffered a kind of eclipse immediately after his death, and it is not likely that it will come out again into the sunshine until his pictures have been sufficiently forgotten to be new, and to strike the mind unexpectedly, when they come into retrospective exhibitions. The two here reproduced belong to the long series of domestic tragedies with which he amused himself before the portrait of Cousins



Hushed. By Frank Holl, R.A.

brought him into popularity. 'Hush!' and 'Hushed!' render in a somewhat melodramatic manner the baby very ill in the one case, 'Hush!' and in the other the terrible vacancy in the cradle, 'Hushed,' with the broken heart of the mother. As arrangement of light and shadow, both

3 E

pictures are excellent. The masses are well balanced; the daylight struggling in through the ungenerous window, is followed in its work with the utmost skill, so that, in the result, these two interiors seem to be modelled rather than painted. The peculiar blankety texture, which marked so much of Holl's work, is here very conspicuous, but in subjects such as these it has a certain fitness.

If 'Hush!' and 'Hushed' have a touch of melodrama, what is to be said of Sir John Millais' 'Mercy,' as he called 'The Morning of St. Bartholomew' when exhibited at Burlington House? That is of melodrama all compact. The action goes on as it does, not in deference to the probabilities, but simply that the story may be told with as little circumlocution as possible. It is quite unnecessary to have heard of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew to know what is going to happen. This half-pitying, half-fanatical individual is going out to kill someone, egged on thereto by the monk in the doorway, while the nun is on the side of mercy. The only query the ignoramus need reserve for the historian, is concerned with the white scarf bound about the gentleman's left arm. The whole affair is simple to nakedness. Dramatic in a more legitimate sense is Mr. Briton Riviere's picture of 'The Gadarene Swine.' It is now a good many years since it was painted, but Mr. Riviere has never beaten it as a design. The black mass of pigs, marking and giving such emphatic point to the curve of the rocks, the stratification of those rocks themselves, and the places and actions of the swineherds and their dog, the line and movement of the clouds in the sky—all make for coherence, and help to give an unusual sense of largeness and style to the

general result. Rocks seem to bring luck to Mr. Riviere. I remember that another picture in which they occupy a lot of space was among his more felicitous conceptions. I mean the 'Rizpah.'

Our other illustrations have no bearing on much that I have been endeavouring to say. Of all the more conspicuous English painters, Landseer was perhaps the worst colourist, at any rate in his later years. In his earlier prime he stuck to the good old principle in which he had been educated, of keeping his ground and preserving the transparency of his colour as much as possible. Afterwards he painted in a manner more akin to that of the French school—un-French though the results may have been to which it led. At one time he took up with a perverse idea that shadows should be painted as thickly as possible, and high lights thin. The 'Death of the Stag,' in the National Gallery, is painted on this principle. In the hands of a fine colourist it would, no doubt, like any other way of laying on the paint, lead to good results. But for a non-colourist it was a fatal notion. It led inevitably to hot shadows and cold lights. The group of pugs known as 'Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale,' with appropriate accessories, is painted in the solid fashion of Landseer's later years. Mr. Waterhouse's picture 'The Lady of Shalott,' like the one of which I wrote a couple of months ago, belongs, of course, to the non-English strain in our school. It is not fair to call his method of work French, because he formed it for himself quite as early as its adoption in the Parisian studios. But its foundation, conscious or otherwise, is on logical notions about painting which are infinitely more French than English.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S ADVICE TO YOUNG ARTISTS.

AT the Royal Academy banquet on the eve of the opening of the exhibition, the President gave expression to what must often have been in the minds of all artists for a considerable time past. Sir Frederick's words were directed to young artists only, but his excellent advice might be profitably considered by every painter, old and young. After referring to what he considers the comprehensive catholicity of the present collection, a phrase perhaps a little over-strained, Sir Frederick continued: "Looking from a wide standpoint at this exhibition and embracing further in the field of vision the many and manifold exhibitions, especially of paintings, which each season brings forth; struck, as all must be, deeply with the vehement and almost feverish strife of conflicting theories and opinions which is rife about us, it is impossible not to feel strongly how perplexing such a condition of things must be to the very young, who, on the outer threshold of their career, eager and still malleable, seek a sure path in such a labyrinth of contradictions. Extreme youth when it is healthy is bold and fearless, and not a little inclined to rebel against tradition, however rooted in the long assent of men. And here, gentlemen, I would not be misunderstood. Steeped as I am to my inmost marrow in reverence for the mighty men of the past to whom Art owes whatever of true sublimity it boasts; convinced, unshakably, of the vital validity of the great principles on which their achievements rest, I am yet not of those who would refuse to Art all power of evolution, or who believe that, though assuredly it will never reach more

lofty summits, it may not send forth lateral shoots fresh and delightful as only they are, indeed, nourished from the strong sap of the parent stem. In brief, I do not believe—to change the metaphor—that they who, in our time, have wedded their lives to Art have clasped to their breasts a lovely but a lifeless corpse. To the very young, then, I would fain offer one or two matters for thought, if perchance, they will hearken to one who has grown old in unwavering sympathy with their struggles and their doubts. I would beg them to keep ever before their eyes the vital truth that sincerity is the well-spring of all lasting achievement, and that no good thing ever took root in untruth or in self-deception. I would urge them to remember that if every excellent work is stamped with the personality of its author, no work can be enduring that is stamped with a borrowed stamp; and that, therefore, their first duty is to see that the thoughts, the emotions, the impressions they fix on the canvas are in very truth their own thoughts, their own emotions, their own spontaneous impressions, and not those of others: for work that does not spring from the heart has no roots, and will of a certainty wither and perish. This other maxim also I would urge on them—that true genius knows no hurry, that patience is of its essence, and thoroughness its constant mark; and, lastly, I would ask them to believe that the gathered experience of past ages is a precious heritage and not an irksome load; and that nothing will better fortify them for future, and free development, than the reverent and the loving study of the past."

SIR JOHN GILBERT'S GIFT TO THE CITY OF LONDON.

THE distribution by Sir John Gilbert of his pictures among the municipal galleries of London, Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham, is an event interesting alike to the Art world and to the public at large. A fertility and freedom of design, and a remarkable aptitude for rapid execution, are the characteristics of this artist's work, and in the pictures he has presented to the public, painted during a period ranging over the last twenty years of his career, it may well be said that he is seen at his best.

Our purpose in the present notice is to confine our observations to the pictures which have found their permanent home in the Art Gallery of the Corporation of London, at the Guild-hall. They are sixteen in number, five in oil and eleven in water-colour. 'Fair St. George' (96 x 60) shows the patron saint in full armour resting against his horse, in the presence of Una, who at St. George's bidding binds her girdle about the Dragon's neck and leads it into the city. The next in importance is entitled, 'Ego et Rex meus' (63 x 41), and represents Henry VIII. in converse with Wolsey, on whose shoulder he confidently rests; the Cardinal, in thoughtful mood, is in his scarlet robes, and holds State papers in his hand.

In 'The Morning of the Battle of Agincourt' (48 x 66), a large and freely painted work of fine quality, the English army is shown reduced by sickness and the fatigues of the siege of Harfleur. The French have thrown themselves in its way, to intercept its retreat to Calais, and a battle is inevitable. The English number scarcely 15,000 men, labouring under every disadvantage, while the enemy are four times more numerous. In this solemn time the host is elevated in sight of the force. This is

the moment which the painter has seized, and with the worn aspect of the veteran warriors he has associated the cold, dispiriting effect of early morning, and imported into the picture much that is deep and stirring:

"They have said their prayers, and they wait for death."

'Sir Lancelot du Lake' (48 x 36), which we here repro-

duce, is remarkable for its vigorous design, for its chivalrous theme and richness of colour. The eye detects the truthfulness to nature in the grey turbulent stream that splashes up between the two knights. Taken from the ballad in the "Percy Reliques," it depicts the scene where the damsel whom Sir Lancelot met brings him to a river-side—

"And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
And many shields to see."

Here he is met by the false knight Tarquin, who drives a horse before him on which a knight is tied, and who at the end of a stubborn fight succumbs to the prowess of Sir Lancelot.

Perhaps the chief portion of the gift may be considered to lie in the water-colours, most of which are of large size, and all of them of fine expression in their respective subjects.

'Cardinal Wolsey going in procession to Westminster Hall' is a large water-colour (36 x 60) of many figures, through which the Cardinal moves, accompanied by his officers and servants, his Cardinal's hat borne by a person of rank, and the historical pillar of silver following. Regardless of the prayers and



Sir Lancelot du Lake. By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

petitions of those of the King's subjects who press around him, he devotes his attention to the "fair orange," whereof, as history tells, "the meat and substance within was taken out and filled up again with the part of a sponge wherein was vinegar or other confections, against the pestilent airs, the which he commonly smelt when passing among the



The Knight-Errant. By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

press." There is rich harmony of colour and vigorous composition in the groups of crowding figures, which is not easily attained even by a practised hand; but the power of grouping is one of Sir John's chief characteristics, and his long experience for the wood engraver serves him in good stead in such subjects as these; seen also in the picture of 'War, after the Battle' (30 x 48), where a moving host is cleverly depicted withdrawing from the scene of conflict, and tinged by the light of the town they have set in flames. This is an animated work; no effort is made to force any particular part, but a consistent unity is preserved throughout. Similar in theme is the 'Battle of the Standard' (42 x 60), so called from the remarkable standard set up by the English at Northallerton in 1138, during the war between Stephen and King David I. of Scotland. The great car depicted in the painting was drawn to the place selected for the battle, and on the top of a mast, raised on the car, was a large crucifix, while below a box was placed containing the consecrated wafer or host, and lower still floated the banners of the three English saints, St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Ripon. The Bishop of Durham stood in the car with his clergy, while around knelt a great multitude which the Bishop addressed, reading afterwards the prayer of absolution.

We have selected for reproduction 'A Witch,' and 'The Knight-Errant.' The first of these (36 x 24) is indeed a very beautiful picture; a high-born lady and her attendants, while riding in the quiet of the countryside, encounter a weird figure that passes for a witch; the white palfrey on which the lady is

seated swerves aside at the forbidding sight, and the horses of the attendants are equally restive. In 'The Knight-Errant' (38 x 26), the desolate mountain ways well conceived as a background to the wandering figure. There is little colour in the picture, but the light and shade are so dealt with as to constitute it an important work, and one of the most interesting of the group.

In the picture entitled, 'An armèd host drawn up below, a battle in the sky' (27 x 33), no passage in history is illustrated, but animated throngs of warriors are seen, with a sky of heavy clouds and broken lights.

To another category belongs the large landscape called 'Charcoal-burners' (60 x 48), broad in treatment, and showing rugged trunks, and heavy leafage in a retired spot in a wood. The workers in the foreground and the downward hurrying figure a little distance off give wonderful life to the scene. Different too from all the others is 'The Enchanted Forest' (44 x 50), where two armour-clad knights are entangled in a multitude of fairy beings that surround them and their heavy war horses in mischievous merriment. The charm of Sir Noel Paton's fairy pieces is in this picture; without, it may be, the deliberate finish and clearly defined anatomy of that master, but certainly with a romantic charm which at once takes us, like Sir Noel's, into the regions of poetic grace and fancy.

There remain but three to complete the list, 'Edward III. at the Siege of Calais,' 'A Bishop,' and 'The Prince and Princess of Wales passing St. James's Palace on their way to a Drawing Room,' the last named being a faithful picture of a familiar sight.

Altogether the gift is one upon which the City may well congratulate itself. The Corporation has established the Gallery as a permanent free institution for the benefit of the people; it provided the site and the building, and it pays out of its private funds the entire administrative expenses. In this latter respect it differs from other municipal galleries in



The Witch. By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

the kingdom, where the larger part of the expense is borne by the ratepayer; and it is hoped that the recent generous gift will be the forerunner of others, increasing thereby the attractiveness of an exhibition in the centre of the City freely accessible at all times to the public.

A. G. T.



The Pioneer Studio. The Van de Velde dismasted.

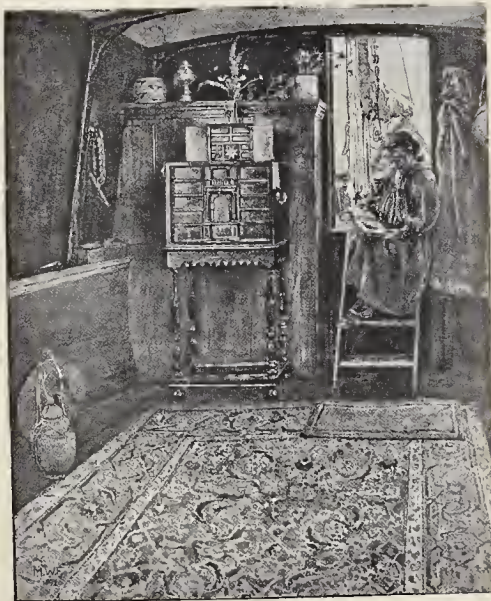
A SEA-GOING STUDIO.

THE practice of painting sea-pieces and landscapes altogether from Nature is of our time. In the seventeenth century, the Dutch and French painters of sea and ships, as well as of trees and fields, worked from sketches; and so did the great Englishmen who came after them. As with the ever-developing study of Nature, and more faithful attempts to represent her moods, sketches became more elaborate, and hasty notes in ink or chalk gave place to careful studies in colour, the need arose for some sort of protection from the glare of the sun or the passing shower. For some time, no doubt, the white sketching umbrella supplied this want; but when the pre-Raphaelite movement brought in the fashion of painting pictures altogether from Nature, the shelter afforded by that portable but exceedingly wobbly structure became insufficient, and the painter's thoughts were turned in the direction of a more comprehensive covering. In that delightful book, by Mr. P. G. Hamerton, called "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," the author conducts you on a painting journey through Scotland, and fills you with an absorbing interest in the adventures of the little house on wheels, in which he lived and worked. This was, I believe, one of the first attempts of an artist to provide himself with a movable studio. Since that time huts have been built on the moors, or on the shore with window facing the sea, or lighted all round, and with more or less of comfort in the shape of fireplace inside.

But this sort of thing is all very well if one is content to be a fixture. Mr. Hamerton's plan seems to be the more satisfactory one, and what he did ashore Mr. C. Napier Hemy has tried to do afloat; that is, to build himself a studio, which he not only can move from place to place, but where he can live in comfort. In this he so far succeeded as to have even the advantage over the caravan, in carrying his own motive power on board of his craft, though he might be induced to concede that point in view of the occasional drifting astern in a dead calm, which experience Mr. Hamerton, at any rate, must have been preserved from.

But while one may work away in comfort in the shelter of

a hut or glasshouse ashore, once embarked on the sea, a crowd of difficulties leap to greet one. Try and paint your view of a town from a boat—the variation of the point of sight when your boat rises with the flood, or sinks with the ebb tide, will convince you that tides are a wholly unnecessary and irritating invention; then, unless you are moored stem and stern with great accuracy (and the tides have a voice in this, too), you will find yourself veering round with every shift in the wind, and you have to wait with what patience you can sum-



A Corner in the Studio.

mon till you come round to the right position again. And these, frankly, are the obstacles connected with one branch only of a marine painter's work.

across the bay, there was that feeling which prompted a more than usually affectionate farewell of wife and family when embarking for a cruise; while the coming

back to moorings brought with it a sense of proud achievement, akin to the victorious return of the Vikings of old.

In spite of a few drawbacks, inevitable accompaniments of an experiment, the *Van de Velde* served Mr. Hemy's purpose most admirably, and for three years he painted most of his pictures aboard of her, and so probably would have continued to do, but for a sad misfortune which befell her one wild November night. After a week's work up a quiet river, the artist and his crew went home for a couple of days, with no



Posing the Model.

Before Mr. Hemy built his first floating studio he used to work in a small row-boat, when he wanted to paint the open sea; or, if painting a boat subject, he first moored the boat he was working in so that she would not swing with wind or tide, then, with white umbrella and canvas firmly lashed, he posed the model boat, and worked away as best he could. But alas! the sun shining down upon the water produced a fierce reflection, and, with the rising wind, the boat would pitch so as to render work almost impossible, just when the sea became most interesting; and the way the rain blew over the unsheltered waters, and found out the unlucky painter under that umbrella, was really surprising. To cope with such difficulties as these, or to attempt ever so humbly to portray the least complicated phase of the sea, it was obviously essential to have one's mind at rest as much as possible, and to be freed from unnecessary discomforts.

The first thing, then, was to obtain a boat, whose stiffness and roominess would make it possible to work in comfort even when the sea was other than calm. To this end Mr. Hemy purchased a large open boat, and the *Nelson* (afterwards rechristened the *Van de Velde*), became the artist's property. She was forty feet long, and was a sort of six-oared galley, used to convey out to sea the net to enclose the shoal of pilchards. The great beam, ten feet, which the carrying of the immense nets necessitated, rendered her particularly suitable to his requirements. A house was built into her, the floor of which was level with the water line, and with seven-foot head room. In spite of three tons of granite ballast, she rolled most fearfully in anything of a swell, and though many successful voyages were made outside the harbour and

anxiety whatever about the boat, which they had left apparently sheltered from every wind. But during their absence a heavy gale came on from the south-west. Early on the following morning, Mr. Hemy received word that the boat was ashore, and immediately started off to see what had happened.

Beyond the bend of the river, the *Van de Velde* was discovered lying on the rocks, under a hedge—a piteous object, indeed. Swung round and round by tide and wind, she had caught the chain round one of the flukes of the anchor, and dragged it out of the mud, unfortunately selecting the only patch of rocks in the neighbourhood to go ashore on.

Although by no means a complete wreck, it was felt to be safer not to use the *Van de Velde* any more for sailing, so when she was repaired Mr. Hemy had her dismantled, and she now presents the appearance that she does in the drawing at the head of this paper, and is still of great service to him. So successful had been the first venture, that he determined to replace her, naturally with improvements, as soon as possible, so he cast about for a craft which should combine the roominess of an ocean-liner with the speed of a racer and the steadiness of a coal-hulk. However extensive these requirements might appear, the next boat did her best to meet them.

The *Vander-Meer* was built in 1888, a portion of the hull and lead keel of a yacht already in the artist's possession serving as the foundation of the new boat. She is fifty-seven feet over all, with ten feet beam, and her principal advantage over the former boat lies in the fact that her sailing qualities were made a matter of first importance, and also that the lead keel, which quite counterbalances the top hamper of the house,

and makes her very stiff in sailing, is of the utmost service to prevent her rolling when moored up. There are besides many advances on the first boat in the shape of a more successful arrangement of lighting the studio, as well as the increased comfort and security of the whole.

The floor of the cabin is, like the other boat, on the sea level, with a head room of seven foot six inches. There is a very large window on each side, and two sky-lights, which are usually covered, as they form part of the roof of the house, except when extra light is wanted on the work. The cabin is amply large enough to paint an eight-foot picture, and the drawing overleaf shows there is room to get sufficiently far away from the work to see it properly. The house is strongly built of teak, and lined with dark stained oak, which makes an effective background to the pictures, and also to the blue china and embroideries which it contains. Large ports or shutters, securely bolted, protect the windows in heavy weather, or when making a long passage. The cabin contains but one berth, and any unfortunate guest who comes aboard is sent to sleep in the little after-cabin under the deck, where he shares his bunk with the ship's bell, a fog-horn, a spare coil of rope or two, and the balloon fore-sail.

Three steps lead down from the cabin into what Mr. Clark Russell calls "Jack's Parlour," where live the two men composing the crew. A small iron ladder leads from the afterdeck to the top of the house, along which you can run and drop down on to the fore-deck; though woe betide the unlucky painter who stands beneath the unprotected skylight,

absorbed in work, when the crash of broken glass and a booted foot within an inch of his nose recall him to the consideration of earthly things. Happily these accidents are not of very frequent occurrence; they average somewhere about two to the five years.

Many and lengthy were the nautical arguments against her ever sailing properly anyhow; objections which happily have long been silenced, though it must be owned that when, after the orthodox bottle smashing, the *Vander-Meer* was duly launched, she appeared so alarmingly buoyant and so high out of the water, that one feared the results of a squall would prove more surprising than pleasant; however, a little extra ballast settled all doubts on that head. Her trial trip took place on one of those delightful days, when the water dances



The Sea-going Studio, the *Vander-Meer*, in full sail. By C. Napier Henry.

invitingly under a blue sky, clean swept by fresh breezes out of the north, and when the absence of swell and general brightness of things tempts the timidest afloat.

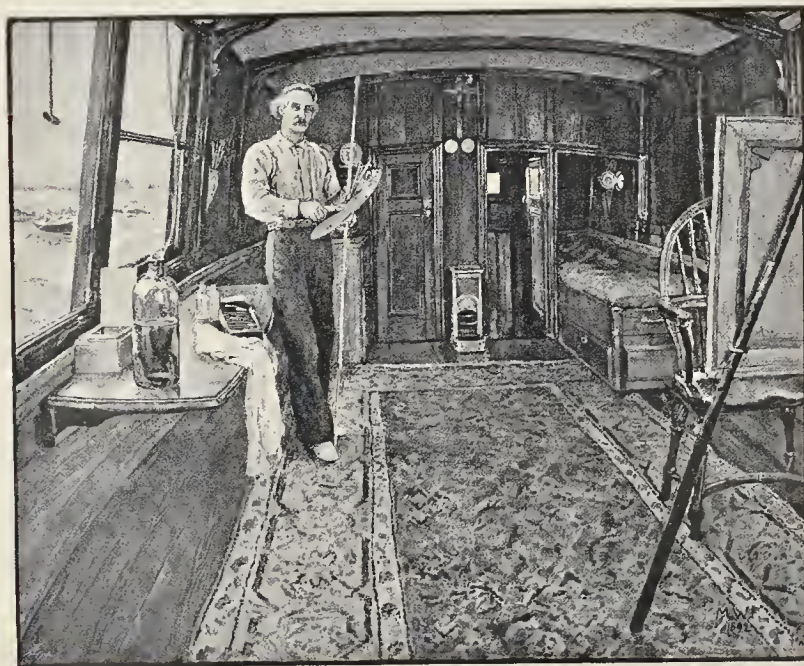
Day such as these are doubtless designed by Providence for trial trips. As the *Vander-Meer* left her moorings, and sailed off to exhibit her various qualities to the interested spectators, her good behaviour became manifest, and as each successive squall passed over her, there was the satisfactory feeling that somebody's argument was being annihilated. It was a comfort, too, to feel that drifting away to leeward, and the sensations of being outsailed by heavy-laden barges, were things of the past; and that you could give the whole of your attention to steering, instead of devoting three parts of it to avoid being rolled overboard. As each stage of the cruise brought some new excellence into notice, duly and exhaustively pointed out to each other by owner and crew, it occurred to somebody to see how the cabin was getting on—and here the triumphant course of events received somewhat of a check, for on stepping to leeward it was immediately obvious that there was some trifling defect in the caulking of the windows. As she lay over to each squall, the effect recalled the sudden opening of lock-gates, and one noticed that a number of things, not apparently intended for navigation, were sympathetically making trial trips along the cabin floor. Paint-brushes get over this sort of thing, but it doesn't agree with razors. This little discovery made it advisable to put the tiller hard down, and get under the lee of the land again, out of the squalls, while the cabin speedily resumed its ordinary aspect with the aid of the mop and the bucket; and the things that had been floating about were recovered, dried, and put back in their places before they had had time to do themselves any damage worth

mentioning. Nevertheless, it rather curtailed the cruise, as the caulking of a boat being an important matter, it is wiser, on the whole, to have it in a satisfactory state before you leave shipwrights too far astern.

This brings me naturally to the main object of the *Vander-Meer's* existence, which seems rather to have taken a back place in the enumeration of her nautical qualities; though in view of the many difficulties a marine painter has to contend with, the necessity of having a seaworthy boat is a question of even more vital importance than the studio which she carries; for what comfort is there in an excellently lighted workshop if you don't feel sure that the craft under you can be relied on in an emergency? The *Vander-Meer* proves that the experiment of a studio with sails and a lead keel is a successful one, and, winter and summer, the artist is able to transport himself and his belongings to wherever his subjects may be, and even in pursuit if they try to evade him. To paint the coast or the open sea the boat is anchored, or hove to if the water is too deep to drop a kedg. In the harbour she is moored stem and stern, and then, standing at the window, Mr. Hemy directs the posing of the model boat, which is also carefully moored, and by this means he can study those wonderful green depths beneath the shadow of the boat, and watch the play of the water as it breaks against her sides, while, even in an apparent similarity of incident, each hour reveals some new fact of form or light or colour, and fills the day with an inexhaustible sense of freshness and novelty. The sharp dividing of the water under the bow, with its foam-fringed wave on each side, the swirling eddies in the wake of a sailing-boat, the brilliant green shadow in the heart of the wave, and its delicate crest of spray—watch all those so closely that nothing seems

to have escaped, and yet return again to watch, and something new is added to the store of experience.

Whilst living amongst the men whose lives are spent upon the sea, incidents of fishing are constantly taking place right opposite the windows, and the sea becomes the common ground, so to speak, of sympathy between painter and seaman; they become fellow-labourers, instead of looking on each other's work from the cold standpoint of mere spectators; the last night's catch of fish, the various events and, maybe, misadventures connected with it, are all of absorbing



The Painter in his Sea-going Studio.

interest to the painter; while to the fisherman the building up of a picture is a fearful and wonderful undertaking; he is delighted when the portrait of his boat forms part of it, though he is inclined to look upon his own work as by far the more serious business of life, compared with the pastime of sitting quiet all day and amusing one's self with a paint-brush. As a rule the fishermen are the shrewdest of critics, and not at all disposed to commit themselves to over-praise, sometimes quite the contrary. The artist was one day engaged in painting some foreground rocks on the shore, when a sturdy mariner came along, and gazed for some time at the work, chewing the quid of silence, then, "Takes a deal o' time, that sort o' thing do, don't it, sir?" "Yes." "The paints and brushes and such-like do cost a good bit too?" "Well, yes." "And I suppose you do put a frame 'pon un too, and that's pretty expensive, no doubt, sir?" The artist again assented. "And 'e isn't much to look at, after 'e's done, is 'e?" This sort of remark is a little damping, but is happily rather the exception than the rule.

The life and work afloat in the middle of a busy harbour is of perpetual interest, with its wandering population. One great ship raises her anchors to one of those stirring choruses, now fast dying out, and in charge of a steamer swings slowly round, passing between the two castles, and heads for the open sea, leaving behind the harbour bathed in the glow of sunset, and before her sails have sunk behind the horizon, her place is filled by some new-comer, whose rusted sides and storm-worn gear speak eloquently of her victories over the wild Atlantic waves, with which she has wrestled, bearing safely the cargo and still more precious freight entrusted to her at the other side of the world. Here she stays for a week or more, and then refreshed and repainted, she will make sail again for the final stage of her voyage and the port of discharge; or some strangely-built foreigner will let go anchor hard by, and her boat, pulled by handsome southerners, sweeps past the *Vander-Meer*, their faces turned in lively speculation towards the queer-looking craft, whose owner stands at the window mysteriously waving a paint-brush at a boat, which sails round and round him by the hour together. There is a feeling of exhilaration in living in the midst of this life and movement on the great highway, with its never-ending succession of ships of all nations; it seems so easy to follow in the wake of one of these noble vessels, and sail away out beyond in search of lands unknown; and after all, why not? The ship in which Columbus breasted the waters of the Atlantic was not nearly so

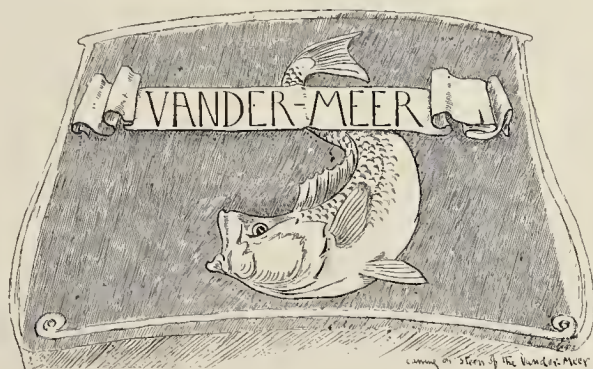
safe a one as this. But though a voyage similar to his is not at present in prospect, the *Vander-Meer* has had some considerable experience of the waters of the Channel, and her achievements have compelled the wonder if not the respect of the many sceptics, to whom she appears as a sort of phenomenon, even after five years. A coastguard was overheard to ask his mate if ever he had seen the like before. "No," he replied; but being of accurate speech, added, "Leastways, not out of China!" The question repeatedly asked is, "Why don't you upset?" The impression being that the whole of the boat is above the water, while they do not allow for a lead keel, and the very considerable draft of seven and a half feet.

The absence of noise, of dust and smoke, must be reckoned amongst the solid advantages of a floating studio, to say nothing of the comparative freedom from interruption, for the intruder must be persistent indeed, who will hire a boat from the quay and pull off to storm the fortress, or, more nautically, to board the ship, in working hours. But after duty, with lamps alight and lowered blinds, what cosy evenings are spent in the cabin, how appetizing is the cookery, whose anticipatory perfumes stream through the chinks of the fo'c'sle door; afterwards the pipes and chat, and then to rest, lulled to sleep by the sound of the water gently lapping against the sides of the boat. A pessimist might suggest that the dull thumping of the rudder, and the slapping of blocks against the rigging, are not always the best accompaniments to slumber, but such objections are not worthy of those who brave the perils of the deep.

A boat such as I have tried to describe could only be the invention of a man who had been himself a sailor, and is the outcome of a long and deep attachment to the sea—an attachment not merely born of nautical novels, but which was strong enough to survive the hard test of personal experience; for at an age when most boys are still at school, Mr. Hemy had doubled Cape Horn, and had already made acquaintance with the varying phases of a sailor's life, with which he has ever since remained in sympathy.

It is in an existence such as this that we find the secret of the vigour and truthfulness of Mr. Hemy's work, and by this devotion to one branch of Art new facts are added to the great whole of artistic knowledge, while the painter wins for himself, by his lifelong and intimate study of the sea, an ever-increasing insight into the wonders of its colour and brilliancy, its movements and its moods.

M. W. FREEMAN.



Carving on Stern of the Sea-going Studio.

THE LATE JOHN PETTIE, R.A., H.R.S.A.

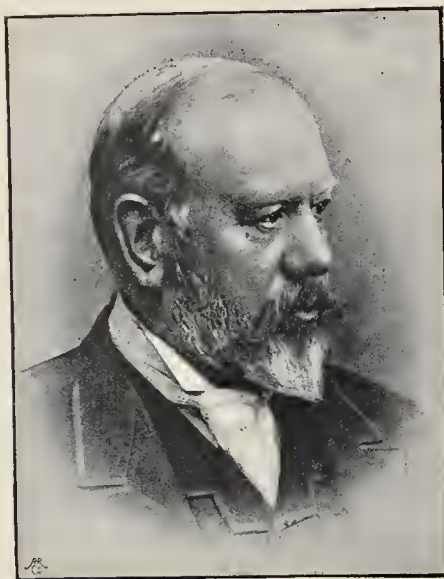
IN a short biographical sketch of Mr. Pettie in THE ART JOURNAL of September, 1869, the writer used words which, looking back upon them after a quarter of a century, may be regarded as possessing somewhat of prophetic significance. "Another artist," he says, "who has crossed the Scottish border and settled on the banks of the Thames, is Mr. Pettie. He has been with us little more than six years, and is still quite a young man. Yet he has already gained a name and a position unattainable by many, even after a long appearance before the public. Unusual good fortune has attended him, but the merits of his productions amply justify the success that has followed them." That Mr. Pettie throughout his subsequent career justified the high opinion formed of his early work, has been emphatically testified to by many writers on the daily and weekly press, who took up their pens to chronicle his untimely and deeply lamented death, and to recount to the world something of the artist and his aims. May we not say, too, that the attendance at his funeral showed how universally he was respected, how wide were his sympathies. Side by side on that mournful occasion were eminent artists, popular novelists, musicians and merchant princes, and along with them attendants at the Academy, well-to-do and hard-up models of both sexes, all equally feeling the loss of a friend who was true as steel, as generous and open as the day. The illness which carried him off on the 21st February last was occasioned by a tumour in the ear, which went to the brain. While suffering greatly he deceived every one, even his doctor, by his perpetual cheerfulness and vivacity; and so when the sad news was circulated, it was a great shock to all his friends. No one suspected that the end was so near. To the Editor of this Journal, on the morning he left for Hastings, where he died, he spoke of coming back to work in a fortnight, which would give him, he said, plenty of time to finish for the Academy. Alas!

"Go! his finger touched him, and he slept."

His last picture had been painted by his facile hand, which never had so much power in it as during these later years. After the funeral his life-long friends, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. C. E. Johnson (his brother-in-law), and Mr. MacWhirter, looking over his work to determine what should go to the Academy,

stood long marvelling at a portrait of a friend painted in three hours, full of character, a wonderful likeness and a splendid piece of colour.

John Pettie was born in Edinburgh in 1839, but removed with his parents while yet a boy to East Linton, a pretty little village in East Lothian, just one station beyond the ancient seaport of Dunbar, where the Scottish express, on its northward journey, stops for the collection of tickets. East Lothian, an old lady once said, is famous for artists and potatoes; and since Pettie's day this village of East Linton has acquired no small fame as an artists' resort. It might be spoken of as the Grès of Scotland. The river Tyne—not to be confounded with the great shipping highway at Newcastle—with its placid waters, grey willows, and red-tiled mills, has many paintable reaches. Just below the station is a picturesque Linn, where in summer young artists set up their easels to catch the river with its flickering lights and shadows as it lingers in dark rocky pools where the big trout lie, before it escapes again into the sunlight. Pettie, however, does not seem to have been affected in the same way as later-day artists are by the scenery. For him the human figure had more charm, and while he was yet a lad at the parish



John Pettie, R.A., H.R.S.A.

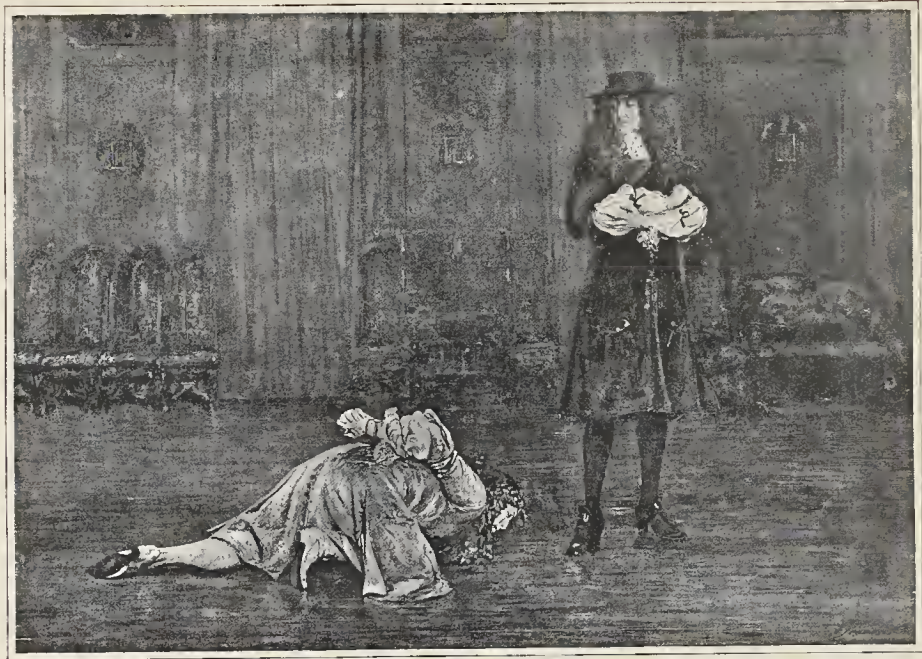
school, or in his father's shop, he was sketching the children or making pictures of the celebrities of the village. There seems to have been heart-searchings at home as to the lad's career. His parents would have liked him to go into business, but his own inclinations did not that way tend. He wanted to be an artist, and in that resolve he, fortunately, had the support of his uncle, Mr. Robert Frier, who afterwards became one of the best-known teachers of drawing in Edinburgh, and who helped his nephew greatly in his early studies. Armed with a letter of introduction to the late Mr. James Drummond, R.S.A., the painter of 'The Porteous Mob' in the National Gallery of Scotland, Mrs. Pettie and her son appeared one day in the early "fifties" in the studio of this artist. Drummond was a man who invariably dissuaded anyone who came to him for light and leading on the point, from being an artist. Mrs. Pettie presented her letter and was kindly received. Drummond tendered his usual advice even before the anxious mother had time to undo the packet of her son's sketches she had

brought with her. "No! no! put him into business!" The advice fell in with her own wishes, but her maternal pride was nettled that it should have been given in so off-hand a way. "Won't you," she remonstrated, "see my boy's sketches first before making up your mind?" Thus appealed to Drummond turned over the sketches, and became interested in them. "Well!" said Mrs. Pettie. "Well!" replied Mr. Drummond, "whatever you or I may say won't matter much; your boy will die an artist." So Pettie came into Edinburgh to reside with his uncle, Mr. Robert Frier, and, though still young, to attend what was known as "The Trustees' Academy," then under the care of Robert Scott Lauder, an eminent artist himself and a splendid teacher. Wilkie had studied at the same academy when John Graham was its master; William Dyce had been its head, but undoubtedly the Trustees' School reached its most brilliant period after 1850 under Scott Lauder, who numbered among his pupils such men as W. Q. Orchardson, J. MacWhirter, Peter Graham, John Burr, A. H. Burr, John Pettie, Tom Graham, G. Paul Chalmers, W. M. Taggart, and John Hutchison. How many masters are there who can boast of having had for scholars such a number of able artists? Pettie was younger than most of this "set," but he at once distinguished himself by his energy, activity, and indefatigable powers of work. A sketching club was got up at the Waverley Temperance Hotel, where the members met to have tea and to sketch a subject suggested by each in turn. The club was afterwards carried on in the members' houses and lasted up to 1861, when the migration to London of the leaders of the "set" began. Pettie, brilliant from the beginning and rather impatient of study, made rapid progress in his art. So full of energy was he that in those early days he was scarcely ever seen in the street except "on the run."

In 1858, when only nineteen years of age, he had a picture hung in the Royal Scottish Academy. It was called 'The Prison Pet,' and showed a manacled prisoner in his dungeon watching a rat feeding, out of a plate, on the remains of his scanty dinner. The pathos of the scene was simple and unaffected. The Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland did the young artist the honour of purchasing the picture for £35, and of making it one of their prizes in the distribution of 1859. It may not be uninteresting to say that the winner was Mr. W. H. Challoner, Adelaide, so that it is very probable this first exhibit of Pettie's is still in Australia. Other early pictures of his were 'False Dice,' with cavalier soldiers quarrelling at the game; 'Convent Hospitality,' 'Distressed Cavaliers,' 'Morning Prayer' and 'Evening Prayer.' In these last two pictures he reproduced such a scene of Scottish family life as Burns immortalises in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and which no doubt the lad had often taken part in himself in his village home. The "priest-like father" reading the sacred page in 'Evening Prayer' is, indeed, a portrait of his own father, and it is members of the family who are also introduced into this scene of reverent worship. With these and other works Pettie, young as he was, had considerable success in Edinburgh. But Scotland was too small to hold all the Scott Lauder "set," and some of them began to turn their faces southwards. In 1860 Mr. Pettie secured his first introduction to the Royal Academy. It was with 'The Armourers,' a picture small in size which is spoken of as having been carefully painted. In the following year he attracted some attention by a work called 'What d'ye lack?' in which a London mercer's saucy apprentice of the olden time directs the attention of the passengers to the wares in his master's booth. In 1862 he sent to the Royal Scottish



"The World went very well then." By John Pettie, R.A.
From the Picture in the possession of J. Murray, Esq. By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.



The Duke of Monmouth and James II. By John Pettie, R.A. By permission of Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons.

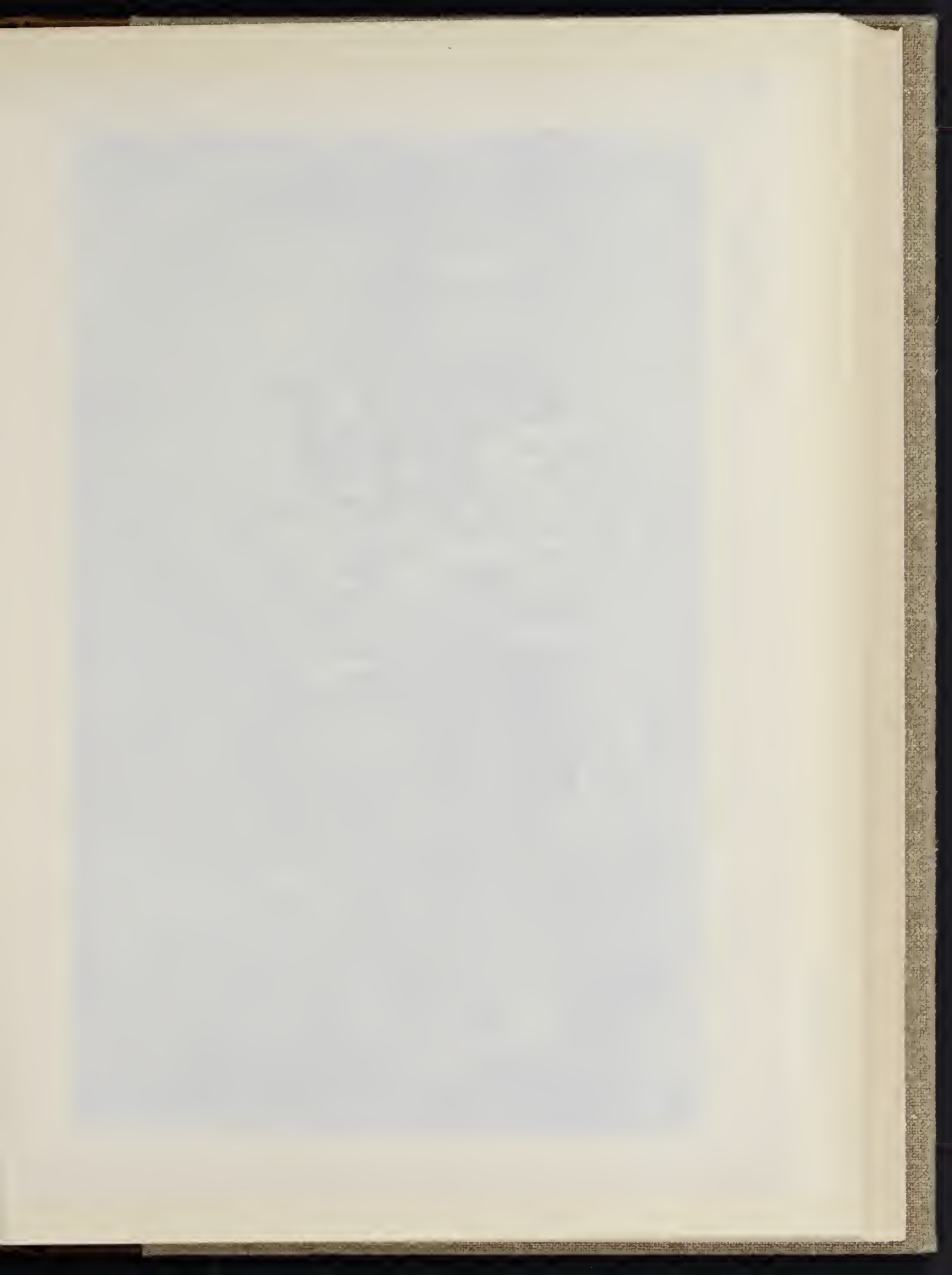
Academy 'One of Cromwell's Divines,' and not far off from it was hung a picture of 'The Old Lieutenant and his Son,' an admirable piece of work associated with which is a little history. It is noteworthy as having been among the first of the commissions which Pettie received from Mr. Strahan, the publisher of *Good Words*—a connection which, to the young artist, was of invaluable service. The picture was painted to illustrate a story of the same name which the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, the editor of the magazine, was running through its pages. The eminent Scottish divine climbed the long stair at India Street to Pettie's studio in his uncle's house to see the picture; but in the stripling who opened the door he did not recognise the artist. Having stated his errand Pettie showed him the picture (and while he was examining it, the artist took a rapid and surreptitious sketch of the great man). "Well," said Dr. Macleod, in leaving, "I'm sorry to have missed Mr. Pettie, but you will tell him, my lad, that I have been here and am well pleased with the work." Pettie thereupon confessed that he was the artist, and was overwhelmed with the apologies and compliments which Macleod made to him.

From the titles of the pictures which have been mentioned, it will be seen that Pettie was early attracted to history and romance for subjects for his works, and by preference the Elizabethan and Cromwellian periods were his favourites, as affording picturesque features in costume and armour which he delighted to paint. He was a great admirer of Sir Walter Scott, from whose romantic novels he derived inspiration for not a few pictures. Pettie had a strong feeling for colour. He could hardly have been a pupil of Scott Lauder without being affected in that way; and in Cavaliers and Roundheads he found the material which best suited his

opulent brush. His development was rapid, and at a very early period in his career the "flicking lights and shadows warm" of the Scottish school made their home in his pictures. Pettie, also, early showed himself possessed of those dramatic qualities which throughout life he exhibited in his works. He had a clear perception of his subject. He could seize with great felicity upon its salient features, and with a vigorous and bold hand could invest it with that living expression and power which never failed to arrest popular attention and sympathy. This dramatic quality was part of his own nature.

Pettie's connection with *Good Words* was profitable to the artist and of service to the magazine. Many of the drawings he made for the wood-engraver came out admirably. A notable one appeared in January, 1863—that of Sturm, the monk, on his trusty ass, axe in hand, riding away into the wild wood, singing his psalms; and there is another in the same volume of Kalembo the negro, also full of tender feeling. Along with Mr. MacWhirter, Pettie illustrated a dainty little volume of Wordsworth's poems for children, which Mr. Strahan issued in 1863. MacWhirter's landscapes in this book are charming; Pettie's figure-pieces not less so. As the little volume is now seldom seen we may just mention a particularly happy drawing of 'The Idle Shepherd Boys,' as one of the gems of the collection.

In 1863 Pettie exhibited at the Royal Academy, 'The Trio,' three street musicians, as to which the critic of *THE ART JOURNAL* of that year wrote, "this artist should have some good stuff in him." He had undoubtedly, and the "good stuff" never failed him even to the end. In 1864 Pettie secured the attention of the London public by his admirable work exhibited that year at the Royal Academy, called 'The

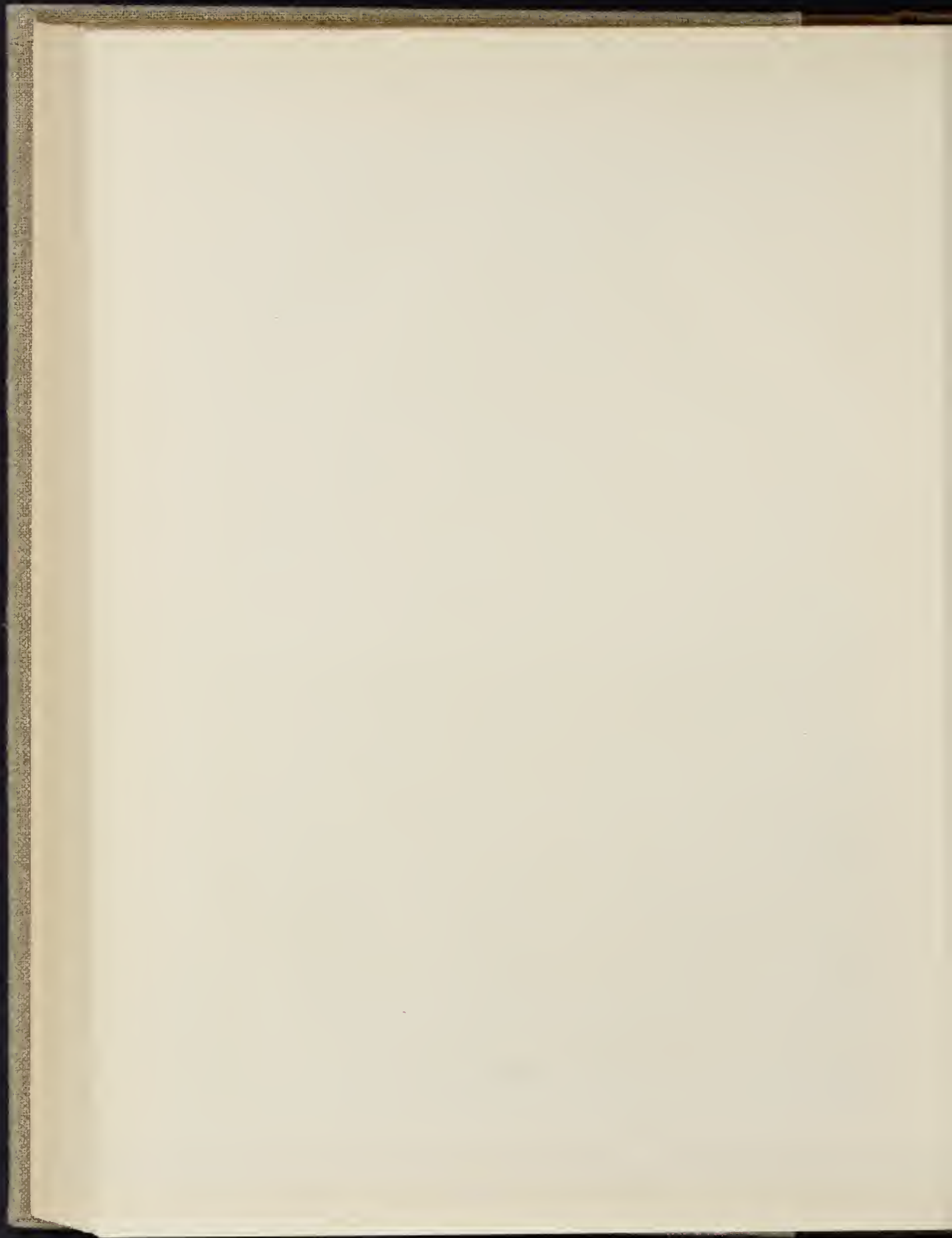






J. Pettie

THE TRAITOR
BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.



Drumhead Court-martial.' The subject was fresh and full of dramatic power. It represents a Cavalier of noble mien haled by a band of Roundhead soldiers before a Cromwellian tribunal seated outside a tent around a drum. A clergyman is one of the judges, from whose stern aspect the fate of the prisoner may be easily read. The picture, which we reproduce below, from a photograph lent by Miss Frier, was one of the most popular works of the year, and hundreds of visitors gathered round it every day to admire it and to speak of the young artist. Two years before that, however, it should have been said, Pettie had removed to London. His friend Orchardson had gone there before him, and Pettie, Tom Graham, and C. E. Johnson followed. They occupied a house in Fitzroy Square, which was afterwards tenanted successively by Mr. Ford Madox-Brown and Mr. Andrew Gow. The society was broken up some years later by Pettie's marriage to Miss Lizzie Bossom, whom he met when on a visit to Hastings. Mr. C. E. Johnson had previously married another sister. The Petties went to live in Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, in a house vacated by Mr. Frith, R.A. Somewhat later they removed to "The Lothians," a residence he had built for himself in Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, where he had a studio which at the time was considered the finest in London. But that is rather anticipating events.

From 1862 onwards, Mr. Pettie was a regular contributor to the Royal Academy. To it he was ever loyal; to it he ever sent his best work. Nor did he forget the Royal Scottish Academy, of which, in 1871, he was elected an honorary member, a compliment by his fellow-countrymen of which he was very proud. To other exhibitions held in London and in the provinces he was also a willing contributor, so that his name came to be well known from the Tay to the Thames. In

1866, his 'Arrest for Witchcraft,' a picture painted in a highly dramatic key, was seen at the Royal Academy, and was understood at the time to have led to his election as an Associate in 1867, he being then only twenty-six years of age. To the same period belong such works as 'Sir Hudibras and Ralph in the Stocks,' 'A Visit to the Necromancer,' 'The Rehearsal'—a clever picture of an ancient *maitre de ballet* in a garret teaching a child to dance; 'Battledoor,' with the terraced lawn at Haddon Hall for background; and 'Persuading Papa,' which, as was well said at the time, looked like the embodiment of a page of Molière. 'Terms to the Besieged' (1872); 'The Flag of Truce'; 'Juliet and Friar Lawrence'; 'A State Secret'; and 'A Scene in Hal o' the Wynd's Smithy' (1874), were also outstanding works.

Pettie was made an Academician at thirty-five, an honour to which few attain at so early an age. His diploma work was 'Jacobites, 1745,' showing a group of plaided Highlanders listening to the reading of an important despatch. His principal works in 1876 were 'The Step'—an ancient dame of high degree giving a lesson in deportment to her little grandchild; and 'The Threat,' where we have the life-size figure of a man-in-armor treated with the vitality and force which such a subject demands. Another splendid work of Mr. Pettie's, one of the best indeed of his dramas in paint, was 'The Sword and Dagger Fight,' which as an example of the painting of the human figure under the strongest passion is worthy of being named along with Meissonier's 'La Rixe.' In 1877, in accordance with his usual practice, Mr. Pettie, accompanied by Mrs. Pettie, spent the summer in Scotland. They were at Callander, in the very heart of the Scott country, within easy drive of the Tro-sachs and Loch Katrine, the Pass of Leny, and the Braes of Balquhiddy. Paul Chalmers was there also, worrying over



The Drumhead Court-martial. By John Pettie, R.A.

his 'Glee Maiden;' so, too, was Mr. G. A. Lawson, the sculptor, and Mr. Gow, the Edinburgh banker. There was plenty of fishing and good-fellowship, and drives to places of interest in the neighbourhood were daily undertaken. While here Pettie, set on fire by his surroundings, began his picture of 'Rob Roy.' Mr. Gow, who at that time wore a flowing auburn beard, sat for this renowned Highlander, and Pettie, with coat thrown off, worked with characteristic energy. 'The Death Warrant,' one of Mr. Pettie's most important incident pictures, was shown in 1879. The subject was worthy of dramatic presentment, representing, as it did, a young king seated at table with his councillors signing his first death-warrant. The character contrasts in it are studied with admirable discrimination and ability. In 1882, 'The Duke of Monmouth's Interview with James II.' was exhibited. This picture recalls one of the closing scenes in the life of that handsome but misguided and unfortunate youth. He was twice unsuccessful in conspiracies against Royalty and ultimately fell into the hands of James II. (Duke of York), after the defeat at Sedgemoor. On being admitted to the King's presence he grovelled on the floor, begging for his life, in the manner the artist has so dramatically represented. The contempt for his bastard nephew is strikingly depicted in the face of the king, who a few days later signed the warrant for Monmouth's execution on Tower Hill. 'The Vigil,' a work of rare impressive quality, was shown in 1884, and was bought by the Chantrey Fund trustees; 1886 saw one of his largest and best-known works, 'The Chieftain's Candlesticks,' a scene instinct with the old clan feeling of his native country. There is not another artist who could have painted with such trenchant force and truthfulness of effect those two stalwart Highlanders with flambeau in one hand and claymore in the other, standing in their native dignity by the side of their chieftain's chair in this bare and rugged hall.

Our large illustration of 'The Traitor' has been reproduced from one of Pettie's later works; a painting he elected to be represented by at Chicago. 'The Traitor,' although a very dramatic picture, is not historical, but was chosen for the variety of costumes and attitudes it afforded to the artist. The once-trusted comrade who has been proven guilty of betraying the cause, lies bound on the floor while his justly enraged colleagues consider, not without strong resentment, the best way of ridding themselves of the coward who now pleads for mercy.

Like a good many of his countrymen, though they sometimes do not get credit for it, Mr. Pettie was blessed with a keen sense of humour, which found expression in works touched with a lighter fancy than those which have been passed in review. This quality bubbles forth in one of his early pictures, 'Who leads a good life is sure to live well,' in which some good-natured fun is poked at a couple of jolly monks; and it is even more happily exemplified in such pretty little comedies in colour as 'Two Strings to her Bow' (1887) which was one of the principal prizes in connection with the Glasgow International Exhibition drawing; or 'The World went very well then' (1890). The latter enshrines a delightful embodiment of a bashful wooer, who, bouquet in hand, follows his mistress down a green country lane. She, as they say in the North, "Never lets on," but all the same is not, as may be read in her winsome face, at all displeased to be teased about her beau by the lively companion who walks by her side. All is bright and sunny as youth should be, and though the trio

are in Georgian costume, the sentiment has a perennial interest. Pettie was very fond of putting his friends into his pictures, and in the 'Two Strings to her Bow,' the initiated may readily recognise three of those who were very dear to him.

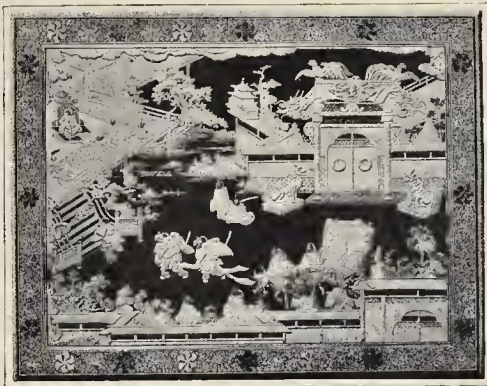
Pettie too was a popular portrait painter, and his gallery of portraits includes a considerable representation of the celebrities of the day, as well as a large number of private sitters. During the last few years of his life Pettie gave more and more of his time to portraiture, in which he often had much success.

Pettie, as we have sufficiently indicated, was a diligent worker. He was never happier than when he was before his easel, full of enthusiasm for whatever he was painting, be it portrait or *genre*. He was a student to the close; his last work was always to be his best. This kept his hand free, his style from becoming mechanical. Of him it could well be said, that whatever his hand found to do he did it with his might. He never began any picture without knowing exactly what he meant to do. There was no fumbling with him. When a sitter disappointed him Pettie took it very much to heart. A noble personage whom he was painting had arranged to come one morning at ten o'clock. Pettie was there to the minute ready and eager to begin. The affatus was upon him; but eleven struck and twelve without the sitter appearing, and meantime the artist's painting power had gradually oozed away. At half-past twelve the sitter came. Pettie told him frankly he could not paint that day; and begged him to set his own time but to keep it. The gentleman took the hint, and a fine portrait was the result.

In London he took his full share of the work of the Royal Academy, and he spent a considerable portion of his time in connection with the affairs of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, for he had a large and kindly heart and generous disposition, and loved, unostentatiously, to do good to those who were not so fortunate as himself. To young Scottish artists who came to London he was always helpful, and not many went to the metropolis without an introduction to him. A man of an extremely simple and unsuspecting nature, Pettie, through life, took whatever fate or fortune befell him cheerfully and manfully. He had his hard times, but he met them with a smile and courageously, and when success came he took it with easy equanimity. At his house in Fitzjohn's Avenue he ever welcomed his old friends with true hospitality; and latterly, through his son-in-law, Mr. McCunn, the brilliant young Scottish composer, he got into a musical circle which he greatly enjoyed. A prominent trait in his character worthy of note was the generosity with which he gave away his work among his friends—to one a portrait, to another a sketch, which, needless to say, were greatly prized. To his early friends Pettie's loss will be irreparable. By all who knew him, gentle and simple alike, his memory will be long cherished. What niche will be allotted to him in the great Walhalla of Art it is too early to ask. Whatever it may be, be it high or low, men will ever speak of him as of one who had a high ideal, who loved his art and pursued it with enthusiasm and success to the close of a pure and honourable and useful life.

W. MATTHEWS GILBERT.

The writer gratefully desires to acknowledge the help he has received in the preparation of this article from notes kindly supplied to him by Messrs. Orchardson, MacWhirter, T. Graham, and other artistic friends of the late Mr. Pettie.



No. 1. Lid of Lacquer Box (Exterior).



No. 2. Lid of Lacquer Box (Interior).

A CONNOISSEUR OF ORIENTAL ART.

SIR TREVOR LAWRENCE, BART.

THE number of Englishmen who seriously embark in the delightful occupation of connoisseurs, whether of pictures, bric-à-brac, or what not, are so few in number, that they speedily attain to notoriety, and when spoken of by their acquaintances are usually ear-marked as, for instance, "So-and-so, the china collector." Now, although Sir Trevor Lawrence was one of the first to enter the field as a collector of Eastern Art, his name has never been linked with it. This, no doubt, has arisen from his having become known to fame as a member of Parliament, as a horticulturist, and in other spheres which oftener come under public notice.

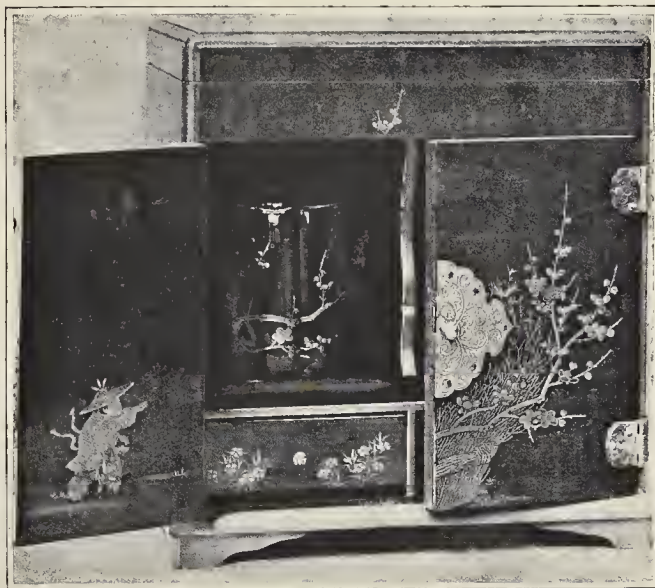
But no one can enter his town residence in Prince's Gate without at once perceiving the directions which his artistic tastes have taken. India, Persia, and other Asiatic and European centres of Art may have come in for occasional recognition, but it is the far East which has most affected him, and to whose æsthetic sway he renders fullest homage. For instance: The entrance hall and staircase are lined with hanging Japanese pictures, amongst which are some fine specimens of that old Buddhist Art which rivalled our miniature paintings in dexterous manipulation, and the early Flemings by their combination of rich colouring and gold.

So, too, his sanctum counts amongst its principal ornamentations a series of bronzes, in which the products of China and Japan assimilate so closely as to be oftentimes indistinguishable.

The first-named country is also most in evidence in the adornment of the large drawing-room, which is

almost entirely devoted to specimens of enamel. Not the modern Japanese work, which in its finest specimens is absolutely unrivalled for the *tours de force* which the best makers produce, but the old Chinese *cloisonnée*, which stands quite apart from the work of Japan, its pupil, in sobriety of tint and beauty of form. These give it a dignity and repose which impart an air of distinction to any apartment of which it forms the principal decoration. Especially is this the case where a richness is added by ormolu mountings of the best period, as is the case with most of the pieces at Prince's Gate.

But there is a single piece, one might almost say of furniture,



No. 3. Japanese Lacquer Cabinet.



No. 4. Japanese Lacquer Box.

of Japanese origin in the drawing-room which probably attracts the attention of every visitor before anything else, and that is the huge lacquered case which was one of many important pieces of Japanese origin which were dispersed when the Hamilton Palace collection came into the market. How they came there, and when they were brought to England, are questions which, perhaps, the Japan Society may solve. At present, collectors have no information; suffice to say, that they have no equals of their kind in the kingdom, and the prices paid for them, although very high, were not excessive, for unique specimens are always the cheapest however dear they may appear. The South Kensington Museum has one in its collection which cost many hundreds of pounds, and Sir Trevor Lawrence did not obtain his at a much cheaper rate.

Some clue to their origin may perhaps be gained from a lacquer box which came to Sir Trevor from the same collection, and the history of which may be guessed from the inscription in the interior of the lid—we give reproductions of both sides, Nos. 1 & 2; the outside representing a party of players performing before the Imperial court, the inside having the words let in,

in gold letters, Maria Van Diemen. This inscription clearly traces it to the possession of the Dutch governor of Batavia, after whom Tasmania was called upon its discovery by Tasman. Anton Van Diemen was a person of much importance in the East in the sixteen-thirties, and it is probable that this box, and, may be, some of the other chests, were presented to him for diplomatic reasons by the rulers of Japan, with whom at that time the Dutch were in continuous and friendly intercourse. Both these pieces have an additional interest, not only from this inscription, which fixes a date later than which in make they cannot be, but because they afford such admirable illustrations of the Chinese influence which was so strongly marked in all Japan's productions, not only then, but for some time later.

But it is in the smaller drawing-room at Prince's Gate that the principal portion of Sir Trevor's well-known Japanese collection is to be found. Here are cases containing so many pieces of interest that the veriest glutton of things Japanese would cry enough before he came nigh the end.

Unfortunately perhaps for the collector even of a single branch of the Art of this country, there is such endless variety that he never attains to a time when he can say, "My collection is complete"; and Sir Trevor's first remark about almost every piece, as one examines it with him, is, "I purchased it because it is peculiar in this respect." This endless versatility is one of the most remarkable testimonies to the genius of the artist-craftsman of Japan, as opposed to him of China, or, in fact, any other country, whether Eastern or Western. Working, for instance, in a single material such as lacquer, he yet succeeds in fashioning it so that it always has individuality and novelty. So it comes to pass that a collector finds his examples even of lacquer extending to hundreds (Mr. Gilbertson's exceed a thousand), without the limit of the art being reached.

As in Sir Trevor's case it has reached several hundreds it would be hopeless to attempt to give any detailed account



No. 5. Lid and Tray of Lacquer Box.

of them, and we will, therefore, confine our description to the half-dozen specimens selected for illustration. The third illustration is a little cabinet also from the Hamilton sale. It has probably served for the incense game, in which scents were burnt in the metal-lined jar which is seen in the interior, and the players had to guess what the perfume was. The cabinet dates from the seventeenth century, and may be by one of the great Kajikawa family, so famous in the annals of lacquer makers. It is notable for its simplicity of ornament, the exterior decoration being sprays of *Prunus* blossom appearing behind a wattle fence. On the interior of the doors little Chinese children roll a snowball. The connection between the two may be guessed from the following lines by an old poet:—

"Ice flakes are falling fast
Through the chilly air, and now
Yonder trees with snow-blossoms laden
Do assume the wild plum's guise,
With their mass of snowy flowers
Gladdening winter's dreary time."

Plum blossom is one of the greatest favourites of this flower-loving nation; for its appearance is a sign that spring is nigh.

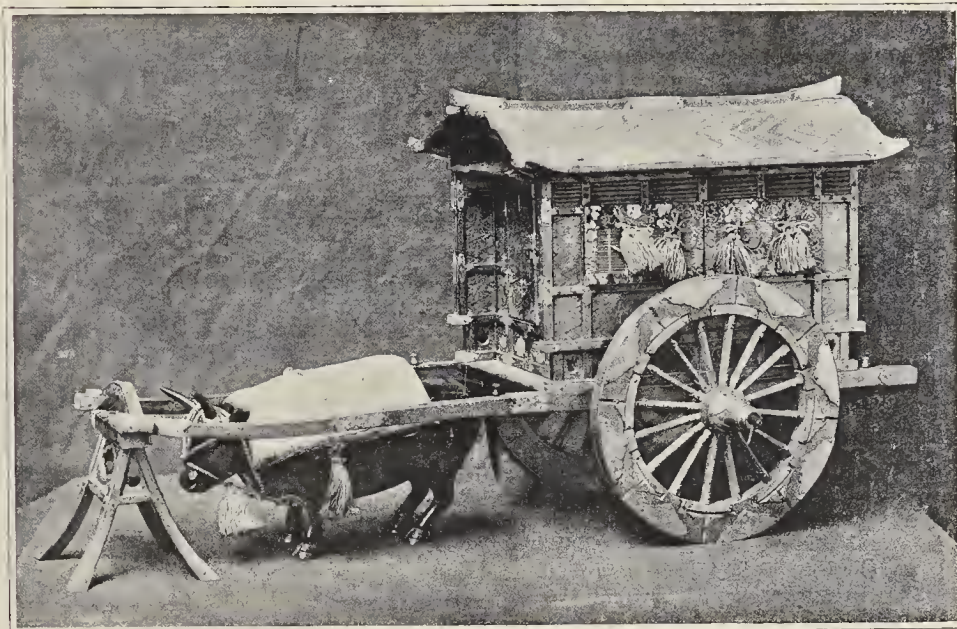


No. 6. *Bento Bako*, or Picnic Box. Lacquer.

Illustration No. 4 is a remarkably fine box, some eighteen inches in length, which Sir Trevor picked up as a rare bargain at Christie's, where, as he remarks, lacquer seems never to be appreciated. It is of the best period as regards richness of workmanship, the gold being literally piled on, and the little ducks being of solid metal. The ornament is still Chinese in character, as evidenced in the draughtsmanship of the trees and rocks. The interior is as good as the exterior. The tray of the next illustration (No. 5) is still thoroughly Chinese in character, although

the lid is Japanese in design. The latter shows us the twelve zodiacal signs,* and at the same time exposes the weakness of the Japanese drawing of animals. Its centre is a compass, an instrument derived from Europe in the fifteenth century.

* Namely, the rat, ox, tiger, hare, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, ape, cock, dog, and boar.



No. 7. *Treasure Cart* in Lacquer and Metal.

This box probably dates from the middle of the eighteenth. No. 11, which represents a small boy seated on a drum, is also an eighteenth-century piece, and is mainly notable for its imitation of wood grain on the barrel of the drum.



Nos. 8 and 9.—*Ohimono*. The Quest of the Shiten Doji and the Fisherman.

A pretty and much larger piece (No. 6) is a bento bako, or picnic box, and is very appropriately covered with a floral decoration of the most natural and graceful character. Appropriately, we say, for these boxes are oftenest brought into use on the occasion of the flower-viewings which are indulged in during almost every month throughout the year. It is said that these valuable boxes are then filled with sweet condiments, and carried out to the picnic with no more protection than a silk handkerchief; but the box before us has a most elaborate bag, which laces up in various places, so as to attain a perfect fit. Each compartment is of a different coloured lacquer, black, green, red, yellow, and brown.

A quaint fancy amongst artists in lacquer and metal was to effigy in miniature the treasure carts which, we believe, formed an important feature in the processions of the Mikado and the Shogun, who between them ruled the country. The interior of the little cart was made to serve as a receptacle for the counters of games, but the exteriors were exact imitations of the actual cart, every bolt and fastening being fashioned with delightful accuracy. No finer specimens of the marvellous workmanship of this race of master-workmen can be found than these most luxurious toys, and it is no wonder that this collection is distinguished by no less than three examples. The one illustrated (No. 7), is notable for being complete, even to the bullock, with his trappings, a feature

which is usually absent. Probably no piece of Sir Trevor's is so often coveted by connoisseurs, who recognise the thorough perfection of all its parts.

Sir Trevor has always had a great fondness for netsukés, and everything akin to them, and in this respect he shares the opinion not only of the best judges, but of the meanest fanciers of Japanese Art. For no branch illustrates more forcibly and yet more charmingly its many aspects and peculiarities, its strength and its weaknesses. A true netsuké shows its fitness for the purpose for which it is employed, namely, to be used as a button to hold in place a cord passed through the sash, and to which is attached a seal, or medicine case. It should not, therefore, have any protuberances to catch and break. This necessity has led the makers to conceive all sorts of clever designs, which shall answer the purpose and still fall in with this requirement.

From this it will be seen that none of those which we illustrate here are netsukés in the true sense of the word. They have arisen out of the demand for ornaments, which shall only have that *raison d'être*, and they are, therefore, properly classed not as netsukés, but as *okimono*, or "things to be



No. 10. Pipe or Brush Case.



No. 11. Boy seated on a Drum. Lacquer.

placed." The number of these compared with netsukés was in old days quite infinitesimal, but now the position has entirely reversed. Netsukés are seldom, if ever, made; for the fashion of dress which called for them has departed for



No. 12. Okimono. Elephant and Children.

ever. When made they are only to pass off as old ones. Europeans and Americans now prefer the more elaborate carvings, and Japan is only too ready to supply them.

Of our illustrations the elephant and children (No. 12), carved by Kawamoto Shuraku, most nearly resembles a netsuké in the absence of protuberances, whilst that of a man pulling at a net, by Noboyuki, most completely departs from it, for it is actually in two pieces, the figure and the rock being separate.

There are no elephants in Japan, probably there never was one, and the designs having filtered from India through China have not gained in truthfulness. But the Japanese utilised him a good deal in Art; partly because he is necessary in certain Buddhist representations, and partly because he symbolizes strength in opposition to weakness, as we have it here in the case of the children.

The third Okimono (No. 8), by Giokushinsai Koichi, illustrates a scene from an old fairy legend of Raiko in quest of the Shiten Doji. Raiko and his followers are wandering in the pathless gorges of the mountains of Tango. They suddenly emerge upon a stream and a maiden washing blood-stained clothes. When they interrogate her she replies, "You must not venture further, this is the haunt of demons; see the bones of the men, women, and children they have eaten." Thereupon they only danced for joy, for now they are sure of finding the monster. As they in fact do very shortly afterwards, and of course destroy him.

Sir Trevor Lawrence was one of the earliest in England to collect netsukés. He was not perhaps so soon in the field as Sir Rutherford Alcock, or Mr. Mitford, who both made their collections in Japan, but at the latter's sale at Christie's in 1875 he was one of the purchasers who gave such very high prices for what were then entire novelties; £20 for a netsuké has seldom been obtained since then.

Sir Trevor has not collected much pottery, and the little piece which we illustrate (No. 13) was probably acquired by him mainly for its subject. It is of Imari porcelain and illustrates the Seven Gods of Good Fortune. Beginning on the left, we see Ebisu, god of daily food, and especially of that portion which comes from the sea. These gods are always recognisable by some attribute, which in Ebisu's case is a fish called tai. Behind him, to his right, sits Juro, god of longevity, with a deer as his attribute. The fat Hotei can just be seen behind the conical head (so full of brains) of Fuku-roku-jū, who is showing a painting to Daikoku, the god of riches, and presumably, therefore, a picture buyer. He holds in his hand his miner's mallet, by which the wealth which is below the surface is typified. The rice bales to his left are emblematic of the earth's best product. Behind the attendant, who holds the kakemono open, is seen Bishamon Ten, usually termed the god of war, and to his right Benten, the one lady of the party.

Benten is clearly of Buddhistic origin, and therefore often difficult to distinguish from Kwannon and other goddesses. Probably the lady on the brush or pipe case, which we illustrate, is Benten, as she holds a musical instrument; which is not, however, that usually found with her, namely the samisen. The Trevor Lawrence collection contains a large number of these cases as well as pipes, the majority of which are modern, but none the less remarkable for their interesting ornamentation.

MARCUS B. HUISE.



No. 13.—Imari Porcelain. The Seven Gods of Good Fortune.

THE SALONS OF 1893.

THE SALON CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES AND THE SALON CHAMP DE MARS.

FOR many years I do not think there has been so weak a Salon as that just opened in the Champs-Élysées. There is no specially striking picture; there is no new talent above the average; there is no canvas of captivating and abiding interest; everything has a cold, monotonous effect, which leaves one somewhat in doubt as to the future.

I know, of course, that since our annual display was ruthlessly divided into two Salons, many artists of recognised standing have deserted the Champs-Élysées for the Champ de Mars, and have consequently withdrawn the special artistic interest attaching to their own productions, and I also do not omit to give due weight to the fact that this year the names of many of our more famous artists, such as Gérôme, Detaille, Berne-Bellecour, Vibert, etc., do not figure in the catalogue. Yet even with every allowance for these so-to-say defections, the general collection is poor.

Art does not appear to follow any precise and clearly defined path. With the exception of the older masters, who alone afford us any interest in this year's exhibition, the younger artists have become imbued with a mysticism and idealism which, although of great simplicity, cannot tend to develop sincerity and truthfulness. After an examination of all these canvases piled one above the other, we have a firm

for their contributions are numerous. We notice with pleasure on the line such well-known signatures as Alma Tadema, whose picture, 'Sous les Roses,' is a masterpiece of delicate execution and refined poetic feeling. In another room Hubert Herkomer asserts and makes good his right to be styled a master, with his large landscape of 'Our Village,' which was exhibited last year in London at the Royal Academy. Farther on we come to a seapiece by Clays, which has a very imposing effect, and is full of light and truth. And scattered here and there, like oases in a desert, the landscapes by Sheard and Stiévenart, the portraits by Pochwalski, and the lions by Meyerheim afford the eye relief and repose.

The two most important canvases in the Salon which alone seem capable of contesting the Médaille d'Honneur are 'Charles the Bold,' and the 'Propos Galants' of M. Roybet. These two are undoubtedly the work of a master, and possess all the skill of execution and colouring which have rendered this artist one of the most distinguished of his time; but the general effect is dark, and there is too evident an effort to imitate the Old Masters, and to try to impart to modern work the tones pertaining to such treasures of our national collections as have acquired the patina of centuries. It is a passing mania both with young artists and virtuosos to endeavour to

reproduce this effect, and the public in their ignorance consider the attempt as evidence of genius. In the same room M. de Munkacsy, who has been absent from the Salon for some years, exhibits a large painting, entitled 'Arpad,' and intended to decorate the Hungarian Diet. The composition is, as usual, grandiose, but the *ensemble* is hard and the colouring bad, and the picture is far from eclipsing his famous 'Christ before Pilate.'

Military painting is but poorly represented this year, but MM. Boutigny, Grolleron and Orange, hardly compensate us for the absence of the masters by important canvases. Boutigny's picture, 'Le Drapeau,' is wonderfully effective and dramatic.

The landscapists as usual are the most successful. M. Harpignies, the *doyen* at his profession and the master, achieves a twofold

triumph with pictures of a somewhat sombre cast. M. Le Poittevin has a very beautiful evening effect. M. Vayson, as will be seen in the illustration we give, combines the skill of both animal painter and landscape painter in a work of charming delicacy and sentiment, the original possessing the further attraction of good colouring. M. Olive, with his views



La Bergère. Paul Vayson.

conviction that there is a great lack of promise. It is in vain for the critic to scrutinise indulgently one example and then another; no future master is forthcoming; there is no great star in the ascendant.

The foreign artists seem to have anticipated this dearth of good and interesting work, and to have come to the rescue,

from the south, and MM. Rosier, Armand-Guéry, and Simonet complete the series of good landscapes.

Unfortunately, among the portraits we always come across the same artists, the younger generation evidently regarding this path as too heavy and difficult, and fearing to enter upon it. M. Bonnat exhibits a fine portrait of a lady, M. J. J. Lefebvre the portrait of General Brugère, M. Benjamin Constant is responsible for the two best portraits, viz., those of Lord Dufferin, the English ambassador, of which we give a reproduction, and Lady Helena Vincent. M. Aimé Morot has not only sent a capital portrait of a man, but also a military picture entitled 'Bonaparte in Egypt,' which is charmingly and accurately executed.

Of the *genre* subjects it is beyond dispute that M. P. Outin's 'Going uphill' (see illustration) is the best, the composition, the drawing, and the general execution revealing not only natural talent but a considerable amount of careful labour and study. We would also commend Mdlle. E. Gard-



Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador to France.
By Benjamin Constant.

ner's 'Judgment of Paris,' which is worthy of her master, Bouguereau, and it is reproduced on page 220. M. Tattegrain has a carefully-studied and effective canvas entitled 'A Fire,' and M. Bergeret a powerful rendering of still-life. M. G. Haquette's 'Return to Port,' on the next page, is decidedly his best achievement, and in a further selection of subjects which deserve more than a passing glance, we would call attention to M. Baschet's portrait of M. Francisque Sarcey, and to the exhibits of MM. Brouillet, J. Bail, Rochegrosse, F. Cormon, J. P. Laurens, and L. Doucet. Their work is far from what such artists should produce, but they are all capable of having their revenge next year.

The reproduction of M. Grolleron's 'Comrades,' overleaf, is an interesting incident. In the background the engagement still rages. A wounded soldier, with his arm in a sling, bears another, whose foot is injured, to the rear. Although in different regiments they are old comrades, and the sentiment is one which strongly



Going uphill. By P. Outin.

appeals to a military nation like the French.

THE SALON OF THE CHAMP DE MARS.

The general feebleness and mediocrity of the collection at the Champs-Élysées led us to hope that the Salon of the Champ de Mars would provide better entertainment, but in this we were rather mistaken. The Nouvelle Société's exhibition has little to interest us; as a whole it is cold and lifeless, as at the Champs-Élysées; and the eye, unable to alight on any work of supreme interest, whether by an old or young hand, obtains no relief from the prevailing monotony. It would seem as if the artists had passed the word from one to the other that no effort should be made this year to rise above the level of commonplace production.



Un Enterrement (Normandie). By A. Hagborg.

At the Champ de Mars the foreign artists are in great force, and occupy about half the wall space. A little more and we

shall get accustomed to a yearly display of foreign work in the heart of Paris. They are, however, not so successful here as at the Champs-Élysées, where they appear in the front rank. In fact, if we except the works of a few artists, we may say that the European schools are wretchedly represented. Mr. H. W. Mesdag, with his marvelous sea pieces, has a prominent position, and maintains, as usual, his claim to be considered a master of execution and of composition. Beside him Mr. Swan, the English animal-painter, only exhibits a single picture, 'Tigers drinking,' admirable in drawing and as attractive and worthy of study as a Delacroix. Mr. Edelfelt contributes the results of some earnest studies of interiors and of sun and snow effects in his own country; they are full of poetry and refinement. And, lastly, Mr. H. W. B. Davis offers us some well-executed landscapes, among them a 'Ploughing,' recalling the well-known picture of Rosa Bonheur; and this completes the series of foreign artists before whose works we should pause for closer examination.



The Return to Port. By G. Haquette.



Comrades. By P. Groleron.



The Judgment of Paris. By Mlle. E. Gardner.

There are a great number of portraits, but few good ones. M. Carolus Duran, availing himself of that incomprehensible and unreasonable regulation which permits each artist to send ten or twelve canvases for exhibition, occupies quite a panel with nine of his portraits. It would have been preferable had he exhibited only three of them, for these are indeed masterpieces, but, surrounded as they are by the others, they are lost. M. Rixens has a series of portraits which are excellent and conscientiously done, and his contribution may be pronounced to be one of the best in the Champ

de Mars. M. Weerts never fails to obtain a success with his small portraits. M. L. Picard derives too much inspiration from Besnard; but for all that there are in his portraits unquestionable proofs of personal talent. M. Callot has two good portraits.

The landscapists are behind their rivals of the Palais des Champs Elysées. M. Boudin, who no longer commands the technical skill which he possessed formerly, nevertheless exhibits some effective and charming sea pieces. M. Dauphin's views from the south are full of refinement. M. Montenard, the colourist of sunlight, although at times somewhat rugged and harsh, has sent in work of considerable merit. M. Billotte, who has devoted so much time to the fortifications and environs of Paris, displays too apt a talent for the portrayal of things wanting in beauty, but the tones and values are exquisite.

M. Lhermitte always secures a triumph with his rural scenes. His 'Bûcheron et la Mort' is one of his best pictures, and is in no way deficient in his customary precision and boldness. M. Raffaelli is represented by a dozen subjects of very unequal merit, scarcely two of them being, in our idea, worthy of his signature. M. G. de la Touche, with his 'Communiantes,' has achieved his masterpiece. The effective manner in which he has rendered white in shadow, a manner powerfully reminiscent of Jules Breton's work, is true to nature, and deserves the closest attention. M. J. J. Rousseau has a very good little canvas. M. Friant provides four pictures, but unfortunately the only two which show any power and skill are small portraits signed in 1889; while from such talented men as MM. Dagnan-Bouveret, Puvion de Chavannes, E. Duez, Sisley, Muenier, &c., we have a right to expect work superior to their present efforts.

As has already been said, both Salons are disappointing, and might at first glance lead one to fear that French Art is in its decadence; but a more intimate acquaintance with the work of both masters and younger artists still encourages one to believe that the future is not altogether without hope of improvement and development.

G. B. B.



Tigers drinking. By J. M. Swan.

ADOLPHE GOUPIL.

THERE has just died in Paris, at an advanced age, one who did more for European Art, and the encouragement and well-being of artists, than any wealthy patron of modern times. He was neither a prince nor a retired merchant, such as the well-known collector, M. Chauchard; he was simply a dealer in prints and pictures, but as head and founder of the Maison Goupil, with its branches in all the principal capitals of the civilised world, his influence was widely felt, and also acknowledged, by the vast body of amateurs whom he so ably assisted in the gratification of their taste.

At the end of the First Empire there was a small shop on the Boulevard Montmartre, near the Variétés, where a certain class of prints were sold, illuminated or coloured in the roughest manner possible. These caricatures—for they were little else—hanging on threads and swaying to and fro in the wind, arrested the attention of all passers-by. Despite these somewhat barbarous displays of the Carrousel or Boulevards, it was from them that many of the children of two generations back derived their artistic tendencies, and doubtless also Adolphe Goupil was among those who often stopped and examined them. Certain it is that when quite a young man he contemplated becoming an artist, but honest, simple-minded citizens entertained the idea that painting was a profession suitable only for the indolent and slothful, and however sons may propose, fathers dispose. Young Adolphe was accordingly forced to bethink himself of some other means of earning his daily bread.

He cast about nevertheless for some occupation which should not remove him too far from the profession of his choice. By the advice of his friend Mozin, he began to get plates engraved and sold copies to amateurs. Nowadays it seems very simple to get engravings done for such a purpose, but the idea had to be started. Up to the period of which we are speaking, the engravers who were in repute sold their works directly to the public. There is not an engraving of the eighteenth or of the commencement of the nineteenth century in which we do not find the engraver's address given. Sometimes, though rarely, it was the artist of the picture reproduced who bought the plate and sold impressions from it on his own account.

The engravings, however, which M. Goupil began to publish 1893.

were works of Art, and Art too of an elevated academic kind. First in partnership with Ritner, then with Vibert, the father of the painter, he gathered round him the most illustrious artists of the day: among others Henriquel-Dupont, Forster, Calamatta, Mercury, Mouilleron, the two François, Martinet, Prudhomme, Richomme, Lemud, Lehmann, Varin, Morse, Levasseur and Blanchard. With infinite care, and refined taste, M. Goupil chose his subjects, then went and saw the artists and paid them their price without bargaining. As an instance we may mention the plate of the Hemicycle, by Henriquel-Dupont after Paul Delaroche, for which no less a

sum than 100,000 francs was paid; such a sum of forty years ago is equivalent to at least double (£8,000) now. The subjects to be found in the Museums not answering the requirements of the public, M. Goupil began to purchase pictures expressly for the purpose of having engravings made from them, and thus became a picture dealer. It seems only a short step from buying pictures which come in one's way to giving special commissions for others. But the artists who have acquired a name, the *peintres arrivés*, are often indolent, and give themselves little trouble over the subjects they have in hand. Younger painters must be found and M. Goupil knew how to set about such a task. Before they come to the front and can get good prices for their works, these young artists require the wherewithal to live. Without actually providing them with food and raiment he helped them in various ways, by a liberal and judicious use



Adolphe Goupil.

of his purse. It was thus that the majority of the artists who are now the most illustrious in the French school were enabled, by his generosity, to surmount their early struggles and to acquire that competence which freed them from all anxiety of the morrow. To realise to some extent the feeling which they entertained towards the good-natured man who had assisted them, one need only have witnessed the throng that gathered at his funeral. There was not only Gérôme, who was connected with the deceased by the closest ties, having married M. Goupil's eldest daughter, but such artists as Detaille, Leloir, Benjamin-Constant, Jules Lefebvre, Vibert, Berne-Bellecour, Bonnat—the older artists who had climbed to the top of their profession, and the younger ones whose career had

been assured and whose path had been rendered easier by the assistance and encouragement of Adolphe Goupil.

With his mind open to every novel and ingenious idea, M. Goupil did not confine his attention to line-engraving, mezzotint and etching. As soon as photography was invented, he foresaw what advantage was to be derived from it, and at considerable monetary risk he was the first in Europe to purchase the processes of photogravure (now called Goupil-gravure) and phototypogravure. With the assistance of his son, Albert Goupil, who died eight or nine years ago, and of his partner for many years, M. Léon Boussod, he established that industry which has brought about another revolution in the art of illustration. The discoveries that he adopted, and

the improvements which he introduced, have resulted in that beautiful and delicate process of facsimile reproduction by which finished pictures, possessing all the charm and brightness of water-colour drawings are produced at one printing.

The name of Goupil is henceforth inseparable from the history of French Art. He symbolises and represents the entire period from Paul Delaroché to Gérôme and Detaille, and when account is taken of the great talents called forth and developed during that time, it will certainly be regarded as one of the most flourishing art periods in the history of the world; and never before had artists met with so full and ready a recognition of their abilities.

FRÉDÉRIC MASSON.

EXHIBITIONS, NOTES AND REVIEWS.

The collection of the early British Masters brought together by Messrs. Dowdeswell is one of the most interesting little exhibitions which has been held in London for a long time. There are several Constables, quite delightful in character and, although not important in size, charming in quality. A large Hoppner, 'The Duchess of York and her Maids,' is one of the most important known works of this master—a painter whose works are rapidly coming to the front. Twelve examples of Morland are also, among them, of the best quality.

The exhibition of Mr. Linley Sambourne's drawings at the Fine Art Society has been attended with great success.

The recent election of Mr. W. J. North to an Associateship of the Royal Academy has been the subject of very general satisfaction. The exponents of water-colours, that branch of Art always regarded as British in a special sense, have been greatly pleased at the compliment paid, though belatedly, to their craft. But there are artists of another section to whom the election came as a heavy blow—the black-and-white men. Theirs is peculiarly the art and the need of the age, instinct with the spirit of modernity; and they realise there is very little use in hoping against hope that the Royal Academy will give them the official recognition which is their due. The feeling is everywhere rife that the time has come for them to look after their own interests, and the formation of a Society of Workers in Black-and-white is freely discussed.

Amongst the recent purchases made on behalf of the National Gallery, are two cabinet pictures of the Dutch school of the seventeenth century, by that little-known and rare painter, William Cornelius Duyster, Egg's picture of 'Beatrice knighted Esmond,' and an excellent example of Nasmyth called 'A View in Hampshire.' But more important, perhaps, than the purchases made are the purchases missed. A reputed example of Albrecht Dürer, long known to have been in the possession of an English clergyman, came into the market. The attention of Sir Frederic Burton was drawn to this rare chance of acquiring a work of interest, but he was slow in responding. The matter was then brought before the Director of the Berlin Museum, who instantly entertained the purchase of the picture. Whilst negotiations were pending, every effort was made by those interested in the

European supremacy of the National Gallery to get the authorities to take steps to keep this picture in England; and Lord Carlisle, one of the Trustees, was induced, as the result of a fortuitous encounter in the streets, to go and see it. But nothing came of it all. The Dürer, if Dürer it is, and the Continental experts seem to be agreed on that point, passed out of England at the price of a thousand guineas, which was very readily paid for it. The matter naturally became the subject of much acrimonious comment, and finally Mr. J. W. Lowther placed Sir John Lubbock under a severe cross-examination on the subject in the House of Commons. The representative of the Treasury defended the action of the National Gallery on the grounds of insufficient evidence of the authenticity of the work, but he was obliged to confess that we have no example of Dürer in our national collection. The feeling widely obtains that, had it been an early Italian master, Sir Frederic Burton would have bestirred himself to see that its final resting-place was in Trafalgar Square. Some additions to the Trustees of the Gallery are evidently still required, and we would suggest the appointment of Mr. Heseltine.

At the sale of the Baring pictures at Christie's, on June 3rd, Mr. Agnew bought for the National Gallery a very interesting example of George Mason, 'The Cast Shoe.' Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Daphnephoria' was purchased by Messrs. Tooth for £3,937 10s., and Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., in conjunction with Mr. Agnew, acquired for America a lovely portrait of Mrs. George Drummond, by Gainsborough, for £7,035.

The sale of the Coquelin Collection in Paris on May 27th revealed the strength of the demand for pictures by Cazin, two of his landscapes fetching considerably over £1,000 each. A small Meissonier fetched £2,332, and two not very important Corots went very high, one, 'Le Pêcheur,' reaching £1,138 for a landscape 13½ by 17 inches. 'Le Semeur,' by J. F. Millet, the beautiful chalk drawing (13 by 16 inches) of which we give a reproduction, went much more cheaply in proportion, being sold for only £1,000. Two small Alma Tademas were much admired by French connoisseurs, and were sold for £1,113 and £630, realising higher prices than they would have probably reached in London at present.

Mr. Whistler is now thoroughly established in Paris. His



The Sower. By Jean François Millet.

studio is a splendid *atelier sur les toits* in the south of the city, and he is hard at work with portraits and figure pictures. His work at present is as masterly and refined as anything he has ever produced. Mr. Whistler occupies himself occasionally with etchings of Paris, and it is hoped by connoisseurs that he will soon permit some of them to be published.

There have been few sales of pictures at either the Royal Academy or the Paris Salons this season, and many artists feel greatly the present scarcity of patrons.

The question of the training of an Art student has always been a difficult one, and although there certainly is some way between Mr. Whistler's idea—which is that an Art student should not study other artists at all but nature alone—and the painter who studies all his life but never produces anything original, yet the proper course for a student has never satisfactorily been found. Professor Van Dyke, of New Brunswick, gives expression to many valuable ideas in his work, "Art for Art's Sake" (Sampson Low), and this little book may be read with pleasure by every seriously-minded student. Reading an Art book of this kind, however, does not lead to much profit to the painter, although it is of great interest to the many who study Art simply as a matter of entertainment.

OBITUARY.

Sir Thomas Alfred Jones, President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, passed away on the 10th May at his Dublin residence, and thus left another serious gap in the lately sadly weakened ranks of Irish artists. He was in his seventieth year, and made an admirable president, being popular, urbane, and diplomatic, firm when occasion needed, but of unflinching dignity in all that he did. He was an artist from his youth, and began his studies at the schools of the Royal Dublin Society and the Royal Hibernian Academy. In 1844 he entered Trinity College, but did not follow up the usual curriculum, going abroad in 1846, and spending many *wanderjähre* which resulted in his adopting Art as a profession. Ultimately he confined himself to one branch of it—portraiture; and he obtained some notable successes. He was made a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy in 1861, and became its president in 1870. He was knighted in 1880, being the first artist holding the position he did, to receive this recognition from the British Crown.

Liverpool profits largely under the will of the late Lord Derby. He has bequeathed to the Walker Art Gallery the sum of £2,000, of which the interest is to be devoted to the encouragement of rising artists, and has left his collection of antiquities to the City Corporation.

NEW PLATE PUBLICATIONS.

THE number of new publications shows little signs of diminishing, even although, like all the artistic world, fine-art publishers have found the present season a somewhat barren one. Good plates, however, always command a certain sale, and the etchings of to-day are at least equal to the publications of recent years. Line engraving has almost ceased to exist, but this chiefly arises—as has already been remarked—from the impatience of the age, which declines to wait four or five years for a first-class plate in burin. The time, we hope, will come again, when it will be recognised that good work requires leisure, and when the connoisseur will welcome and patiently wait for the work of a master of line engraving.

'The Marquise de Bearn,' etched by C. Waltner from the picture by Kokarski, is a portrait of one of the friends of Marie Antoinette—and she was also a victim of the Reign of Terror a century ago. Of the painter of the picture very little indeed is known. Kokarski painted a portrait of Marie Antoinette while she was imprisoned in the Conciergerie, a picture which is now in the Arenberg Gallery, and has been extensively circulated as a lithograph. In 1780 Kokarski also painted



The Marquise de Bearn.
Etched by C. Waltner from the Picture by Kokarski.

Marie Antoinette, and it was probably about this time that he painted the unfortunate Queen's friend, the Marquise de Bearn. Our little reproduction only gives a hint of the quality of the etching, which has been executed by M. Waltner for Messrs. Bousso, Valadon & Co.

Another plate from the same publishers, 'The Ferry,' by Troyon, etched by Greux, is a reproduction of one of the best-known pictures by this master. At the time of the Franco-German war 'The Ferry' was brought to England, and it is now no indiscretion to say that for twenty years it was the gem of the famous collection of M. Mariano de Murrieta. Since the dispersal of that collection it has found its way to Canada, and is now in the possession of M. Van Horne.

Greux, the etcher of the plate, has been best known by the proof of his 'Sower,' after J. F. Millet; and in thus etching



The Ferry.
Etched by Greux from the Picture by Troyon.

the early morning scene by Troyon, he has added still further to his reputation.

Of quite a different order is Mr. Herbert Railton's etching of 'Where Tennyson Sleeps' (Oetzmann). This is the first time this clever black-and-white artist has attempted an etched plate, and, to be candid, he has only been partly successful. However, if he makes as much and as rapid progress with etching as he did with black-and-white drawing, he will very speedily reach the point where his publications will be altogether welcome.

Mr. Thomas Agnew & Son have published a reproduction of 'The Doctor,' by Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., the picture which created so much interest to the general public in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1892. It has proved to be one of the most successful plates ever published, and the proofs are already selling at a considerable premium.





A Sketch for the Net-menders. From the Original Drawing by Max Liebermann.

A GERMAN REVOLUTIONARY.

MAX LIEBERMANN.—A STUDY.

EVEN if the fanfare of trumpets in midsummer from the "holy hill" at Bayreuth did not give proof unto the wide world, yearly represented there by a vast international assemblage of inspired listeners and music devotees—even if the ruling position of the concert-hall in public life and the general culture of music, which pierces its roots into our poorest families, did not bear further witness to the fact, an impassioned glance into contemporaneous pictorial art, an intuitive perception of the impulses which give it life, and of their development, would lay bare to view that deep current of feeling which seeks to assimilate the rules of modern pictorial art to those of music.

As architecture ruled supreme in the combined arts of ancient India and Egypt, as sculpture marked the zenith of the Art history of Greece, and as all that the Renaissance created is filled with the spirit of painting, so the present stands under the influence of music.

And no less than its sisters, the pictorial arts, is the poetry of the present, with its analysis of psychological detail, dominated by this mighty power. This conception is fascinating in its growth, as our gaze turns backwards over the past centuries. At a pace almost unheard of in history, in blinding, rushing upheaval; and in contradiction of all those theories which, for the last two thousand years, have been the limits of growth in Art; through all the windings and turnings from classicism to romanticism, to realism, to naturalism, so there swells an irresistible flood like the red blood of an artery; the impulse to the expression of feeling untrammelled by

thought which reveals itself technically in painting as colour, the preponderating working in subjective forms analogous to music. Neither the representation of an ideal world in dignified human forms, nor that of an objectively and criti-

cally regarded world of phenomena, is any longer the goal of artists imbued with the modern feeling. The impression which a fact from outside produces within him, the fine vibration of the nerves brought forth in him by what he sees, is for him the subject of artistic work. Times which have throbbled with a strong impulse of freedom, which, thanks to a restless active past, afforded their artists rich material for expression, and thus gave the conditions for an elevated development of personality, were the feeding ground for tendencies of this kind, as whose historical sources Titian, Rubens, and Rembrandt may be regarded. In our century the social movement, the mixing of classes, the wealth of individual life achieved through the triumphs of technical skill and of the exact sciences, and the quiet, feverish, unsteady spirit of progression, are the psychological essentials for this kind of art, in which everything is personal. In its unfettered,

faltering, mystical submersion in nature, we recognise the reaction of our tired world of thought from the tumult of the development we have lived through. Its subject matter—the representation in their sullen, ponderous, upward progress of the masses who have created the burning social question—is the artistic essence of the times.

All organic growth has its origin in small seeds, and the beginnings of modern art lie far back in the past. This art develops itself primarily from that people of the Germanic race which possesses the strongest sense of form. By the Englishmen, Crome, Constable, and Bonington, we are prepared for the revolution in the manner of regard-

ing form; this receives its most striking, purely individual, and aristocratically extravagant expression in Turner. Again, the recent Scottish School goes by new and radical ways. Between these lies French radicalism, which rises to glorious



Max Liebermann.



The Artist's Wife. From a Chalk Drawing by Max Liebermann.

height in Millet—that great sigh of a century longing for regeneration. In his art are expressed only faltering natural sounds, all forms lose their outlines and sharpness, all objects swim in subdued, solemn, dreamy music. The outline is of little account; tone, in natural simplicity without elaboration, in purest delicacy of feeling, is the first, the last, and the highest consideration. He is, in artistic matters, a backwoodsman from some lonely prairie, the embodiment of natural simplicity. Civilised man, regarding him, shrinks before the originality of this human type, but an ardent longing draws him to its majesty.

From Millet there has been developed Max Liebermann, the revolutionary of German art, who has transfused new blood into its sickly decline, and whose presence one can trace in all the earnest work at present produced in Germany. His singular development moves in the form of a circle. His apprentice years stand under the influence of the old Dutch masters, and Franz Hals is his prophet. Then he comes in contact with the people of Fontainebleau, but his craving for solidity drives him to their Dutch descendant, to Israels, who stands in the same relation to Millet as Wagner to Beethoven. Israel's art is broad, weighty, of the present, and varied; while Millet's is fascinating and simple, and soars alike over time and space. Through Israels, Liebermann develops to Millet, to whose absolute discipleship, however, he only comes in his present period. In his middle stage, the richest in ripe fruit, Millet's influence is crossed with that of Menzel—boundless feeling for nature, with keen appreciation of form. This phenomenon is striking in itself, and is equally characteristic of Liebermann's

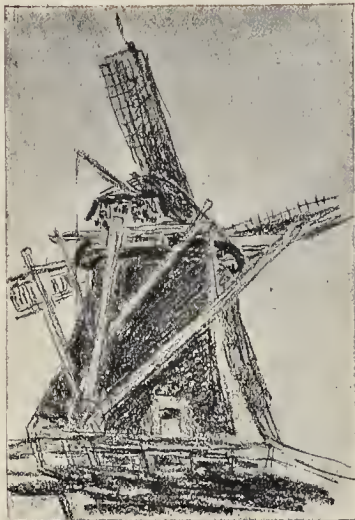
position in modern art, of his earnest groping after new ways and of his instinctive indications towards the possibilities of further development.

As is the rule with all thoughtful artists, Liebermann's art is limited by time, place, and circumstances. He was born in Berlin in 1849, one of a rich and well-known merchant family, and so stood, through his surroundings, from the very beginning in the midst of the questions of the future. He grew up in the luxury of a home far removed from any material anxieties, the refinements of modern life were native to him; and he had spiritually to overcome the lack of those early struggles which keep the joy of luxury fresh in the hearts of those who have had to fight their way up the ladder. He went through the course of a Berlin gymnasium, and was meant to study philosophy. As other students might find their way to the beerhouse, he betook himself to Steffek, the animal painter, while secretly missing his university classes. He soon recognised that he was indeed a painter, with which knowledge he went in 1869 to Weimar. For four years he took the greatest pains to become a figure painter as pleasing as Thumann, and after this he sought to become an historical painter in the pathetic style, such as Tauwels. It did not succeed. He was too nervous, too sensitive to outward things, and too critical to learn by heart formulas which did not interest him. He was well-nigh withered, undergoing long torments of searching and groping, shrinking before the sober consciousness of the fact that his instincts forced him to protest against conventional forms, when with a bold onrush he painted his first picture, 'Die Gänserüpferrinnen' ('The Geese-pluckers'). This representation of men and women plucking geese in a shed is after the style of Franz Hals, in smooth, low tones, but full of an impressive devotion to truth. This beginning of Naturalism in Germany caused a great stir, which confirmed the self-trust of the artist.

A short stay in Paris in 1873, contact with Munkacsy and with works of the Barbizon School, brought deep revelations



From Original Sketches by Max Liebermann.



Windmill. From a Sketch by Max Liebermann.

into the staving soul of the artist. He returned to Paris after a short stay in Weimar, and went, in the summer of 1874, to Barbizon, where he came to know Millet, and where, under the influence of this artist's style and that of his friends, Corot, Daubigny and Rousseau,

Another picture of the artist's Paris period, 'Die Geschwister' ('Brother and Sister'), is full of the same charm of the delineation of vigorous humanity.

In 1879 Liebermann went to Holland for the first time, where he copied Franz Hals with diligence, and where he approached the art principles of the Dutch school of Mauve and Israels. In that country, which has since become his artistic home, he now also learned the charm of light in a watery atmosphere. The low tones and the pronounced naturalism which he has hitherto cultivated gradually purify themselves. His pictures are now begun out of doors instead of in the studio as heretofore, and they are henceforth permeated with sunshine. A strong direct inspiration from nature pervades them with a mystical charm, which is intensified by a web of intricate light effects. In Munich, to which town Liebermann removed in 1878, he produced a considerable number of important works of this kind, which, considering the phases of development he has now come through, may be regarded as belonging to the middle period, in contradistinction to the earliest and latest. Among these we may mention two pictures, 'Kleinkinderschule von Amsterdam' ('Infant School in Amsterdam'), and the 'Konserven-Einmacherinnen' ('Women making Jam'), which in their harmony and depth of conception bear witness to the ripening powers of the master. 'The Infant School' is remarkable for the touching treatment of its groups, its breath of sweet, innocent, unconscious childhood, and its easy composition. The Jam-makers, which represents women at work in a wooden shed, through whose holes and cracks golden

he made the first confession of his creed in the 'Arbeiter auf dem Rübenfeld' ('Workers on the Turnip-field'). The picture is round in form, and most happily conceived. In it are depicted men and women hoeing turnips on a field which, with its high horizon, small streak of sky, fine loose indication of accessories, and subdued, undecided, quivering scale of colour, is, technically, treated like a picture by Daubigny, full of tenderness and liquid feeling. But the landscape can as little be regarded as an imitation as the figures, which might seem inspired by Courbet. They are different from their model, more exact and of greater depth, in spite of the rude conception of outward form, and the seemingly accidental composition, a knack which Liebermann always exercised in a masterly manner. He strives to express the plastique of the living human form, and to bring out characteristics of the type. In this row of rude, toil-hardened, purely animal men and women there is expressed, with sharpness and intensity, a variety of form, character, and temperament which can only be regarded as emanations from a strong, independent, artistic personality. For while with Millet the human element is merely a means to symbolise a melancholy impression produced by nature, with Liebermann mankind rises to the height of an independent roughly individual human being, so that the universal feeling of works of the Barbizon School is here disturbed by problems of character and judgment. That young woman gazing over the heath with the still, longing, self-devoting expression of motherhood, and this Megzera in the row of workers, who with her arms crossed and a challenge in her eye regards the spectator, are two opposed temperaments splendidly embodied.



The Widower. From the Original Sketch by Max Liebermann.



From the Original Sketch by Max Liebermann.

timeworn faces into the past, into themselves.

A great number of small canvases of this kind were produced in the following years. Of these we may cite three which proved great successes,—the 'Stopfende Alte' ('Old Woman darning'), with its old Dutch delicacy of painting, depth of sentiment, and skill of concise representation, the much-talked-of 'Weber' ('Weaver') picture, with its pathetic illustration of the drearily dull yet faintly happy lives of the drudging slaves of the Dutch weaving trade, and the 'Hof des Waisenhauses in Amsterdam' ('Court of the Orphanage in Amsterdam') with groups of girls playing or straying up and down.

But these are eclipsed by the masterpiece of this period of Liebermann's work, the 'Münchener Biergarten' ('Munich Beer-garden'), painted in 1884, which may be considered as absolutely the best piece of German *genre* painting produced during the last twenty years.

The works after the 'Beer-garden'

sunlight is peeping, is worked out with strong colour accent, and characterizes, with wonderful insight, their appearance and their dull, drowsy, musing preoccupation over their work. Then the 'Altmännerhaus in Amsterdam' ('Almshouse in Amsterdam') is one of Liebermann's chief works. In it we find ourselves at the end of an avenue; on benches standing before the flowerbeds there sit, close together, the pensioners, clad alike in their dreary monotonous black garments, and all gazing with

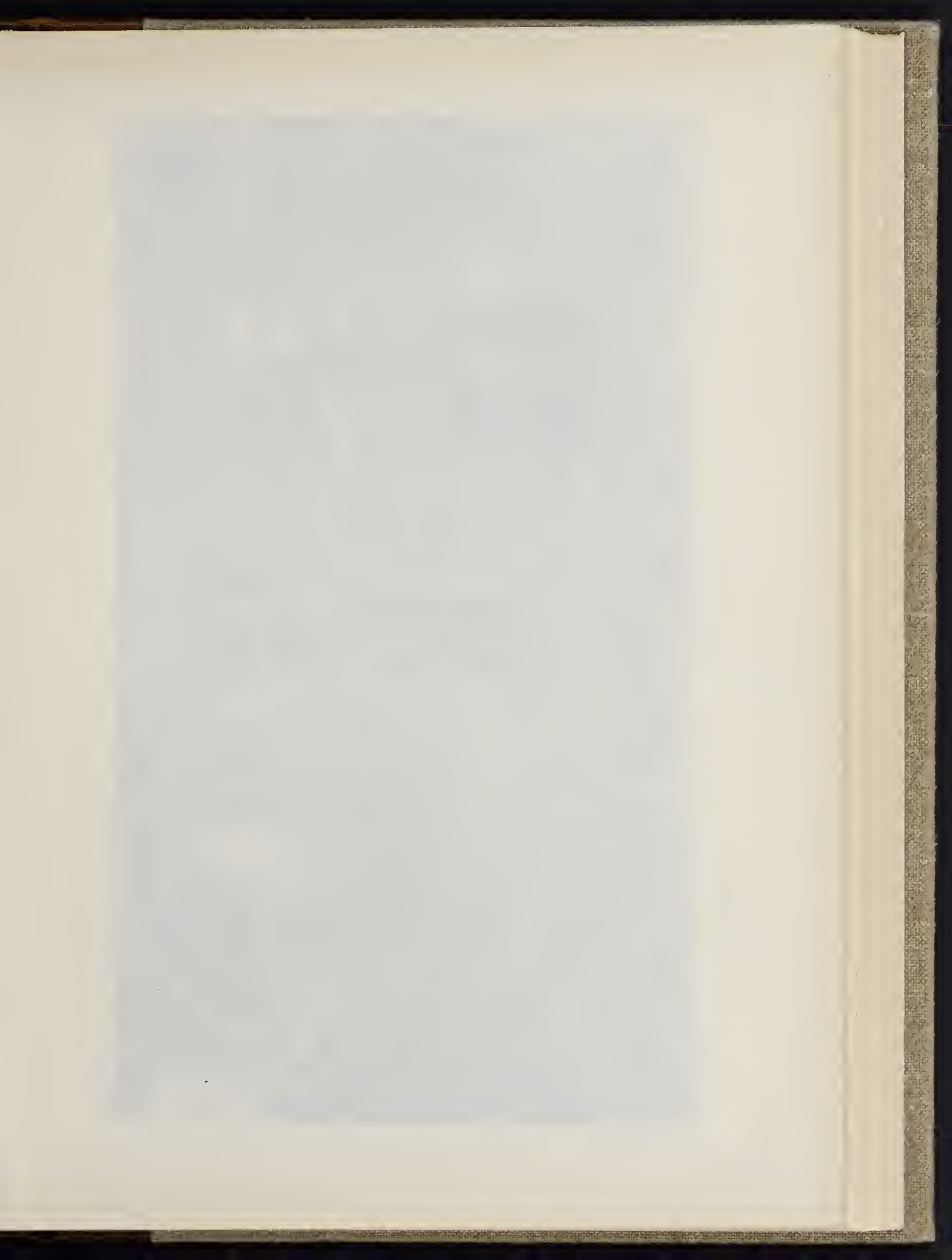
begin the artist's circling back from Menzel to Millet. The old irresistible longing for a mystic submersion of everything in nature, for originality, for the quickening force of mere form which had driven this member of a well-to-do family out of the spiritual sphere in which he was born, wakens once more, and gains strength, shrinking back before the breath of artificial life to which in the 'Beer-garden' he had made great concessions.

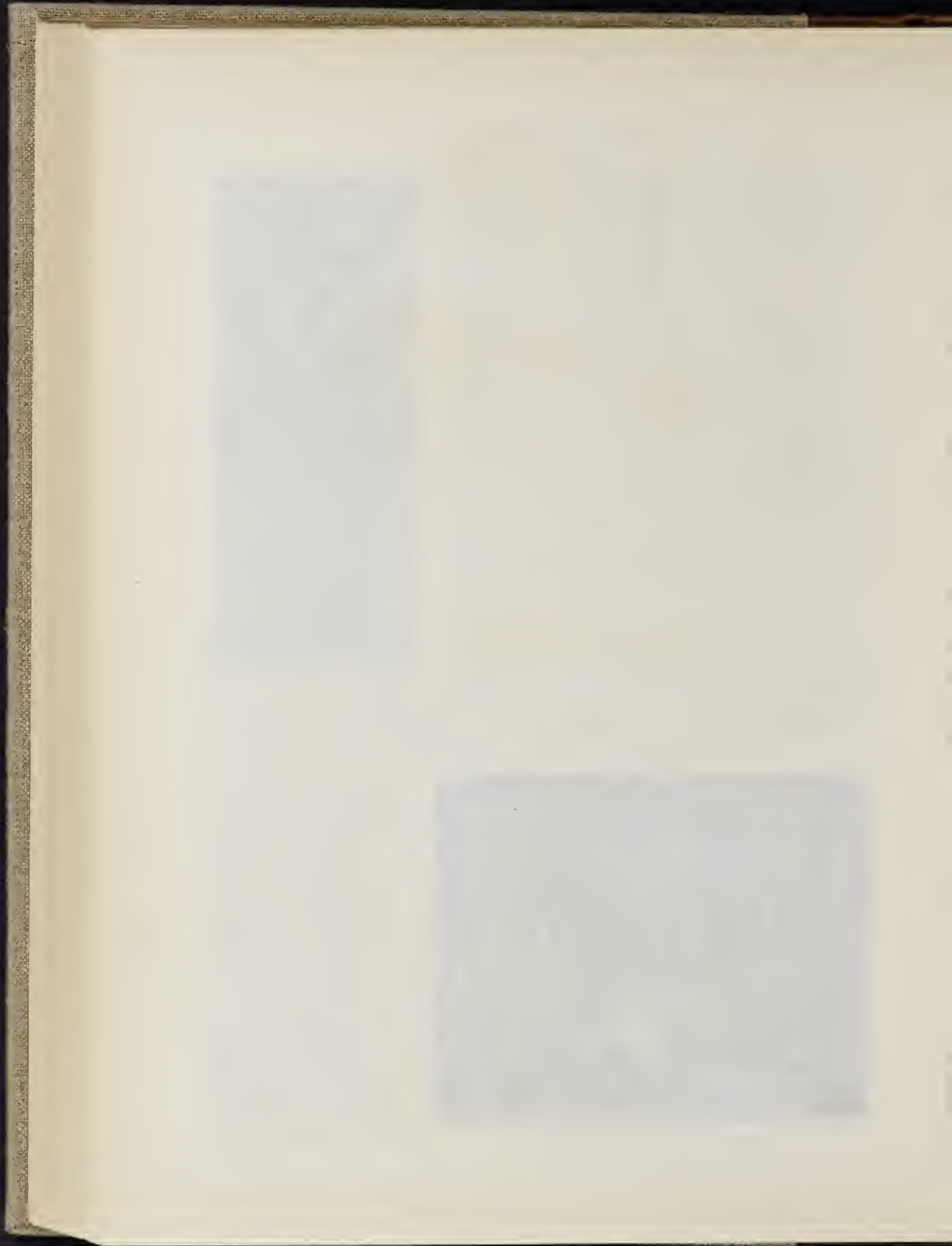
Necessarily the artist takes with him, as valuable accompaniments on his new path, a deep grasp of colour expression and great technical skill, but all his productions henceforth verge into the grand, the inspired, the solemn. An example of this may be seen in 'Die Flachspinnerinnen' ('The Flaxspinners'), a comprehensive work which now hangs as one of the few modern pictures in the Berlin National Gallery, and of which we give an etching by A. Krüger. A broad, low spinning-room is depicted, whose extensive gloom receives from the side, through four square windows, a sharply reflected light. By the wall on the same side as the windows stand wheels with revolving spools, turned in dull indifference by bent slave-like forms. In front of these, at unequal distances and in unaffected accidental and strikingly picturesque attitudes, Flemish spinners are standing, with gleaming tow under their arms, which, under busy fingers, shoots backwards and forwards from the wall in flickering, twisting, glancing lines. This is a masterly piece of work in the powerful figures of the women, the phosphorescent gleam and reflection of light, and the hum and buzz in the dust-impregnated atmosphere.

The 'Netzflickerinnen' ('Net-menders'), with which this review of Liebermann's work will close, is a picture of less importance than his 'Village Street' as regards conciseness of representation, but in depth of feeling and inspiration it is incomparably greater. While of all Liebermann's great pictures it is most closely allied to Millet, it is quite acutely stamped with the artist's own personality. We give reproductions of two original sketches of this picture, which show a wide, cheer-



The Farmer's Wife. From the Original by Max Liebermann.





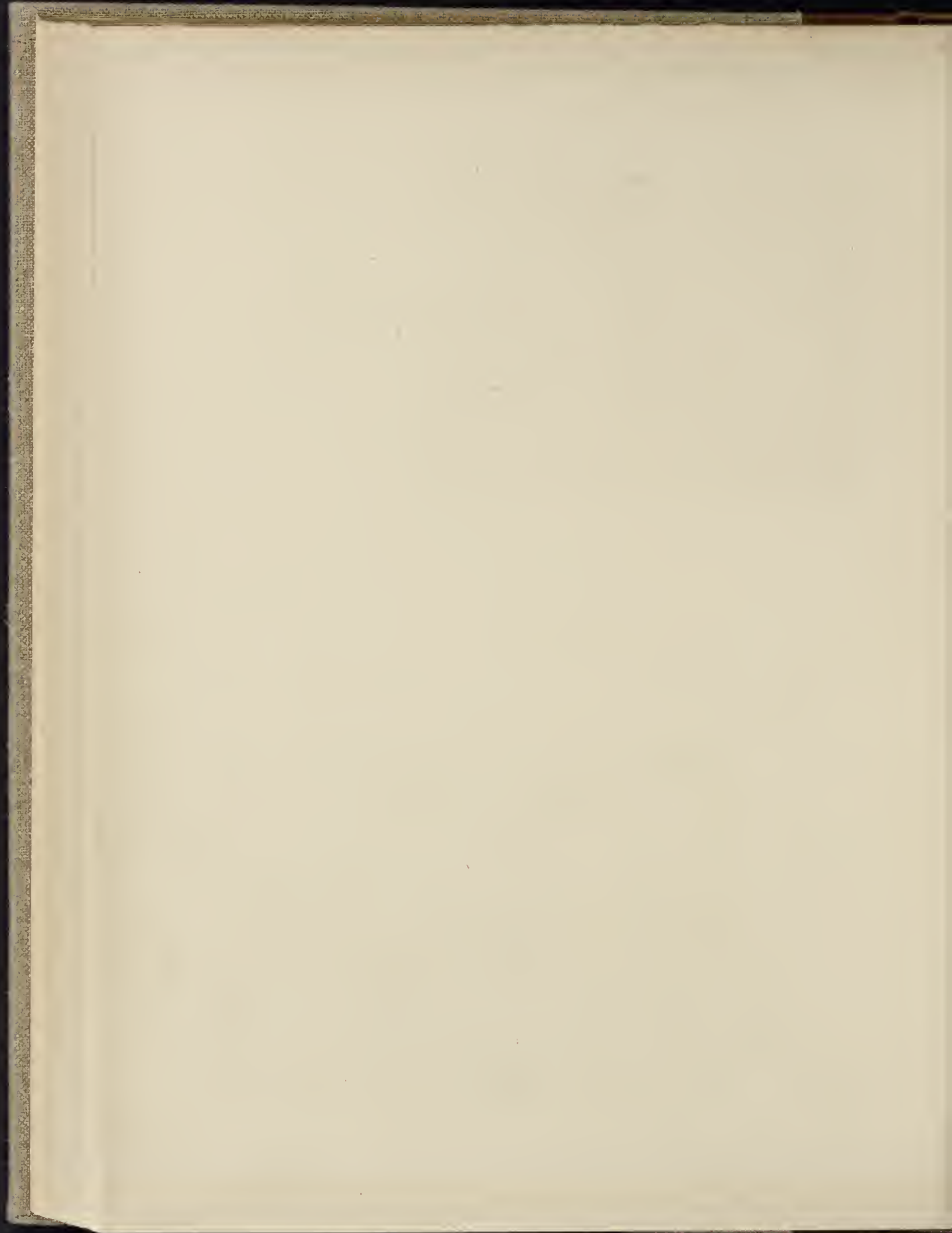


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THE ART JOURNAL.

FLAX-SPINNING.

ETCHED BY A. KRÜGER.





In the Park. From the Original by Max Liebermann.

less, barren moor surrounded on the horizon by dunes, where sit, stand, or crouch women of all ages engaged in net-mending. In the finished picture (not shown in the studies), a cleverly calculated effect lies in the grouping of four women standing upright among the sitting figures, and in the introduction of a cart, which grinds wearily through the sand.

There are almost innumerable sketches from this diligent hand in oil, water-colour, and pastels, masterly etchings, but, perhaps, foremost of all sketches dashed off in charcoal, which reproduce in a few hurried lines, washes or dabs, in almost tangible relief and richest harmony, the pulsating life of nature. A number of these are reproduced to illustrate this paper. He takes his motives, so simple and yet so diversely treated, from moorland and village, from pastoral and rustic life, and from the slavish existence of modern drudges. These he treats with inexhaustible wealth of judicious yet robust colour, and despite the frequent meagreness of detail, his certitude of touch seems to bring the subject at once into spontaneous bodily and

1893.

spiritual life. Ever he has this goal in view, to create a grand colour symphony which shall give expression to the reckless growth and development of all creation. There are strong antitheses in Liebermann's art; it even seems to the superficial observer, or to those insufficiently acquainted with his predecessors, a mosaic of various styles, while it is really, in its best examples, a blending of Millet's nature-worship with Menzel's realism. As little as one can consider what Liebermann has yet uttered as his last word, so little can what has been achieved in this new departure be regarded as its termination; for the pioneer Liebermann is only the first worker, and at the same time marks the transition from old conventions to modern art. It is his fate to bring together elements to form a new development.

But the elements of this restless, self-developing artist who fluctuates between the coarse, the rude, and the unfinished, and the tender, the gracious, and the conventional, are taken singly strong enough to admit of a number of talented artists branching from them, who may rise to position and authority amongst their contemporaries. Therefore we find traces of him in all the great creations of our day, in the work of the smallest as of the greatest, of the most talented, as Fritz von Uhde—who, as the artistic foster-brother of Liebermann, has inspired the system, and in a finished style has made it fruitful in the religious domain of art. Only once has Liebermann attempted to go from the



Another Sketch for the Net-menders. From the Original by Max Liebermann.

elaboration of a received impression to the representation of a special thought. This was in 1879, in the 'Zwölfjährigen Christus im Tempel' ('Christ in the Temple'). The storm which was raised against this brought home to him the truth that the historic domain lay outside his powers. In strong self-discipline he has become the prominent, victorious, progressive master, as which, after long resistance, he and the whole movement which has its rise in him are in these last years more and more recognised.

In appearance tall, thin, and mobile, Liebermann is nervousness itself, in his gestures and the motions of his slightly

bent figure. His ideas come hastily together and extend into the infinite, like the tones and half tones which sing and whisper together in a thousand sweet melodies in his colour symphonies. But if the inspiration of his art seizes him at work or play, the intellectual eye grows calm, his muscular system, which in conversation works in sympathy with his thoughts, is put on the strain, and the highly cultured man then becomes suddenly a different being. Nothing seems then less prominent in his dreamy abstraction than that active yearning after nature, in which his whole artistic being dissolves itself.

FRANZ HERMANN MEISSNER.

THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN SHELL.

THE "Conca d'Oro," or Golden Shell, is the name very fittingly bestowed upon the marvellously fertile plain upon the confines of which, next the sea, stands the flourishing and interesting city of Palermo. The approach to the city by water has not inaptly been compared to that of Naples, though the bay of this island of the southern sea is, of course, much smaller, and we miss the long line of shore dotted with countless white villas, and the purple background of Vesuvius with smoke- or cloud-capped summit; but instead we have a superb range of imposing mountains terminating abruptly in the sea on one side—to the left, Monte Catalfano; to the right, great, grim Monte Pellegrino, the beach of which was often furrowed by Carthaginian keels and trodden by the soldiers of Pyrrhus and of Rome. There between these two headlands lies a veritable garden, the richest spot in the Mediterranean, well filled with orange, lemon, almond, and fig-trees, orchards of maple and palm, groves of olive and vine and myriads of flowers of the most varied and brilliant hues; whilst the whole plain is watered by a perfect system of irrigation supposed to date from the Saracenic occupation.

The great charm of Palermo lies not only in the beauty of its natural surroundings, but in the remains of the time of the Saracens and early Normans. The Saracens, after slaying nearly all the inhabitants in 831, made Palermo the seat of the

government, and raised it to its highest pitch of magnificence; they in their turn were driven out by the sons of Tancred of Hauteville, who by 1090 held complete sway over the island. From 1194 to 1266 the Suabian princes of old Barbarossa's line ruled the lands until Conradin, the last scion of the Hohenstauffen line, perished on the scaffold in Naples in 1268, as the monument in Sta. Maria del Carmine bears witness. Charles of Anjou, by whose orders the young Conradin died, being created King of Sicily by Clement IV., maintained his kingdom for a short time only, and the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers was ample revenge for the murder of Conradin. Then came the house of Arragon, and with it (as the island was generally governed by Viceroy's) the decline of Sicily commenced. Each of the governing races of Trinacria during the above periods, be it Saracen, Norman, or Arragonese, has left its impress upon the mediæval architecture of Palermo.

The mixture of Byzantine, Arabic, and Norman art is a distinct feature in the city, and of the deepest interest to the Art lover and the student of architecture. The Norman remains show here and there the ascendancy of Arabian art and influence—notably in the little church of St. Giovanni degli Eremiti, which although constructed by the Normans in the twelfth century, has five unadorned domes, is entirely oriental in appearance, and would not be out of place in Cairo,



Palermo. The Valley of the Golden Shell.



The Cathedral of Palermo.

except for the tower. Adjoining the church are some cloisters with pointed arches, now sadly neglected and crumbling away.

A strange mixture of Saracenic and Siculo-Norman work is the great cathedral, the imposing aspect of which has been disfigured by the hideous dome erected at the beginning of this century. The same incompetent architect has also modernized, and marred, of course, the beauty of the interior in the same ruthless fashion. The cathedral was erected in 1169-85 by an Englishman, Archbishop Walter of the Mill, on the site of a much older edifice. The western façade is a fine specimen of Sicilian pointed architecture, and mixed together we find the Saracenic billet and the Norman dog-tooth and chevron. Two tall slender towers decorate the western end, while connected by arches spanning the street is a magnificent bell tower, enriched with pointed windows and Byzantine ornament. The towers have been much but judiciously restored. The southern porch (illustrated overleaf) is the finest of the entrances, and is distinctly Saracenic in character. It has three arches, supported by columns of grey marble, with carved capitals, one of which bears a Cufic inscription, which sets us wondering if these columns did not formerly belong to the ancient mosque which once stood here. The interior of the cathedral, which is divided into three aisles, separated by massive piers, is dull and uninteresting, presenting a striking contrast to the picturesqueness of the

Sicilian Gothic exterior. In a side chapel repose the remains of the Norman kings and Constance of Arragon, each in a huge sarcophagus of porphyry, all of which have been opened at various periods; and though the bodies had long since crumbled into dust, the crowns, insignia, swords, and robes are well preserved, and are now shown in the Sacristy. It is strangely significant how closely they are akin to the similar vestments and insignia worn by Byzantine emperors, again showing how much the leaders of fashion in Sicily were indebted to the Byzantine court. An object which will attract the curious is the great sarcophagus in which is deposited the body of Sta. Rosalia, the patron saint of Palermo, merely remarkable on account of its enormous weight, three thousand three hundred pounds of solid silver. La Martorana, another equally interesting specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, erected in 1143 by Georgios Antiochenos, the grand admiral of Roger, is most worthy of inspection. Unfortunately the interior during our last visit was so encumbered with scaffolding used by the restorers, that the mosaic decorations were hardly visible. It is of simple form, with three apses at the eastern end, and a cupola supported by four columns. Originally incrustated entirely within with mosaics on a gold ground, probably by Greek workmen, it must have been a very gem of Byzantine architecture. The high altar is still enriched with lapis lazuli, verd antique,

porphyry and precious stones, and the pavement of the church is of *opus Alexandrinum*. It was here that the ancient parliament held its sittings after the Sicilian Vespers had roused the Palermitans to drown the Frenchmen's tyranny in a sea of blood on Easter Tuesday, 1282.

Almost buried in the mass of buildings joining the Royal Palace lies the brightest gem in the diadem of the Golden Shell, the wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten Cappella Palatina—without doubt one of the most charming, and in many respects the most beautiful, palace chapel in the world. The entrance is on the first floor in the great courtyard. The portico of the chapel is decorated

with modern mosaic of a garish colour and devoid of interest. The interior consists of nave, aisles, and three apses. The arches, five on each side, are pointed and stilted, and borne by ten columns sixteen feet in height, of Egyptian granite, cipolline, and white marble; some of the columns are fluted, others are decorated with spiral ornaments, whilst others are entirely plain, and the capitals are Byzantine, Norman, Corinthian and composite. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that these columns have been taken from older classic and Norman-Saracenic buildings. The choir is approached by five steps, over the centre of which rises the dome,

nearly sixty feet high, and pierced with small windows, and these, with the few narrow windows in the aisles, are just sufficient to light up the glistening walls with dazzling brilliancy. At the back and above the altar is a figure of the Madonna, which is, practically speaking, modern. But the figure of Christ dates from the time of King Roger, and is similar in style and treatment to the superb mosaic of our Saviour in the noble Norman cathedral of Cefalu. The ceiling of the nave is of wood, of pure Arabian style, gorgeous with gold and colour, and bearing Cufic inscriptions in small white characters. The walls, arches, and floors are entirely covered with mosaic on a golden ground, and when standing on the steps of the choir and looking towards the throne of the Arragones at the far end, the radiance and splendour of the interior

is indescribable, for the building appears to scintillate and glow with innumerable brilliant colours of surpassing beauty and tone. The mosaics at Ravenna, forming such an important link in the chain of Art as they do, are possibly historically more interesting, but for delicacy of workmanship, for extreme beauty of pattern and employment in a hundred intricate details, and above all, for glory of effect, they do not by any means equal those at Monreale and those in the Cappella Palatina, whilst those at San Marco, Venice, are not to be compared with these Sicilian mosaics.

The pulpit of the Cappella Palatina is worthy of attention,

and the splendid Norman candelabrum of white marble of fanciful design—birds, beasts, and winged genii—standing some fourteen feet high, should be indeed closely and minutely inspected. It is undoubtedly one of the finest specimens of Norman art in existence, dating from the twelfth century, though the upper portion, as one can easily see on examination, is incongruous, and of much later date. Some of the ornament, notably all the birds which decorate this work, are to be found introduced into the capitals of the columns in the cloisters of the Norman monastery at Monreale. We are not aware if a reproduction of this candelabrum has been made, and



Interior of the Cappella Palatina, Palermo.

from inquiries we made at Palermo such was not the case. We, therefore, venture to draw the attention of the South Kensington Museum authorities to this valuable work, infinitely more instructive, interesting, and beautiful than many of the large plaster reproductions on which the funds of the Museum are now being expended.

Not half a mile from the Porta Nuova with its "baroque" decorations—the gateway or gate-house in which Garibaldi lodged after the capture of Palermo in 1860—are the remains of the old château called La Cuba, which was erected, so says the dirt-begrimed and fading inscription, by William II. in 1180. This building, once a palace of a purely Saracenic type, has lately been converted into a cavalry barracks. The sole remaining feature of its former glory is the tower standing in

the courtyard, which now resounds to the shouts of officers and men, just as it once re-echoed to the songs and cries of the Norman princes and their attendants as they whiled away the hours of the long sultry days eight hundred years ago. On the opposite side of the road is a small pavilion, now called La Cubola, which once stood in the extensive park surrounding La Cuba. It is in attractive style, built of neatly-hewn stone, and open at each of the four sides. The other country palace is called La Zisa, from the Arabian El Aziza, the beloved, and it was at one time believed to have surpassed all the other palaces in Italy as regards situation and splendour of appointment. The glorious view from its roof across the valley of the Golden Shell and over the turrets of Palermo, then away to the mountains on one hand, and the deep blue distant sea upon the other, is just the same; but its rich decoration has disappeared, and with the exception of a small piece of Saracenic work here and there, the place is destitute of ornament. In the hall are the remains of a fountain, and the water still gushes beneath the old time-honeycombed arches across the pavement, and flows by various small channels into adjoining apartments on the ground floor. This old building has for some years been the property of one of the Italian nobles, who has, fortunately, not allowed everything to go to rick and ruin; but we believe that the municipality of Palermo are making arrangements, if they have not already done so, for the levelling of this old building, just as the old walls have been so ruthlessly destroyed at Syracuse, for the purpose of so-called modern improvements—the construction, we believe, of a steam tramway.

Space will not permit us to touch upon or attempt to describe a tithe of the interesting excursions that can be made from Palermo to Bagaria, Termini, Segesta, or even the famous Norman cathedral of Monreale, the beauties of which



South Porch of the Cathedral of Palermo.

demand special notice; but we have endeavoured briefly, and very inadequately, to refer to the principal Norman and Saracenic features of Sicily's capital, leaving the classic glories of the old-world cities for another occasion. The most excellent and admirable national museum of Palermo, where the well-known metopes of Selinunto are now safely housed together with other art treasures of later date, would also best be dealt with when the ruins of Selinunto and Segesta are passed in review. Palermo with its Norman and Saracenic remains stands alone, full of bright memories and pleasant associations; and the "globe trotter" in search of new pastures cannot do better than turn his steps towards the capital of the Golden Shell, where Monte Pellegrino frowns sharply down on the orange-blossom valley and the yellow shore which is washed by the silver surf of a tideless sea.

WHITWORTH WALLIS.



Monte Pellegrino, Palermo.

THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH.

ONE of the earliest, and not the least, of a modern school of novelists, has said, "For fiction read Scott alone; after his, all novels are worthless." While this contains doubtless a good proportion of generous exaggeration, the public responds largely to Charlotte Brontë's advice by making a constant succession of new editions of Scott's novels profitable for the publishers. And to-day we have from the last proprietors of the copyright (A. & C. Black) a bright new edition, nicely illustrated, and with such features as a new and full glossary, the notes of Dr. David Laing, and other specialities that cannot fail to command public approval.

It is of interest, in welcoming a further issue of Scott's great bead-roll of fiction, to inquire how far the public voice of to-day echoes the rapturous welcome given to these works on their first appearance. In looking at this question three distinct waves of opinion may, we think, be traced: the early enthusiasm, the middle period of comparative deadness, and the later certainty of mature appreciation and acknowledgment. And this aspect of the case agrees with what is now generally accepted—that the novels are the delight of younger readers and the solace of older readers, but are inclined to suffer eclipse in the middle life from the allurements and excitements of what may, in one sense though not in all, be

termed stronger food. Even with those who set aside Scott for a time in favour of "the novel with a purpose," or the agnostic novel, or for the stirring adventures of Brecks and Balfours, the strain of admiration for the "Wizard of the North" never dies—it is but dormant, and in due time revives. A day comes "when the Ruydards cease from kipling, and the Haggards ride no more," and then one turns back to those works in which, quoth the *Quarterly*, "the accuracy of history and the vivacity of romance" are to be found. "The delight of mankind while new schools and little masters of fiction come and go" is the last word of the most eminent present-day critic, and the chief "Scottish Reviewer" of his day could point to the first of the works as having "by the mere force and vivacity of its colouring cast the whole tribe of ordinary novels into the shade, taking its place rather with the most popular of our modern poems than with the rubbish of provincial romances." These words of the *Edinburgh Review* were written eighty years ago, when as yet only "Waverley" had blazed forth upon the murky sky of a practically dead art. And to-day those other words we quote are written, showing the "promise and potency" which Jeffrey had descried to have been amply fulfilled.

It is to a third countryman we must go for an example of the



Guy Mannering—"High Finks." Drawn by Gordon Browne.

less keen appreciation of the middle period. For what did Carlyle say within half a dozen years of the death of Scott? "One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct or tendency that could be called great, Scott

ever was inspired with. His life was worldly, his ambitions were worldly." And so, because Scott was only the greatest story-teller of his age and kindred, and went into no "dark regions to slay monsters for us," the chief fact to be recorded



Heart of Midlothian—Saddletree laying down the Law.
Drawn by W. B. Hole, R.S.A.

is that these novels "were faster written and better paid for than any other books in the world!" But Carlyle was in two minds when he wrote what, in his own phrase, we may call his miraculous essay, for where has the infection of Scott been caught with more alertness than in that lively, swinging, Border-raid-like paragraph where Carlyle pictures Scott as "cracking crowns with the fiercest," as in the very tempest of his chivalrous spirit? It is a mere commonplace of criticism to say that Scott has defects. His introductions and digressions are, they say, wordy and pedantic, his heroine is a ninny and his *dénoûment* is a feeble hurry-up. Yet in his heroines we find women of such diverse individuality as Di Vernon, Jeannie Deans, and Martha Trapbois, and if the beginnings and the endings do sometimes disappoint, how fully is this compensated when Sir Walter "gets into his stride," and tingles the blood by the vivacity and reality of the scene? In a recent fable we had Scott and Thackeray and Fielding coming back to tell modern novelists what their "purpose" in writing had been—to tell a story because it was their function to be story-tellers. And if we look at Scott, not in such ideal capacity as Carlyle sought after, but as a story-teller, shall we lessen his place because in all points he is not first? Do we dethrone Shakespere at the bidding of critics because the porter in *Macbeth* has some peculiar views of life? Truly not, and indeed Sir Walter himself (forestalling the words Lord Beaconsfield puts into the mouth of Lord St. Aldegonde as to who the critics are) shows his appreciation of them—"a set of tinkers who, unable to *make pots and pans*, set up for *menders* of them!" Let us take Scott as he is, not as some "menders" would have had him, and what a glorious heritage he has given the world in his galaxy of novels!

It cannot fail to be noticed by even a careless reader, how completely Scott has filled up the calendar of our country's history. Four novels deal with periods prior to the twelfth century, and then

allowing the poems to fill in the first half of the sixteenth, we have, at brief intervals, animated pictures of life and history down to the "Antiquary" and "St. Ronan's Well" of the great novelist's own day.

To the artist the Scott novels (although at the present time somewhat neglected as regards original pictures of importance) have presented an inexhaustible hunting-ground for subjects, and in this connection Messrs. A. & C. Black's new edition deserves notice. The plan has been adopted of employing one artist on each novel, a course justified in the unity of conception of each group of characters thus secured. We select for reproduction three engravings from different artists. The illustration of "Guy Mannering" comes from Mr. Gordon Browne, whose spirited drawing of Counsellor Pleydell and his cronies indulging in "high jinks" is given on the previous page. Mr. W. B. Hole, R.S.A., takes the "Heart of Midlothian," and here we give the scene where Bartoline Saddletree is expounding the law *ad longam* as was his wont. Our third illustration is from "Old Mortality," where Mr. Frank Dadd shows Bothwell and Burley crossing swords in the fatal tulzie at the Battle of Bothwell Brig. Those illustrations give a fair idea of how our younger race of artists enter into the spirit of Scott, and it will be acknowledged that the promise given for the whole series is worthy of high praise.

T. A. C.



Old Mortality—Death of Bothwell. Drawn by Frank Dadd.



A portion of the Plafond in the Queen's Private Drawing Room. By Battista Tiepolo.

THE ROYAL PALACE OF MADRID.

STRANGELY enough, the royal and interesting tiny child who to-day occupies the throne of his forefathers in Spain, Alfonso the Thirteenth, whose photograph is herewith reproduced, is master of one of the most magnificent domiciles in Europe, a palace unequalled in the variety and wealth of its Art treasure; Oriental in its luxurious, and gorgeous in its decorative beauty. Under the auspices of the first Bourbon monarch on the Spanish throne, Philip V., the present palatial edifice was commenced, so that it belongs to the first half of the eighteenth century, and to the architectural school then the raging fashion, the "Barroco," introduced by Juan Sacchetti, the architect entrusted with the erection of the building by Philip, who brought his principal artists from Italy. The palace is a vast and imposing pile of granite, the ornamental settings of which—doors, windows, balustrades and balconies—are in a dazzling white native stone. The grand "Patio" or Court, of one hundred and

forty feet square, is singularly striking in its beautiful portico of thirty-six arches, supporting a gallery on which open the royal apartments.

Stern and cold in its mighty grandeur, the exterior view of the palace of Madrid excites slight enthusiasm; but within, what a vision of loveliness greets us, ere we have yet reached the foot of the grand staircase! The *coup-d'œil* is wondrous in the multiple charms revealed at a glance. Napoleon I., upon his incognito visit to the Madrid palace, was so struck with the splendour of this staircase that he remained on the first landing in silent admiration for some minutes, and then exclaimed, "Mon frère, vous serez mieux logé que moi." The "Plafonds" or ceilings of the Madrid palace may be reckoned among the first examples existing of fresco painting. The plafond of the Salon de Embajadores, or Throne Room, by Tiepolo, is the crowning glory of these garlands "au ciel," the subject interpreted, "The Spanish Monarchy"—the power, wisdom, and virtue



Alfonso XIII. of Spain.

of Royalty, discussed in the admiration and homage vouchsafed by the Olympian potentates to "the monarchy of Spain." So fecund in mythological figures and allegorical allusions are these plafonds of Tiepolo, and so vast in size, that in the interests of that modern deity Space, we can give only a small portion of one in our illustration.

The Salon de Embajadores is vast in its proportions, princely in its adornments, the walls being in crimson velvet, embossed in gold. The spacious entrances, the windows and the throne draped in the same rich texture and colour, carpets, luxurious in design, harmonize with the soft rich tints of the ceiling which form one of the charms of this salon; colossal mirrors in gold-setting, chandeliers, bronzes, statues, tables, and other items in variegated marbles, jasper and porphyry. Two golden lions are found at the foot of the throne; apropos of which, upon a recent state occasion the little monarch, as usual placed in the chair of state upon the throne, evidently felt bored and uncomfortable, for His Majesty took an opportunity, unobserved by his royal mother, to slip from his high stool of repentance, and mount in boyish glee one of the lions.

The Porcelain Chamber, a charming boudoir, is lined from floor to ceiling with porcelain figures in high relief, introducing every imaginable caprice.

The design and tints of this rare faience render the effect most agreeable. This ware is known as "Buen retiro faience," the factory having flourished in the park of that name at Madrid. The artists who founded and directed the factory were brought from Capo di Monti, Naples, to Madrid, by Charles III. The English soldiers in a fit of recklessness destroyed this interesting factory in the Wellington epoch, a fact never forgiven nor forgotten by Madrid.

The Gasparini Salon, so called from its decorator, an Italian architect who was the inventor, and whose style approaches the Chinesque "Louis Quinze," but also rejoices in a freshness of originality on its own merits, and a kind of hieroglyphic in Art of beautiful problems given up in delighted despair. The plafond is decorated in relief in a species of superfine stucco known in Spain as "escayola," in which we find produced fantastic figures, Cupids, foliage, trophies, medallions; while marble in the angles heightens the effect, and sculptured fantasies embellishes it charm-

ingly. The ingenious treatment displayed in the mural decoration elaborated in silk, embroidered in high relief "appliqué," is curious in the extreme; harmonizing in tint with the plafond, and so closely lined in imitation that the difference in substance is scarcely noticeable. M. Thiers in his visit to the palace fell into a perplexed reverie when gazing upon this tantalising mass of loveliness; called back to everyday life, he exclaimed that all he had beheld that day in the palace interior was beyond his most sanguine expectation; but that the extraordinary originality evinced in this chamber, was the most unique creation of beauty he had encountered in his wanderings in the Art world. He might have added that it was a veritable Chinese puzzle. The palace of Madrid possesses examples from some of the great masters, as Guercino, Rubens,



Exterior of the Royal Palace of Madrid.

Murillo, Snyders, Jordaeus, Goyen and Madrazo; but the generous patriotism of ex-queen Isabel bestowed her pictures to the grand gallery of Madrid.

From the suite of apartments dedicated to the use of Her Royal Highness the Infanta Isabel, two illustrations are given in this paper. This royal and generous patroness of the arts is a true descendant of the illustrious house of Bourbon, whose taste and munificence in Art is matter of history traced in irrefutable characters, not alone in the glories of the Madrid Palace, but in those of innumerable European palaces. The Infanta Isabel is the presiding genius of Art in Spain. Gifted with a brilliant intellect, united to rare culture, and blessed with that inseparable accompaniment to genius, "a heart of gold," it is not wonderful that such a princess should have attracted unusual admiration and respect. The private apartments of Her Royal Highness, ten or twelve in number, are in themselves an enormous collection of Art in all its moods and tenses. Here are paintings from the best masters, the



H. R. H. the Infanta Isabel of Spain.

greater number of modern tapestries in all their magnificence, embroideries, orfèverie in exquisite bijoux, terra-cotta in busts, Toledo work in vases, moresques, ceramics in jars, vases, plates, etchings, engravings, water-colours, porcelain and miniatures, besides family pictures in oil, and marble busts from the chisel of the best Spanish sculptors. The Spanish artist is always welcome in these royal sanctums, and the struggling, the forlorn, and disappointed find an unfailing friend in the Infanta Isabel, whose encouragement, in the form of pensions for a certain number of years, has given to Spain brilliant artists who might otherwise have succumbed to want.

Draperies in the most costly silk lined in satin half veil the long French windows of the Royal apartments. Portières in the same gorgeous material, framed by the dark marble "lintels" which mark each spacious entrance, whose name is legion, each chamber possessing in its own right three or four, the carpets, harmonizing with draperies, ceilings, and tapestries, in tone of colour. The royal carpets are all manufactured in the Flemish factory founded upwards of one hundred and fifty years since at Madrid; the present intelligent director M. Stuyck, being in direct line great-great-grandson of the founder, brought by Charles III. from Flanders. Carpets in the Flemish, Spanish, Turkish, and Persian styles adorning the different habitations of the palace, all came from the same loom. Mural tapes-

tries are woven in the most perfect style in this factory. Cartoons from Goya and Velasquez, just now being finished, are rare modern examples of Flemish art. The artificers or workpeople are born and die in the establishment, so that this talent in industrial art becomes hereditary as in old time.

The royal palace is pre-eminently famous in the treasures it possesses in textile art. Tapestry, the art of weaving in threads of gold, silver, silk, and wool, ideals produced in colours and drawing, may be considered quite as ancient as the other arts. To the East, ever the fosterer of luxury and magnificence, may be assigned the honour of initiating this aristocratic handiwork. The Madrid tapestries, except through the remote link of universal parentage, have no kinship with the Oriental—historically or figuratively—belonging unequivocally to the "Franco-Belgica" school. The Parisians are justly entitled to be considered the reproducers of the *haute lisse* in tapestry which had lain hidden away among the pyramids of Egyptian mysteries for thousands of years. The first ateliers of *haute lisse* of which we have documentary evidence appear to have existed at Arras in the year 1367. The pedigree of the set of eight "tapices" which compose the divine Scenes from the Apocalypse, one of which is represented below—the most famous among the entire collection—is enshrouded in a haze of uncertainty. The evidences afforded in style, pose, drapery, and architectural surroundings, proclaim as most probable that this work is from the cartoons of Jean Gossart, dit "Jean de Mauberge," famous in those times between 1510 and 1530. To this view inclines the most distinguished critic in Art in Spain, the erudite Don Pedro Madrazo, whose lengthy correspondence with Flemish writers upon this subject conduces to the same belief. Some authors persist in attributing the cartoons of the Apocalypse to the pencil of Roger Van Weyden, *le vieux*. The style of this master is proved, nevertheless, to belong to at least half a century in advance. The Apocalypse tapestries indicate, according to M. Madrazo, the Bruges school, united to certain reminiscences of the Italian masters, only preventing the determining to Italian sources the origin of these *paños*, the utter lack of the grace so peculiar to the figures of this classic land. The Germanic is unmistakably revealed in the patient minutiae of detail.



One of eight Tapestries representing Scenes from the Apocalypse.

The private apartments of the Queen, the Infanta Isabel, and the royal children are exquisitely adorned in the most magnificent tapestries; innumerable paños are stowed away in the vaults of the palace, only taken forth on state occasions to preside at the ceremonials of religion or royalty. A most interesting series now on view at the Exhibition is the 'Siege of Tuniz,' consisting of twelve paños; the cartoons by Juan Ver-

meyen, dit "Barba longa"—his beard was a yard and a half in length, and the portrait of the artist is to be seen in one of the tapestries. These twelve cartoons were executed upon the battle-field. 'The Vices,' from cartoons by Albert Dürer, by whom, also, are those called 'The Path to Honour,' are most interesting and wonderful in detail; 'The Temptations of St. Antony,' 'History of Cyprus,' 'History of Alexander



Private Reception Room of H.R.H. the Infanta Isabel.

the Great,' 'History of Scipio,' 'The Foundation of Rome,' and hundreds of others. The amount of gold employed in the Flemish tapestries is incredible, investing these tapestries with the right to be numbered among the famous *drafts d'or*.

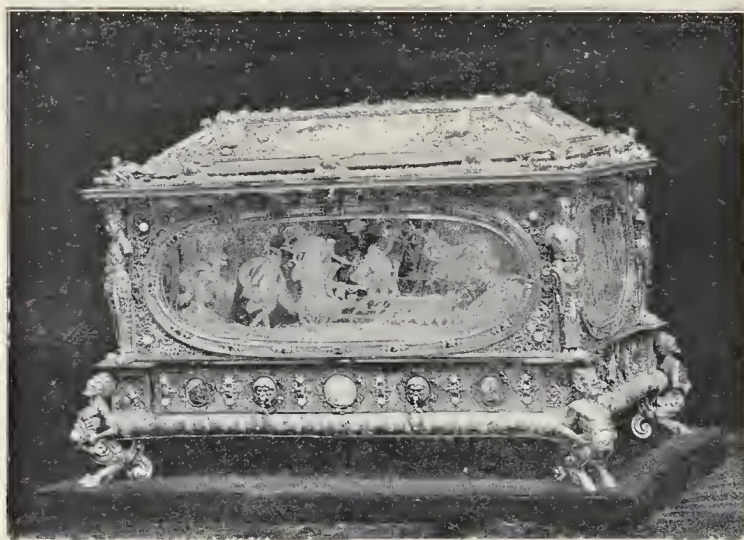
The illustration at the head of this article gives a portion of the "plafond" or painted ceiling in the Queen's private drawing room. Some slight notion of the stateliness and grace, and the perfection of the drawing of the work, may be gathered from the reproduction, as well as the remarkable relief which the artist's genius has given to the figures.

The chapel royal, though not large, is magnificent in adornment, and belongs architecturally to the same school as the palace. Dark green columns in rich marble, crowned by Corinthian capitals in pale gold, support the exquisite "Boveda" or vaulted roof, painted in fresco by "Conrad" Giaquinto; the subject, the Triumph of Religion. The reliquary of this bijou church is rich in antique works of Art in gold, silver, and precious stones. The library was founded by Philip the Fifth de Bourbon, the ancient literary treasures having been destroyed in the fire which burnt down the old Alcazar of the Moors, afterwards the palace of the Spanish sovereigns. This collection consists of eighty thousand volumes. Rare examples

of Art in the beautiful illuminated work of old time are here to be admired. This library ranks among the first in Spain; Philip having acquired most *recherché* and valuable collections from the possessors of libraries famous at that time. One of the show places at Madrid are the royal stables, which consist of long galleries, supported artistically upon double rows of pillars. Stabling for three hundred horses is provided. The noble animals which compose the stud of "The Little King" do honour to the court of Spain. At present the stud at Madrid consists of upwards of two hundred saddle and carriage horses. The majority are English, but some few belong to the Arab breed, and are in grace and gentleness incomparably charming.

Her Royal Highness the Infanta Isabel is one of the first horsewomen in Europe, and hunts a good deal in the season. Two English horses are distinguished as being the pets of this princess, "Aumale," now twenty, and "Flexible," thirteen years old, rejoicing in the unchanging favour of their royal and beloved mistress, whose footsteps are hailed by these faithful creatures with manifestations of delight.

Rare specimens in orfèverrie, ivory, ceramics, and elaborated clocks in the most precious materials are scattered through



A Jewel Casket.

the royal salons. Ferdinand VII. had a mania for collecting clocks. Orfèvrerie, that art so rich in precious metals, is represented in numerous mementoes of an epoch when the imagination of the designer was combined with the handicraft which was capable of executing; an essential to perfection in orfèvrerie. One charming example of sixteenth-cen-

consist of nine "plaques" of this limpid substance exquisitely chiselled or engraved by the celebrated Milan lapidaries, the Sarachs. They represent the four seasons, the four elements, and Apollo seated in his chariot managing his fiery steeds.

DELIA M. HART.



Salon de Embajadores, or Throne Room.

ture Milanese Art is a casket *chef d'œuvre* in orfèvrerie, more especially representing the art of the lapidary, and an illustration of it is here given. The base is adorned with mouldings in lapis lazuli. The angles are supported by caryatides and satyrs set in gold. The upper part of this casket, which encloses the lid, is composed of a stratum of lapis lazuli upon a foundation of precious wood. Veiling in precious lacework the "lapis lazuli," runs a delicate film of pale gold. Precious stones, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, encircled in hoops of gold, dot over the entire upper surface, while studding the sides and angles are magnificent pearls, of which forty-four are of large size, and forty small. Nevertheless, this labour of genius is simply a setting to the diviner work in rock crystal which forms the panels, which



The First Invasion of Rome by the Gauls—Insult to Paphrius. By Thomas R. Spence.

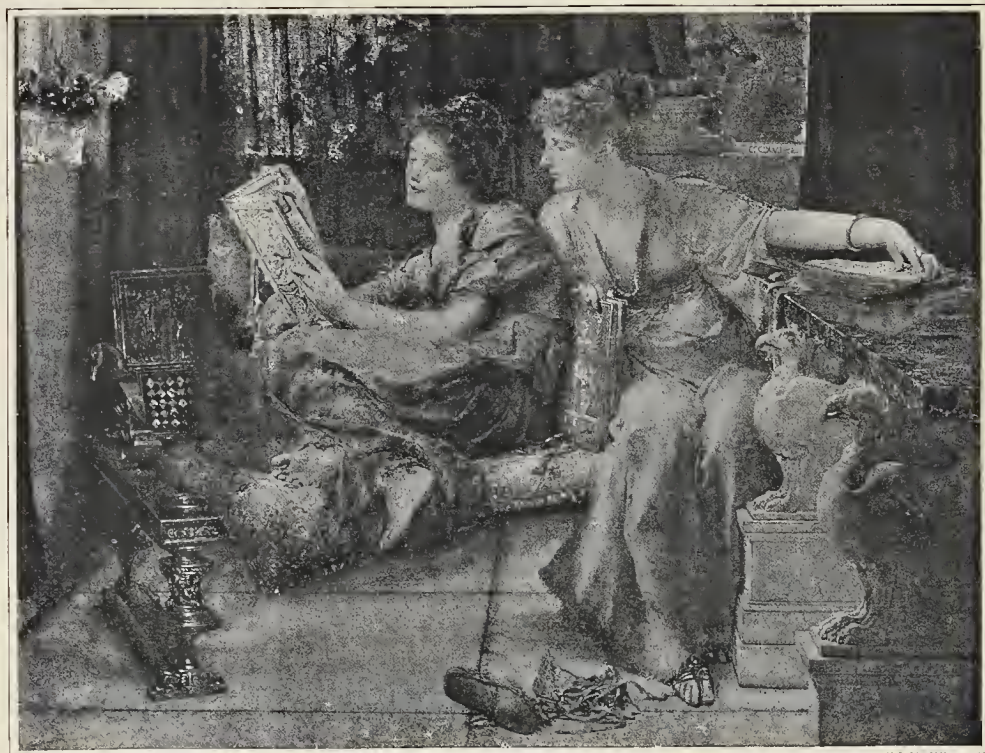
GENERAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1893.

WE cannot here give a full account of the Royal Academy, and must omit mention of many pictures that deserve notice. We pretend only to note a few general impressions of the show, and to speak in detail of no more than one or two canvases. Broad painting may be somewhat commoner now at Burlington House than it was in the past; but has it brought with it a fuller realization of natural effect, a simpler and more tranquil idea of decoration? We hardly think it. Canvases that take in too much, that give no sense of just distances, that show no logical action of atmosphere or light, still far outnumber those that are kept simple, true, and striking by

the love of some natural effect, some action of figure or animal, some view of colour as a whole scheme, or some arrangement of form in a unity of impression. This preponderance of false work affects the true, and from a first walk round the show you carry away a recollection of shallow hot colour, of stupid meaningless definition, of ill-constructed objects, and of flat overcrowded canvases without space, air, or effective composition. It is the fashion to abuse the authorities of the Academy, but no one can suggest a remedy. If there must be a great annual commercial advertisement of all the art of the day, how could it be managed without some kind of officialism, without



The Orphans of Amsterdam. By Gabriel Nicolet.



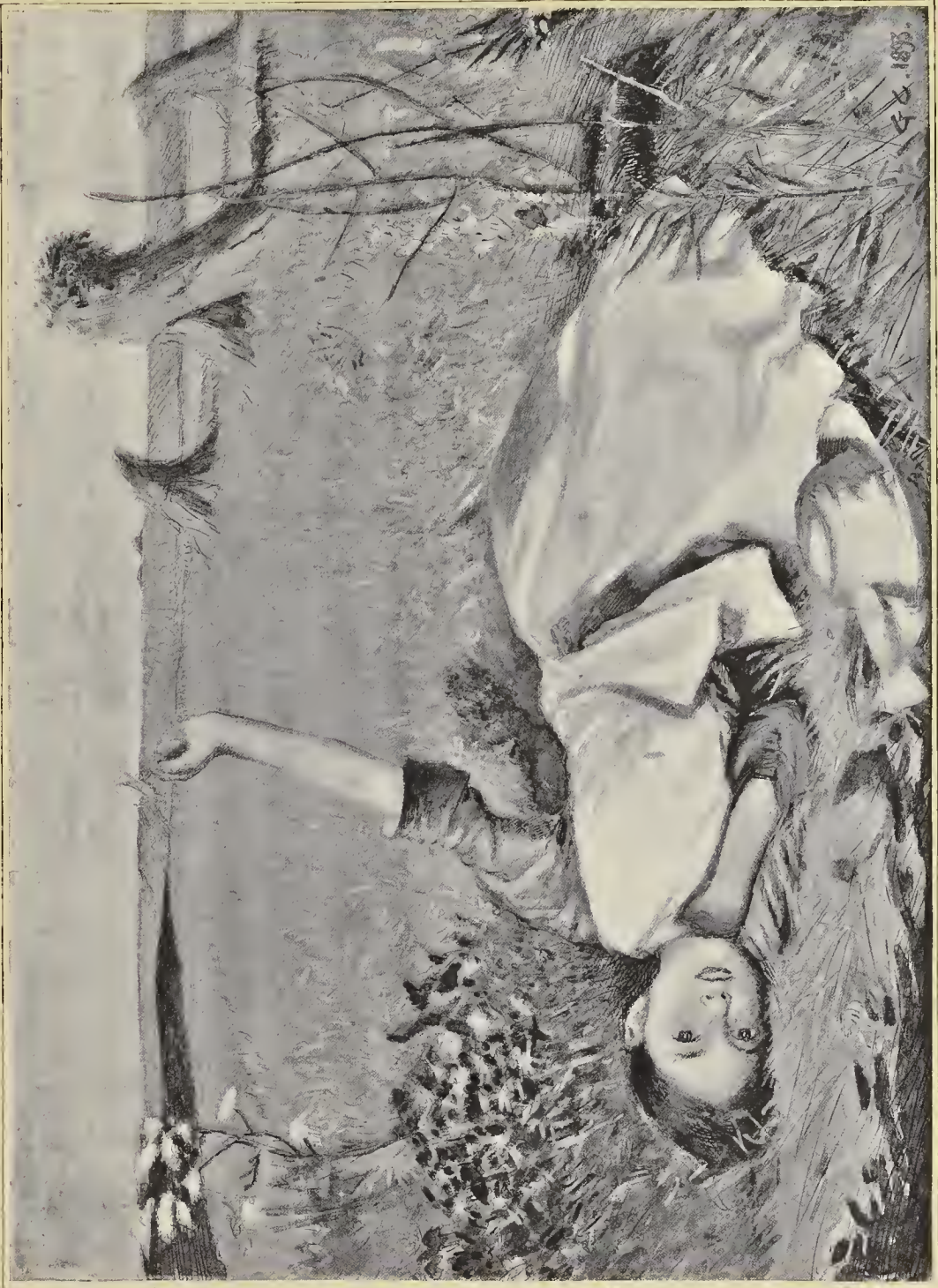
Comparisons. By L. Alma Tadema. R.A. By permission of Mr. Stephen T. Gooden, Pall Mall.

injustice to some schools, and without a deplorable mixture of all kinds of art? The vast majority of people possess a pronounced bad taste; they encourage a majority of bad artists. How, then, can you expect to get an official body free from bad painters, especially as diplomacy in life will not help a man to paint? The bad buyer exalts the bad painter, and the bad painter elects the bad painter, and all quite sincerely and in good faith. Moreover, there are not seventy good painters alive at once in England. How, then, can the Academicians and Associates be supplied, to say nothing of the rest of the exhibitors? All that can be done, is not to attach too much importance to the mere title, which allows a man to administer, and hang, the principal show of the year. It should not follow that he paints better than another man, but that he has more understanding of affairs. It should also be remembered that many fine canvases have been refused, that many get hung by chance, and that a picture may look ill in the Academy and well out of it, or the reverse.

We have no doubt as to the best picture in the show. Opinion may differ about the next dozen of good canvases, but whether we look at Mr. Sargent's 'Lady Agnew' as a portrait, a decorative pattern, or a piece of well-engineered impressionistic painting, it tops everything in the Academy. Mr. Sargent has never pandered to the public taste for pretty colour. He has shirked no difficulty in the problem before him of modelling the actual form and nuancing the real colour

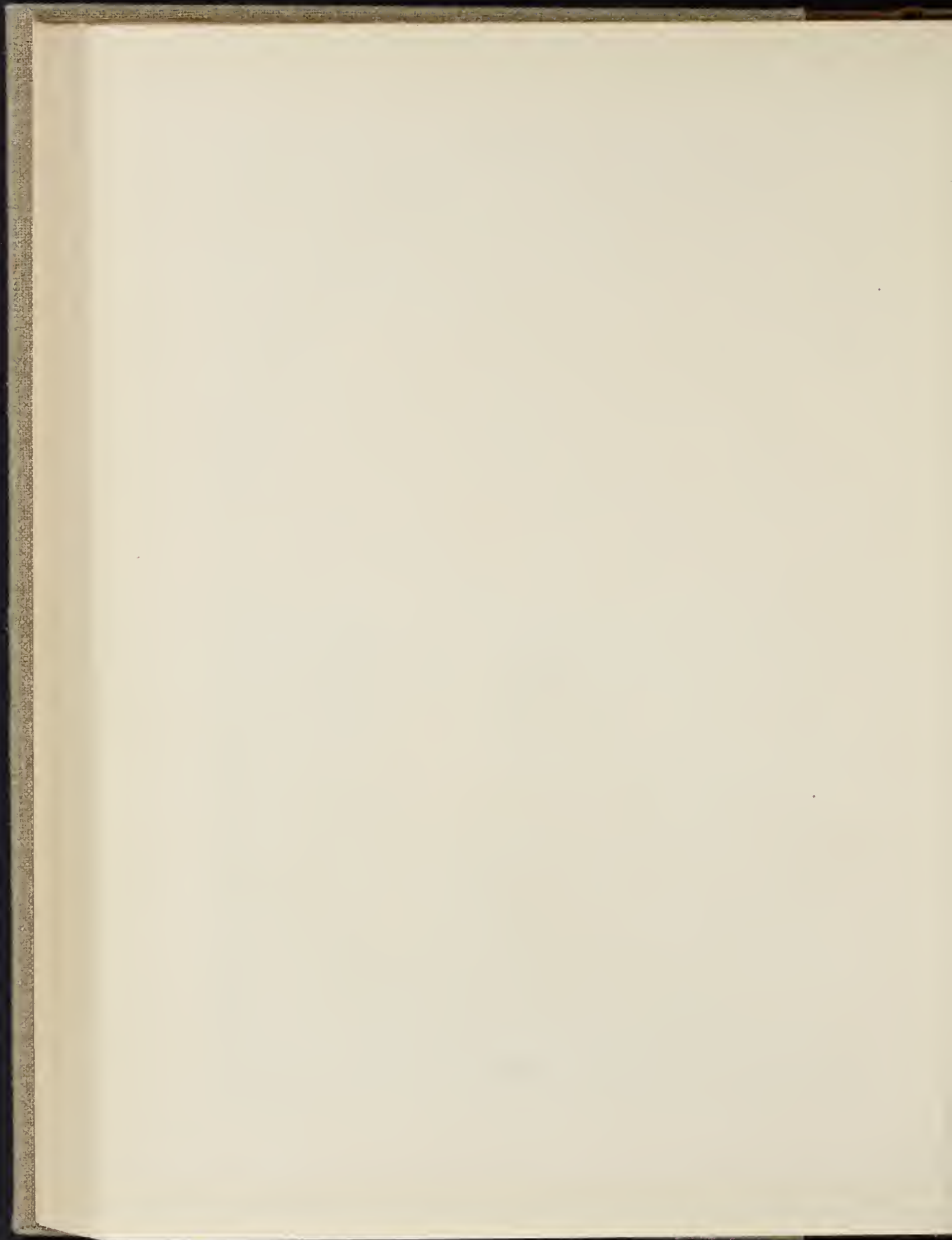
as light models and shades it. He has sought refuge in no cheaper solvent of tonality, whether brown, blue, or gold. He has used no methods that involve accidental or unintentional passages of modelling. His brushwork boldly challenges you by presenting a definite tone for every inch of surface. As he skirts dangerous corners or steps over treacherous reliefs he never relapses into the conveniently approximate roundness of a haphazard blending of light and shadow; he never permits some pleasantly warmed juice to veil his view of air, colour and form; he never distracts your attention from weakness by a methodized pattern of handling. He puts all straightforwardly to the touch of right or wrong, content sometimes to lose a superficial beauty of colour or of elegance in the steadfast pursuit of true improvement. So that when he reaches the beauty of finished style, as in this case, he overtakes it in the serene upper firmament of art to which he has been ever mounting. For subtlety of relief we may point to the disengagement of the head and neck from the chair; for eloquent modelling to the tones that tell us the exact shape, position and degree of fleshiness of hands, neck and face, for values to that sureness in the modification of colour by light that reveals to us every change of plane, every inch of space in the depth which the figure occupies. These qualities, of course, run into each other, back each other up, and cannot be dissociated from the lovely scheme of local colour, enhanced by the beauty, and truth, of the enveloping skin of air. These





Gene Clause

EVENING SONG.
THE CLAYTONS OF 1885.



colours as sharp as nature; this combination of blues and violets with its acid flavour, as of wild fruit, somehow resolve like a tantalizing discord into a harmony subtler, and fuller, than those built on some obvious base of fundamental brown or yellow. Had Mr. Sargent sought to please by a cheaper art he might have fallen, as Mr. Herkomer in his many portraits of this year, into a slough of coarse brown that sucks up the colour sense, and then drags down the fine feeling for form. Permit the eye that once revelled in the fine shades of nature to accept the first compromise, and custom will soon reconcile it to the coarsest approximations to truth.

It is better to remain too long unkempt in style, and somewhat vicious in one's gusto for colour, than wantonly to lose the savage virginity of the eye in unripe dalliance with the sirens of sentiment and "chic." A man, it is true, may never consummate the desired marriage of fact and beauty, of truth and style; but at least he has done his best in refusing to prostitute his talent to cheap ideals. Mr. Swan, Mr. Collier, Mr. Clausen, Mr. Lemon, Mr. Waterhouse, occur to one as men who either long held, or still maintain, this attitude of mind. It is this conscientiousness that somewhat stiffens Mr. Collier's powerfully concentrated and intensely dramatic picture, 'A Glass of Wine with Cæsar Borgia.' Here the facial expressions are speaking, and the action of the figures appropriate, the drawing careful, and the colour vigorous, if not quite enough modified by the general effect. It may be argued, with justice, that this carefulness of realization imparts to the picture a mechanical and unintelligent appearance. No one would reproach Mr. Collier for carefulness, but one might wish that some measure of it had been expended in apportioning the force of definition and the vigour of detail according to the importance of different parts of the canvas. Thus the slashes of Cæsar Borgia's arm, the patterns of the background, and other accessories, seem too equally tight and hard. Surely it is time that this reluctance of Mr. Collier's to value nature according to his impressions gave place to a more artistic attitude of mind. It is, however, this reticence and this determination to lose as little as possible of the truth, that preserves an artist from shoddiness when he does give way to his temperament. His previous discipline in the school of observation prevents Mr. Waterhouse from taking the bit in his teeth, now that he ventures on the precincts of the legendary or fantastic. In 'La belle Dame sans merci,' and other work this year, he aims at a piquant beauty of colouring which, though very different, recalls the curious and original harmony of rose, violet, and blue in Aman-Jean's Luxembourg canvas. The freshness and breadth of Mr. Waterhouse's colour suggests, in spite of dirty spots, the bloom of air and light nearly as well as the modern stipple. That device for obtaining the iridescent prismatic quality of light has been boldly

employed by Mr. Clausen this year in his 'Evening Song,' of which we give a large reproduction. The picture, after Mr. Sargent's, is the most stirring in the Academy; it would be unwise to say the best, as exception may be taken both to the method and its mode of application. To many eyes nature can never suggest such a manner of handling; to others, the tranquil, effacing sweep of light is a quality far more important than its bloom. To the breadth of light, its mere shimmer compares but as complexion to shape of face. As we sacrifice detail to mass, we would sacrifice prismatic quality to the larger quality of light. This may be urged with some reason, it is true, but a painter in love with any quality of nature is a pedant to jilt his fancy for some more aristocratic pretension. Mr. Clausen was surely right to make this attempt to realize a lovely effect of low sun; once embarked, however, on the enterprise of catching the hues of iridescence, the painter seldom stays his hand until what was always dubiously atmospheric becomes, by exaggeration, no more than a patchwork of coloured paint. Mr. Lemon's 'Autumn Morning' is an extremely sane landscape, closely studied in value, so as to suggest exactly the true distance of objects and their right relation to each other in size and force of relief.

Many examples occur to us of men who have made haste unwisely to impart the last elegance of style to their work. We mention Mr. Hacker because he possesses a sense of colour which it would be well to save, and Mr. Parton because he has touched solid earth again, and redeemed himself by his suave poetic, but this time quite natural, landscape, 'A Hillside, Picardy.' It is filled with a singularly tranquil beauty of vast stretches of water, sky and land infinitely more



The Slave Market. By F. Brangwyn.

artistic than the chattering mannered elegance into which he had fallen of late years. As we are upon landscape it would never do to pass over the powerful marines of Mr. Hook, Mr. H. Moore, and Mr. D. F. Robinson. Here a certain majesty

of style is very happily united to a thorough and comprehensive grasp of the main facts of the subject. In their way no landscapes outshine them in this Academy. We could wish to speak of good landscapes, amongst others those by Messrs. A. Stokes, W. J. Laidlay, H. Enfield, B. J. Blommers, M. R. Corbet, W. H. Wilson, Leslie Thomson, Arnesby Brown, G. C. Haité, J. M. Henderson, T. Griffiths, J. B. Clark, and V. M. Hamilton, but we have not space. We should also note the improvement in Mr. Colin Hunter's 'Reflections,' and we should speak of Mr. D. Murray, Mr. Davis, and many more, but we shall confine ourselves to citing two characteristic works. Mr. William Stott's 'Ferry,' a picture which helped to make a school, looks down from an extraordinary height and only its great force and massive dignity save it from utter neglect. Of many tranquil representations of grey weather, water, and reeds, Mr. C. H. Eastlake's 'November Day' shows the most atmospheric colour and the most delicate observation of values.

We omit mention of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Bramley, and Mr. Melton Fisher, but we cannot overlook the great change

which has come in the aspect of Mr. Brangwyn's work. His 'Slave Market' glows with the most vivid colours, laid on frankly and without much attention to value. We admire but suffer from the absence of light and air, which prevents our finding our way about the picture. We pass over canvases by the President, Mr. Rivière, and Mr. F. Dicksee, as our present concern is realism, and we merely note the good modelling of portraits by Mr. Alma Tadema and Mr. Stanhope Forbes. The illustrations to this somewhat personal and one-sided view of the Academy consist of Mr. Alma Tadema's 'Comparisons,' Mr. Brangwyn's 'Slave Market,' Mr. Clausen's 'Evening Song,' Mr. Nicolet's 'Orphans of Amsterdam,' and Mr. T. R. Spence's 'First Invasion of Rome by the Gauls.' As to the beauty of the colour in Mr. Tadema's 'Comparisons' there can be no doubt; but in value the picture is a little unsatisfactory. The objects are defined and realized enough to tempt you to decide on their place, distance, and conditions of lighting, but when you would do this you are frequently baffled.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.

GLASGOW ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUM.

ALTHOUGH the City of Glasgow has been in possession for nearly forty years of one of the finest, if not the finest, public collection of Old Masters, in the provinces, it is only, comparatively speaking, within the last few years that the authorities have become alive to the value of their property. Even now, a stranger passing through the dark entrance passage in Sauchiehall Street, is surprised to find such valuable works of Art in the galleries which are hidden behind a row of shops. A change, however, it is hoped, will shortly take place. New buildings, of which we shall speak later, are to be erected to hold these treasures.

The nucleus of the Glasgow collection, consisting of about two hundred and fifty works, was formed by Mr. Archibald M'Lellan, a town councillor and magistrate of the city. It was the intention of this gentleman to present them to his fellow-citizens, and he left a Deed of Bequest for that purpose, in which he stated that he spent much of his spare time in making this "collection of pictures, illustrative of the characteristics and progress of the various schools of painting in Italy, Germany, Spain, the Low Countries and France, since the revival of Art in the fifteenth century." But after his death, in 1854, his affairs were found to be in such an involved condition, that it was impossible to carry out his wishes. The Town Council, however, purchased the pictures, together with the galleries which the owner had built expressly to contain them. At first, we are told that these galleries were regarded by the Council simply as rent producers, and they were let to private applicants for public lectures, balls, concerts, bazaars, and other similar entertainments; and the M'Lellan pictures were looked upon as mere ornamental adjuncts.

In spite of these discouraging conditions, other bequests and donations were from time to time made by public benefactors. Mr. W. Euing gave thirty-six pictures during his life, which number was afterwards increased to nearly one hundred by a bequest of his entire collection. In 1877, Mrs. Graham-Gilbert bequeathed a gallery of Old Masters, formed

by her husband, John Graham-Gilbert, R.S.A., together with a large number of the artist's own works. This collection, comprising about one hundred and fifty paintings, forms, next to that of Mr. M'Lellan, the most important section of the Galleries.

On receipt of the latter bequest, an endeavour was made to bring back the galleries to their proper function. The first thought was the condition of the M'Lellan pictures, which had been utterly neglected for five-and-twenty years.

A committee, consisting of Sir David Macne, Sir William Fettes Douglas, and Mr. Robert Greenlees, was asked to inspect and report upon the state of the paintings. After recommending the withdrawal of some of the works from public exhibition, they reported favourably on the larger portion of the collections. Acting on the advice of this committee, a catalogue of the works permanently retained was prepared, and at the same time Sir Charles Robinson, Her Majesty's Surveyor of Pictures, was invited to make a report on the artistic value of the collection. Extracts from his report were inserted in the catalogue, and the views expressed by such an authority have done much to draw attention to the valuable works of Art possessed by the city of Glasgow.

Recently the attention of the public south of the Clyde has been attracted to these collections; firstly, by two of the paintings being shown at the exhibition of the Early Netherlandish pictures at the Burlington Fine Arts Club last year; and secondly, by five of them being hung on the walls of the Royal Academy at the Exhibition of Old Masters held this year. The two first-mentioned works were 'St. Victor and Donor,' by Hugo Van der Goes, and 'The Virgin by the Fountain,' by Mabuse, both belonging to the M'Lellan collection. Owing to the absence of all record of the history of this collection, when it became the property of the Corporation of Glasgow, considerable difficulties have been experienced in correctly describing the pictures, and of ascertaining the names of the painters. At first 'St. Victor' was called 'St.

George,' and afterwards, owing to the lilies on the warrior's shield, was entitled 'St. Louis.' The work itself was attributed

Madrid picture, agrees with Dr. Waagen. Dr. Richter, however, is of opinion that it is the work of Dominico Campagnola, but Dr. Bode, of the Berlin Gallery, refutes this idea, as it has no affinity with the genuine work of Campagnola, as exemplified in his great altar-piece in the Prague Museum. Both the fine works by Rembrandt formerly belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'A Man in Armour,' one of a series of quasi-mythological designs, was engraved by J. G. Haid, for Mr. Boydell, when in Sir Joshua's possession, and was then called 'Achilles.' Speaking of it in his "Discourses on the Fine Arts," Reynolds says, "Rembrandt, who thought it of more consequence to paint light, than the objects that are seen by it, has done this in a picture of 'Achilles,' which I have. The head is kept down to a very low tone, in order to preserve this one gradation and distinction between the armour and the face, the consequence is that upon the whole the picture is too black."

The Glasgow Corporation Art Galleries also contain many other fine paintings by the Old Masters, including Titian, Rubens, Van Ostade, Vandewelde, Jan Steen and others, and especially an important work on a panel, thirteen feet by ten feet, of the school of Bellini, representing 'The Virgin and Child enthroned.'

This Dr. Waagen considered the capital picture of the whole collection, and it was attributed by him to Giorgione. Sir Charles Robinson, however, disagrees with this opinion, and ascribes it as probably being executed by one of the Montagna family, whilst Mr. Walter Armstrong, on the other hand, says, "It appears to me the most important work extant of Niccolo Rondinello, the pupil of Bellini."

Although the strength of the collections undoubtedly lies

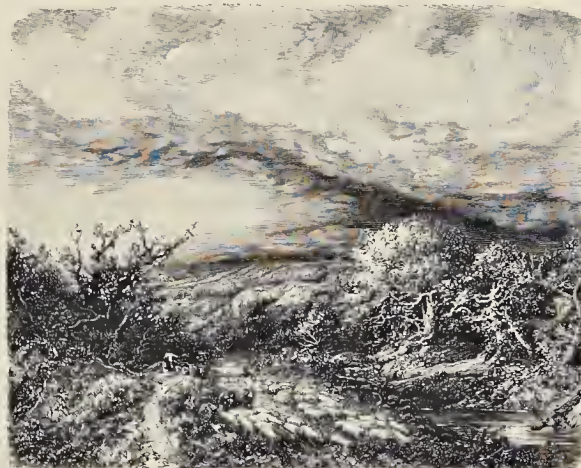


The Woman taken in Adultery. By Giorgione.

to Mabuse; but when it appeared at the Burlington Club, Mr. Walter Armstrong, the director of the National Gallery of Ireland, recognised it as being by the same hand which painted the Portinari altar-piece in the picture gallery of the Hospital of Sta. Maria Nuova at Florence. This picture, which must therefore have been painted prior to the year 1482, displays wonderful colouring, and is not in the least faded. 'The Virgin by the Fountain,' Dr. Waagen attributed to Patinir, but a well-known copy of it exists in the Ambrosiana at Milan, which is assigned to Mabuse.

These two works were also lent to the Old Masters Exhibition at the Royal Academy, and in addition 'The Adulteress brought before Christ,' by Giorgione, of which an illustration is given above; 'A Man in Armour,' and 'Tobias and the Angel,' both by Rembrandt. Various views have been expressed with regard to the work by Giorgione. Sir Charles Robinson in his report says, "Unquestionably, first on the list comes the beautiful picture by Giorgione—'The Woman taken in Adultery.' When it is considered what an important place is occupied in Art by the great Venetian painter, and how extremely rare are his authentic works, it is not easy to overrate the importance of this picture. Dr. Waagen, some years ago, called attention to it in his well-known work. This picture was then ascribed to the less eminent Venetian painter, Bonifazio, and Dr. Waagen was the first to signalise it as a work of the middle period of Giorgione. In this opinion I entirely concur, and of its period in the master's career (probably about 1500), I cannot call to my mind any other picture of greater note." Mr. Walter Armstrong also, basing his judgment on the composition of the figures, and on the fine colour, which it is said corresponds with that of the

1893.



A Coming Storm. By John Linnell.

chiefly in the Dutch and Flemish Schools, still there are some admirable works by the more modern masters. There are

several by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the most characteristic being a portrait of the beautiful Miss E. Linley, afterwards the wife of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, here reproduced. It is a half-length finished sketch for the well-known picture of this lady as 'Cecilia.' 'A Coming Storm,' of which an illustration is also given, is a fine example of John Linnell's landscape painting. An interesting, though not very artistic, work is an authenticated portrait of the romantic Flora MacDonald in a tartan dress. It is signed W. Robertson, 1750, but no particulars are forthcoming respecting this presumably Scottish artist. The picture was presented by the grand-daughter of the heroine. Amongst the most recent acquisitions made by the Trustees is the splendid portrait of Thomas Carlyle by Mr. James McNeil Whistler.

There are a few pieces of sculpture which attract attention, the finest being a statue of William Pitt by John Flaxman, R.A. It is a life size erect figure, and formerly stood in the Old Town Hall.

A new edition of the catalogue, carefully revised and edited by the Curator, Mr. James Paton, has recently been issued. It has been enlarged and illustrated with numerous photographs.

Glasgow, in addition to the Art Galleries, possesses an Industrial Museum in Kelvingrove Park. This park was acquired by the Corporation in 1869, and the private dwelling-house standing in it was converted into an Industrial Museum.

But the want of space and the unsuitableness of the building have prevented any systematic arrangement being made of the various collections contained in it. These consist of industrial products, processes and manufactures; specimens of natural history; and objects of antiquity and ethnology.

Owing, however, to the energy of some of the leading citizens, and the success of the International Exhibition held at Glasgow in 1888, a suitable building, comprising both Art Galleries and Museum, is shortly to be constructed. At the close of the Exhibition a surplus of £46,000 was realised, and an association was formed to carry out a scheme for the erection of permanent Art Galleries and a Museum. An appeal is being made to the generosity of the citizens, and at the present time upwards of £110,000 have been secured. The Corporation have granted a site in Kelvingrove Park, and after a double competition plans for the buildings, designed by Messrs. J. W. Simpson and Milner Allen, have been selected. These designs, which

are Jacobean in style, provide for a grand central hall suitable for musical performances. The total cost is estimated to be £155,000, so that a further sum, which it is anticipated will not be long in forthcoming, is still required before the city of Glasgow can boast of the possession of a really excellent Art Gallery and Museum.

H. M. CUNDALL.



Miss E. Linley. By Sir Joshua Reynolds.



The Art Galleries and Museum, Kelvingrove, Glasgow. From the design by J. W. Simpson and E. J. Milner Allen.

HOW TO WEAR JEWELLERY.

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE "TRATTATO DELLA OREFICERIA" OF CELLINI.

OUR modern ladies have little or no understanding of how jewellery should be worn, or what relation it should have to the person or to costume. Their jewellery is vulgar or tawdry, showy or mean, and is usually treated as a fashionable adjunct rather than as the final point up to which the whole costume should lead; it is almost always a commercial article and scarcely ever a work of art. The ladies of the Cinquecento, or the men too, and the artists who painted them, knew better.



A Spanish Pendant.

We have abundant records in the pictures, in the actual work, and in the records of the Bottega of the estimation in which the jeweller's art was held. A picture of Crivelli, a chapter from the Trattati of Benvenuto Cellini, or a brooch from the Vienna or Louvre collections, would show this.

The early Renaissance in jewellery, as in other things, brought to perfection the technique of the Gothic workshop. Among the eight branches of the goldsmith's art according to Cellini's classification jewellery had perhaps the most conspicuous place, and enamel, filigree, chasing, engraving, gem-setting and foiling were all practised in connection with it. The characteristics of cinquecento jewellery were its *prominence*, its *grace*, its *colour*, and, above all, the *treatment of it as an art* on a footing with other arts.

By prominence I do not mean that it was loud or garish, or treated as a thing by itself and as distinct from costume; on the contrary,



"The Pelican in Her Piety."

it was a part, perhaps the central part, of costume; it had for its accentuation particular points in the human form, and dress was worn and arranged in colour, keying with it. As for its grace, that is well illustrated by some of the adjoining reproductions. In Cinquecento jewellery we have the fulfilment of the traditions of the Gothic goldsmith's workshop. This technical perfection brought with it a mastery of all the more delicate and difficult processes which were the pride of the goldsmith's craft; of these I shall have something to say later, when I propose to consider a few of the methods in so far as they were illustrated by the Trattati of Benvenuto.

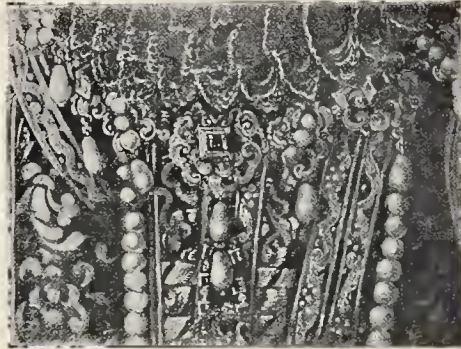
After its grace I put, among the characteristics of Cinquecento jewellery, its colour. We nowadays have lost all understanding of the colour of jewellery. We use certain conventional stones, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, white pearls, the stones that are in the market, and we set them uniformly in gold as the most expensive of metals; the rest are "fancy stones," and don't concern us. To the Cinquecento jeweller no stones were fancy stones, he understood colour, and the right use of his foils was everything to him. Cellini in one instance wishing to give value to the colour of a ruby in competition with other jewellers, set it on a foil of red damask. We should not have dared to do this nowadays, as it would depreciate its value in the market—a feeling that may be honest but is certainly vulgar.

A reproduction can give no idea of the value of colour, and the little Spanish pendant on this page is lost accordingly, but its peculiar charm is the intense ruby lustre of the enamel in the centre ground, which in this instance has the garnets set



Picture showing how Ecclesiastical Jewellery is worn.

around and in subordination to it. Both this pendant, its subject the Crucifixion, and the little one of "the pelican in her piety"



Jewellery as worn on an Early Elizabethan Costume.

(p. 247), are good examples of the application and arrangement of stones to suit the composition and the subject. In the former the red garnets of the border marry with the "rosso clero" background of the Crucifixion; in the latter the big carbuncle in the centre shows the not infrequent use of the stone to help the symbol of "the pelican in her piety." The reproduction can give no idea of the charm of the colour and the intensity of the red set on the brilliant white and gold breast of the bird.

This symbolic use of jewellery gives it one of its peculiar charms in dress and character as we see them depicted on the canvases and walls of the fifteenth century. An interesting comparison in the wearing of jewellery may be drawn from the two accompanying pictures: in the one, p. 247, from an ecclesiastical picture, in the other from an Elizabethan costume, above, now in the South Kensington Museum. The ecclesiastical picture shows the jewellery displayed with the evident delight of the painter, in all the most prominent and most decorative positions. However impossible the drawing of the hand in benediction, it is quite correct so far as the wearing of the jewels is concerned. The cope clasp is prominent in splendour, and the tiara blazes with gems. On the hand that holds the scroll is one of those great ecclesiastical rings of which I give a good example in the other cut on this page. It is a full-size reproduction of a pontifical jewel at South Kensington; it would be worn on the thumb over the glove, on which it would probably be attached.

Turning again to the Elizabethan jewel the painter

has portrayed a magnificent necklace with pendent pearls, the long, grey, unfinished pear-shaped pearls, so favourite a stone through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

In both pictures, however, and in both wearings of the jewellery, the sense of mass and concentration is observed. The interest in jewellery must not be broken up and divided, it must culminate. The culminating point is the final folding of the robe, the favour in the hat of the man, the precious gift in the breast of the woman.

Cellini describes how it was the fashion in the time of his boyhood to wear little medals and tokens in the hat, and how he made one of Leda and the Swan for a young Florentine gallant. "Favours" is what we called them in England, and they are familiar to us in the bonnet of Henry VII. and the fifteenth-century head-gear. Below is a little medallion by Marende, also in the National Collection, that well illustrates the use of the adornment, and may not inconceivably have been worn as a favour itself. It illustrates other things besides the favour in the hat; it shows again the wearing of jewellery in the mass, and it shows its use from the craftsman's point of view for the decorative handling of the subject, the bro-



Pontifical Thumb-ring. Actual size.

cade of the Count does not suffice, it must be jewelled as well. This delight in the placing of the ornaments led again

to their being constructed so as to admit of their being taken to pieces, and worn as various loopings or patterns, as was frequently the case with the pendent pearl. Beatrice D'Este, a great lady of the Italian Renaissance, has lovely jewels, and is rightly proud of them; her dress is simple, with a little rich brocade trimming, but her jewellery is superb and is worn with careful arrangement. She was herself painted by Piero della Francesca in Florence, and by Leonardo in Milan. The former treats her decoratively in a flat picture with brilliant colour, and makes her somewhat of a shrew;



Medallion by Marende.

Worn in the hat as a "favour" in the fifteenth century.

the latter gives her the deep and wistful smile of his Madonnas; no one seeing the two pictures in the Pitti and the Brera would take them for the same person, but for the jewellery. This both artists have held sacred, and Beatrice has been careful to rearrange her pearls and pendants in each sitting variously, looping them together now on the brow band, now on the sleeve and necklet.

But the chief thing to be observed in Cinquecento jewellery is its position as an art among arts. The Bottega of the Florentine goldsmiths was that also of the painter and the sculptor; Botticelli, Ghiberti, Girlandajo, Brunelleschi and innumerable others started life in the goldsmith's craft. It was

essentially the art of convention and restraint, hence its value to train. It had also the other characteristic that it was personal, it was the art for individuals as opposed to painting, sculpture, architecture, which were the arts of the community.

I propose in a later sketch to treat of the methods of Cinquecento jewellery, and to show from the point of view of the workshop and the application of design to material, how the characteristics are expressed; for the present we need only remember that the four essential ones are those I have mentioned, *prominence, grace, colour*, and the recognition of the art of the jeweller as on the same footing with that of the painter, the sculptor, and the architect.

C. R. ASHBEE.

ART NOTES AND REMARKS ON CURRENT EVENTS.

FEW artistic questions have aroused a more widespread interest than the restoration of the spire of St. Mary's, Oxford. The claims of the æsthetic and sentimental were brought into acute opposition. The spire was found on examination to be in a very dangerous state, and the immediate removal of a very considerable portion of the structure became imperative for the safety of human life. Little of the earlier spire remained, but that little was in the best state of preservation, the last restoration having been unhappily made in the most worthless and perishable stone. Mr. T. G. Jackson, A.R.A., advocated the restoration of the spire with the original statues, which, though dilapidated, still exist, and the abolition of the pinnacles, which are of later addition and out of harmony with the primary design. He submitted several alternative schemes to the authorities, but his projects were rejected after animated discussion and by a keenly contested ballot. The desire of old Oxonians is not unnaturally to see the spire, architecturally correct or incorrect, made once more as it was in the days of their youth, memory having sanctified all its incon-

gruities. The matter is now in the hands of a delegation, under whose direction Mr. Jackson will act. We give an illustration of the spire as it was before the pinnacles were removed. It is probable that certain experiments with wooden models will be made before a scheme of restoration is decided upon in more irrevocable material.



St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford.
From a Photograph by Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.

The unveiling by the Duke of Westminster of a bronze memorial drinking-fountain, erected in Piccadilly Circus, at the foot of Shaftsbury Avenue, to the memory of the seventh Earl of Shaftsbury, marks a new artistic departure in our commemoration of the illustrious dead, which promises much better things than the erection of commonplace life-sized portraits in bronze or stone of the deceased in modern costume, or theatrically classic draperies. The fountain is from the design of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., an imposing octagonal mass of bronze thirty-six feet in height, and seventeen feet six at the base, with lower central and upper basins surrounding. It is enriched with a wonderful circle of dolphins conceived in Mr. Gilbert's best manner, which deliver the water-jets, and surmounted by a winged figure in alu-



St. Bartholomew the Great.
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

minum of Christian Charity, which conveys a strange impression of swift motion rather than the sense of repose usually associated with statuary. A life-size bust of the late Earl and a tablet setting forth his many splendid qualities are accessories to the general design.

The director of the National Gallery has not been altogether inactive during the great spring sales at Christie's. One or two admirable examples of Dutch art have become the property of the nation, and the purchase of George Mason's fine picture, 'The Cast Shoe,' will gratify those who denounce the persistent neglect of English masters, and gives an important artist, who has left his mark on our painting, the representation he deserves. More curious is the acquisition of a landscape called 'Chillstone Lane,' or more properly 'Chelston Lane,' the work of G. B. Willcock, a painter of promise and a follower of Constable, who died in his youth some fifty years ago. The purchase of a Ruysdael from the Mildmay collection, making the thirteenth in the Gallery, has been the subject of severest comment.

Messrs. Gilbert Foster, H. G. Hewitt, N. A. Lorraine, William Manners, Arthur Byle, G. Hillyard Swinstead, W. E. Tindall, Leonard Watts, and Walter West have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists.

A Jubilee memorial statue, taking the form of a seated figure of Her Majesty in her coronation robes, executed in white marble of heroic size by the Marchioness of Lorne, has been placed in Kensington Gardens at a point visible from the rooms in Kensington Palace in which the Queen first saw the light, and first learnt that hers was the crown of Britain. The Princess has imagined her mother as she was in 1837, but has taken the liberty of giving the slender form of the girl of

eighteen some of the attributes of later years more consonant with the support of her imperial responsibilities. This is the first statue, the work of a woman, that has been erected in London, and admirable in portraiture, and not wanting in some dignity and style, it reflects credit on the Princess as the most satisfactory of the many similar statues now in existence.

The Home Arts and Industries Association is an institution certainly deserving of more public support and attention than it obtains, though it is doing an extensive and very excellent work, as its recent exhibition, held in the upper gallery of the Albert Hall, demonstrated. Its objects are to give those engaged in earning their own livelihood, opportunities to cultivate in their leisure, the minor arts of wood-carving, decorative needle-work, *repoussé* iron-work, and pottery; to preserve some of the old English crafts from menaced extinction; and teach the upper classes that they can produce simple objects, artistically designed and well constructed, which are of greater value than the shoddy articles of complex ornamentation they so much affect, and which do far more to make their homes beautiful. The Association appeals to those with means for assistance, but above all to those with artistic knowledge to impart to others. It has branches in nearly all the towns, villages, and hamlets in England, and many of its productions are distinguished by admirable construction and a distinct individuality of taste which favourably differentiates them from all the kindred objects of commerce.

We give an illustration of the ancient Priory Church of

St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield, London, the complete restoration of which beautiful edifice has recently been celebrated by an archiepiscopal dedication service. The church was founded in 1123 by Rahere, whose sister foundation, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, stands immediately opposite. The restorations of the church were begun thirty years ago, and have been continued up to the present date, at the cost of munificent rectors, private donors, legators, and City Companies, and by grants from the Charity commissioners out of the City Ecclesiastical Funds. They have been of the most extensive nature, costing in all perhaps £50,000. A peal of bells founded in 1500 has been re-cast; and a blacksmith's forge, at



Memorial to Bishop Waynflete,
first Head-master of Eton College.
From a Photograph
by H. W. Macdonald, Eton.

one time forming part of the sacred building itself, removed. In course of the restoring, many hidden beauties have been brought to light, and though new conditions have rendered the reproduction of some of the ancient details impossible, the latter work has been conducted by Mr. Aston Webb, the architect in charge, in loving and reverent harmony with what went before.

A memorial—of which we give an illustration—has been erected at Eton to Bishop Waynflete, first headmaster and second provost of Eton, which great school, at the desire of his sovereign, Henry VI., he quitted Winchester to found and establish. The work is designed by Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A., and represents the pious prelate with full episcopal robes, mitre and crozier, carrying a model of the anti-chapel which he built at his own expense. The statue was subscribed for by such old Etonians as lived in Sussex to commemorate the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the school, and was unveiled with certain religious rites by the Bishop of Chichester.

In order to secure greater facilities for bringing their works under the notice of the public, a number of Scottish painters have arranged to hold a permanent gallery at 121, George Street, Edinburgh. Tourists and others interested in Art visiting the Scottish capital will there have an opportunity of seeing the work of the present Scottish school.—The Munich annual exhibition will contain works by Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Alma Tadema, and various members of the Glasgow School.

The last Industrial and Fine Art Exhibition at Bristol was held in the autumn of 1884, and was successful enough to realise a surplus of £1,500, which was handed over to the Council of the Bristol University College. Another Exhibition of Industries and Fine Arts is now announced to open on August

28th, under the patronage of a representative local committee, and it is to remain open for four or five months. The old site being no longer available, the Town Council have granted the use of the ground formed by the covering over of the water space above St. Augustine's Bridge in the recent city improvements, which seems a site admirably spacious and central. The present undertaking is far larger and more important than the last, and promises well to be creditable to the enterprise of the citizens of Bristol.

The fate of the famous collection of prints and drawings belonging to the late Mr. Malcolm, of Poltalloch, has been unknown for some considerable time. We are now informed that the testator has left them to his son, Colonel Wingfield Malcolm, the only condition imposed being that they shall not be dispersed. Colonel Malcolm has generously decided to place them on loan, for an indefinite time, in the Department of Prints of the British Museum, where they will be accessible to students under the ordinary conditions. The trustees intend to place them on view in the exhibition-room when the collection at present on view there is closed, which will be towards the end of the year. Those who are aware of the value of this collection will not fail to appreciate the treasures which have thus been placed within public reach.

At the present time, when all artists find difficulty in obtaining commissions, we wish to suggest to the high-class clubs of London, that they could not employ their surplus funds to better purpose than to purchase good works of Art from living English painters.

It is likely that the Royal Academy will adopt a resolution which has been under the Council's consideration for some time, whereby the contributions of Members and Associates will be limited to six works, and those of "outsiders" to four.

REVIEWS AND NOTES ON RECENT ART PUBLICATIONS.

ALTHOUGH every one will admit that the true artist is the possessor of a heaven-born gift, very few could lay their finger on a passage in Scripture where the artistic power is recognised as from the Creator. In "Helps to the Study of the Bible" (Oxford University Press), under "Art," the verses Exodus xxxv. 30—xxxvi. 1, are given as bearing this meaning. There are many passages in the new edition of this book of great interest to the artist and to the antiquary.

Mr. Henry Wallis, the well-known expert in Oriental Art, continues the publication of his "Typical Examples of Persian and Oriental Ceramic Art" (Lawrence & Bullen). The work is a labour of love, and students and connoisseurs alike will find therein the latest expressions of Western experts on the artistic and interesting Ceramics of Persia.

Messrs. Allison & Co. continue the series of "Artistes Célèbres" with well-illustrated brochures on "P. and J. B. de Champagne," by A. Gazier, and "Les Frères van Ostade," by M. Van de Wiele.—*Le Livre et l'Image* (Paris: Rondeau) is a new monthly periodical in French which deals with all kinds of matters historical, social, and picturesque. It is

mostly illustrated from documents not easily found by the connoisseur.—Messrs. Asher & Co., acting as agents for Bruckmann of Munich, have commenced to issue a series of permanent photographs from Renaissance Italian sculptures, being reproductions of some of the finest works of Verrocchio, Michelangelo, Della Robbia, Donatello, and others.

Amateur photographers are excellently well catered for in the series of publications specially devoted to the amateur's library. In "Elementary Photography," by J. Hodges (Hazell) everything may be learned that is necessary for the beginning of the fascinating pursuit. The "Lantern Slide Manual" (Hazell) also well fulfils its purpose.—Messrs. Raphael Tuck's "Door-panel Decorations" are good examples of chromolithographs very carefully printed.—"Ironwork," by J. Starkie Gardner, is one of the South Kensington Museum handbooks, and deals with artistic ironwork to the end of the mediæval period.—Messrs. Marion publish an excellent series of large permanent reproductions from artistic studies in photography by Messrs. Ward & Downey.—A "Souvenir of Becket" has been published (offices of *Black and White*), illustrated by the scene-painters of Mr. Irving's company.

Prof. Sidney Colvin is very enterprising in his superintendence of the Print Room of the British Museum. Under his direction Mr. Lionel Cust has prepared a most useful "INDEX OF ARTISTS REPRESENTED IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM" (Longmans). The work has been laborious, and the result as represented in this painstaking volume will be greatly appreciated by all connoisseurs. It is a pity the Print Room is not more used by visitors, for the constant courtesy of the officials adds greatly to the pleasure and profit of those who care to examine the treasures in the department; and when any information is desired about a print or a drawing, it is best to go to the Print Room and ascertain what is known about its author. There are only some slight formalities to be gone through to obtain a permanent ticket to visit this most interesting department. Another catalogue recently published at the FitzWilliam Museum, Cambridge, is Mr. C. H. Middleton-Wake's "ENGRAVED WORKS OF ALBERT DÜRER." The author takes a bold position in attempting to assign chronological order to all Dürer's known works, and one likely to be attacked sooner or later.

For the tourist visiting the beautiful capital of Scotland no better artistic souvenir could be found than "BLAIR'S EDINBURGH VIEWS" (Dott, Castle Street, Edinburgh). Nineteen plates from remarkably delightful drawings by a well-known Scottish artist form the series, the best of which, because the more difficult to treat pictorially, is 'George Street in a Shower.' As one of the very few Scottish houses publishing artistic works, Messrs. Dott deserve every encouragement.

The Corporation of Glasgow has published some reproductions of the pictures in the Glasgow galleries, but they are much wanting in artistic quality, having little of the half tints essential to good black and white work. Ordinary silver prints would have been better.

The American publishers of "A Standard Dictionary of the English Language" (Funk & Wagnall) send the prospectus of their work, and so far as we are able to judge, every care has been taken to arrive at satisfactory solutions of the many vexed questions in connection with the history of words. In Architecture, for example, the whole essence of the history of this Art is compressed into a column, pleasant to read and easy to understand. The black and white illustrations are very well done, although the coloured plates are not so satisfactory from an artistic point of view, but they aim chiefly at being diagrams.

Amidst a number of pamphlets on Art one of the most interesting is the Kyrle Society's "St. Paul's Cathedral" (Innes, 2d.), which gives a sufficient account of the building in an unpretentious but most excellent way.—Buried, we fear, in the "Proceedings" of the Society of Architects is an authoritative article on "Turned Lattice-work of Egypt," by Major F. S. Leslie.—Hertfordshire has now a Society for the Promotion of Art, which is to hold an exhibition at Hertford in August.—"Storiation in Applied Art," by Hugh Stannus (Society of Arts), is a brochure on the art of story-telling in decoration, about which the author writes in a common-sense way.—We entirely agree with "From Holborn to the Strand: the True Line" (*Garden Office*), wherein Mr. W. Robinson conclusively proves that the best route for the new street which London's

County Council wish to make is along the side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, an open space which we hope will soon be free to the public.

Starting on the assumption that "simple pictures" may be a real power of education," the Fitzroy Picture Society have produced a series of coloured prints intended to be hung up in school, mission-rooms, and such-like places, where the walls are barely furnished. The lithographs are executed under the immediate control of the artists who have designed them, and are distinctly not on the usual trade lines. The individuality of the men is most pronounced. Mr. Selwyn Image has produced so far only one of these, 'The Annunciation,' a richly coloured cartoon, which might almost answer as a working drawing for stained glass. Mr. Heywood Sumner's series of 'Mighty Men of the Old Testament' are less in the ecclesiastical manner; in fact, they are remarkably free from artistic orthodoxy. The weak part of his designs is the lettering. It is quite true that the artist should not be content to trust this to the trade-writer, but then he should make up for the lack of professional precision by an artistic character, which Mr. Sumner's lettering cannot be said to possess. Of his four smaller subjects, 'The Seasons,' 'Spring' and 'Winter' deserve unstinted praise. There is marked religious feeling in Mr. Christopher Whall's series, 'The Lesson of the Cradle,' 'The Lesson of the Cross,' and 'The Lesson of the Crown.' His delineation of children and angels is charming; but Mr. Whall adopts unfortunately a broken line throughout, which has the unpleasant effect of what printers call "rotteness." These pictures are something in the nature of a new departure. They are deliberately decorative; and, if they do not literally meet a want, they supply at least a gap, in picture publication. The "Art for Schools Association" (if it has survived its unwieldy name) should welcome them with open arms—and purse.

Mr. Blackburn's "Academy Notes" and cognate publications have been remarkably successful this year. It is felt by many artists that the outlines made by expert draftsmen are really more acceptable as representations of the pictures than hastily produced and badly printed photographic reproductions.

"Evolution in Costume," is the rather high-sounding title adopted by Messrs. Liberty & Co. for an illustrated pamphlet, in which are shown sundry fashion plates of the Empire and early Victorian periods, side by side with the firm's own adaptation of them to modern conditions and requirements. One is bound to say that the modifications are, on the whole, not only such as are likely to recommend them to the modern young woman, but such as are really necessary, if such fashions are to be revived. The author starts by the proposition that "self-reliance and discrimination are the essentials in the selection of becoming costume"; we would go so far as to urge *such* discrimination and self-reliance, as would make it impossible for any style or styles to be "boomed" by the dress-makers. If only lovely woman would dress according to what is convenient and becoming, what a delight it would be to walk abroad! Every lady's skirt would not then be ringed at intervals with awkward hoops of trimming, and her choice of colour would not be limited, by a foolish faith in the sacredness of fashion, to a crude purple and a cruder green. But by the time these words appear in print all this, very possibly, will be already ancient history.

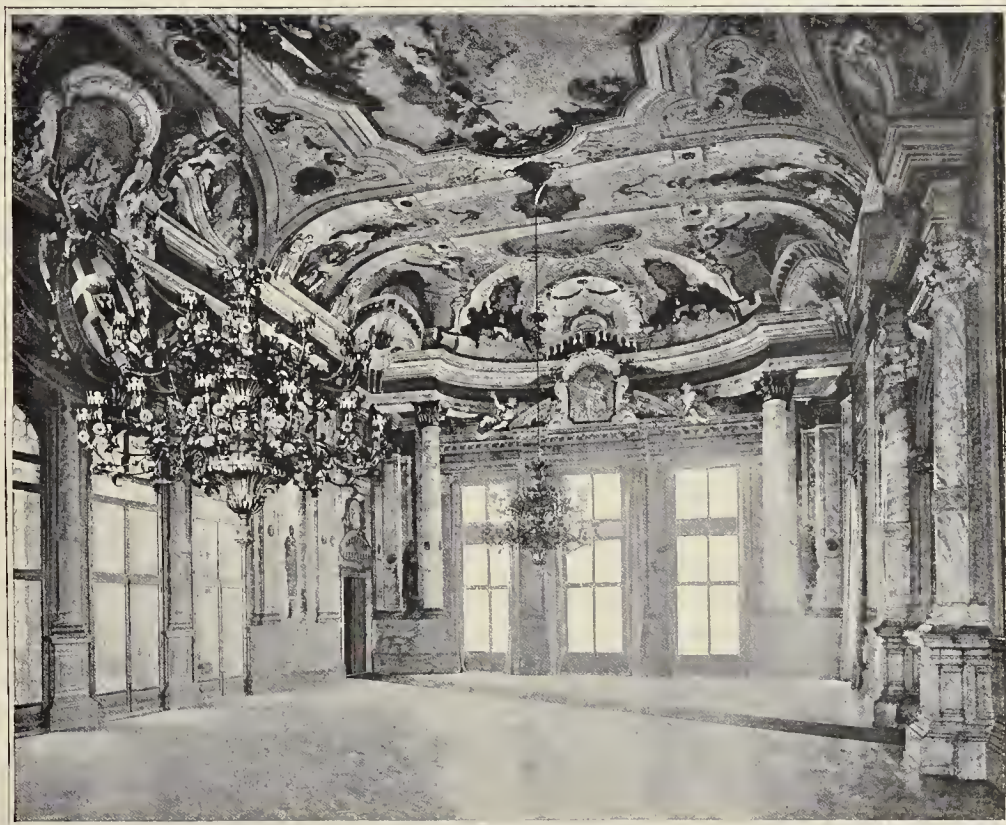
INDOOR VENICE.

OF Venice, almost more than of any other city famed for beauty, it may be said that visitors know little if anything of her except her outward aspect. The beauty of her public buildings, the magnificence of her churches, the silence of her waterways, the ever-changing atmospheric effects, which wrap her about with a mystical veil, like some eastern bride whose bridegroom can only behold her through a shimmering web of gold and pearl and crimson—all these attractions suffice to the ordinary visitor, who is so bewitched by what he sees that all speculation, as to the interior of the lordly palaces that reflect their carved façades in the quiet waters, is lost in an all-sufficing admiration which leaves no room for any other feeling but satisfaction that it is given to him to be alive, and to be in Venice.

But it is to the palaces that one must turn if one desires to revive the former life of the great republic and her descendants. In no city in the world can such a continuous line of architec-

tural beauty be found as on the Grand Canal. Every palace thereon would, in less favoured cities, be an object of special pilgrimage for admirers of Art. Each is distinctive in its beauty, and the individual taste of the builder is to be found in every one. Nor is this to be wondered at for, at the time when the majority of these palaces were built, the rivalry in house-building and gorgeous decoration ran high, and every merchant prince strove to outshine his neighbour.

There is one curious feature to remark in the Venetian palaces. No matter what splendour might be lavished on these lordly pleasure-houses, their proprietors never abandoned the plan that was first adopted by the great merchants who built up the magnificence of the republic. Sansovino, Alessandro Vittoria, and many others before and after, might lavish upon the palaces every known form of magnificence in architecture and decoration within and without, but every palace was built with the great portico and ground-floor hall, which date from

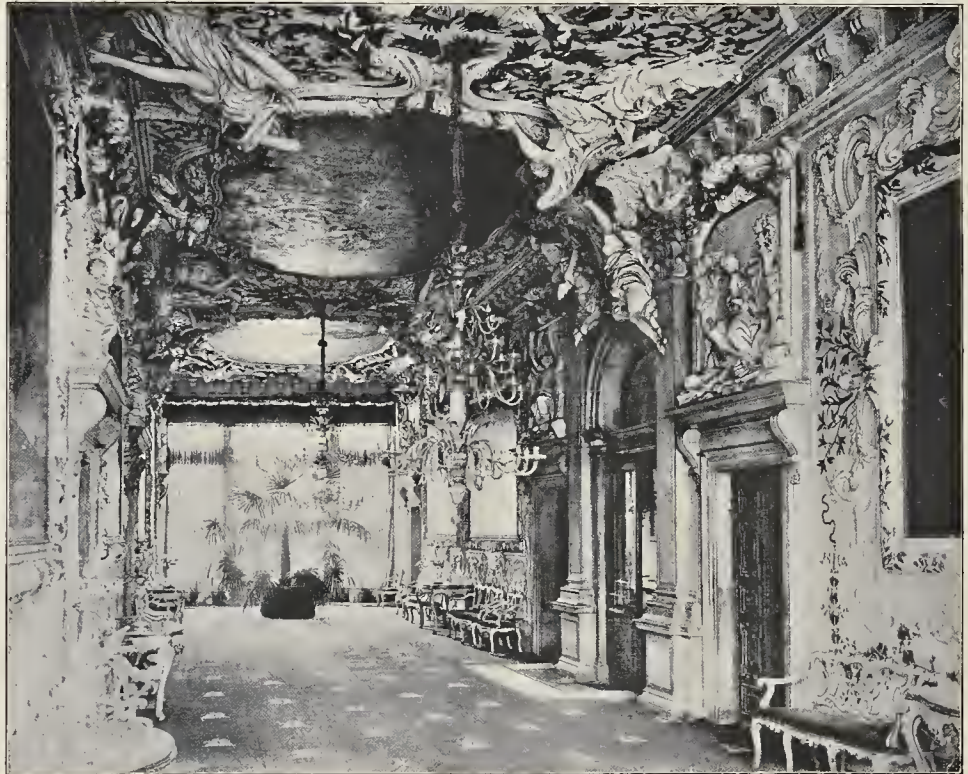


the earliest houses in the city of the sea, and which were designed for the convenience of embarking and disembarking the bales of merchandise as well as the storage thereof. The ships of each merchant came actually to his door on their return from their profitable voyages in Orient, and were there unladen, and therefore a spacious entry was as necessary as plenty of storage room. This entry and vestibule were the only things the founders of the Republic insisted upon as regarded the architecture of their houses. In those early days I am speaking of, the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, there was but little thought given to the external decoration of the houses; they were usually three-storeyed buildings with large and lofty windows. Occasionally an attempt at decoration was made with a coat of



Ca' d'Oro, on the Grand Canal.

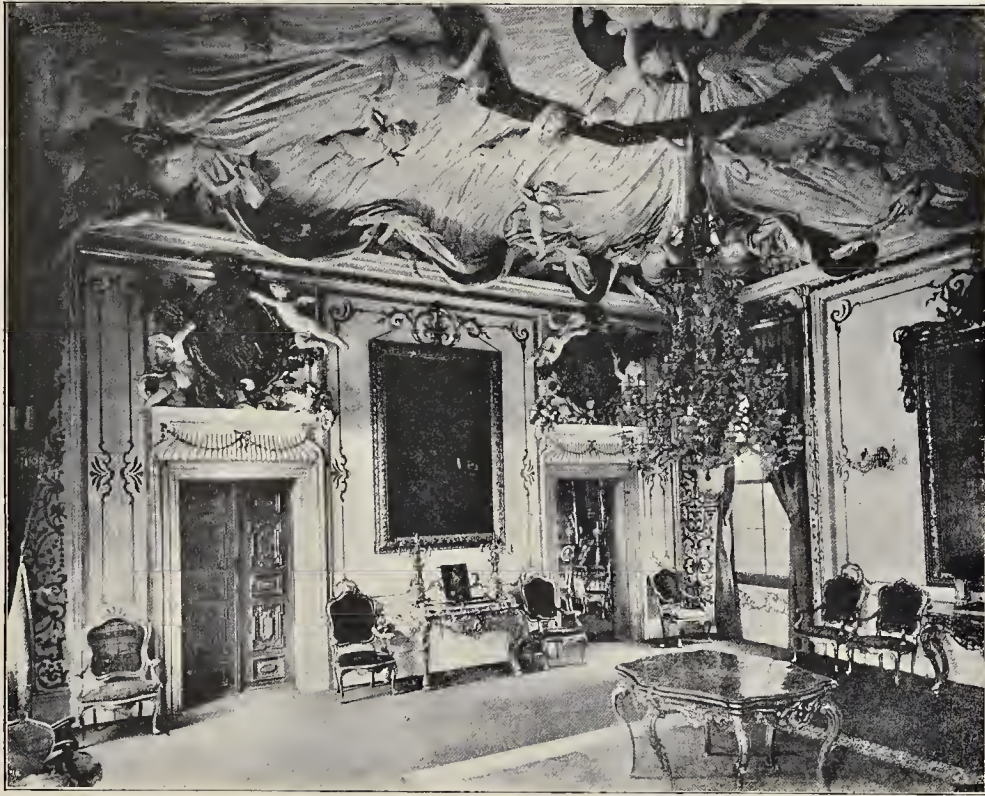
arms on a shield supported by an angel, but as a general rule the houses were severe in style and reflected the stern simplicity of the times. If the house were a large one there was usually a courtyard in the centre (sometimes called *terra vacua* or *curticella*), in which was situated a well which collected the rain water from the roofs. Many of the most ancient well-heads were made out of fragments of ancient temples which dated from Pagan times. According to Temanza, one of the most general features of these early houses was the *Liago*, a curious kind of balcony roofed in and closed on both sides, and open only in front to the sun's rays which it was always placed to catch. These wooden balconies, wherein the early Venetians sunned themselves, were evidently the forerunners of those delightful enclosed



Ball Room in the Palazzo Albrizzi. (Decorations by Alessandro Vittoria.)

terraces, such as ornament the façade of the exquisite Ca' d'Oro, illustrated opposite, where, protected from the wind and partly shaded from the sun by the ceiling and the arches, one can dream the hours away with greater satisfaction than in almost any other place I know.

It is somewhat strange to find that in one respect the early Venetians were wiser than their magnificent descendants. The difficulty of warming a Venetian palace in winter has almost passed into a proverb; and many and various are the devices whereby English settlers strive to keep themselves warm in



Drawing Room in the Palazzo Albrizzi. (Ceiling and Doorways by Alessandro Vittoria.)

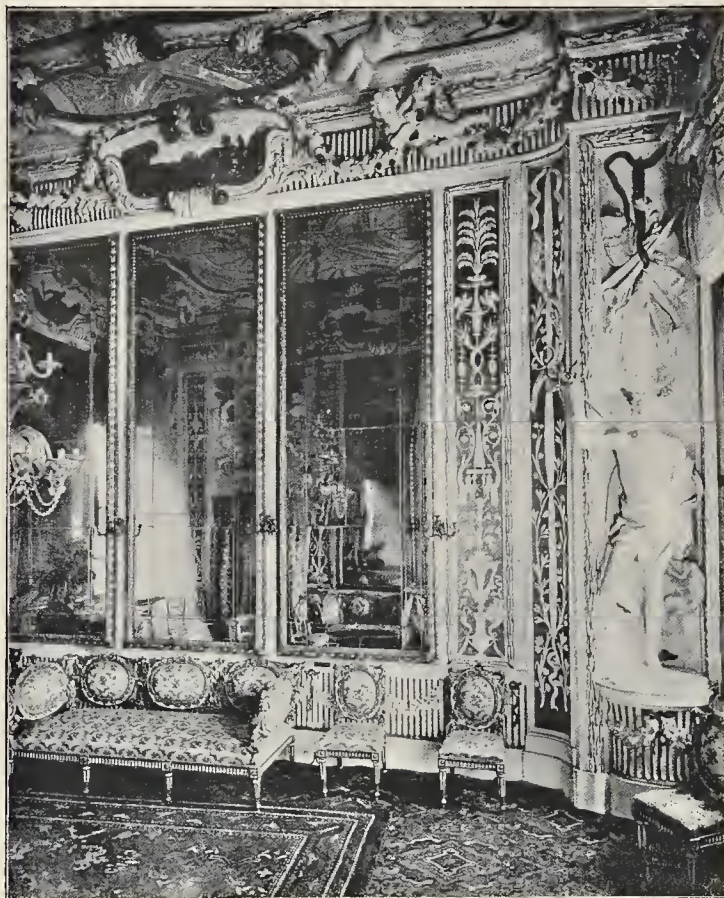
the spacious rooms that are so delightfully cool in summer. It would be natural to suppose in the days of the grandeur of Venice, when personal luxury of every kind was reaching a pitch that required the repressing hand of a paternal government, that everything appertaining to comfort and self-indulgence would have received greater attention than in the time of the hard-working, close-fisted merchants who thought decoration superfluous either for their persons or their houses. But while their descendants covered themselves with damasks and rich furs (no doubt to satisfy their natural desire of warmth as well as their love of gorgeous apparel) their ancestors had comfortable fireplaces and ingle-nooks not only in their kitchens but also in their living-rooms as well. Muratori proves this by the frequent use in documents of the time of the words *caminato et caminus magnus*. Any one who has passed a winter in Venice will agree in commending the wisdom of the ancients in this particular, and in regretting that a *caminus magnus* should be a blessing but few palaces in

Venice possess. To make up for this lack stoves are used, a poor substitute even at best for an open hearth with logs or coal; and the question of how to dissimulate the external appearance of the chimney pipes of stoves, is one of no small difficulty in a city where the municipio claims the right of objecting, actively, to what you may desire to do in the way of alteration to the outside of your house. You are likely to get an injunction if you even desire, as I did on one occasion during absence, to protect an exposed and shutterless window against the hail storms (that at certain periods of the year are frequent in Venice) by covering the exterior of the window with matting. The Argus-eyed municipio was on the alert at once, and my agent wrote to say that the offending mat had had to be removed. Undoubtedly the authorities are perfectly right in thus watching over the external appearance of a city that is visited by people from all parts of the world solely on account of her infinite beauty; but they are not always consistent, as may be seen at the corner of the Grand Canal, where

the beautiful little palace, situated between the Palazzo Morolin and the Palazzo Contarini delle Figure, is defaced by two hideous modern stove pipes, which actually protrude through

finest palaces on the Grand Canal, and especially in those situated in the narrow side canals; where indeed there is a reason, as the only rooms in the house

which enjoy any daylight and sunshine are those on the top floors. Stairs evidently had no terrors for the legs of the sturdy Venetians, which is perhaps also the reason why the stairs are the most neglected part in Venetian architecture. They never formed an important part in the general plan; and, with all their wonderful feeling for decoration and general *mise-en-scène*, it never seemed to have struck a Venetian architect that a staircase could be made a grand and imposing feature, such as we see in French architecture of the same epoch. The stairs in Venetian palaces are with hardly an exception stowed away at one side of the house, each flight divided from the one above and below by a central wall, so that all that is seen of the staircase is the gradient on which one stands. The gradients are mostly exceedingly steep; and a more completely unattractive way of ascending through a house could not possibly be found. It is no doubt in part due to their ignoring the ornamental possibilities of a staircase that such an immense interest pervaded all classes when Baron Franchetti built out a wing to the Palazzo Cavallo, formerly the residence of the Comte de Chambord, to contain a magnificent marble staircase, the original one being no doubt



Boudoir in the Palazzo Albrizzi. (Decorations by Alessandro Vittoria.)

the glass of the windows themselves, completely destroying the appearance of the façade. An explanation of this apparent contradiction may perhaps be found in the fact that the beautiful little palace has been turned into a Government school.

The ground floors of the Venetian palaces being designed as warehouses, it may be said that in none are living-rooms found at so low a level. Even without the important question of utility (always a matter to the fore in the Venetians' practical minds), it is probable that the deeply-rooted fear of damp, which is characteristic of Italians of all classes, made them see the necessity of living as much above the level of the water as possible. Hence the fact that the *piano nobile*, the important floor of the palace, wherein were situated the reception rooms, was always the second floor, separated from the lofty ground floor by a mezzanine of small low rooms. Often indeed the third floor was treated with the same importance as the *piano nobile* by the architect, as may be seen in many of the

of the usual inadequate description. I know no palace in Venice wherein the staircase is made a central or ornamental feature, and from both the point of view of comfort as well as that of grandiose beauty (which would be a fitting complement to the rest of the architecture), there is no doubt that this is a very great drawback; and in nothing is the conservatism of the old Venetians more strongly marked than in this matter of the staircases which they built in their palaces. But if for some unknown reason the Venetians disdained to treat their staircases from anything but the purely utilitarian point of view, they made up for it in other directions. It is difficult for the present generation to realise the extraordinary magnificence of the decorations that were lavished, both within and without, on the palaces of Venice during the fifteenth, and sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Of the external paintings, some of them by the great Giorgione himself, which must have made such a glory of colour reflected in the silvery green waters of

the canals, nothing now remains; but in one or two palaces one can yet trace an extraordinary wealth of decoration. In 1648, the Albrizzis, a family from Bergamo who had made a fortune in linen, bought the palace built by a certain burgher family of the name of Bonomo, and proceeded to enrich it according to the taste of the day; chiefly with the wonderful stucco ceilings of Alessandro Vittoria, which we illustrate as one of the sights of Venice. Whether these life-size figures tumbling out of the ceilings are in the best possible artistic taste is open to question; but there is

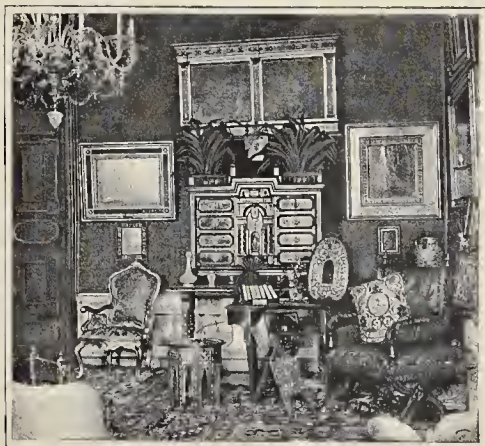
no denying that they produce an extraordinarily rich and decorative effect, and that the "Venetian Michael Angelo," as Vittoria was called by his admiring contemporaries, redeemed much of the decadence of his time by the spirit and modelling he put into his figures. In other palaces where there was no stucco work such as has made the Albrizzi Palace famous, the ceilings were of carved and painted wood. Often pictures were inserted therein, as may be still seen in the ducal palace, embedded in magnificently carved and gilt frames. The walls were covered, we are told in the chronicles of the time, with stamped leather, called *cuori d'oro* (the manufacture of which brought in no less than one hundred thousand ducats a year to the Venetians from Spain and the Levant), painted and further embellished with gold and silver, or with silken hangings embroidered in gold, and sometimes even sparkling with precious stones. The frame-work of the doors and the doors themselves were rich with carving and inlayings, for it should be remembered that the art of *marqueterie* (locally known as *certosina*, from the quiet monkish workers who divided their peaceful cloistered lives between their beads and their tools), was first invented at Venice. The floors were inlaid with Oriental marbles and alabaster, and strewn with



Sitting Room in the Ca' Capello. (Residence of Sir Henry Layard.)
From a Photograph by Sir Henry Thompson.

Eastern rugs, such as are to be seen in nearly all the pictures of the time. "On the tables," says Molmenti, in his delightful book, *'La Vita Privata a Venezia,'* "along the walls and on the sideboards, in a charming disorder, might be seen amphoræ, porcelain cups, gold and silver vases, splendid swords, medals, cymbals and lutes, and books in gilt, painted, and tooled bindings. Descending from the ceilings or fixed to the walls shone lamps in Oriental style, made of gilt or inlaid bronze, chased, enamelled, and ornamented with multi-coloured glass, or else lanterns decorated with little twisted columns and enclosed with differently-shaped looking-glasses which produced on the walls the effect of a painting in chiaroscuro, or yet again lanterns in wrought iron, ornamented with the utmost taste." In the fourth volume of *L'Art* (p. 29), a reproduction of one of these Venetian wrought-iron lanterns, from the Mylius collection of Genoa, is given. "In the libraries," continues Molmenti, "were kept those precious manuscripts with their richly illuminated pages breathing the infinite patience of the cloister and the gentle ingenuousness of the time. The dishes and plates used at table were of gold and silver, the tumblers and decanters of transparent Murano glass, even the wine coolers of brass were covered with curious damascenings." Of these wine-coolers Viollet-le-Duc says that they were often exported to the East, where they passed amongst Orientals as Damascus work, so fine was the damascening thereon.

The love of luxurious decoration confines itself to the sitting and reception rooms alone. The bedrooms were similarly decorated with a luxury that almost passes belief; partly no doubt because the bedroom was often used as a reception room, especially on the occasion of what the French term *réveillées*, or the visits paid to a lady after a confinement. In fact to such an extent were these visits made an excuse for an insatiate display of luxury, that in 1537, the paternal Senate, one of whose chief occupations seems to have been the passing of laws to curb the personal extravagance or vanity of its subjects, promulgated an edict forbidding the patrician



Drawing Room in the Ca' Capello. (Residence of Sir Henry Layard.)
From a Photograph by Sir Henry Thompson.

ladies to receive any visits during these interesting periods, except from their nearest relations, on pain of a fine of thirty ducats. The captain of the *Pompe* and his merry men were empowered to visit the houses to see that the law was obeyed, and had the right to penetrate into every room, more particularly into that of the proud mother herself; and any one who opposed their progress, whether noble or plebeian, would be fined ten ducats, with an additional chance for the latter of being sent to prison or to the galleys. Such were the joys of living under a paternal government.

Often the beds were painted by great artists. Even as late as the beginning of this century Cicogna mentions a certain house called the Casa de Proverbi, in the Calle SS. Apostoli, wherein there was a bedroom furnished in every detail according to the style of the sixteenth century. The woodwork of the bed was painted by a pupil of Bellini. This house was only demolished in 1840, and owed its name to the two proverbs which were carved on its façade (like the *Non Nobis Domine* on the Vendramin Palace) which ran as follows: *Chi semina spine non vada discalzato* (Who sows thorns should not walk barefoot), and *Dì di te e poi di me dirai* (Speak first of thyself and then mayest thou speak of me). In Sansovino's writings one finds many allusions to the beauty of these old Venetian beds, with their damask counterpanes trimmed with gold and silver fringes, and their beautiful lawn sheets embellished with *ponto tagliado con merli*, point coupé and lace. It may be said in passing that the modern Venetians in no wise follow in the footsteps of their ancestors as regards this attention to their bedrooms. Anything seems to be considered good enough for the sanctuary of a woman's beauty in the eyes of Venetian dames of the present day, though everything *en dehors* that is likely to be seen may be lavishly luxurious; the room which should be the mirror and reflection of a woman herself is usually furnished with a sordid vulgarity and miserliness that is peculiarly unpleasant when found in some gorgeous palace where the walls of the reception-rooms are

hung with tapestry and brocade and the furniture resplendent in crimson damask. There is no breach of confidence in my saying this, for the first tourist who visits any of the Venetian palaces which are open to the public can assure himself of the fact, there being no shyness or reserve displayed, the bedrooms and dressing-rooms of these owners of historical palaces being shown with the same indifference as the ball-rooms, so consequently criticism of the one may be expected as much as of the other. Gone are the days of grandiose beds painted, carved, and gilt by the best artists of the time; gone are damask hangings and draperies looped above carved columns; gone are the diptychs in their beautiful frames, above the heavily-carved and gilt *prie-dieux*; gone are the Oriental rugs that covered the floors; gone are the windows of stained glass which the Venetians used habitually while the inhabitants of less favoured countries were still obliged to fill their window-frames with fine white linen, oiled and waxed for the purpose. The glory of Venetian bedrooms has departed, and in its place we find shabby little wooden and iron beds, cement floors, barely garnished with a strip of some modern abomination in the way of carpet beside the bed; no sign of lace-trimmed sheets or pillows; Marseilles quilts instead of damask ones; a cheap crucifix on the wall, instead of the beautiful old *ancone* or shrines with carved enclosing doors which formerly were to be found by every patrician bedside; while the washing apparatus, which has hardly increased since the Middle Ages, has not even the merit of consisting of artistically beautiful objects, but is generally of some cheap crockery supported on a painted iron framework. It seems an extraordinary thing that any refined woman could possibly put up with such surroundings in the rooms that may be said to touch her most closely, and reserve all the outlay and luxury she can afford for the reception-rooms, so as to excite the wonder and envy of her visitors. Truly her vanity must be of the kind that is rather supported by the opinion of others than by a conscious appreciation of her own merits.

But to return to Venice in her days of glory. No better proof of the luxury of the patricians can be given than the fact that the senate found it continually necessary to promulgate sumptuary laws against particular forms of extravagance. I have already spoken of the edict in 1537 against receptions after confinements; but sixty years before that the love of interior decoration had reached such a height, that in 1476 a law was passed forbidding any one to spend more than one hundred and fifty gold ducats on any one room, which sum must include all carvings, gildings and paintings used therein. It does not seem to have had a very lasting effect, as not only in 1537 was the older law I have mentioned passed, but at the end of the sixteenth century a whole series of sumptuary edicts entitled *Reggimenti* were issued, of which the most important were those of July, 1593; June, 1595; March, 1598; June, 1609; and March, 1618. According to these paternal commandments it was forbidden to hang a whole house in black on the death of a relative; to hang with silk the walls of the *portego* (or hall) or other rooms which could be decorated with stamped leather, which must be of simple design and only of a certain height. No doubt this was partly with the intention of encouraging the home manufacture of these stamped leathers or *cuori d'oro*, which brought so large a revenue to Venetian coffers. It was only allowed to hang one room in a palace with tapestry. Floor-carpets, tablecloths in silk or cloth of gold were likewise forbidden,



Sala in the Palazzo Rezzonico. (Residence of Mr. Browning.)



Breakfast Room in the Palazzo Barbarigo. (Residence of Mr. Eden.)

as were also silken curtains to the windows, except to those of the principal room of the house. Not more than twelve chairs might be covered in silk or velvet, not one might be gilt; and among other forbidden articles were counted velvet-covered chests and tables, door panels in chased gold, walnut-wood beds, gilt or painted, gold-embroidered curtains or bed-coverings, velvet scabbards with gold ornaments for either swords or daggers. The silver plate must not exceed in value sixty marks; the coaches (for these edicts were chiefly directed against the extravagance of the Venetian nobles who were sent as governors to the various towns belonging to the Republic on the mainland) must not be lined with either velvet or silk, nor be ornamented with gilding, nor be drawn by more than two horses; the harness must be of leather not silk, and be without ornaments. But so far as the patrician governors were concerned, their influence was too strong to allow such laws to hold good against the ever-increasing love of luxury and display; and, in 1653, the senate allowed the governors of the mainland towns to indulge once more in sumptuous furniture for their palaces, and allowed them to possess silver plate up to the value of fifteen hundred ounces, which afterwards was increased, by further laws passed in 1682 and 1749, to six thousand ounces.

Feasts and suppers at which women were present (unless their presence was excused on the ground of relationship) were forbidden by the paternal government from the month of September to the last day of carnival (it would be interesting to know how long the light-hearted Venetians paid the smallest attention to a decree so entirely contrary to their

tastes), and in order to prevent dishonest and foolish things (*multa inepta et vana*), nobody from St. Michael's Day till the first day of Lent, *post sonum tertium campanae*, might have either men or women to supper. In 1450 all repasts that cost more than half a ducat a head were forbidden, in the hope of putting down costly feasts, which, in the solemn words of the decree, "are an abomination towards God and the world." In the sixteenth century it was forbidden to sell pheasants, peacocks, turkeys, *francolins*, wild fowl, trout and other freshwater fish, and all sweetstuffs and confections except "pastry and ordinary dainties." Molmenti speaks of a most curious little book existing among the State Archives in which some unknown person in the year 1460 wrote down the list of all the food served at his table. One of his *menus* was as follows: "Latuga, burago, caules, pomes, amygdalae, caseus, caro bovina, caro vitulina, pario pullorum, pisces arbores, pisces ophini," which certainly shows that the early Venetians did not stint themselves in the matter of either plenteousness or variety.

But I am letting myself be led too far afield in these absorbingly interesting old-world records which help one to realise, as nothing else can, something of the indoor life in Venice in the days of her grandeur and prosperity. It is impossible in the limits of a magazine article to do more than skim over the subject, but those of my readers who desire a closer acquaintance with it cannot do better than to read for themselves the work I have mentioned by Molmenti, which is far more entertaining than most novels, and also Viollet-le-Duc's publications on the Queen of the Adriatic. In is in the

indoor life of the old Venetians that the interest lies. It was they who built the glorious palaces on the Grand Canal, which make that silent highway unique in the world for beauty and grandeur; it was from Venice that came the feeling for indoor decoration which crystallised in France into the *style Louis XIII.*; it was the Venetians who succeeded, as no race has ever done, before or since, in combining the utmost gorgeousness of material and splendour of colouring with the imperious limitations of Art. Venice may be said to be the mother of all modern interior decoration when it is good; and though it cannot be claimed that the majority of her children of recent

times carry out the splendid ideas of their ancestors, still the work of those ancestors remains to prove that "there were giants in those days" to whom the beautifying of the city of their birth was a labour of love and a matter of just pride; and it is pleasant to be able to add that it is in the palaces that have been bought by English colonists that the best taste, allied with that form of comfort which has become proverbial on the Continent as *le confort anglais*, is to be found, preserving everything that was beautiful of a bygone age, and adding thereto the requirements of modern civilisation and luxury.

GERTRUDE E. CAMPBELL.

CROMWELL AT RIPLEY CASTLE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUDOLF LEHMANN. ETCHED BY G. W. RHEAD.



Tis the night of the 2nd July, 1644. The first great blow to the Royalist armies has been struck. The first note of King Charles's death-knell has sounded. For Marston Moor has been fought and won. Cromwell's Ironsides have measured their strength with Prince Rupert's troopers; and the

Puritans, who at Winceby fight charged singing psalms, have proved themselves the better men. All this stormy July evening they have fought fiercely on the Yorkshire moor. At nightfall the King's cause in the north is hopelessly wrecked. York is on the point of surrender. And the brilliant Rupert is riding south with hardly a man behind him.

Oliver Cromwell has shown himself this day to be a great military leader. But it is no triumphant general who sends to demand a night's lodging for himself and a company of his Ironsides at Ripley Castle, hard by upon the Nidd.

These stern "men of religion" look on their cause as a holy one, on themselves as chosen instruments of destruction, on their enemies as the enemies of heaven. "God made them as stubble to our swords," wrote Cromwell at the close of the day. Besides, the victory has been dearly bought; and a personal sorrow has added its weight to their leader's natural melancholy. For Cromwell's nephew, young Walton, whom he loved as his own son—better, perhaps, than poor Richard—is lying on Marston field with many another gallant Puritan, his only regret in death being that "God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies." If this was the temper of the dying, the living were not likely to show signs of unseemly joy. And it was a sad, grim, weary man who rode up to the great gateway of royalist Ripley with the knight's chamber above it.

From the days of King John there has been a baronial castle of some sort at Ripley; but the building in which Cromwell passed that memorable night dates from the sixteenth

century, as an inscription sets forth, carved upon the wainscot frieze in the knight's chamber:—

"Better is poverty with mirth and gladness,
Than is riches with sorrow and sadness."

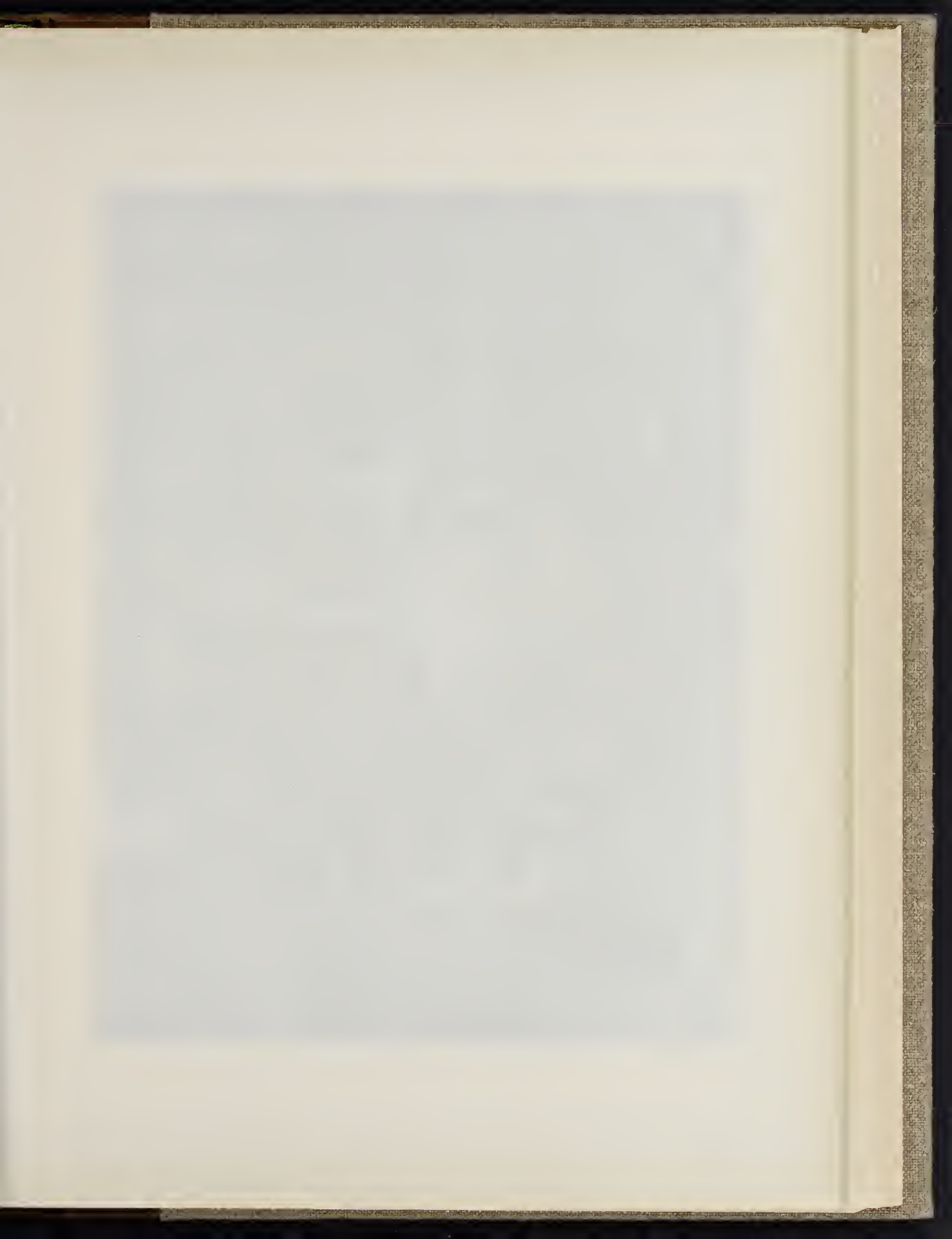
"I.H.C.—I.H.C. be our speede, Amen. Mon Droit, made by me, Sir William Ingilby, Knight, in the second year of our Sovereign Lord Kyng Edward, 1548, I.H.C. keep, keep the founder, Amen."

"The house," says Pennant in the eighteenth century, "is partly a tower of the time of Edward VI. embattled; a more ancient edifice still remains of wood and plaster, and solid wooden stairs. The entrance to the house is through a porch, the descent into it by three steps; the hall is large and lofty, has its low windows, its elevated upper table, and its table for vassals, and is floored with brick."

On the evening of Marston Moor, the knight of Ripley,—another Sir William Ingilby, and a strong Royalist—was away with his king, who two days before had defeated Waller at Cropredy Bridge, upon the Cherwell. But he had left his castle and his honour in safe keeping; for at first his valiant wife, the Lady Ann, indignantly refused to allow the enemies of her king and country to set foot within her doors. The messenger, who happened to be a kinsman, brought her at last to reason, by the ugly though potent argument, we may suppose, that at such moments might is right. And when at the appointed hour Cromwell arrived, he found a hostess, pale with anger, stern as himself, standing at the hall door to receive him with two great pistols in her girdle.

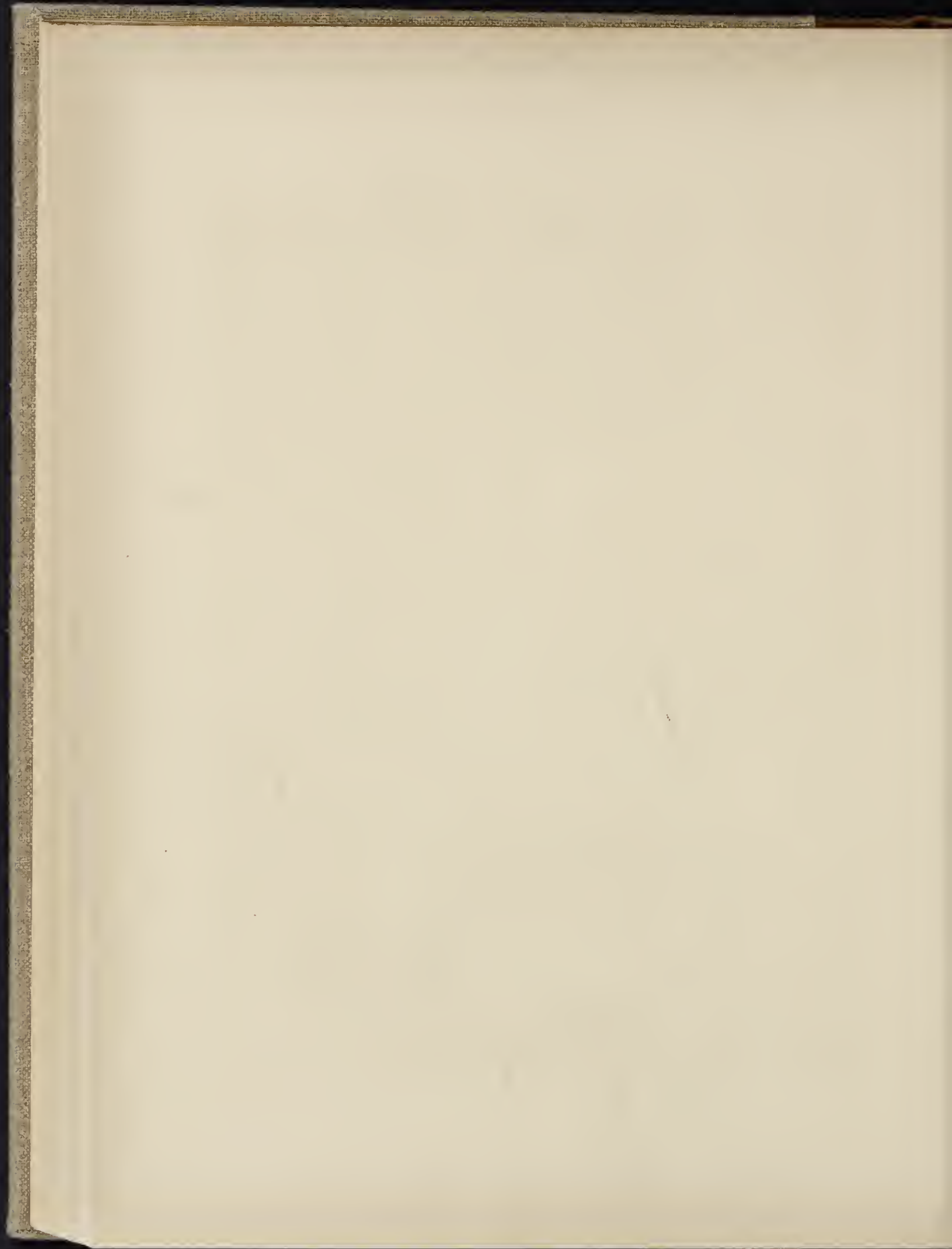
At a sign from their mistress her servants showed the soldiers where they might lodge, while Lady Ingilby led the way down the three steps into the great hall. There, on each side of the table, a chair was set. To one of them the lady conducted her hated guest, and taking the other, she sat all the night through on guard over the enemy of her king and her husband, her pistols in her lap. And all the night through, say the lady's descendants, those two watched each other.

Mr. Lehmann has chosen a dramatic moment in that strange vigil that we can well imagine came to pass. Cromwell, wearied out, has dozed for a minute, and a horrible temptation has presented itself to the courageous Lady Ann. Why should not she act the part of a modern Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, to this Sisera, who has forced himself upon her?









What matter if her own life is forfeit, so long as she rids her king of his bitterest foe? The temptation to any high-spirited woman, such as the mistress of Ripley, must have been almost irresistible. A commoner, coarser nature might have yielded, and the fate of half the civilised world might have been changed. But *noblesse oblige*. The obligation of hospitality, that first instinctive principle of good breeding, holds her back. The guest is sacred, even though duty to king and country seems to cry for his blood. Cromwell may sleep safely, and the revolution will go on.

Nevertheless, the present owners of Ripley Castle, to whose kindness I owe the details of the incident, say that the great

Protector was exceedingly glad to get away from their terrible ancestress in the morning. As he started next day for York Cromwell was ill-advised enough to bid his hostess compare the conduct of his Ironsides with that of Cavaliers in like circumstances, and to remember that neither the castle nor its inmates had suffered any wrong from his party. Whereupon the undaunted dame drew out her pistols with a grim smile, saying it was well for him that it was so, or she would assuredly have blown out his brains.

No wonder that even the great Oliver felt himself safer even on the battlefield than under the guard of so determined and dangerous a hostess,
ROSE G. KINGSLEY,

SIR JOHN DAY'S PICTURES.

USUALLY one longs to throw at least half of a private collection into the street. Not on any pedantic considerations that attributions are mistaken, that subjects are disagreeable, that pictures are unlike their author's ordinary work. Rather that no individual feeling has presided at the collection, no principle of decorative unity has resulted from the hanging. The walls look piebald in effect. Various schools of work fight with each other and with their surroundings, to the destruction of the qualities you may admire in particular pictures. Here is bright, raw, arbitrary colouring; here is small spidery execution, and there solemn luminous visions of the truth and broad majestic handling of the essential masses. Plainly, the man never liked any of his pictures well enough, or he would have sympathised with the repugnance they express to each other's enforced neighbourhood. You do not play out of tune even on the most expensive fiddles, and would prefer harmony from inferior instruments. One or two of the best and most costly canvases will scarcely redeem a whole collection. Without doubt they are valuable beyond words; they make the great moments in the symphony; but the general tissue (the padding, if you will) must be consonant, otherwise you were better left serene and undisturbed by conflicting sensations. A decorative ideal based on some

conception of beauty, of relative tranquillity and agitation, of general tone, of executive style, must operate at any price. It is better to weed out pictures that disturb the harmony of your effect. Bare walls of a good tone are inoffensive, even pleasant, but spotty, glaring canvases encourage each other to offend and irritate the eye. In the days when men painted on toned preparations instead of white grounds, I knew a good French artist who used to hang preparations round his walls in exhibition frames. "Ca donne à penser," said he; and indeed, quiet, slightly-varied fields of brown or grey, dominated by a frame, have a certain suggestive quality, and are superior to a mean pattern or raw colour.

In choosing his pictures Sir John Day has felt the importance of some such standard, by no means a low one. His

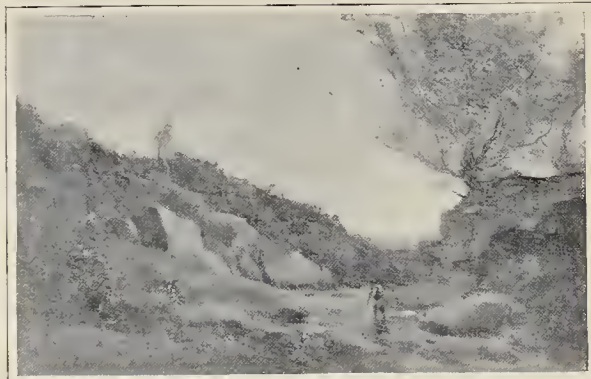


Morning. By Corot.

collection is worth having because it has been got together with a purpose. Its unity of effect testifies to the working of a consistent taste. His faith is fixed upon the masters of the School of 1830 in France, and he has very little that blasphemes against their creed—a broad view of reality tempered by an imaginative unity of treatment, and a prevailing bond of colour semi-decorative and semi-atmospheric. You will find in this collection neither the school which applies colour to copy the local tints of each object seen in turn, as if isolated from the rest; nor that later and more artistic school which strives to suggest with style such purely atmospheric effects as the iridescence of light in high tone, complementary colour, and the just colouring of a whole field of sight. I would not disparage the later Impressionist work, some of which nothing can surpass.

But I feel that the real lover of pictures preserves them from dangerous encounters. He will not toss them, as it were, into a pit to fight it out like dogs and rats. He sighs over the inevitable bad lighting of some of his walls, and though he may not sacrifice ease to aestheticism, at any rate he jealously guards his pictures from improper companions and riotous debauches of untrammelled colour. In Sir John Day's house at Collingham Gardens, London, there is no picture gallery; the pictures are meant to live with you. They accost you everywhere—in the dining-room, drawing-room, library, passages and staircases, in light corners, in dark corners, in side lights, in front lights, in low lights, and in high lights. It is not usual to find such a fine show anywhere, and in the ordinary town house, unless one has lived with it, one cannot easily come to a decision upon the relative quality of the pictures. A local knowledge alone can pilot one's judgment safely through the inevitable difficulties of a variety of lights.

However, it is safe to mention, as the principal canvases, a



The Ravine. By Corot.

Millet, several Corots, two Rousseaus, and examples of Daubigny, Dupré, and the Brothers Maris. Sir John Day began his collection before these painters were so much spoken of, and so widely seen, as they are nowadays in England. His pictures appeared in the show of French and Dutch work got together for the Edinburgh Exhibition in 1885, at the Goupil Gallery shows, and others that have contributed to spread the appreciation of the school of 1830 and its derivative branches. I propose to speak in this article of the French pictures, and to take the Dutch and English later.

Sir John Day's Millet, here illustrated, is interesting, not only as Art, but as a view of the surroundings in which the painter lived. It shows what Barbizon was and what Millet daily saw, or, rather, the transfiguration of what he saw into poetry. This village lane, with houses on one side and deep bowery trees on the other, is ennobled by a magic wrapping of dusky air. Gleams of light chequer these shadowy depths, and, by their exquisitely modelled delicacy, appear to float without spottiness

amidst the tremulous and still gentler agitation of reflections from the upper sky. Through the play of such close tones, objects become revealed by degrees as in nature, and you see a woman in a lovely note of blue, a drove of pigs in some speckled light, and, beneath the deepest gloom of the trees, the suggestion of a half-visible group of horse and man. This is Impressionism of a most lofty kind, and as "advanced" as that of any master. A profound mystery of light reigns in this mellow darkness, in these low-toned, soft-playing lights. But this is not the only magic of the artist. A parsimonious, yet truthfully varied, definition of things gives a natural suppleness to the whole envelopment of the scene. A grandeur of impression has been first secured by the way nature is framed, and then enhanced by every resource of treatment, by a subordination of local colour, detail, and definition of edges to the comparative force of great



Millet's House at Barbizon. By J. F. Millet.

masses, to the distance of the focus, and to a simplicity proportioned to the width of the view. The chimney reared above the gable marks prominently in the composition; but it has been transmuted into a noble form by dignified proportion and tranquil breadth of workmanship. Small as this picture is, its style breathes majesty, and its colour is of a quality more delicate and decorative than you often find in Millet.

Indeed, few of Sir John Day's pictures are of any great size, which, considering the inequality of the distribution of light in private houses, cannot but conduce to the good effect of his walls. He has no Corots of the size of 'Biblis,' 'Orpheus,' 'The Symphony,' 'Souvenir d'Italie,' or 'The Dance of Nymphs,' but out of some dozen or so he owns several of exquisite quality. Two of the largest and most noted show the same *motif*, treated with variations—a rocky glen and stunted twisted trees plunged in half-gloom below a clear morning sky. The larger of the two, squarer in shape, nobler in style, fatter and richer in colour, looks more like evening, and shows two woodmen seated on a tree stump; while the cooler, greyer, and quieter work, which we reproduce, has a man wading through a stony path that serves as the bed of a stream. Another well-known picture belongs to Corot's reminiscences of the Italian lakes. The squarish canvas bears a favourite composition with the painter—a great side scene of elegant vapourous foliage and delicate stems, combined with a low horizon, distant hills and buildings bathed in blue, a lake with wavy masses of foreground reeds, and a dark boat with figures. The general tone of the picture may be described as silver-black, inclining to brown and green on the one hand and blue on the other. In none of these Corots do I find more characteristic painting than in the free, slight, and suggestive handling of ragged straggling trees in a little unusual picture of sandhills painted in very high, yet warm yellow tone. It is reproduced on the first page of this paper. These and others belong to the category of poetic Corots, where the relation of his art to nature is less obvious to the careless observer than its exquisite adaptation to the decorative purpose of a picture. These affect one like the stately music of eighteenth-century ballets. They charm one with their composed elegance of arrangement and their rare symphonic colour in



Sunset. By Théodore Rousseau.

harmonious and stronger colours. Here, however, are two smaller Corots, where the art is less magisterial, less ornamental, in fact less classic. In a homely dress the pulse of nature beats, perhaps, more strongly, and she appears more at ease than in her court suit. The first of these pictures shows us one of those very bright summer days full of colour and movement; when the blue sky seems to contain depth on depth, and each layer is peopled by rolls of moving cumulus. Blue reflections quiver through everything, and suggest a dominant key of colour. The whole scene seems interpenetrated by air, colour and sparkle. The composition of the canvas is natural and unstrained; the world appears fresh and beautiful, but artless and unarranged. A cottage, with a tree or two about it, stands on swelling ground in an open country without hedges. Close at hand we see a narrow side-scene of foliage which runs up the frame on the right. The second of these two pictures is still less of a set composition. Probably a sketch from nature, it was done as a record of tone and colour, without thought of the decorative filling of a space. It is almost divided into two squares, of which the top one is sky. The lower square is divided into successive horizontal bands, a strip of trees, then a strip of houses, lastly a band of which the left half is water and the right a grass bank. Nothing can surpass the colour of this little gem for combined richness, delicacy and truth. A general tone of exquisite mellowness pervades the whole picture, binding together the rich blue sky with its floating filaments of white cloud, the deep green trees, the creamy houses, the water repeating these in a lower tone, and the grass striped with light and shade. The pigment is put on directly without glaze or over-painting, yet the surface has all the quality of old porcelain. Other Corots are first a lake-scene with vast vapourous trees in the foreground all bathed in silvery morning light; second, a large sketch on a dark brown



In Auvergne. By Théodore Rousseau.

quite a different way from the keener, more tumultuous, and disordered appeal of nature with its less choice forms, its less

basis, broad and grand rather than refined, and notable for the weaving of the dark lines of branches into a striking pattern; third, a village street with houses on one side and trees on the other, and women washing in a stream by the roadside; and fourth, a little gem with trees and bridge, probably adapted from a sketch of Gretz.

The most remarkable Rousseau shows a road in Auvergne, the mountainous centre of France. If I remember rightly, one

of Millet's few voyages was undertaken in this district in the company of Théodore Rousseau. In this case Rousseau has drawn the subject carefully in pen and ink on the canvas, as Millet often did. Indeed the treatment of the unfamiliar scene altogether recalls the drawings which Millet made on this excursion. Rousseau was thus careful probably because the scenery was strange, and certainly because so much of the curious sentiment of the picture depends upon the subtle



Cattle Reposing. By E. Van Marcke.

delineation of the forms of the *motif*. The course of the descending and winding road with its parapet, as well as the lines of the distant hills, as shown in the reproduction, are admirably followed. Had the *motif* depended more on colour, it would have been equally conscientious to secure that first and lose the drawing in a blot of pigment. The colour here is very thin, a mere rubbing in, but beautiful, and in Rousseau's broader and more tranquil style. Another Rousseau, also reproduced, a most highly-coloured little gem two or three inches tall, depicts a sunset with strong reds and greens. A larger sunset by Rousseau appears to have suffered from the pushing up of a warm brown ground. Many painters of this century liked working on dark grounds; some of them used a rich warm bituminous slush as a medium. This became the accepted sauce for seasoning the Romantic dish with those men who consult their own ease and a cheaper public taste. It would be wrong to deny that men of decorative feeling succeed in doing pleasing work in this manner, but their art lacks the extra poetry of close association with the sentiments derived from nature.

Evening was naturally a favourite time with the Romantics and Naturalists of the 1830 School. Fine renderings of such effects by two men of note rank with the best work of Sir John Day's collection. In Troyon's dark after-glow you dimly

perceive a shepherd and his flock on a rough road with gleaming ruts which traverses a vast plain stretching into the dusk of the coming night. Profoundly true yet most poetic and painter-like one recognises this picture, so new in its day, as part of the foundation of a now familiar way of seeing and rendering such aspects of the world. The other little picture is a sunset by Daubigny, marvellously luminous and broad. The yellow sky gradates into a tender dove colour as true as it is exquisite. Floods of mellow light skim the firmly modelled ground, catching as it were the prominences of the earth and plants. Yet this is effected by a mere scraped rubbing with firm judicious touches planted on the top. The dark wall of rock that shuts in the view keeps its distance well, and seems bathed in a deep mystery alive with suggestions of light visiting hidden forms.

One of Daubigny's well-known river scenes, 'Solitude,' serves as illustration to this article. Compared with some Daubignys, or with a Corot, it is mannered; that is to say, the style has run away with the meaning and carried it beyond the impression of nature. Of course the composition and the workmanship still show the great artist. Van Marcke, a pupil of Troyon, is well represented by a broad and simply, yet artfully, composed group of cattle feeding on a vast plain near the sea. Two are coast-marines which Daubigny has

surpassed in their own line. One should note, however, a deep sea marine consisting of a stripe of dark blue surmounted by a stripe of sunset sky with the red half orb of the sun disappearing beneath the horizon. We will not overpraise the picture, nor yet forget how many have followed this once bold statement of how a thing really looks. A deep-sea marine with a storm-tossed fishing boat represents Jules Dupré's fat rich manner of treating sea and sky. Diaz "the magician," more than any of these great men, gave away his own magic by doing it as if he saw through it himself. He should have allowed others to make it a cheap trick. It is robbing the honest craftsman both to imagine a great style, and to invent an easy formula for a degraded imitation. It would be going too far so to describe a yellow autumn view in Fontainebleau Forest with a pool, oaks, and rocks topped by a stormy sky diversified with light cumulus, dark drift, and blue gaps. But it is a set composition with too much brown preparation and less sincerity if more prettiness than we see in a larger and darker Diaz showing cattle drinking in the evening at a pool. The aspect of this latter picture is romantic; the sky is fine and of rich colour, but the trees and the ground seem too dark. The canvas probably requires a stronger illumination; green, if done from nature or in a bright light, looks too black when seen in a London house. Sir John Day



In the Forest of Fontainebleau. By Diaz.

possesses pictures by Michel, Harpignies, and many others; those we have described form the heart of the French pictures in his interesting collection.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.



Solitude. By Daubigny.



Argelès de Bigorre.

ARGELÈS DE BIGORRE is a small village in a lovely Pyrenean valley, beautifully situated on the hill-side, about half-way between Lourdes, famous for its faith-healing, and the little village of Pierrefitte, nestling under the hills at the far end of the valley.

It forms a capital head-quarters for numerous excursions into the mountains, possessing in the Hôtel de France one of the most comfortable resting-places in the country.

The neighbourhood of the village itself abounds in lovely walks, affording many a view of the snow-topped summits of the Pyrenees. Among the visitors who wander about the little villages on the hill-sides, and peep into the old Romanesque churches with their "Cagot" doors and fonts (subjects of many a long argument), very few trouble themselves to look much

at or into the old plain, comfortless-looking farm-houses and cottages, and yet they are worthy of examination in spite of their cold colouring and grey roofs, for in many cases their doors, window-shutters, and window-rails are genuine works of Art. Great trouble has been taken to make some of these shutters and window-rails ornamental; and even more care seems to be spent on the door, one example of which will be given here; but there yet remains inside the house the greatest work of all, and that is the nevel at the foot of the stairs (*la colonne d'escalier*)



No. 1.—At Luz.

made usually in one piece of oak or chestnut, on which an immense amount of labour is often bestowed. The panelling



No. 2.—In an Old Mill on the road to Pierrefitte.

of the inside doors is generally very good, all the mouldings being cut out of the solid.

We will confine our remarks here to the carvings that may be found in the near neighbourhood of Argelés itself, and to commence our search we will make for the old-world village of St. Savin, a very favourite walk. Leaving Argelés by the Pierrefitte road we first come to a bit of the old town, and by turning to the right, just below the Hôtel de France, a narrow lane will be found leading past the old church and up a pretty valley; it is from this spot that the view of Argelés de Bigorre, given as the head-piece to this article, was taken. In one of the houses near here is a very old specimen of the carved newel, but as this is not the road we purpose to take the reader at this time, we will retrace our steps to the main



No. 3.—At Luz.

road and keep straight on. After passing the Gendarmerie we come to an old saw-mill on the right-hand side of the road and here we shall find our first subject; this is the stairway given in No. 2; it is a very good example and in fair preservation. The principal figure in this carving is a monkey, an animal which seems to have been a favourite subject of the artist who designed many of these newels, for it is often met with, generally in company with some other animal or reptile; the other newels mentioned later appear to be of an earlier date than these carvings of nondescript animals.

At each turn of the stairs there are carved panels, one of which is shown in this drawing; the subject is an oak-tree, which is a very common motive in many of the carvings; other motives often met with are the lion, and the wheat-sheaf and sickle.

The workmanship of this stairway is rude but strong, the wood unpainted and nearly black in colour.

On leaving this mill we continue our walk through the old and very interesting village of St. Savin, with its ancient church containing a curious old organ, which has been struck by lightning, past the little chapel of Piétat, down a lovely road overshadowed by tall trees, allowing here and there glimpses of the snow-clad mountains, and we soon arrive at Pierrefitte, nearly



No. 4.—At Pierrefitte.

hidden under the shadow of the hills, quite at the end of the valley of Lavedan; from this village branch off the two wonderfully engineered roads leading, the one to Luz and Garbarnie, the other to Caunterets. It is a place well worth

staying at, and the Hôtel de la Poste is most comfortable. In the summer crowds of visitors are continually passing through the village, in all manner of conveyances, on their way to one or other of the mountain pleasure and health resorts; at night in early spring one hears nearly every hour the bells of the sheep which are being led in flocks to their summer pastures on the mountains.

As Luz has just been mentioned we have given two examples from that old town. No. 1 is a modern piece of work, as one can see by the date, and its design is not so good as that of some of the earlier ones.

No. 3 is worth noting as showing an inventive mind on the side of the artist; there was not sufficient width in the passage for the usual carved *colonne d'escalier*, so he has carried out his wish to have a carved end to his stairway by using a flat broad piece of wood instead of the usual round mass,

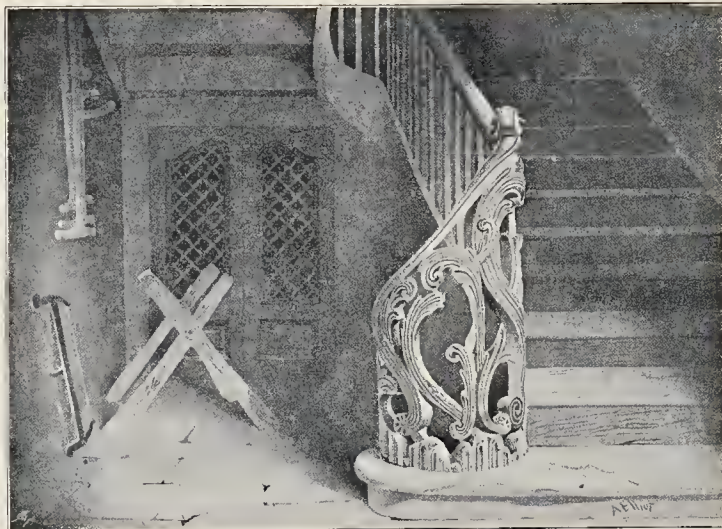


No. 5.—Old Door in Villelongue, in the Valley of Argelés.

and a very beautiful object he has made; nothing could be much more graceful than the way in which the hand-rail is carried over the top of the finial.

Returning to Pierrefitte, we shall find in a very old cottage, close to the embranchement of the Caunterets road, the very beautiful newel given in No. 4; it is one of the finest examples we saw and looks almost Byzantine in the solidity of its curves; it was the only case in which we met with doors shutting off the upstairs portion of the house from the ground floor, and apparently they must have been added after the stairway was made.

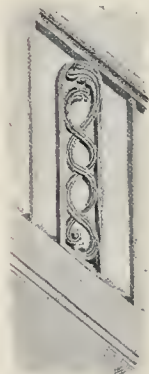
We will now return to Argelés by the road on the other side of the river. Crossing the bridge just above Pierrefitte, we pass below the village of Villelongue, and here we give a drawing of a battered old door, No. 5; in its time it must have been handsome, though now rapidly going to ruin. On looking through this doorway into the interior of the house one can



No. 6.—At Arduix.

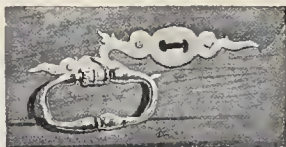
just discern a very primitive-looking newel at the foot of the stairs, ornamented in a very slight way.

No doubt there are many more examples in this village, as it is an ancient one, and possesses some interesting-looking old houses; but we had not time to explore it. There is a path through the village up the Ravine d'Isabil, past the Abbey St. Orens, and then over the Col, joining a carriage road which leads to Bag-nères de Bigorre; but we must keep to the lower road, passing under the ruined Château Beaucens, situate on the hill-side above our heads. This Château, very strongly fortified, was once the stronghold of the lords of Lavedan.



No. 7.—Panel in Stairway, Arduix.

We soon leave the road again to visit the quaint little village of Arduix, which lies half-way up the hill on our right, hidden among the trees. A steep mule track winds its way up to the village, and leads one right into the centre of a small cluster of houses, where, on a smooth round rock like a man's bald head, stands the tiny church; leaving the church on our left, we make for a farmhouse standing in a yard; it possesses a very handsome door and stairway. This was pointed out to the writer by a gentleman staying at the Hôtel de France also fond of drawing, whose quick eye caught sight of the door and at a glance saw how handsome it was. The proprietress, who happened to be



No. 8.—Metal Escutcheon on Wardrobe.

standing near on the day we arrived, at once gave us a friendly permission to enter. At the foot of the stairs and covered with old sacks and cloths was the fine carved end seen in No. 6; it is very graceful, though perhaps a little rudely carved. The hall was used as a sort of tool house; the long, straight-handled scythes hanging in the corner, recalls to one's mind the fact that all French servants dislike bending at their work: the wax on the end of the pole for polishing floors, the brushes on the feet for finishing the process, the green herbs or horse-hair used to collect the dust in a room, and also pushed about the floor with the feet, a long duster flapped about

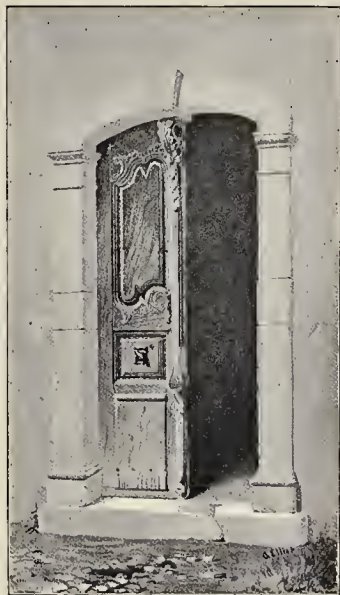
at arms' length, all bear witness to this. Our guide now took us up the broad stairs, and on the way let us note a pretty panel half-way up the railing, No. 7. On arriving at the top she led us into a large bedroom, possessing a fire-place with a carved overmantel, and on the wall space above was another curious sort of fresco painting, a group of flowers; the room had been white-washed several times since the painting was done, but each time care had been taken to avoid the flowers; against the wall was one of the large wardrobes usually found in French bedrooms of this type; they are often very handsome and the metal work sometimes very quaint and original; we here give one example, No. 8; in this case the same lock escutcheon has been used in an upright position on the doors, and in a horizontal position on the drawers; in the latter case, as shown in drawing, it is arranged so as to look like a part of the handle. Some of these specimens are very curious; we give another from the old Knight Templars' church at Luz, No. 9.



No. 9.—At the Knight Templars' Church at Luz.

The outside door of this house, No. 10, which first attracted the attention of my friend, is indeed a beautiful specimen; the carving below the large panel is nearly worn away, but enough remains to show how graceful it must once have been. The writer was left in entire possession of the place for a whole morning while the owners were at work in the fields, the mistress fortunately seeing what a trouble and inconvenience it would have been to have to take away all one's traps and come again; on her return to get the mid-day meal she asked many questions about England, and said she did not think they had to work so hard there as she had. And no

doubt she was right, for few English farmers' or labourers' wives, having a house like hers, would have gone out all day working



No. 10.—Door at Arduix.

as hard as a man, barefooted in the fields. C. E. Ackland Troyte says, in "From the Pyrenees to the Channel in a Dog-cart,"—"The life of a married Bearnese might tame the wildest spirits of the unfettered maiden, for her lot is a hard one."

After leaving the village and gaining the main road, we go on until the iron bridge over the Gave is reached, crossing which we are soon once more back in Argelès.

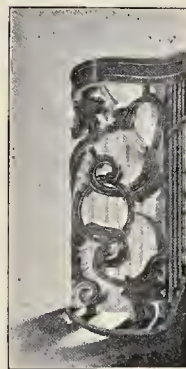


No. 11.—At Argelès.

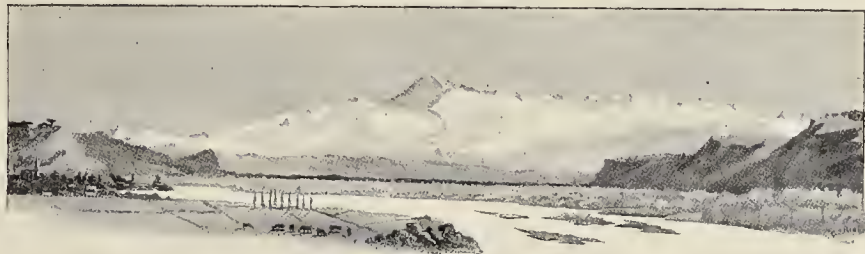
give is No. 12, a curved turn to a staircase, to be seen in the old house next the hotel mentioned above; it is very boldly designed, and carved with great freedom.

We hope we have interested our readers in giving this collection of carvings, and have shown that there is more in these old grey-looking houses than appears at first sight; and when the weather is unfavourable for long mountain excursions, and the visitor does not know what to do with himself, let him take his note and sketch-book and wander about the small hillside villages using his eyes, and assuredly he will find plenty to interest him.

A. ELLIOT.



No. 12.—At a house near Sassus' Hotel, at Argelès.



The Pyrenees. Pic du Midi de Bigorre.

THE ART SALES OF 1893.



COMMERCIAL depression has been, regrettably, the keynote of 1893, for the financial crises of the last few years have made their influence severely felt in the sale-room. Hence it has followed that forced sales of collections, gathered in the heyday of prosperity, have ousted

from the auction programme those really fine and carefully chosen collections, particularly of modern masters, which in ordinary circumstances would have made a welcome advent in the market.

Statistics are not infallible, but they have an immediate use; it may therefore be recalled that, whereas in the period 1885-92 various collections, including the Beckett-Denison, Morgan (New York), Graham, Lonsdale, Bolckow, Secrétan (Paris), Wells, Matthews, Price, Dudley and Magniac realised sums varying between £60,000 and £300,000, the most greatly boomed sale of 1893, the Bingham-Mildmay, a resultant of the Baring catastrophe, achieved a total of only £47,000.

In short, it was, during the past season, but too apparent that dealers and private buyers alike were reserving themselves for future events, and it requires no great gift of prophecy to foreshadow the market success—commercial depression or otherwise—which will attend the submission of any truly fine collection, especially of the modern masters. Owners of such may then with good reason await their opportunity, for there will ever be money and competition for collections which bear the hall-mark of sound taste and selection.

It should also be borne in mind that nowadays many collections never come to auction at all. The famous foreign pictures from the Stewart-Hodgson and Murietta galleries have all recently changed hands by private bargain; and no notable example by Corot, Daubigny, Troyon, or Meissonier, has been seen for auction sale in London. Yet those who interest themselves in such matters know full well that the two collections named contained many fine specimens of these painters' works, as well as others by artists such as Lhermitte, Matthew and James Mavis, and Josef Israels. All these were purchased *en bloc* and privately by one of the largest Art dealing firms in the world.

Introductory observations of this nature are called for in treating of the sale returns of 1893, which, in a measure, are misleading, on account of the inclusion of many high prices for examples of avowedly classic masters—of the old Dutchmen in particular—the worthy appreciation of whose works no new school, craze, or affectation can apparently reduce.

In this connection one is forcibly reminded of the Field sale (June 10) of works of the Dutch school, comprising a collection which bore the obvious sign of having been brought together with patient care, and what is less common, skilful discrimina-

tion. It will be remembered, too, that the loan exhibition of these pictures at Marlborough House pioneered the movement which resulted in the present South Kensington Museum.

And yet he who, on that sultry afternoon, sat near Mr. Wood's rostrum (which he, with amiable conservatism, refuses to have burnished or "done-up") could not but have felt the lagging nature of the biddings, albeit the sale records show a Hobbema at £4,725 and a Ruysdael at £1,785.

A characteristic subject by Teniers, 'The Card-Players,' awakened interest from the fact that, so far back as 1794, it had been sold at Christie's, from Sir Lawrence Dundas' collection, for 98 gs., and had not since been seen at auction.

Although the application of the rules of compound interest is sometimes apt in picture-investments, it is manifestly fairer, in consideration of the pleasure which a fine picture affords to its possessor, to take the simpler rules as a basis of test of profit or loss. Therefore when it is stated that on this occasion seven hundred and sixty guineas were paid, it will be gathered that the profit on the transaction represents nearly seven per cent. simple interest for the ninety-nine years' possession.

The submission of Adrian Van Ostade's 'Interior of a Cabaret,' reminded a few of the glorious times of the late Mr. Beckett-Denison, who, in the Hamilton Palace sale of 1882, ran veritably *amok* through the ranks of the dealers. Then he secured this picture for 1,750 gs.; in his own sale, three years later, it dropped to 900 gs.; at the Field sale, the price paid was but 730 gs. To all which there is a moral, obvious enough to the frequenter of auctions.

A marvellous 'Group of Roses,' by the master, J. Van Huysum, attracted much admiring attention from those who are surfeited with the so-called "Flower-studies," which infest the present-day exhibitions. Cheap, indeed, it was at 460 gs., considering that at Earl Clare's sale in 1864 the work fetched 500 gs.

The disposal of Berchem's 'Cattle passing a Ford,' pointed to the remarkable decadence of this master's work in popular estimation. Only seventeen years ago this picture went for £1,110; this year the price fell as low as £682; but even at this figure the unfortunate painter would have gladly jumped, seeing that at the height of his reputation he laboured, from early morning to four in the afternoon, for ten florins a day.

Ruysdael's success has already been noticed, but it may be added that in the Bingham-Mildmay sale, another of his examples 'The Shore at Scheveningen,' fetched the huge sum of £3,045, the maximum auction record of this master's works; still the fact that the artist died in an almshouse must be poor encouragement to any contemporary unappreciated genius.

In the same sale a portrait by Rembrandt of his wife, was well purchased for 2,550 gs., since in the Clifden sale (May 6) of the famous pictures of the late Lord Dover, of Dover House, Whitehall, a portrait of a lady dated 1644 (imported by the famous Woodburn), realised £7,035, and another of a man £5,775.

The mere noting of these amounts will readily convey a

true impression of the chief features of the past season, which may indeed be described as having been dedicated to the ancients.

It stands to reason that when standard works of such high upset prices are offered, there must be only a very small number of competitive bidders. Without, then, seeking to detract from the merits of acknowledged masters, it may fairly be argued, from a sale point of view, that to modern painters, owners, and purchasers, the submission of works of recent origin appeals more strongly and arouses a greater interest among a greater number.

Thus, while to the legion worshippers of Velasquez it comes as no surprise to learn that three of his wonderful portraits averaged 2,600 gs. each in the Clifden sale, to the numerous buyers of modern pictures it is of keenly speculative interest whether this Royal Academician or that, this exhibitor at one Salon or both, this free lance or this iconoclast, is gaining, holding, or losing ground.

The conditions which materially affect the market status of an admittedly popular artist are due to three causes—first, whether he is living; second, just deceased; or third, long dead. If happily the first, the prices of his pictures can be carefully bolstered up should any slackness of appreciation be evinced—unless, as is sometimes the case, the business becomes too wearisome. But should his works come into the market shortly after his decease, the chances are that only a cold reception will await them. Time alone can bring a reaction, and then comes the lucky harvest. Doubtless the possessors of pictures by the late Frank Holl, once called, in the figure of hyperbole, "The English Velasquez," are wondering as to the third stage. In 1889, the year after his death, twelve of his works averaged £390 odd, and this year, 'Committed for Trial,' submitted tentatively "from a private source," realised only 220 gs.

Side by side with this let us place the sale of Sir F. Leighton's 'Daphnephoria,' from the Stewart-Hodgson collection, for nigh upon £4,000, a price which, *pace* Mr. Holman Hunt, is low indeed; and yet who would care to say what view buyers half a century hence will take of works by the "English Cabanel," as M. Ary Rénan designates the Head of the Academy?

In the Matthews sale of 1891 twelve of Mr. Hook's fine seascapes averaged over £900 each. This standard would appear to have been approximately fixed, for this season his well-known 'Luff, Boy,' was sold for 920 gs. The series of ten in the Price sale of 1892, it may be added, had an average of rather over £800.

Two of Sir John Millais' examples, 'Victory, O Lord,' and 'Dropped from the Nest,' went for 1,200 gs. apiece, but it will not be out of place to state that the same master's 'North-West Passage' cost Mr. Henry Tate £4,200 in 1888.

When the Gallery of British Art at length becomes established, records of this kind will be sought for, and for a time there will be standard values created, with what advantage to the public purse one must refrain from conjecturing.

It will be remembered that upon the mooring of Mr. Tate's project, the market was flooded with British examples, thirty Landseers fetching £42,000 in 1890.

This year, Gainsborough's 'Mrs. Drummond,' in realising £7,035, approached the large sum of £9,975 paid for his work, 'The Sisters,' in the Lonsdale sale of 1887. Gainsborough's record at Christie's during the last eight years is truly remarkable, ten of his works having realised, on the average, nearly £4,000 each.

Last year a Reynolds was sold for the exceptional price of £4,305, and this season his 'Lady Caroline Price' nearly equalled this figure.

The canvases of Roberts, Wilkie, Phillip, Constable, and Lewis still maintain their high position; on the other hand, Etty and Webster show annually a steady decline.

From the Brocklebank collection came Webster's 'Good Night,' and as the price in the Betts sale of 1868 fell to £897 from £1,207 in the Bicknell, so again did it drop; this time to £367.

It is not often that Turner's creations show marked depreciation, therefore the fact that the well-known water-colour drawing, 'The Falls of the Tees,' which was sold in the Bale collection eleven years ago for £1,270, declined nearly fifty per cent. in this season's market, is noticeable.

Did space allow, notes of similar fluctuations might be continued to a long extent; but, as will already have been noticed, the object of the writer has been to describe the salient features of the bygone season, and on that account bald lists of titles and prices have been eschewed. Readers may, however, be reminded that such *minutiae* will appear as usual in the next issue of *The Year's Art*, which includes such records with more appropriateness.

With reference to the disposal, during the season, of miscellaneous objects of vertu, porcelain, books, furniture, carvings, and the like, it should be mentioned, by way of summary, that some great prices were obtained for rare lots, notably in the Field sale.

A carved wood tablet, of the sixteenth century, 9½ in. high and 7½ in. wide, representing 'The Fall,' fetched £2,026, and Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book, said to be of the workmanship of George Heriot, realised £1,281. The Field collection in its entirety (pictures and *objets d'art*) is stated to have shown a profit of £20,000.

Old French furniture by Boule went well in the sale of the Cassiobury collection, and the revived craze for old silver was again markedly evinced.

Cosway miniatures appear to fetch about 150 gs. each, and on one occasion a first state of Reynolds' 'Ladies Waldegrave,' engraved by V. Green, was sold for 205 gs.

If the general tone of the picture market must be summed up as apathetic, a wonderful reaction was witnessed when the widely-known Holford collection of Rembrandt etchings was submitted to competition. Buyers from almost every important foreign art centre were represented, and vied more than successfully with the few remaining British connoisseurs who cherish a taste which may be claimed as distinctly British in its first cultivation.

The scattering of such collections as the Buccleuch, Griffith, Webster, Seymour Haden, and Fisher, had left the Holford portfolios unique, consequently the prizes were fought for with the keenest rivalry, and some unprecedented prices were given; three "first states" of 'The Hundred Guilder Piece,' 'Rembrandt with the Sabre,' and 'Ephraim Bonus,' fetching nearly £6,000 between them. All these went abroad; in fact, as previously hinted, the majority of the etchings fell to the high biddings of Continental collectors.

In certain quarters a patriotic wail has gone up that our national collections were but little enriched by this sale. It should be borne in mind, however, that the British Museum contains a rare selection of Rembrandts, and that, after all, the public purse is fairly saved from the expense of duplicate "first states," even if a second purchase would have bettered the first. A livelier satisfaction may be derived from the fact

that the national examples were secured in a cheaper market, and that, for once in a way, a British property has succeeded in causing plenty of foreign money to be spent in obtaining possession of it. When it is stated that upwards of £28,000 was paid for the Holford etchings, this aspect of the case will be more readily understood.

At the close of the season an effort was made, in the disposal of the Onslow and Essex pictures and sculpture, to reawaken the interest of collectors, but proceedings were somewhat sluggish. The Onslow canvases were of mixed quality, only the Ruysdaels, and, curiously enough, a Denner, causing any spirited competition.

From the Essex collection three Turners averaged £4,500 although it was apparent that only one was a sale beyond the fixed reserve. The 'Walton Bridges' did not compare with

the one now in the possession of Lord Wantage, bought in the Bolckow sale of 1891 for 7,100 gs.

The sale was wound up with that inevitable *réchauffé*, "the property of a gentleman," and one of David Cox's works, 'Collecting the Flocks,' went for £1,200, as against £420 in the Bullock sale of 1870. Connoisseurs, nevertheless, profess to consider Cox on the decline, and one eminent expert expressed the opinion that he would yet be able to buy this work at his own price, viz. £500.

The sculpture included works by Gibson, Spence, and Thorwaldsen, the first master's example, 'Venus with the Apple,' realising upwards of £900, but it will be recalled that three years ago the similar but more important 'Tinted Venus' went for double this figure.

A. C. R. CARTER.

SIR FRANCIS POWELL, P.R.S.W.

THE list of honours on the occasion of the last birthday of her Majesty, in which Art and Literature so largely shared, included a knighthood to Mr. Francis Powell, the President of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours. This gracious act was at once a compliment to the Society and a Royal recognition of a gentleman held in high regard by his brother-artists and friends, and who exemplifies in private life the refining qualities of that art to which he is so devoted. Sir Francis Powell was born in Manchester and studied for three years at the School of Art in that city, where he won the medal for figure drawing. He afterwards went to London and continued painting the figure for some years at Leigh's academy and other studios. In the last days of the Royal Academy at Trafalgar Square he exhibited his first oil picture, which was purchased by Mr. J. A. Bell. His love for water colour, however, led him to renounce oils, and in the lighter medium he has worked ever since. In 1857

Mr. Powell went to reside at Dunoon, on the Clyde—having been much delighted with the locality when visiting it on several occasions. There, also, he became interested in yacht-sailing and building; and of the waters of the great Scottish estuary, under varying aspects of weather and light with white-winged yachts skimming over dancing waves, or resting becalmed on a burnished sea, he has made many charming drawings. In 1867 Mr. Powell was elected an Associate of the Royal Water Colour Society, then known as the Old Society, and in 1870 he became a full member. In 1877 he gained

the Heywood prize of £50 for the best water-colour picture exhibited in Manchester.

The same year a few aquarellists in Glasgow, feeling that injustice was done at exhibitions to water-colour drawings by the placing of them in the worst rooms, conceived the idea of promoting a society for their art similar to the two then existing in London. Mr. Powell was requested to address a meeting in Glasgow on the subject, and the result was the formation of the Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours, which has included, and still includes, within its ranks many of the best-known artists both in the west and east of Scotland. By general consent Mr. Powell was elected its first President, and this position he has continued to occupy with much tact and ability. In 1889 the Queen was graciously pleased to command that the word "Royal" should be prefixed to the title of the Society, and granted at the same time a Diploma to the members under her own sign manual. Her Majesty this year

has further honoured the Society by knighting its President. In celebration of this auspicious event, the members on the eve of the opening of their annual exhibition, which for the first time was held this year in Fdinburgh, entertained Sir Francis Powell to dinner, and cordially congratulated him on the mark of Royal favour of which he had been the recipient. Among the principal pictures which Sir Francis Powell has painted may be named, 'Ben Nevis from Loch Eil,' 'The Channel Tug,' 'Loch Corruisk,' 'The Sea Belle,' 'The Isles of the Sea,' and 'A Summer Breeze.'



Sir Francis Powell.
President of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in
Water Colours.

W. M. G.



Greek Figures. From "La Femme dans l'Art."

RECENT ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

IT is very likely that if Mr. Hamerton had not undertaken his recent volume on "Man in Art," the title of "La Femme dans l'Art," by Marius Vachon (Rouam, Paris), would not have found itself in an *édition de luxe* at this precise moment. At the same time M. Vachon has made an excellent book out of his superabundant material, and no complaint can be made against the very extensive ground he covers.

Commencing with the Egyptians, the Parthenon and Tanagra, he rapidly sketches the chief representatives of female beauty in the later and middle ages. The real interest of the work, however, begins with the "Glorification of Woman by French artists;" then proceeds with the Feminine Ideal of the Flemish and Germans; and Beauty among the Italians; with brief references to the famous work of Leonardo, Raphael, Correggio, and Titian. This interest increases with the notices of the protectresses of the Arts, Anne of Brittany, Marguerite of Austria, Diana of Poitiers, and Catherine de Medicis. The principal chapter of this very fully illustrated volume (there are nearly four hundred excellent illustrations), deals with the French schools of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with Madame de Pompadour, Marie Antoinette, and the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. The final division summarizes the work of the French painters of the nineteenth century, bringing the history down to Jean François Millet and recent times.

It goes without saying that no mention is made of English painters of female beauty, for the present-day French critics

become more provincial every year. There was a time, the time of Thoré-Bürger, Théophile Gautier, and Chesneau, when British Art was as well understood on the other side of the Channel as on this; but the younger French Art-critic seldom



Marie Antoinette. By Madame Vigée Lebrun. From "La Femme dans l'Art."



Grand Duchess Marie. By H. Benner. From "La Femme dans l'Art."

apparently travels beyond a railway carriage, and he is proportionately local in his ideas. In this particular instance this want of knowledge may be viewed with satisfaction, for it leaves room for Mr. Hamerton or some other writer to give the public a much wanted book on "Woman in English Art," if a more poetic title cannot be found.

With this exception M. Vachon has laboriously done his duty, not brilliantly perhaps, but studiously and carefully, and he has produced a work full of interesting and often charming illustrations, for which doubtless M. Rouam is chiefly responsible.

"PRACTICAL DESIGNING." Edited by Gleeson White (Bell & Sons).—The contributors to this "hand-book on the preparation of working drawings" are all of them apparently well acquainted with the branch of industry or manufacture of which they discourse. But it is not every workman, nor every good workman even, who can explain what he does and why he does it. That is the difficulty in the matter of technical education all through—who is to teach? The competent demonstrator is not ordinarily a practical workman, the practical man is not necessarily able to demonstrate. Accordingly, we have among the contributors men like Mr. Selwyn Image, Mr. Orrinsmith and Mr. Rathbone, who write as though it were no trouble to them, and whom it is no trouble to read; men like Mr. Millar, Mr. Rix, and Mr. White himself, who treat their subject in an eminently practical and business-like way; and men again like some of the other contributors, who,

although they have information to impart, have not the gift of lucid exposition. The book is not what it claims to be, a manual devoted "solely to the technical production of working drawings," but it contains a good deal of more or less technical information and some admirable essays on the adaptation of design to certain crafts.

"LA SCIENZA DEI COLORI E LA PITTURA." L. Guaita (Hoepli, Milano, 1892).—Professor Guaita, who is Director of Oculist Surgery at the University of Siena, has added an exceedingly useful hand-book of the Science of Colour, and its artistic application, to the already extensive series of manuals published by Ulrico Hoepli, of Milan; a series many portions of which might advantageously be translated into English, and among such this most recent addition to it. The little hand-book now issued supplements one on "Light and Colour," published in 1886 by Professor Belotti, and brings down the additions to our knowledge which have been made since that time. In the first portion of it Professor Guaita gives a very lucid and valuable historical notice of the progress made by philosophical inquirers into the causes and nature of Colour—an inquiry which, so far as scientific consideration is concerned, was originated in England by R. Waller, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1686, the which led to Sir Isaac Newton's more important optical and chromatic research. Thence the progress by Mayer (1758), Lambert (1772), Wünsch (1792), is traced through the last century, and the record of the present one commenced by Young in 1807, and so followed on through the great works of

Helmholtz, Brüche, Rood, and others, ending in the recently published observations of Ch. Henry. From the scientific basis thus laid down, Professor Guaita proceeds to discuss the useful application of the resultant scientific laws to artistic purposes; noting, by the way, not only the manner in which the observation of the great painters of the past has, in many cases, arrived at scientific results without scientific knowledge, but also how curiously that observation had led them astray, citing the various manners in which painters have represented the arrangement of the colours of the rainbow, from the time of Pinturicchio to that of John Constable, as a proof that vision unaided by knowledge is not to be trusted; a fact frequently brought home to us by the painter who, in these impressionist days, tells us he painted what he saw, thus showing the necessity of some scientific training, even to the subjective painter. To the decorative painter, who is objective rather than subjective in his aim, and to whom colour is analogous to sound in music, this little hand-book will be of the utmost value, and to all students it is as full of interest as it is of information.

"THE BIRTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF ORNAMENT." By F. Edward Hulme (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.).—To review in the space of a little more than three hundred octavo pages the course of Ornament from "the earliest period of which we have any record," through several thousand years, to the beginning of the present century, is a feat which would demand on the part of the writer the courage to say only what

was strictly indispensable to the understanding of the subject, and the self-restraint to say it in the fewest possible words. Mr. Hulme not only includes an introductory chapter on the theory of ornament, and a concluding one on "the Art of Islam," but finds room for ample quotations from the poets, and even extracts from old accounts for work done from a trade circular, and from a provincial newspaper. Needless to say after that, that the work is absolutely without proportion. One would have expected of a teacher of many years' experience something better than this volume, which is too discursive to meet the wants of the student, and too schoolmasterish to attract the general reader. Doubtless, however, the author of so many books on ornament has his circle of readers to whom this new one will be welcome.

"SOME HINTS ON LEARNING TO DRAW," by G. W. Caldwell Hutchinson (Macmillan).—In this excellently well illustrated and printed book, the Art Master of Clifton College has set down the results of his experience in teaching drawing and painting, in a simple and easily understood way, which renders a somewhat complicated subject easily to be grasped. Aided by a series of appropriate illustrations, drawn by the best masters in black and white, the author has produced a moderately priced volume which ought to be welcomed by many teachers of drawing. Besides the pencil drawing of Glasgow Cathedral by Sir George Reid, here given as a specimen, there are reproductions from drawings by Joseph Pennell, R. Cleaver, John MacWhirter and Alfred Parsons.

"GESCHICHTE DER MALEREI IM 19^{ten} JAHRHUNDERT," by Richard Muther (G. Hirth's Kunstverlag in München).—This work—at present being issued in parts, and of which we have received the first three instalments—will prove a most valuable addition to the modern Art library. The author has an enlarged conception of what a true history should be, and he promises

to do the fullest justice to his ideals. Zola has defined a work of Art as "a piece of nature viewed through a temperament," and Richard Muther aims at producing a history of Art "viewed through a temperament," an aim that is well carried out, the resulting book being not only of great merit on account of the author's intimate knowledge of his subject, but highly attractive through the personal element which pervades it. The work deals most concisely and impartially with all the countries of Europe which have contributed to modern Art developments, and although the range to be covered is thus large, Herr Muther shows himself equally at home with the special circumstances, the inner history and the idiosyncrasies of the various nations of which he treats. The first chapter awards to England, as represented by Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, the honour of having germinated the seeds which afterwards were to produce the richest fruits of modern Art. The second chapter deals with the original and daring Spaniard Goya, whose modernism is appreciatively recognised. Reviewing next the Art of France and Germany at the time of the Classical Reaction, the puerility and futility of an affected classicism is abundantly proved. The first volume brings the



Glasgow Cathedral. From a pencil drawing by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A. From "Hints on Learning to Draw."

history down to the middle of the century, Leys, Meissonier, and Menzel being cited as intermediaries between the heroic style of the first half and the more natural Art of the present. The table of contents, alone, of the second and third volumes is fascinating, embracing as it does the name of nearly every modern artist who has created works of artistic value. The book does not merely present a biography of the chief artists with the names and dates of their pictures, but affords a critical valuation of their contributions to modern developments, of the school to which they belong, or of the ideas of which they are an embodiment. The work is admirably illustrated. In accordance with the modern German practice Roman type is used, a distinct advantage when a cosmopolitan circulation is aimed at. But an English translation of this exhaustive work is certainly desirable.

"IN KYPROS—THE BIBLE AND HOMER" (Asher & Co.).—We are presented, in an English dress, with the results of the excavations, studies and researches of Dr. Max Ohnefalsch-Richter. The work appears in two quarto volumes, the first being devoted to narrative and description, with numberless illustrations in the text, and the second containing the plates, upwards of two hundred in number. A book of this class, while primarily interesting to the archæologist, appeals to the general public on many sides, and from the point of view of decorative art, it is worthy of especial notice in these pages. Looking first at the personality of the writer, we may state—though this is well known in exploration circles—that Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter devoted twelve years to Cyprus, and was, at the time of Dr. Schliemann's unexpected death, under engagement to resume the work of excavation under that distinguished scholar. Many names well known in scholarship and research are mentioned in the author's preface, indicating in what estimation his labours are held, but we now only name one, Professor H. Nettleship, whose death this country had to mourn even as we took up the pen to write this notice. One other person deserves mention from the prominence Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter gives to his letter by publishing it in fac-simile: we refer to Mr. Gladstone. Even amidst the turmoil of the opening of Parliament, our "miraculous Premier"—we use Carlyle's phraseology in its best sense—found time to turn aside to his equally congenial sphere of Homeric study, and to write from Downing Street a warm commendation of this work, with a characteristic and valuable paragraph on the Astarte-Aphrodite question and the Gorgon. The sub-title of the work indicates its value in illustrating both sacred and secular literature. The biblical references are numerous, and on this point it may here suffice to say that the elucidation of expressions in the historic and prophetic books is at all times interesting. The relations between the Homeric legends, Greek and Egyptian symbols, and, generally, the religions of the East, are frequently shown. It may suffice to say that a study of the plates and text illustrations, along with the text itself, becomes quite fascinating, and the proofs on how many points men of different countries touch each other render the study more and more interesting. It is more germane to the purposes of this Journal to deal with the plates, and especially with those embracing works of Art or ornament. In the many-shaped vases, found here and elsewhere, it must always be a matter of marvel how, with such admirable feeling for form in the vessels themselves, those early workmen failed so ignominiously in the treatment of living figures and natural objects. In zoomorphic ornament much licence is of necessity allowable,

and forms uncouth as regards nature but good in their results *qua* ornament, are frequently introduced. Several illustrations of this are found in the plates, and where colour is used in the reproduction excellent lessons in form and tone are afforded. Many of the black and white drawings are of value in the same direction, and in them the student of ornament will find useful suggestions. With pure Art the work is not largely concerned, being a record of discoveries and not a general review.

"ON A GLASS NECKLACE FROM ARICA." By J. Park Harrison (H. Frowde, Oxford).—The discovery of a necklace consisting of twelve blue bugles alternating with small chevron-patterned beads, is not an event which would strike the ordinary non-archæological mind as being of remarkable importance. Interest is aroused, however, when we are given to understand that in this insignificant chain is to be found perhaps the missing link of evidence to prove that, long before the arrival of the Spaniards on the coast of the new continent, there had been communication, however slight, between Phœnicia and far Peru. Artists would have been better able to form an opinion on the subject for themselves if Mr. J. Park Harrison had more precisely explained the mechanical construction of the pattern in those same "sun-beads" on which so much is made to depend. There is a strong family likeness in beads all the world over.

As everyone goes to Paris nowadays, it is very convenient to have the histories of the principal "CHURCHES OF PARIS" (Allen) in one volume. Miss Sophia Beale has brought together most of the information likely to be useful. Miss Beale does not aim at original work, but follows on the steps of well-known authorities. She has produced a creditable and interesting volume. Her description of the little-known church



La Bergère. By J. F. Millet. From "La Femme dans l'Art."

of St. Séverin is especially noticeable, but the illustrations throughout are unworthy of the subject.

Miss Nancy Bell's "ART GUIDE TO EUROPE" (Phillip, Fleet Street), partakes of the same character, but the illustrations are of a better quality. The information is necessarily very concise, but appears generally to have been taken from good sources.

FREDERICK WALKER'S 'HARBOUR OF REFUGE.'

'THE Old Almshouse,' as it was then entitled—a picture which, by means of Mr. William Agnew's generosity, has become the latest addition to the National Gallery—was one of the most admirable works in the Academy Exhibition of 1872. This was the case although it was accompanied by such still famous masterpieces as George Mason's 'Harvest Moon'; Sir John Millais's 'Hearts are Trumps' (the noble group of the beautiful Misses Armstrong), and, besides other portraits worthy of the highest period of the art, his landscape called 'Flowing to the Sea'; Sir F. Leighton's 'Summer Moon'; Mr. Briton Riviere's 'Daniel in the Lions' Den'; Mr. Hook's 'Gold of the Sea' and two more gems of light and colour; Mr. Leslie's 'Lavinia' and 'An Elopement'; and J. F. Lewis's 'Lillium Auratum.' It was surely a prodigious honour for a picture to be eminent, if not pre-eminent, in such a galaxy as this. Splendid as its companion paintings were, it was rightly said of this appearance that "Mr. F. Walker's success almost amounts to a triumph." How great that triumph was the very names of the fine pictures, by the side of which 'The Old Almshouse' held so high a place, affirms.

Walker, always fastidious and self-compelling in his work, and difficult to satisfy whenever tasks of his own had to be completed, had had this picture on the easel for a considerable time before sending it to the Academy. He began it, I believe, on a smaller scale, but finding how successful the result promised to become, he adopted the larger canvas we now find in the Turner Room at Trafalgar Square.* Various friends of the painter, the present writer among them, were accustomed to find "Fred," or "Freddy," as his intimates had it, changing this, erasing that, or hesitating whether or not he should do one or the other, to several of the most important elements of the ambitious and hopeful example. Of some of these tentative efforts, there are records in the differences between the oil, and the water-colour, versions of this production below mentioned. The design, *i.e.* the pathos, and the mode of their expression, remained always the same, but the composition and the *chiaroscuro* were changed now and

* There is in Mr. Humphrey Roberts's collection a beautiful smaller version of 'The Harbour of Refuge,' but this is in water colours, and has nothing to do with the possible original in oil paint. Mr. Roberts's drawing has certain fine points equalling, if not surpassing, Mr. Agnew's noble gift itself, and differing from that work; the examples are, however, not otherwise to be compared, especially as, in regard to the mow's prominent figure, the action in the smaller instance is somewhat exaggerated, while its draughtsmanship is not irreproachable.

1893.

again, before the exacting artist determined that, if the Academicians were ever to put his work before the public—they had elected him an Associate of their body two years before 1872—he must, perforce, be content with what he had done.

Walker, profoundly influenced by the art of Sir John Millais, had, some years before this, made his mark as a designer on wood, in respect to which, what he did for Thackeray is well known to have implied a sort of dual process, the draughtsman giving artistic grace and form, if not something more, to the rough sketches of the *quondam* designer and then present sardonic humorist, who could not have been more generous than in his part of the affair. Traces of the influence of Sir John Millais, combined with something like reminiscences of A. Van Ostade as a water-colour painter, became very distinct in his drawings when Walker seriously developed his power in the latter capacity; this he did with such good fortune, that having, for the first time in that manner, exhibited at the Academy in 1863, he was, in 1864, being then twenty-four years of age, elected an Associate of the "Old" Society of Painters in Water Colours. In this medium he produced the immortal drawings, 'A Fish Shop in Bond Street,' 'Philip in Church,' and 'Cookham Ferry,' instances which the best of the old masters would have been proud to

claim. In 1866 he became a full member of the Society. To 'Philip in Church' the honour of a Paris medal was awarded by the delighted French artists. Walker's connection with the Academy began in 1850, when he was admitted a Student; in 1863 he commenced to paint in oil, with which medium he made his debut in Trafalgar Square, where the Royal Academy exhibition was then held, his subject being 'The Lost Path' (719); the picture was "skied" in the North Room, but even that ignominious elevation did not prevent a host of critics from admiring the work, so fine and promising was it. But this regrettable incident seems to have deterred the painter from contributing till 1867, when his admirable 'Bathers,' naked boys in sunlight, a painting which, with long-lasting effect, instructed scores of students, and had much to do with the development of all that is good in the too-often preposterous "Impressionism" of latter days, obtained a place far inferior to its merits in the R.A.'s galleries. There it was followed by 'Vagrants,' and 'In the Glen, Rathfarnham Park,'



1893

Very very faithfully
Fred Walker

1868; 'The Old Gate,' 1869; 'The Plough,' 1870; 'At the Bar,' a terrible tragedy, 1871; and, as above stated, in 1872, the masterpiece which is now under notice. 'The Right of Way' was at the Academy in 1875. On the 4th June, in this year, and at St. Fillian's, in Perthshire, Walker, who went to that place to fish, died in consequence of a severe cold to which he imprudently exposed himself. He was buried at his favourite Cookham on the 8th of the same month.

When the public saw 'The Old Almshouse' in the Academy the effect was even greater and more intense than Walker's friends, who had prophesied warmly about the work, dared hope. The painter immediately took his place in the highest ranks of his profession, and the good taste and judgment of Mr. William Agnew, who, before it went to Trafalgar Square, bought the work on the easel, was affirmed. Since that time, its name being altered to that which it now bears, the picture remained, except when generously lent for public enjoyment, in Mr. Agnew's private collection until the other day, when he presented it to the nation. Mr. R. W. Macbeth made a fine etching of it, which has been published.

So far of the histories of the picture and its artist. As to the subject and its treatment, let it be added that on the large canvas we have the quadrangle of an old-fashioned Georgian hospital for incapable people, painted mainly, it is understood, from such a structure at Abingdon. Three lines of red brick buildings, behind which the descending sun fills the sky with golden light, enclose a square of greenery, shrubs, a large grass-plot, where, in the centre and raised on high, is the much be-wigged statue of the "pious founder," in front of it being a fountain, and, grouped about the base of the pedestal,

a gossiping company of old folks. A terrace enclosing the greenery rups before the houses. The vane upon the roof of the chapel, which is in the middle of the façade, glitters in the evening sun, whose ruddy light makes redder and more intense the dark red walls and tiles, while the ever-present ivy, climbing on every house, grows darker as the lustre decays, and the wide shadow of the building creeps forward athwart the terrace, the grass-plot, and the statue. Close at hand, on the terrace, is a group including a tall old woman, whose still-grand form must have been magnificent in her youth; now, bent by age, she stoops over her own feet. A black hood hides nearly all her face. It is towards her the twilight shadow, emblematic of coming change, is creeping. She seems to be watching her own tardy steps, and holds up the skirt of her grey dress, lest she should tread on it and fall. Her companion is a buxom and common-looking girl, who, more thoughtless than unkind, yet cruelly unsympathetic, lends her arm to the old woman and looks another way. She is probably thinking of the stalwart young mower who works energetically in the centre of the grass-plot, a figure designed with such energy that we seem to hear the hiss of his scythe as he sweeps it to and fro. He lays his back to the task, stretches his lithe limbs, and the heavy blade swings in his arms like a toy; the daisies topple before its glittering edge, the verdure is laid in swathes, each marking a forward stride of the man, who keeps time with every beat of his foot, and, stepping, makes an advance with each swing. He might hear the slow steps of the women if he would, but he pays no heed and works as if all the world was before the edge of his scythe.

ART NOTES.

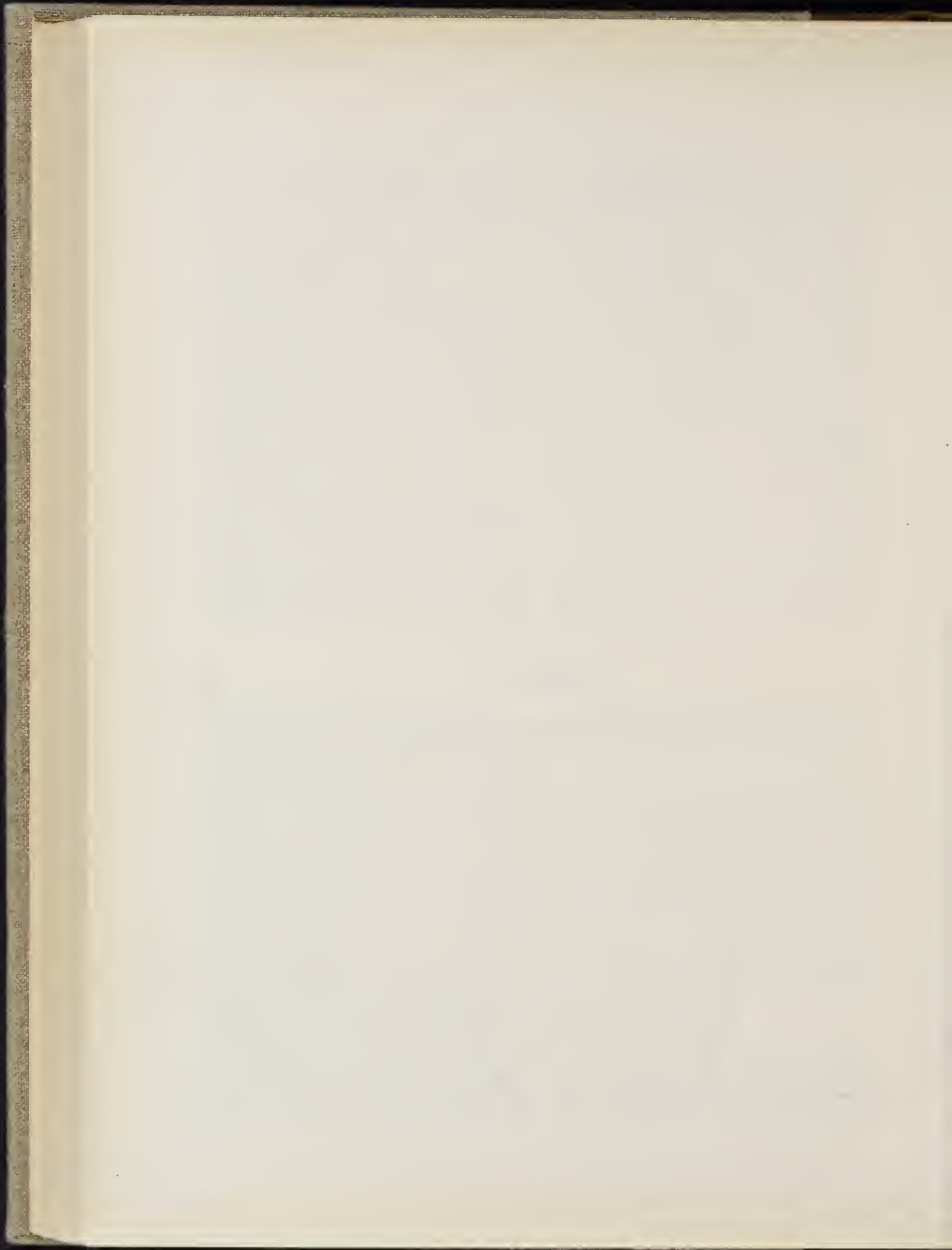
THE appointment of Mr. J. P. Heseltine as a Trustee of the National Gallery, in the place of the late Lord Northbourne, calls for the warm approval of all who care for the well-being of the national collections. Till lately it was too much the fashion to appoint the Trustees for reasons almost entirely foreign to Art. They were great magnates, who might or might not be the owners of ancestral collections, but who would be entirely useless as aids to a good director, or hindrances to a bad one. Lately, some attempts have been made to remedy this state of things; and Lord Salisbury made an excellent appointment when he named Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, a man thoroughly in touch with the Art world, who is not only himself a good judge but who commands the best and earliest information as to what good pictures are to be had. Mr. Gladstone has done as well, or better, in appointing Mr. Heseltine, who is known to the small world of collectors and critics as a first-rate judge of many schools of Art, with wide knowledge and that instinctive *flair*, without which a man had better not try to be a collector. Mr. Heseltine is also an original etcher of great merit; Mrs. Nosedá used to rank him as almost the equal of Mr. Seymour Haden. His collection of old drawings is one of the most important in England; he has eighty Rembrandts! Now that he has ceased to occupy himself with Stock Exchange business, Mr. Heseltine will be able to devote plenty of time to the business of the National Gallery, and will be found a most valuable ally by the present Director and his successor, whoever that may be. Readers of

this column will recollect that a short time ago (page 222) *The Art Journal* recommended Mr. Heseltine for this post as one peculiarly well suited to his taste and knowledge.

The work on the National Portrait Gallery, checked for some little time by the delay in obtaining the Parliamentary grant, with which Mr. Alexander's splendid gift has been supplemented, is now steadily proceeding. The removal of much of the scaffolding displays a building externally bold and massive in design. Busts of Holbein, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Hogarth, Roubilliac, Lawrence, and Chantrey, form part of the scheme of decoration. The gallery is not likely to be ready to receive its future contents until the beginning of 1895. Sir Charles Tennant and Viscount Cobham have been appointed Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery in the room of the late Lord Derby and of the Marquis of Bath, resigned. Sir Charles Tennant is the enthusiastic possessor of one of the best collections of pictures by early English painters; Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, and Constable being specially well represented.

Mr. George Frampton is engaged upon a memorial tablet, with a portrait head in low relief, in marble, of considerable artistic beauty, which is to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the late Mr. Vansittart Neale, by the subscriptions of those who wish to commemorate Mr. Neale's labours in the cause of co-operation.







F. J. Walker

THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE
BY FREDRICK WALKER A.R.A.

1891. Reproduction of Messrs. T. Agnew & Sons, the agents of H. Colnaghi & Co., London.

Messrs. Harris' Galleries, Plymouth. In the two hundred and fifty works hung, very few are without merit and some are very excellent examples of the labours of artists at present painting in Devon and Cornwall.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer writes as charmingly as ever in "ART

OUT-OF-DOORS" (Unwin), but it is doubtful if the book is of any real service except for residents in the United States. The advice in "Good Taste in Gardening"—this being the sub-title of the work—is entirely devoted to the consideration of what is best for American Gardens, and can but seldom be of service for gardens in Europe.

QUESTIONE PRACTICHE DI BELLI ARTI.*

BY CAMILLO BOITO.

"QUESTO libro vuole essere pratico." Such is the exhortatory sentence with which the learned architect Boito commences the prefatory note in which he states the intention of this, his most recent work: an announcement as welcome as unusual in a book treating on the Fine Arts. On such a subject the reader is generally either flooded by sentimental gush, or irritated by splenetic sarcasm masquerading under the guise of criticism, it is therefore refreshing to open a work which promises anything pertaining to practical information. Yet notwithstanding this bold advertisement it is somewhat disappointing to find that the author, in the first half of his book, abandons this good intention, and hardly touches upon "practical questions" from an artistic standpoint. Or when he does so, these refer rather to the misdeeds of professors in the past, than to the educational progress of the future.

Belonging to the "Anti-Scrape" school, he has ample opportunity for lamenting the wreckage that has been committed on the works of Fine Art in Italy, and his chapter on the difference between "Restoration" and "Conservation" (mainly considered architecturally) echoes the refrain of the lamentations uttered so unavailingly in this country, arriving at the wise conclusion that "to restore a building to any one period of its history is as impossible as to revive the dead." To preserve it as it had been handed down to us is a pious duty incumbent upon us; to alter to a mockery of a past style, a sacrilegious sin.

The charm of the first half of his book lies, however, in another direction.

Seduced by his vast archæological and historical lore he wanders into the by-ways, unimpeded by practical questions, but strewn with old documents, and taking the Golden Basilica of St. Mark at Venice as his object-lesson, gives us a delightful fund of lore and legend, touching on its marbles, its mosaic, and its sculpture. Proving thereby, alas! that the very artists he venerates were themselves to be ranked as sinners against the very creed he preaches, and by contrasting the laws laid down by the potent, grave, and reverend signors for the execution of the work, with the directions given during its execution, shows how these legislators urged and connived at their contravention. Indeed, their evil treatment of both the artist and his works demonstrates the antiquity of the mind of the modern vestryman. Relieving his erudition by exquisite humour, his account of the prosecution of fraudulent artists, and the chicanery of their patrons, make this portion of Signor Boito's book as entertaining and vivacious as a modern novel, whilst it teems with valuable bits of Art history; and to such readers as have fallen under the spell of the witchery of Venetian Art it is most enjoyable, so vividly are the episodes of artist life and artistic craft brought before them.

In the second half of his book, Signor Boito's practical questions assume rather the guise of questions of practice than those relating to the fine art of which he treats. He discusses indeed those trades-union details which apply to the professors of, more than the æsthetic details of, the art they profess, and is therefore of greater interest to the smaller professional world than to that larger general one who will find so much delight in the first portion. On the primary professional question of Competition he has much to say, conceding the painful fact that it is a necessary evil in these struggling days, but lamenting this necessity as causing a continual conflict between the perfect consideration of the true purpose of the work competed for, against the freedom and the artistic liberty of the Art in which too much is sacrificed to the yearning for fame and money by the artist, and no definite expression of the artistic life of the time obtained; in which consideration and conclusion almost all artists will agree with him.

This and the manner in which the adjudication of these competitions is arrived at, exercises him much, and he reviews the various modes in which they have been conducted in Italy, France, and Germany, but is singularly silent on what has been done in England, where, as relates to architecture at least, and of which he principally concerns himself, the regulations of the Royal Institute of British Architects have brought about better results than seem to have been attained elsewhere. Nor is this question of minor consideration in Italy, where so many new buildings for public purposes are required by its new national life, and so many new monuments demanded to memorialise its new heroes in politics and arms. As for the state of the Fine Arts in Italy he justly blames the sculptors for their over regard of imitative detail, the painters for their abandonment of their grand school of decorative painting, and the architects for their studying science too much and art too little. His conclusion on this latter point is that, "with an elementary knowledge of Theory an architect, poor in science but rich in art, can construct praiseworthy civic buildings, having recourse to the aid of scientific specialists when he requires their aid, but that a merely 'patented' architect rich in science, but poor in art, can only build brutally." Such an union is indeed common in France, and would be equally valuable in England as in Italy.

It will be seen from this notice that Signor Boito's book has two aspects; indeed it may be said to be two treatises bound in one volume, but to each of which the title is somewhat misfitting, and it would have been wiser to have issued them separately, expanding the first portion by further draughts from his store of historical knowledge, and in the latter by some inquiry into the state of technical practice in England and America, from each of which countries he could have learned further valuable practical questions.

G. T. R.

* Hoepli, Milano.



ACCORDING to Murray, who is an excellent guide if you want one, the town of Arundel consists mainly of two steep streets mounting upward from the Arun to the castle. It is no doubt due to my own lack of observation that though I have been to Arundel several times, and have even taken up my residence there for a summer while, I have never been able to find more than one street at Arundel which answers this description, and though, indeed, this street is the most important, or, at least, imposing, street which I have discovered there, Arundel cannot be said to mainly consist of it, any more than a man can be said to consist mainly of his shirt-front. But Murray also says that Arundel is a sleepy town, and here we are in perfect accord. It is sleepy—with a sleepiness even more than mediæval.

Perhaps the steepness of the street may partly account for it, for how can one be sprightly if one is always going up-hill or else carefully stepping down it? Nothing ever goes quickly through Arundel—it has naturally a slow circulation. I have been told that the ancestral castle of the Fitzalans and Howards, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral, both of which add so much to the picturesqueness of the hill which they dominate, may have something to do with this sleepiness; but whatever may be its cause it is a blessing, if not to the local grocer, at least to the seeker of rest, for he can sleep there, not only all night, but all day if he so choose, and he can dream if he doesn't sleep.

The only thing that is really active at Arundel is the tide, and this only on occasion, as is the nature of tides. Even this solitary and fitful activity is a delicious cause of laziness in others. It is pleasant, yourself being in complete repose, to watch it swirling through the tranquil piers of Arundel Bridge, but it never rouses any spirit of rivalry—no one ever thinks of going against it. Moreover, this energy of the flood and ebb is not native, it comes from the sea, not many miles, but yet miles, away at Littlehampton. Those at Arundel

look at it only, admire it, and use it—to take them up and take them down, at a pace delightfully disproportionate to their own exertions. Should, indeed, any youthful spirit, bent on rapid progress, catch fire at the ardour of the stream, and essay swift voyages, he is soon disillusioned. He may go a long way, but he will not get far. The leisurely meandering of the Arun is more than a match for the feverish activity of the sea. The valley, with its wide pastures, is her own, and she asserts her possession of it, winding backwards and forwards like a great snake, tying herself up, indeed, into loops and knots, taking every conceivable line except a straight one, from St. Leonard's Forest to the sea. As the crow flies it is but some eight miles from Arundel to Pulborough, but few there be who go from one place to the other by water—for pleasure. The *genius loci* subdues all men to itself. The air of the Arun Valley is soft and seducing; if not enervating, it does not spur to feats of endurance; it makes you content to be where you are, and the surrounding scenery is so charming as to indispose to change. When with an unusual pretence of exertion, you have been carried by the tide west and east alternately for what seems a long distance and a long time, you may possibly arrive at a white cliff, under which is "The Black Rabbit." Here the *genius loci* suggests rest, if not refreshment, and most yield to the suggestion. It is true that you are barely a mile from Arundel, and might have walked there in a quarter of the time, and this hints a sense of injury which requires some consolation. But yet I am strongly inclined to think that here the *genius loci* should be resisted; I don't say successfully, for this would cast a slur on so many fellow-creatures who prove unequal to the struggle—but resisted.

But I forget. You may not determine to go up the Arun at all, but to go down it; and this has two advantages; you can get more help of the tide, and you know how far you will get, unless, indeed, you stop upon a mudbank, which is possible, and not particularly pleasant, as it is not easy always to effect a landing if you are stuck below Arundel; and it is

dull waiting between the high banks until the tide turns, and Arun mud is not nice mud. At all events, you know that unless you go out to sea you must stop at Littlehampton, a

Not that I wish to disparage Littlehampton, which is a healthy and peaceful watering-place, very good and safe for young children, and specially to be recommended to all



seaside resort, which has at least the merit of being small and quiet, with good safe bathing when the tide is up, and a long stretch of rather melancholy rocky and seaweedy sand when it is not. As the latter is the natural condition of Littlehampton when you approach it by boat from Arundel, it is better to go there by train. You will see almost as much of the Arun, and a good deal more of the country through which it finds its way to the sea. If you feel any interest in the river for its own sake it becomes almost a duty, if you are inquisitive it will satisfy curiosity, to see how the Arun finds its way to the sea, and it does not take long, at least by rail; a few minutes and you are at Ford Junction, and a few more at Littlehampton itself. Flat marshes spread on either side of you, and except for the village of Leominster smiling in the sun on the left bank, and Arundel itself, of which you get sights from new points of view, there is no very striking feature in the landscape. But this becomes broader and simpler, as the end of a life should; you have a wider view of land, a greater expanse of sky. All things grow freer and fresher towards the sea, whose salt breath sharpens and savours the air more and more until you and the Arun arrive at it together. You will land or get out of your carriage probably on the left bank, on which and on the seashore Littlehampton is built; but if you wish to remain, so to speak, within the influence of the river, or to be alone with the sea, you will take the ferry to the right bank, where the golf-links are.

persons who are disinclined to walk uphill. If you are pleased with historical associations you can remember that the Empress Matilda landed here in 1139; if you like unusual expeditions you can drive across the sands to Worthing, and if you are tired not only of Littlehampton but of England, you can (on some days) go on board a little steamer, and find yourself at Honfleur in a few hours. Nor are the walks about, though flat, to be despised. There are many interesting churches in the

neighbourhood, in the God's Acre of one of which (Rustington) there are several quaint epitaphs. Here is one very pastoral, on two children who died about the same time:—

"These were lambs of Christ's flock,
He called them to increase His stock."

But notwithstanding all this it is good to go across the mouth of the Arun to the golf-links, not on account of the golf, but in spite of it; not that I wish to disparage golf any more than Littlehampton, but you can play golf elsewhere (anywhere almost now), and you cannot enjoy the sea or the sand dunes properly anywhere else within so easy a distance of Arundel. On that broad spit of land between the Arun and the sea is a stretch of undulating sea-common, intersected with brackish water pools and runnels, broken with gravelly clifflets and low green hillocks, quite wild and unsophisticated. Above your head is the high blue sky, beneath your feet an exquisite carpet of dwarf flowers, and beyond the low sea wall, near and ready but unseen, the sea. Besides the usual little flowers of purple and yellow, which here have a brilliancy of colour and a perfect harmony of effect not always to be seen, you will find the yellow poppy with its horned seed-pods, and the grey sea holly, and bugloss, with its rich play of blue and red, luxuriant. Nor will the golfers destroy the peace or the charm, for there is no game which lends itself more kindly to nature, content and even pleased to leave its irregularities undisturbed, and interfering, if at all, only to make it a little more irregular still. But if the sweet wildness be too placid for your mood, you



The Cathedral at Arundel. From a Drawing by Geo. C. Haité.

have only to climb a little mound and there before you is the sea, with its rough shingle, and sandy slopes and rugged growth of hardy bushes, as savage as you please. There you may enjoy an hour of as complete seclusion and untarnished thought as if you were at the very end of the world.

Let us now return to Arundel and continue our interrupted voyage up the river. Of course the real question for a party in a boat which is to ascend the Arun is not whether you will get to the Black Rabbit or Pulborough, but where you will eat that lunch that is stowed away in the stern, and this like every-



thing else depends very much on the tide. If you have started late, that is not necessarily late in the day, but late, so to speak, in the tide, you will not get so far before the tide begins to flag, and whatever may be your exertions you will not get very far afterwards. If you wish to see the most beautiful part of the river you will pull on from the Black Rabbit, go up the main stream, which leaves Burpham a long way on its loop to the right, pass under the beautiful wooded hills of Arundel Park to Oifham and South Stoke, sweep round the reach to Amberley Station, and after passing through the low massive irregular bridge, which is new but almost as charming as if it were old, glide between the rich pastures to the lovely village of Bury. If inclined for further exertion and the tide still serves, you may paddle on to Greatham and Hardham with its double-wheeled mill, even unto picturesque Pulborough with its bridge and church-crowned hill; but if your desire is only to spend the day in the open air surrounded by the most charming scenery within your reach, you will do well to halt near Bury, and moor your boat in some inviting creek, until the kind tide turns again to take you back to Arundel.

There will be a temptation after lunch to do something; to explore Bury, to cross the fields to Amberley Castle, perhaps to take the road towards Houghton; but it will be wiser not to yield to it. Better submit yourself to the spell of the river for this day. On most days the river is but an object in the landscape, but to-day it is your road, your motive power, your point of view. It possesses sufficient charm of its own to delight you, and sufficient variety and incident to amuse you. It gives you amongst its other pleasures the enchantment that

distance lends to the view. You can imagine, from the Arun, that Arundel Castle is an almost untouched feudal fortress, that its cathedral is a mediæval fane; the hard lines of the railway station at Amberley will interfere little with the broken beauty of the chalk cliff that gleams behind it; the kind air and sun will transfigure the mutilation of Amberley Castle, and the hideous restorations of its church will be concealed from you, nor will the beauty of Bury be disturbed by thoughts of its sanitary condition. Leave well alone. Stroll if you like along the river banks, and across the meadows, they are the river's own domain, and there you shall find peace and beauty enough to fill the hours, till the bows of your shallop turn up stream, and it tugs at its painter as though it longed to go home backwards. Give yourself up to the present and be content for once to be alive.

The best adventures, as someone says, are not those you seek; and though romance is not to be expected, perhaps, a careless stroll along the Arun may bring you sights which will live kindly in the memory, long after more exciting recollections have ceased to please. You may come across some botanist with a tin like a huge sandwich box, peering here and there in anxious search for some rare plant, and then in pleasant contrast some party of girls, careless indeed of botany, but with their hair and hats stuck with buttercups and daisies, and their laps full to overflowing with loosestrife and meadowsweet. It will be strange if you do not happen to see one or more anglers watching with Memnonian patience the white tip of his float, or their floats, or (bitter fortune) some less alert Waltonian fast asleep on

his back, while the one fish of the day is tugging at his line. It will be almost stranger still if you meet not an artist, for it is the land of artists. It may be some old-fashioned gentleman with spectacles on nose, drawing with photographic accuracy the convolutions of a dock leaf; or, perhaps, a ruddy youth fresh from France with a huge box of pastel by his side, smearing in a red cow against a field of uncompromising greenness which rises up behind the animal like a wall; or you may see another, happily settled by his little easel, trying to finish in the evening a sketch that he has been more or less employed at the whole day. It is true that when he began the sky was grey, and now it is blue, that the light was on his right hand, and now it is on his left; but what does that matter? it will all have been done in the open air. Or you may come across a really fine sketcher, noting with rapid touches the true relations of sky and red roof, of yew tree and poplar, of grass and rushes, and then when you think he has but begun, putting all up, for he has finished; or yet again another sketching some detail in black and white for an article such as this, some bit of blackthorn, or clump of thistles, or one of those curious double gates which in this part are used to baffle the wandering propensities of cattle. But if you see all, or more than all, or none, of these, you cannot help seeing the

river with its reeds and rushes and thousands of brilliant flowers, its banks of willow-weed, its floating carpets of water-lilies. Nor can you help seeing the swarthy blunt-leaved alders that spread their patient arms above the stream and form cool harbours for the fish, or dotted over the wide champaign clumps of green hawthorn and ragged hedges of the sloe; still less can you ignore the graceful groups of willow and lofty poplar even on the hottest days smit through with shivers sweet. And this bright and varied landscape and riverscape is framed all the while with hills, solid and at rest, while all else is comparatively light and sensitive and open to every influence of sun and air. For the spell of the river ceases directly the land begins to rise, and oak and elms and sycamores clothe the downs with massive leafage, though far off at Amberley you see them rising in pure bare outline, less grave in tone but still more severe in spirit.

If you have rightly employed your first trip up the Arun you will arrive back at Arundel thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the river, with a mind stored with impressions but with no sights, with much food for pleasing talk but little for gossip, somewhat sleepy, perhaps, but not weary, as ignorant as you left it but not less wise or contented.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.



Fittleworth Mill, on the Arun. From a Drawing by Geo. C. Hailé.

GUNPOWDER PLOT: THE CONSPIRATORS' LAST STAND AT HOLBEACH HOUSE.



ON Tuesday, November 5th, 1605, there was an unwonted stir in the quiet Warwickshire village of Dunchurch. For the rich and gallant young Rutlandshire knight, Sir Everard Digby, had made it the rendezvous for a great hunting party on Duns-moor Heath; and from all the country round Roman Catholic gentlemen rode in with retinues of armed servants. Sir Robert Digby of Coleshill came with his son, and Robert Winter of Huddington, near Droitwich, Stephen Littleton of Holbeach House, in Staffordshire, his cousin Humphrey the heir of Hagley, and many more. The greater part stayed at Dunchurch; but Robert Winter and some others rode on to Ashby St. Legers, a few miles distant, where lived Lady Catesby, sister of Mr. Throckmorton of Coughton, who had suffered such grievous persecution for his faith.

Meanwhile, all through that grey November day, five other gentlemen were riding down the muddy road from London to Dunchurch with frantic haste; two of them were throwing their cloaks into the hedge that they might ride the faster. And at six o'clock in the evening, as Lady Catesby and her guests were sitting down to supper, her son Robert, with John and Christopher Wright, Thomas Percy, and Ambrose Rookwood, arrived with the news that their conspiracy, the great Gunpowder Plot, was discovered, and their accomplice Guido Fawkes a prisoner.

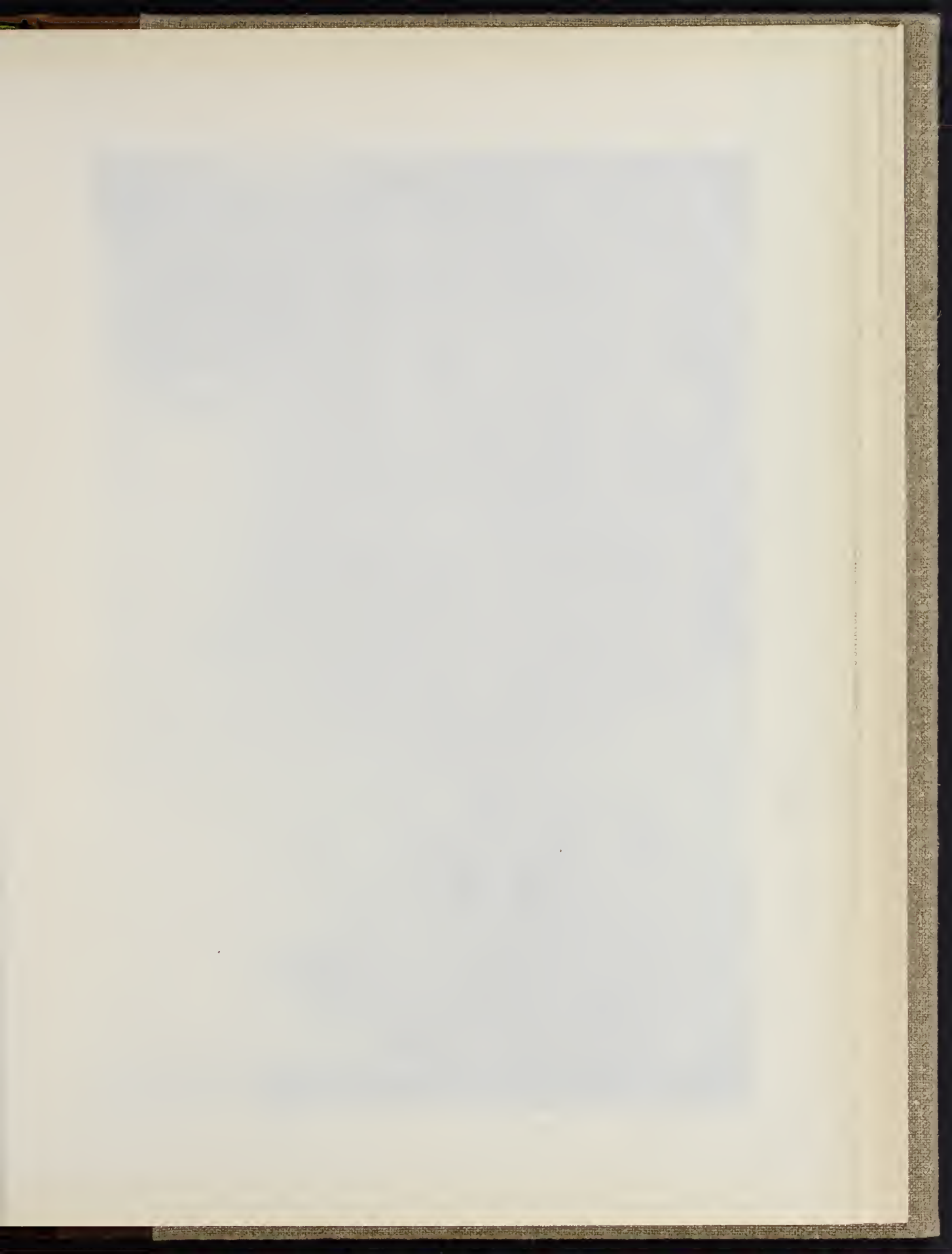
After a hasty consultation, the conspirators and their friends hurried on to Dunchurch, where their appearance created utter consternation among the houseful of anxiously expectant guests. For it was well understood that the great chase on Duns-moor Heath was but a feint to cover far more serious business; and although many of the hunting party had not been informed of the details of the plot, they were aware that some startling blow was to be struck in London against the King and Parliament for the Catholic cause, and that this night would reveal all to them. When, however, it became evident that the conspiracy—whatever it was—had failed, the hunting party melted rapidly away. Sir Robert Digby, his son, Humphrey Littleton, and many others rode off at once, and soon few besides the sworn confederates were left.

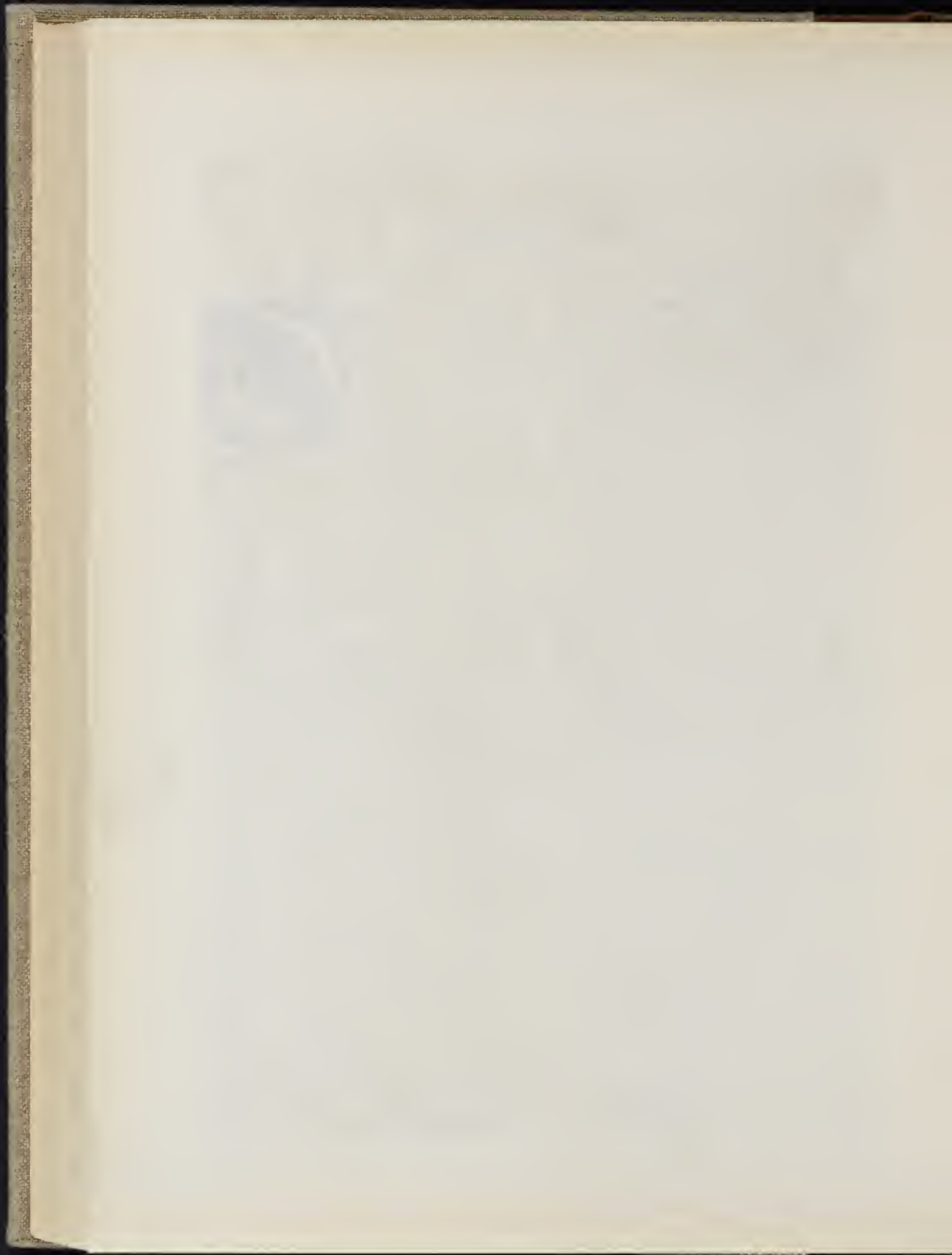
Gunpowder Plot has become so closely associated in the popular mind with a very secondary actor in it—Guido Fawkes, the able, brave, unscrupulous soldier of fortune—that the real chief of the conspiracy, a far more interesting figure, is hardly remembered. Robert Catesby, the heir of large estates in Warwickshire, Northamptonshire, and Oxfordshire, connected by blood and marriage with many of the greatest midland families, was a born leader. Six feet in height, with a noble and expressive countenance, great dignity of character, "his conversation and manners peculiarly attractive and imposing," he seems to have possessed that special charm which attracted

men, and gave him an irresistible influence over all who came in contact with him. But he was also a born malcontent. Bitterly resenting the harsh treatment to which his Roman Catholic relations were subjected, he was involved in Essex's insurrection and all the treasonable projects of the last years of Elizabeth's reign. It was Catesby who sent his cousin, Thomas Winter—another of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators—to urge Philip to despatch an invading force to England. And when, on James I.'s accession, no further help could be expected from Spain, and James's order for collecting the Recusancy fines seemed to indicate fresh persecutions of his co-religionists, Catesby determined to strike the blow himself. The King, Prince Henry, and the Parliament were to be destroyed by gunpowder; and, failing the attempt to obtain possession of the little Duke of York, the Princess Elizabeth, who was being brought up in Lord Harrington's family at Coombe Abbey, within easy reach from Lady Catesby's house at Ashby St. Legers, was to be seized, proclaimed Queen, and a Catholic Government formed.

And now the plot had failed. But Catesby still persuaded himself and his friends that they might arouse the Roman Catholics of Wales and the neighbouring counties, who were known to be exceedingly discontented with the Government. It was, therefore, agreed that the remaining conspirators, with as large a body of servants and retainers as they could muster, should hurry through the counties of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford to Wales, exciting their co-religionists to join them as they went. And at ten o'clock that same night the conspirators left Dunchurch—about eighty persons at most—for the house of one of their associates, John Grant, at Norbrook, between Warwick and Alcester, where they had stored much ammunition and arms.

We can picture that ride through the dark Warwickshire lanes, under the half leafless elms, past Stoneleigh deer park with its glorious oaks, and Stoneleigh Abbey, the home of Catesby's wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh. On, through the darkness and the mud and the falling leaves that drop like golden rain in autumn on our Warwickshire roads, past beautiful Guy's Cliffe on the sandstone rock above the Avon, now owned by a Percy, whose remote kinsman was riding by that night with his fellow-conspirators. And now Warwick, with its towers and walls and ancient gates, is reached. Many of the horses are worn out with the desperate pace; and Catesby, who knows the country well, proposes to break into the stables of a cavalry horse-breaker and steal fresh ones. Ambrose Rookwood, the wealthy young Suffolk squire, who was famous for his fine stud at Coldham, indignantly refused to have any hand in such doings. He was well mounted. He had arranged relays of horses all the way from London to Dunchurch, which enabled him to stay behind all the other conspirators, save Thomas Winter, and leaving London at 11 A.M. to reach Ashby St. Legers with the rest at 6 P.M. He and Robert Winter both remonstrated against this breach of the law. "Some of us," answered Catesby, "may not look





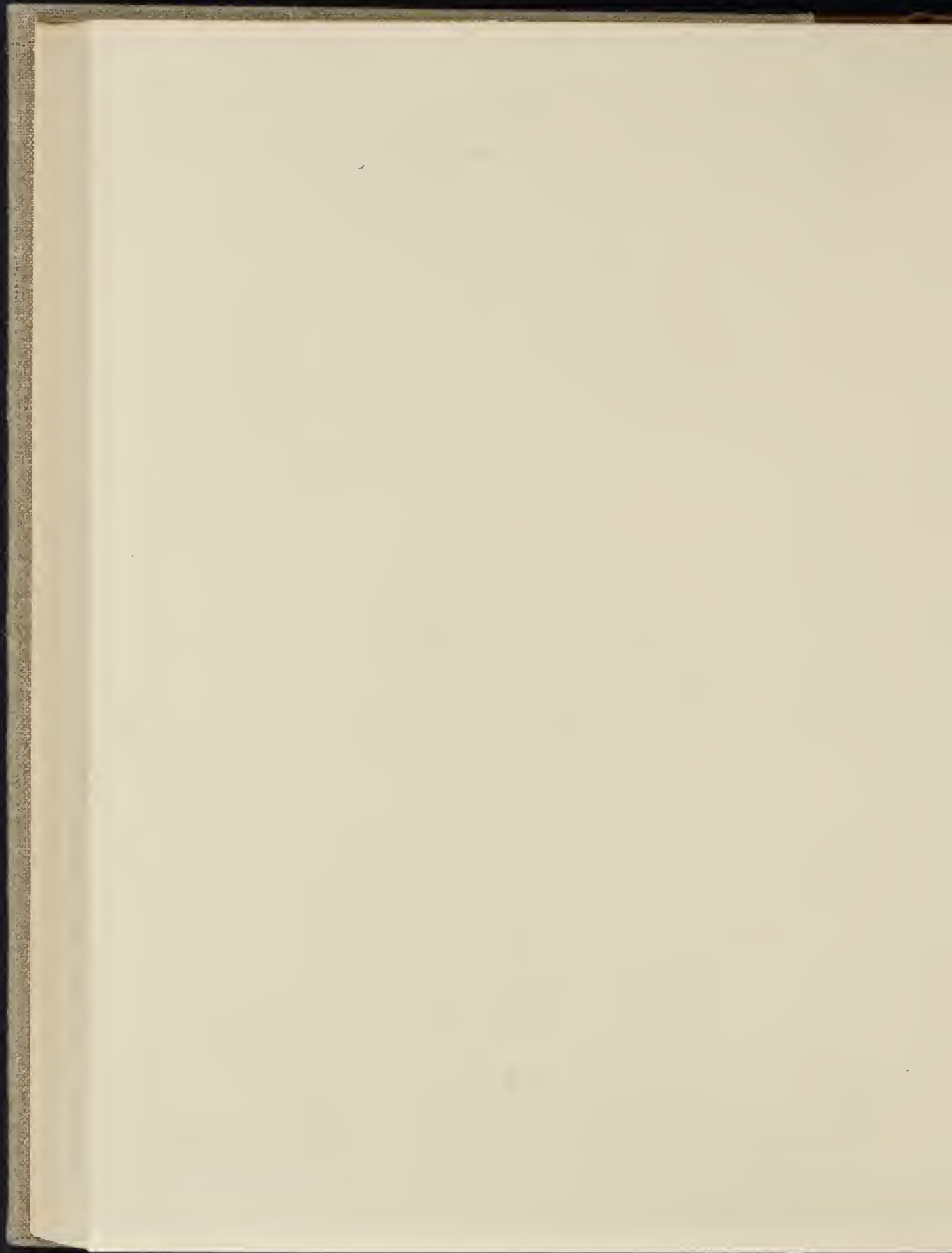


THE ART JOURNAL

GUNPOWDER PLOT: THE CONSPIRATORS' LAST STAND AT HOLBEACH HOUSE, NOV. 7, 1605

FROM THE PICTURE BY ERNEST CROFTS, A.R.A.

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



back." "But," said Winter, "others, I hope, may, and therefore I pray you let this alone." "What! hast thou any hope, Robin?" was the reply; "I assure thee there is none that knoweth of this action but shall perish." So nine or ten fresh horses were taken from the stable, and the tired ones left in their places.

Norbrook was reached about two in the morning, and here a halt of an hour or two was made to refresh men and horses, and take some fifty muskets and a further supply of powder and ball. Then they pressed on through Alcester, and reached Robert Winter's house at Huddington in the afternoon. When Thomas Winter, who had stayed to the last moment in London, joined them at sunrise next morning, the whole party, now reduced by desertions to about thirty-six persons, heard mass and confessed to Father Hammond. Riding on to Lord Windsor's, Whewell Grange, near Bromsgrove, they broke in and took as much armour and ammunition as they could find. And at ten o'clock that evening arrived at Holbeach, a fine Elizabethan house belonging to Stephen Littleton, which was only pulled down at the beginning of this century, about two miles from Stourbridge.

Here the weary and disheartened band determined to make a stand against the Sheriff of Worcestershire, Sir Richard Walsh, who had closely pursued them all the day with many gentlemen of the county. Though the pursuers were more numerous, they were not so well armed as Catesby and his companions; and all the night was spent in preparing the house for an assault. But it had become evident that the game was up. The country had not risen to help them. Mr. Talbot of Grafton, Robert Winter's father-in-law, on whose powerful influence they had counted, refused to have anything to do with them. Their followers deserted them at every turn. Early in the morning Stephen Littleton escaped secretly from his own house, followed by Sir Everard Digby. And soon after their departure an accident occurred which seemed to the overwrought imaginations of the exhausted and almost despairing men to be a judgment from Heaven. A quantity of gunpowder, seized the day before at Lord Windsor's, had been wetted in crossing a swollen ford through the Stour. Catesby, Rookwood, and John Grant were drying some of it upon a platter by the kitchen fire, when a falling coal caused a tremendous explosion. The windows were broken; and a large linen bag of powder which lay near was carried through the roof and into the courtyard, where it was found next day. Had the bag exploded, the house and all in it must have been blown to pieces. As it was, Rookwood and others who were near were badly burnt. Catesby was at first supposed to be killed; and the elder Wright, clasping him round the body, exclaimed, "Woe worth the time, that we have seen this day," and called for the rest of the powder that they might make an end of themselves and the house.

Catesby was only slightly hurt. But even he lost his firmness, and said he feared that God disapproved of their project. While Rookwood and the others, "perceiving God to be against them, all prayed before the picture of Our Lady, and confessed the act to be so bloody as they desired God to forgive them." Robert Winter, who had been far from enthusiastic all along, now seized the first chance of leaving, and joined Stephen Littleton in a wood a mile from Holbeach. And he was quickly followed by Thomas Bates, Catesby's servant, who had been in the plot from its early days.

The end was close. At eleven, in the grey, damp fog that hangs so late on autumn mornings over the midlands, Sir Richard Walsh arrived at Holbeach, surrounded the house, and called on the rebels to surrender. On their refusal, he ordered an assault to be made on the gates of the courtyard; and his men began firing into the house. Thomas Winter, a man of splendid courage, in crossing the courtyard to meet them, was disabled by a shot through the shoulder from a cross-bow, upon which Catesby, who was standing at the door, called to him "Stand by me, Tom, and we will die together." John Wright was shot dead; and immediately after his brother fell by his side. Then as they stood back to back, Catesby and Percy were both shot through the body with two bullets from one musket. Catesby crawled to the entry on his hands and knees, and, declaring "the plot and practice of this treason were his alone," he clasped an image of the Virgin that stood there, and died embracing it. The assailants burst in the gates, and in a few minutes all resistance was at an end. Rookwood, shot through the right arm and wounded in the body by a pike, was taken prisoner, with Thomas Winter, Grant, Morgan, and a few servants who had remained faithful. Percy died next day of his wounds.

Mr. E. Crofts, A.R.A., has chosen the most dramatic point of the story for his spirited and admirably conceived picture, 'Gunpowder Plot: the Conspirators' Last Stand at Holbeach House.'

Catesby and Percy stand in the centre of the court facing the rush of the Sheriff and his men through the gateway. Kit Wright, throwing his pistol in the air, falls backwards, shot by a musketeer. His brother John lies dead on his face in the foreground, beside the bag of powder. Thomas Winter, sorely wounded, tries to raise himself from the ground by the gate. Rookwood is making for the house door supporting some badly hit comrade, while Grant and others lead out their horses ready saddled from the stables, in the wild hope of saving themselves by flight. And on the men at bay, fighting for their lives in the grey, damp autumn air, thick with smoke of powder and matchlock fuses, an image of the Virgin and Child looks down with infinite peace from a niche in the old house wall.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

AN ITALIAN SCULPTOR: RINALDO CARNIELO.

AN Italian Art critic, speaking, some ten years ago, of the sculptor, Rinaldo Carnielo, thus expressed himself: "In this man talent and character are so essentially opposed to one another, so fundamentally antagonistic, that his personality offers the attraction of a most interesting physiological and psychological problem." These words remain true to this day.

Whoever comes into personal contact with Carnielo cannot fail to be struck with the apparent want of cohesion between the man and the artist, and this fact makes plain much that is strange and bizarre in his art. Rinaldo Carnielo is in the prime of life. His fine manly face impresses one with the feeling of his inherent goodness, which even his often bitter and cynical

speech fails to disavow. A thick crop of dark hair and a small dark beard frame his bronzed cheeks, and give relief to a wide, thoughtful forehead, and penetrating, vivacious, black eyes. Of middle height, strongly and squarely built, Rinaldo Carnielo has a virile appearance, looking every inch a fighter in the hard battle of life and Art. He is an artist in the full sense of that grand word, an artist who is gifted and conscientious, an artist who sacrifices everything, even happiness, to attain his ideals. He cares not one jot whether his statues or groups find purchasers so long as he himself is satisfied with the results of his labours. He is a man keenly alive to the sense of his Ego, and who on no account would separate himself from the same; an individualist, as every Art worker must of necessity be. Only in one respect Carnielo is not an artist, as the Philistines usually figure him to themselves.

His is no gay temperament, no light-hearted nature; for him life is grimly serious. It is not statues of Venus or Bacchus that attract his chisel, neither gods of Olympus nor sentimental figures are moulded in his clay. He does not understand mankind that laughs and is merry. For him the shadow of death pervades all existence. He is ever conscious of the brevity of life, the speed with which all things must return to their original dust. He studies man as he suffers, it is the psychological moment he tries to seize and perpetuate. "The true keynote of life is pain for the man that thinks." This is Carnielo's creed, the *suprema lex* of his art, the *leit motif* of his works. Strange phenomenon, truly, in a man whose life, one would say, to judge of it from without, afforded all that is required to make existence joyous. Carnielo is fairly well endowed with this world's goods. Hence bitter poverty has never knocked her dread knock at his door. He has good health, a beloved and loving wife, and two sweet children to make "a happy household clime" of his home. Yet this man, so favoured, so gentle-natured that he would not hurt a fly, cannot admit that life contains aught that is not sad and grim, and looks on existence as an Odyssey of pain.

But if the vulgar crowd dismisses such a man with the cheap and flippant epithet of misanthrope, it behoves the more philosophical critic and thinker to study such a phenomenon more intimately, so as to endeavour to discover what it is that pushes him to think in such a manner. It is from deep-rooted conviction that enthusiasms are born for certain forms of Art, which the vulgar may stigmatise as false, and the tradesmen leave unbought, but to which time gives its brevet; and, happily for Rinaldo Carnielo, time has not caused him to wait too long.

Within the last few months, as he was giving the finishing touches to his grim group of 'Tenax Vitæ,' the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence elected him by acclamation to the high post of Resident Professor of Sculpture, thus proclaiming him master of them all, and honouring, as is due, his great talents.

Rinaldo Carnielo was a mere boy when, in 1864, seeing some stonemasons at work, he was struck by noting how much they could produce by means of a piece of iron. He robbed one of these pieces of iron (the expression is his own); it was the shortest he could find, and with a hammer he began to torment the pavement of his father's house. It was in this way that the plastic sentiment was born in him and that the wish awoke to be a sculptor. He studied Art behind his father's back, for the elder Carnielo belonged to that old rigid school who be-

lieved that artists must necessarily be vagabonds, and that no honest livelihood can be gained in such wise. He pretended that he was a carpenter's boy, and got himself admitted into the technical school at Padua, where he gained two prizes. Filled with enthusiasm Carnielo set foot, for the first time, in Florence, longing to see the treasures of Art that the Tuscan city encloses; nor did they disappoint him. They only spurred him on to study more earnestly; and so well did he work and study that he was able to send to the Exhibition of Paris, of 1887, the 'Dying Mozart,' which was the revelation of his power and capacity, and which gained for him great distinction, as it was bought by the French Government.

For some years it ornamented the Luxembourg Gallery, and is now in the Municipal Gallery of Bor-

deaux, where it occupies a post of honour. Carnielo was, at this time, but twenty-three, and had never gone through a regular course of study, had never submitted to any of the methods of an Academy of Fine Arts. It was not an easy victory that which he had achieved with his 'Mozart.' The Government Commissioner sent over from Paris to select works of Art for the Exhibition, had put it aside with the excuse, "The subject is too lugubrious; besides, space is lacking in the sculpture section." It needed a visit to Paris on the part of Carnielo; it needed the laughter of the public and some characteristic Florentine epigrams to persuade the delegate that the lugubriousness of the subject did not exist in the measure he imagined, and to allow that a work which did such honour to younger Italy should be exposed. Carnielo does not hesitate to admit to-day that the success that his work met with intimidated and alarmed him. He feared that he might not be able to keep himself up to this



Rinaldo Carnielo.

level. He resolved however that, so far as this lay in his power, this should not be the case; that in every work of his, be it in clay or marble, no matter what the theme, an idea should be lodged, that thought should never be divorced from form; and that, finally, the mere notion of utilising his art as a trade should be banished from his mind as a leprous thing. Art first and gain nowhere should be his motto. He felt that it was due to him more than ever to consecrate himself formally to Art, seeing that his first step in this thorny path had been a victory. His misanthropy, which is more apparent than real, and a certain inclination towards mysticism, induce him to incline ever more and more to Art of a *macabre* character. But here a word of explanation is needful. In death Carnielo sees nothing horrible. If we look at the 'Mozart,' at the 'Capuchin,' who implores death as a boon from God, as a welcome gift to end the pain he suffers, if we look at the 'Tenax Vitæ,' we shall see that death, as represented by Carnielo, is never lurid or grim. Rather, in the last-named work, it would seem as though Death smiled almost roguishly.

When Carnielo was very young it had been his wish to become a monk, but he wanted to be a monk after a fashion of his own. He did not wish to read mass or hear confessions; he offered to work at his art gratis for the good of the Convent, and if orders should come to him from outside to share profits with the establishment in order that he might distribute the money thus earned in charities. His proposal was not accepted by the order to which he applied, and thus Carnielo did not become a monk. Had it been acceded to, who knows but he might have proved a modern Fra Angelico of sculpture? Yet even outside the monastery Carnielo leads an almost conventual life, dividing his time between his studio, his family, and his fowls, for Carnielo is an ardent poultry breeder, shunning the world and society. When commissions come to him he only accepts those which conform with his convictions and beliefs.

Thus he gladly accepted an order from Mary, Lady Hobart, the widow of Lord Hobart, to model for her a group that should make graphic the horrors of war, Carnielo being as much opposed to that cruel destructive demon as the Peace Society itself.

Let us take a glance at Carnielo at work. His studio is situated in Piazza Savonarola, a rather dreary square in a modern Florentine suburb. It is a model of simplicity. There are but two rooms; the first serves as antechamber, and is choked full of finished and unfinished sketches in clay or plaster, and of casts of accomplished work. Here we can see the 'Mozart' in plaster, also the 'Capuchin' and the various tombs Carnielo has executed; for, as might be expected, his art

is much sought after in that line. Here too stand about a number of the bizarre vases and ornaments he loves to model in idle moments, and last of all here can be seen, still in plaster, his finished large latest work, the 'Tenax Vitæ.' The next room is the real studio. It is small, and at present is filled by a huge scaffolding, five mètres high, which is to support the new work Carnielo is contemplating, a fragment of the deposition from the cross, with four figures larger than life. It was impossible that the terrible mystery of Golgotha should not attract this sculptor of death.

It is generally some outside incident that induces Carnielo to work upon a subject. Thus the 'Dying Mozart' was



Dying Mozart. By Rinaldo Carnielo.

executed after the sculptor had read a biography of the great musician. An enthusiastic admirer of the *Nozze di Figaro* and of *Don Giovanni*, he thought it a worthy deed that sculpture should try to immortalize the last moments of their author. The death of this genius was epic in its simplicity, and a work which in 1878 seemed too realistic, to-day, after a lapse of fourteen years, seems almost conventional and academic—to-day when some demand realism at all and every cost, even at the cost of truth and beauty. In this life that is expiring how much calm, in this face emaciated by consumption, how much tranquillity! Our eye does not withdraw with terror or disgust from the spectacle. Here is neither artifice of pose nor academic veneer. But the resignation

that breathes through the 'Mozart' does not meet our eye either in the 'Capuchin' or in 'Tenax Vitæ.' In these two works the point of view assumed towards death is different. We here behold a young monk in the full vigour of his manhood, who



A Capuchin imploring death as a boon from God. By Rinaldo Carnielo.

ought to pray and cannot, who desires to lift his soul to God because the thought of the world assails him too impetuously and distracts him. Feeling that he is failing in his duties he invokes death to liberate him from his tortures. In this work of art is symbolized an absolute lack of vocation conjoined to a keen sense of duty, which combat together, and for which release from life can be the only solution. In 'Tenax Vitæ' we see an old man who is descending the last steps of existence. Death, figured as the conventional skeleton, stands over him, and is clutching him in his bony arms. To fix him yet more firmly he bends his skull over the old man's head, and thus holds him as in a vice. It is a fierce struggle, for the man, aged though he is, is still full of vitality, he is not yet entirely spent; and we see that what causes him to wrestle thus desperately against death is not only the idea of leaving this world, but fear of eternal life, of the unknown. Has he some grievous sins on his soul? has he done evil deeds he would still like to repair? We know not. We only see that with double the monk's weight of years on his shoulders, he revolts against what the other craves, and to each Death refuses the boon he asks. In the 'Mozart,' on the other hand, Death has taken possession slowly and consumes. Thus we

see the same idea rendered in three distinctly diverse manners, such as only a true artist could conceive and execute.

It must not be supposed, however, that in these three works, which up to the present are Rinaldo Carnielo's most important, sentiment predominates over form. The subjects are treated with the most sculpturesque exactitude; none of the canons of this rigid art are overlooked or scamped in order to bring the fundamental idea more into prominence. Carnielo is a modeller of first-class rank, a careful anatomist, as well as a thinker and philosopher.

That the thought of death has no terror for the mind of Carnielo is also proved by another sketch he has in his studio, which represents Sappho in the act of throwing herself over the cliff into the sea. That it conveys to him chiefly the idea of peace is further proved by his three sketches for a monument to Ugo Foscolo. It is to be regretted that none of these sketches were accepted for execution. The one we refer to is particularly happy. It was meant to illustrate Ugo's lines written by him under his portrait:

"Morte sol mi dara fama e riposo."

The inspiration for the other two was drawn from the lines in the poet's "I Sepolcri," the verses which describe—

"Dentro l'urne,
Comfortati di pianto."

It may be said of Carnielo that while in thought he is an idealist, in execution he is a realist. This is especially marked in his portrait busts.

For his ideal woman faces he has a certain fixed type. The manner in which it originated is entirely characteristic of the man. It was in 1858 that Carnielo, still a boy, one morning accompanied his father to visit a doctor in the hospital of Padua. In one of the anatomical rooms, extended on a table of marble, lay the corpse of a fair young woman. This inert attractive mass fascinated the lad. He stood still as though transfixed. He could not cease gazing upon this face, and thus he stood, he knows not how long, until his father came to lead him away. This apparition was never expunged from his brain, and when he came to model a woman's face this visage ever rose up before his mental vision and served him as his ideal woman type.

We have already said that Rinaldo Carnielo is a mystic and a dreamer. One of his favourite amusements is to sit for hours quite alone in the dark with his eyes open thinking and day-dreaming. In those moments, in the quiet of his studio, his imagination works and makes him conceive of strange things, worthy the brain of a Hoffmann. Thus, for example, it occurred to him to think of the creation of the Greek centaurs. How, he went on mentally, if such monstrosities could be born, could not other strange combinations spring from, say, the marriage of a man and a cauliflower?

The thought took hold of him, and to rid himself of it he had to put it into clay, for only thus can Carnielo shake off all-absorbing ideas. A couple of this kind was modelled with exquisite results, a mixture of foliage and human figure that turned out the most original of vases. And how about the offspring again of these? Carnielo asked himself; and thus again and again he took to creation, working out a system of grotesque, weird evolution all his own, until he has surrounded himself with several generations of such human vegetable creations, which, if reproduced in gold, silver, or bronze, would make the most exquisite as well as the most unique of table ornaments. Tiffany of New York would reproduce them to perfection. As yet they have remained in their native clay. Only two have been carried out: one a stand for holding shovel and tongs; one a huge bowl for holding coals or a flower-pot. It may be said that in these vases, or whatever we like to call them, Carnielo shows himself possessed of Bernini's audacity and freedom of hand and Benvenuto Cellini's perfection of modelling and grace of line.

Among Carnielo's minor works—for he ranks these among the minor—though nowhere, perhaps, are his skill and originality more vividly displayed, is a graceful series of the phases of the moon. They are seven little statuettes that resume in themselves all the philosophy of the capricious god of love, beginning with the first dawn of sentiment and ending with its entire extinction. Here is an explanation of the series as given by Carnielo himself. 1. Awakening of a desire to love. 2. Love has found his counterpart, but he dares not yet speak; he throws flowers. 3. Love grows bolder; he declares himself. 4. Full moon; the first kiss. 5. The moon is waning; Love has conquered. 6. Love tries to fly from the woman he no longer loves. 7. Last quarter; abandoned. It is by means of such *scherzi*, as he calls them, that Carnielo reposes his mind for his larger and more tiring works, reposes his mind, too, from his *macabre* conceptions.

Carnielo's views with regard to ancient and modern Art are most pronounced. Speaking of Michael Angelo, whom he considers a sculptor of unique intelligence, and always a sculptor, even when he paints, he wrote in a letter to his wife, dated from Paris, 1880, the following words, which are so interesting in giving a picture of his own personality that we reproduce them. "The question has been often put to me, Do you like Michael Angelo? To tell you the truth, when I am obliged to speak of this artist I feel most confused; and do you know why? Because his fame, just and merited in the days in which he lived, can be questioned to-day, and he might be called, not only an artist, but a workman, and this is why I say workman. Why did he need to occupy himself with architecture in order to give us the famous staircase and entrance to the Laurenziana Library? You know it, and I need not describe it, but is it possible to find a thing less well-conceived and uglier than this? Did he need to impose upon us a style like that of St. Peter's, when he had before his eyes, quite fresh, the type that had just sprung from the genius of Arnolfo? See, too, how much harm he did to the great monuments of Papal Rome? Had he been a conscientious artist he ought to have renounced architecture and painting and given us in greater number those grand miracles of sculpture. I see you are beginning to frown, either because I do not explain myself clearly enough, or because you do not share my opinion. Listen: this theme has always been the cause of great discussion between Signora Ungher, her husband, and me, and they always ended by telling me I was conceited and something worse. I believe and

maintain that Michael Angelo has done great harm to Art, and if Art has shown for two centuries a decadence in sculpture, painting, and architecture, with that leaning towards the ugly barocco style, it is his fault. He never passed the limit. In his 'David,' for example, he is absolutely correct, but in his other works he has hinted at an elegant barocco. His followers, either because they had not his talent, or because they were obliged to content the tastes of their patrons, exaggerated everything, beginning with Raphael himself. Do you believe that the mere form can make a work of Art strong? No; form is certainly an indispensable thing, but the most important is sentiment. What value has a letter for you which says nothing, even if written in the most beautiful handwriting? Well, for me the art of Michael Angelo and of many others has the same effect. I see superb forms, but without soul, without the least feeling. You know that the 'David' is considered the best work of this great artist? Well, I defy all its admirers to prove that this is the 'David' of the Bible; the lad, so strong in his faith in God, that he was able to throw the stone which should save his people. Further, where do you see the movement and the joyousness of a youth? There are many who declare that this artist was more of a painter than a sculptor. I do not share this opinion; indeed, I never felt him so much a sculptor as in the Sistine Chapel, which was his battlefield. Here he has given himself free rein, doing everything that came



Tenax Vite. By Rinaldo Carnielo.

to his mind. I see superb nudes, but all seems to me as if cut out in cardboard and then pasted on, like so many designs for statues. Still you will reply to me: 'So Michael Angelo is nothing.' No; he is a great talent, he should be admired by

all, but he should never be discussed: and, above all things, he should never be held up as a model or given to copy to young artists. I do not know what I may do or where I may arrive in Art, but certainly I shall never occupy myself with form alone—sentiment shall take the first place in my works—a sentiment that may be discussed, if you like, and which may be much criticised, because I do not feel like the majority, but nevertheless I will never let myself be conquered and work in a way to please others. I shall do always that which I see and which I feel intensely, hoping, at least, to be understood by noble souls. This is why I wish to live far away from cities, alone; with only amiable and gentle things about me. Donatello, Verrocchio, Benedetto di Maiano, Desiderio di Settignano, Mino di Fiesole, these are for me the modest colossi of an art which can never die, which can never become vulgar. Before the works of these great men, where sentiment is never divorced from the purest form, the true artist finds, not only a large harvest of instruction, but courage to fight the fierce battle which will be waged against him by the Academicians or mere calligraphists of Art. Remembering St. John the Baptist in the Donatello room of the Bargello, I see you putting down a question mark, but I assure you you are wrong, and must come to the conviction that this marble will conquer all the Evangelists that have been made and will be made. Every artist must have his qualities and his faults, and must know himself better than others can judge him. Whoever cannot put good form without too much labour into his work should not try to do anything in Art, because he will find himself at

war with two things, form and sentiment, and one of these will certainly remain sacrificed."

In order to give yet more weight to his verdict on Michael Angelo as always a sculptor, no matter what he did, Carnielo cited to me the lines in Buonarroti's sonnet:

*"Ma non potea se non somma bellezza,
Accender me,"*

in which, as he pointed out, the words seem beaten down with a sculptor's hammer. According to him Donatello is greater than Michael Angelo, and more of an artist. Donatello, he holds, reveals a power of sentiment in his works, a conscientiousness which Michael Angelo entirely lacked. Indeed, if we read in Vasari the life of Donatello and compare it with that of Michael Angelo, we shall see that Donatello did not at all realise the worth of his own art, and did not utilise it, but was contented to gain enough for his daily needs, while Michael Angelo made profit out of his great powers. For modern art Carnielo has not many good words to spend. He holds that the current decadence in Italian sculpture is due to the lack of patrons and of intelligent Mæcenas, while the hard necessities of life oblige men who have talent to devote themselves rather to hand craftsmanship than to true Art, which is of need aristocratic.

But I am not sure that we are inclined to go with Carnielo in all his judgments, that we do not think him greater as a sculptor than as a critic, and we hope he will devote himself ever more assiduously to his own art, so that the world may admire yet more masterpieces from his hand.

HELEN ZIMMERN.



Love has found his counterpart.

Love abandoned.

By Rinaldo Carnielo.

THE CRITICISM OF WOOD ENGRAVING.*



From *Canticum Canticorum*.

experience and learning of experts, including all that artists claim as their exclusive province. So stringent are these protests and so reasonable do they appear, that we propose to consider them as briefly as may be before studying the book in those other respects with which they are very closely bound up. It is the more desirable to do this because it is seldom an expert so distinguished as Mr. Linton descends into the lists against untechnical persons, and is not himself so lost in technics that his voice resembles that of one crying in the wilderness, where no man listens and few men understand. The point in question is an old and highly important one, which some day will be debated *à outrance*, because though few have been bidden, Art criticism

* "The Masters of Wood Engraving." By W. J. Linton. London: B. F. Stevens, 4, Trafalgar Square.

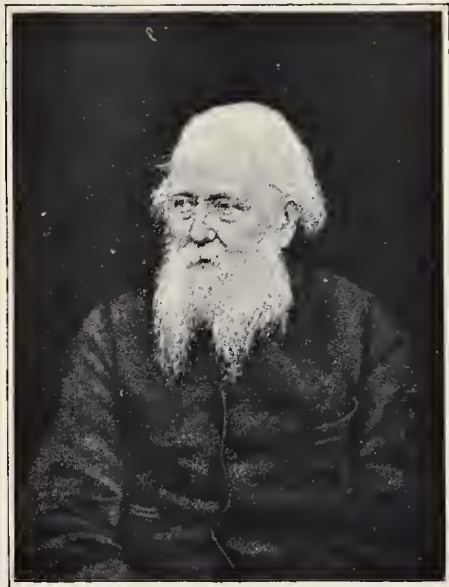
† How gross and frequent is this sort of insincerity will appear to those who know how an enterprising "art-critic" once attacked a well-known publisher of prints because he had issued photogravures "with a plate-mark," as it this was a sort of fraud intended to deceive the public into buying the impressions as engravings proper, and therefore of greater commercial value than photogravures. It was, to the delight of the artists, manifest that the writer did not know that photogravure of all sorts must needs be printed from plates, and therefore could not be had without plate-marks. It will also be remembered that Mr. Whistler showed small mercy to the "eminent critic" who described his famous lithographs as photogravures. A well-known writer on the histories of prints proved within our own knowledge so completely ignorant of the various processes of engraving that, to convince him of the true nature of a cut, it was necessary to show him the back of the paper ere he could be convinced that the impressions had been made by a block which printed from a relief, and not from a plate which printed from lines that were incised and filled with ink.

THE copiously illustrated volume by Mr. W. J. Linton, in which the plates are works of choice Art, selected by one who has long held high rank in his profession, is the most important publication of its class, and, besides this, there runs through it a strenuous vein of protest against amateurism in Art at large, especially that sort which affects "criticism" proper, and disregards, or pretends to disregard, the technical

has become a calling, and the indignation of artists and other qualified persons is rising high against the floods of quackery which the annual exhibitions call forth from the lads and young ladies who, putting on the mantle of Hazlitt, swarm at private views, and, like the Paris of Enone, "judge of gods." The lucubrations of these persons are the extremes of that amateurism to which Mr. Linton refers, and they are out-comings of the same insincere and vain spirit of our time which depends upon inner consciousness alone.†

In this connection one has to ask, why do artists laugh, or do worse than that, at "critics," and why, of that vast literature of criticism the press has poured forth in this country since the days of Balthasar Gerbier, that is, more than two centuries and a half ago, and continues to pour forth in an ever-increasing volume, does nothing that is not of the art artistic and by an artist survive, nay, even attain initial acceptance from painters, sculptors and architects? What is now called "criticism" began, to the best of my belief, with Count Algarotti, in or about 1764. But there had been prophets on what the French call *le Beau* before that time, and, so long ere then as 1676, Felibien had held forth on other subjects than painter's lives. Of course there were, besides biographers and anecdote-mongers like Vasari, writers on the technical parts of Art, such as pigments and their uses, of whom, in the thirteenth century, the monk Theophilus did but

follow more recondite authors, while these succeeded the Romans, as they the Greeks, and the last took counsel of those universal teachers, the Egyptians. Of this instructive class, the most precious was Cennino Cennini, who, in 1437, wrote his famous "Treatise on Painting." At such men as these, artists neither laugh nor swear; they were recipe-collectors and preservers of knowledge, not "critics" in the modern sense of the title, and they are entitled to nothing but gratitude. It is the professors of aesthetics whom the artists reject, not less emphatically than they renounce the "young gentlemen from the universities," and similar wielders of pens, who have no technical knowledge of Art in any of its forms, and gather at second-hand from books all they have



W. J. Linton, Engraver on Wood.

to say—worthies who, having developed their inner consciousness, modestly claim the judgment-seat as their right, and, though at best but ready writers, have no real claims to

authority founded on experience or knowledge of the subject. Again, there are the so-called scientific critics, who assume that they have reduced Art to a science with exact laws.



The Virgin of 1418. The Royal Library, Brussels.

While they do this, the painters, sculptors and architects whom these self-constituted authorities essay to judge do not hesitate to aver that the learned magnates do not know the principles of their own science, and are always disputing about the nature and limitations of the same. To anyone who is behind the scenes in the studios, nothing is more amusing than the contempt with which their inmates regard the scientific professors of aesthetics. Accordingly it is quite safe to say that no artists ever read a treatise on aesthetics as such. If for instance "Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful" is found on a painter's table, it is not because the owner hopes to get out of the famous "Essay" any help or instruction about the Art to which his life is devoted, not in the intervals of other studies, but all day long and every day. Depend upon it that not even "Burke" is accepted as a guide, and that its place in a studio is due to the purely intellectual merits of the writer, or to maintain "the look of the thing," that is, for much the same motive as the old ladies had who kept unread on their drawing-room tables handsomely bound copies of Martin Farquhar Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy."

It is a complementary and equally exact statement that from 1715, when Jonathan Richardson published his "Two Discourses," no Art literature has held its own except that which artists have written, so that, not to speak of other countries, in England the only books on aesthetics or criticism

proper which still exist we owe to artists such as Hogarth, who, in 1753, published his remarkable "Analysis of Beauty," Reynolds, Burnet, Hazlitt, Eastlake, Leslie, and a few others who were well qualified by their previous and practical education to deal with Art. This is not the time or place to speak of Mr. Ruskin's great influence in developing popular sympathy for the poetry of Art. Suffice it that the "Oxford Graduate" himself is already experiencing the ingratitude of mankind. Da Vinci's curious collection of apothegms, the speculations of Dürer on the Canon of Proportion, and similar works of painters, belong rather to that which I have called the "instructive class," where we find Cennini, than to the students of real aesthetics, such as Hogarth and Hazlitt, Reynolds and Leslie.

To the last-named category of writers Mr. Linton is a grave, studious, and highly qualified recruit. It is as an engraver, he tells us, that he writes, not as a bibliographer. "My purpose," he says, "is not so much to give account of the books in which engravings on wood have appeared as to collect the finest examples of the art and to give its history through the exhibition of its master-works." To this he adds, and justifies his assertion, that nothing of the sort has been done or attempted "to any good purpose." The last qualification is important, and not to be quoted without demurs of some sort, beyond intimating which it is not our business to go, although it would be impossible to deny that no attempt of its kind has been so successful as that which is before us; the works of Duplessis, Hymans, Lippmann, Didot, Ottley, Willshire, and others, being either historical or of the nature of catalogues, with essays attached, out of date, merely popular, or else devoted to sections of the subject only. Some of the writers were not technically qualified to the fullest extent. Thus Ottley laid himself open to the censures of Mr. Linton by writing in a misleading manner on the blocks of the *Biblia Pauperum* and their like. We should, however, flinch from accusing Ottley, as Mr. Linton, in a strain which is needlessly frequent in this book, of "errant ignorance" of his business. Rumohr only approached Mr. Linton's intention to illustrate the art in question by its masterpieces. The famous German writer's efforts, however accomplished and careful they may be, are reduced in value by the limits of that honourable critic's technical knowledge and experience, which was, of course, not to be compared with his historical attainments. The imperfect works of Sotheby and Noel Humphreys are, if for no other reason, out of comparison with that before us on account of the jumbled nature of their contents, where types of engraving the most diverse and unequal in value are mixed together. Mr. Hamerton's admirable and well-illustrated book on "The Graphic Arts" concerns itself with all forms of engraving, and necessarily therefore but briefly with xylography. Except the last, none of Mr. Linton's forerunners on this mode of draughtsmanship enjoyed that, for a work of the kind, inestimable advantage which photography has conferred upon the facsimilist, and of which this stately volume, thanks to the skill and care of the Messrs. Dawson, Mr. W. L. Colls, and other operators in the same line, profits to the utmost. The most careful copies in the world made by hand cannot for a moment be compared with Mr. Linton's photographic fac-similes, who is quite right in saying that Chatto, while aided by Jackson in the preparation of the "History of Wood Engraving" with examples of the art, did so only to mislead. "Jackson was perfectly right," our author says, "in illustrating the history with

copies of wood cuts; but these copies, by his assistants or himself, as examples of the original engraver's work, even when of the same size, are worthless." When copied on a reduced scale, a fourth of the original size, or less, they give no idea of the engraving, *i.e.* of the art and craft of the wood cutter, which has all the world to do with the expression and energy of the design itself. The examples of Sotheby, though they are reproductions, and, as such, of remarkable merit, cannot be

compared with the versions of H. B. Grun's large 'Adam and Eve,' a chiaroscuro print, which faces p. 212, before us, or the very different 'Peacock' from Bewick's "Birds," on p. 141 preceding it, of which the only fault is that the bird's neck is just a little sooty, not opaque. The choice piece of engraving on p. 72 (it represents the lover entering the quaint pleached alley of the *Hyperotomachia Poliphili*) is, as a reproduction, simply perfect. Let me say, in passing, that Mr. Linton's



St. Elisabeth of Hungary giving Alms (portion only). After G. Caccia (called Moncalvo), 1610.

doubts whether or not the cuts of this famous romance, which Aldus published at Venice in 1499, are really wood cuts are shared by others who conclude them to be engravings on metal. We confess ourselves of the latter opinion and unable to recognise the characteristics of xylography in all, or nearly all, the cuts. At the same time we fail to see those elements of the style of Mantegna which, had the Mantuan designed them, one should, despite the influence of an Italian engraver or wood cutter, expect to find remaining in them. Mr. Linton admits considerable doubts to exist when it is required to decide authoritatively whether impressions under discussion are due to

wood blocks or metal plates. This is, of course, when the back of the paper does not—as it did plainly in favour of wood in the critic's case to which reference has been made—affirm either one way or the other. Mr. Linton carries his doubts so far as to question the long-accepted opinion whether cuts in Caxton's books of "The Game of the Chesse," "The Golden Legend," &c., are really due to wood blocks. Of the cuts in Turrecremata's "Meditations," Rome, 1467, our author is of the opinion of Passavant that they were taken from metal. Chatto represented the Caxtons as the "firstfruits of English wood engraving." This was, of course, a mere figure of speech,

unsupported by evidence of any kind. In this opinion most modern experts agree. In respect to such old cuts, Chatto, who is evidently one of Mr. Linton's pet aversions, suffers considerably in these pages, as, indeed, is the case with a very large proportion of Mr. Linton's forerunners in regard to wood engraving. Scarcely one of these unfortunates escapes.

So much has to be said on the general character and value of the book before us. As to the manner in which, having, besides all-important photography in his service, the labours of other students of the same subjects to found himself upon, to examine, verify, and, when he thought fit, to correct them, the verdict is heartily in Mr. Linton's favour. He has performed an enormous task with exemplary knowledge, research, and care, and he has arranged his matter in an organic manner, so that with the rude beginnings of the wood engraver's craft, if such they can be called, in the stamps of Egypt and Babylon he commences, and as others had done before him, he traces his subject as it progressed through, so to say, stencils, seals, illuminations, block-books; the printing of designs on linen from stamps which may have been metallic, but were more probably of wood, and seem to have come from Saracenic Sicily, that nursing land of more than one Art-craft, a veritable bridge between the East and the West.

A terrible note upon poor Chatto, which occurs at the foot of p. 24 of this book, will serve to introduce one of the most important sections of the subject, that which answers the questions, What were the tools used by the old woodcutters? What sort of wood did they use? and, How did they use it? Chatto, the coadjutor of John Jackson, in preparing the famous "Treatise on Wood Engraving,"* while writing on a cut by Jost Amman, 1568, which represents a *Formschneider*, or block-cutter, at work, said that such "craftsmen used a tool similar to the modern graver, with a handle rounded at the top (where it forms a sort of pad for the hand, which drives the tool into the wood)." Mr. Linton adds: "I know not of the handle, but a graver cannot be used on a plank." The inference seems intended that Chatto had no authority for describing the graver with "a handle rounded at the top." But, on referring to Chatto's text in the "Treatise," I find that worthy, in this very connection, describing the cutting knife which was figured in Jost Amman's "*Formschneider's*" hand, and is held vertically, as Chatto said. Moreover, Chatto, a little further on, copies the signature of "C. S." (Christopher Stimmer, a Swiss designer and wood engraver), which actually includes two tools of his, the one a straight cutting knife, like that in Amman's cut, the other like a modern graver "with a handle rounded at the top." Mr. Linton, with all the care he has used, has overlooked this little point, which shows plainly that Stimmer was one of those who cut on wood or metal indifferently. For the one process the cutting knife was designed, for the other the graver proper. Engravers' tools of one kind or the other occur not unfrequently in the signatures of artists. That of Adam Fuchs, for instance, comprises a knife with a lancet-shape blade. M. J. de Braquemond, the famous etcher, gives, under his "B.," an etching needle. Jerome Bosch's signature embodies a cutting knife, not a graver. Likewise those of C. Jegher, L. J. Corona (c. 1540), a knife for cutting, C. Schweytzer (c. 1562), C. Schuster (c. 1700), and N. Deutsch. Passing from the tool we come to the wood it was employed to cut. This was always a plank,

or piece of one, and the design was cut, not across the butt or grain of the wood as now, where hard box is employed, but on the side of it; and soft wood, such as pine, was used. Our author does not overvalue the skill or intelligence of the old cutters, and in one part of this text some free comments add raciness to the expression of his opinions anent the somewhat fanciful labours of Mr. William Martin Conway in his "Wood Cutters of the Netherlands," which rather pedantically discriminates between the "first Louvain wood cutter," the second ditto, the third likewise, and the first, second, third, and fourth wood cutters of Gouda, and so on of those craftsmen who worked at Utrecht, Bruges, Antwerp and elsewhere. Mr. Linton confesses his inability to recognise most of the differences which troubled Mr. Conway, and he disposes of them with characteristic terseness.

He has not much that is new to say about the famous 'St. Christopher' of 1423, which is in Lord Spencer's collection, and admitted to be the oldest known dated wood cut, but he checks Chatto as to the use of stencils for the colouring of the plate. The frontispiece to the volume before us is a full-size reproduction of this cut by Messrs. Dawson, and, except some excess of brightness in the colours, due principally to the light tint of the paper on which it is printed, an excellent specimen of what such a work ought to be.

Part II. deals with wood engraving under modern conditions, as they are dictated by cutting on the butt of the wood, which altered a great many things, and gave facilities not obtainable before. J. B. Jackson and Elisha Kirkhall (the "bounteous Kirkhall" of Pope, who "adorned" Eliza Heywood's portrait with jewels not her own) come to notice, and to Kirkhall greater importance is given than other writers have awarded, although they have by no means neglected him. Mr. Linton agrees with some experts in reckoning highly the merits of Croxall's 'Æsop,' which he thinks were cut in metal. An important chapter is given to Bewick, and the "generally ignorant worship" of that admirable designer. Much of what is here said is valuable and to the point; the true qualities of Bewick's work as a wood cutter are emphasised with discrimination and critical power, the pathetic and poetic elements of Bewick being out of our author's range. The unreasonableness, not to say foolishness, of much that has been written about Bewick, especially by persons not qualified by knowledge of the subject and its technical aspects, is made very plain indeed. Unqualified condemnation is expressed of the Fine Art Society's collection of Bewick cuts in 1880; the praise which is given to Mr. D. C. Thomson's "Life and Works of Thomas Bewick" is somewhat strained, nor is the sympathetic sketch of Bewick from a *littérateur's* point of view, by Mr. A. Dobson, very decidedly commended; not a few things that are, to use Mr. Linton's phrase, "shocking" to Bewick collectors are indicated in this very instructive and edifying chapter; the knavish tricks of certain dealers are denounced, much rubbish is swept away with an unsparring hand, and some capital reproductions of Bewick's choicer cuts, or specimens of these, are given in these pages. The last include 'The Tame Duck,' 'The Scamp Duck,' 'The Peacock,' and 'The Spanish Pointer,' borrowed from "The Birds" and "The Quadrupeds." We quite agree that 'The Chillingham

* Of the "Notes" to this exhibition, written by Mr. F. G. Stephens, as printed in the catalogue, Mr. Linton avers that "thirty-two illustrations from original wood blocks" accompanying those "Notes" are "without order, worn and worthless, a disgraceful presentment of the engraver." We have Mr. Stephens's authority for saying that he was without responsibility for the exhibition as such, or for the cuts which accompanied the "Notes."

* We are, of course, here referring to the first editions of this highly meritorious and, for its date, admirable work, and not to that which, under the patronage of the late Mr. H. G. Bohn (who had the imprudence to "edit" it), appeared in 1859.

Bull' is not what many have imagined: a faithful portrait it may be, but many parts of this very popular block are unworthy of Bewick. The starved horse, 'Waiting for Death,' one of Bewick's latest works, is not, despite the enormous pains taken to make it so, a first-rate instance, but a laboured and timid one, injured by the weakness of the artist's age; "weak in line, weak yet harsh, unmodulated, indecisive, very ineffective, unsound, and upon no account an admirable engraving," are the terms which are, perhaps harshly, but not erroneously, heaped on this immeasurably overpraised cut. Trenchant as some of these criticisms are, it is impossible to say that they are altogether wrong. The notice of Miss Bewick as an authority ancient her father's works is as amusing as it is just. Regarding the true authorship of a large proportion of the cuts which bear Bewick's name, the opinions and suggestions of Mr. Linton are fresh, searching and worthy of attention.

The remaining sections of this volume deal *seriatim* with the followers and successors of Bewick, Clennell, Nesbitt, Branston, Thompson, Harvey, T. Williams, Bonner, and others. Mr. Linton does not spare stringent criticisms of the

current and popular "American School," which does not deserve the high praise Mr. Hamerton awarded to it, unless we "are to accept in the narrowest sense his terms in favour of the 'unsurpassed delicacy of the execution,' and 'the manual skill' of these craftsmen. Their 'intelligence' is, we think, 'a limited quantity,' and it is questionable if 'they understand engraving thoroughly,' and exhibit in tone and texture 'two superiorities.'"—*Ide* "The Graphic Arts," 1882. If "delicacy" means "labour," with a smooth, velvety texture, dear to the young ladies, then we agree with Mr. Hamerton, but of "intelligence" we see not half so much as is due to a score of French and German engravers and some Englishmen, to say nothing of Mr. Linton himself (who does not fail to give us examples of his own capital cuts), whether he is an English or United States man. Of the mere niggling and finish of a mechanic there is no doubt amplitude in the so-called "American School." Among its professors the fibre and masculine touch and resources of the French and German operators of to-day—*vide* the Salon and the Berlin Exhibitions, and those of England not long since—are conspicuously wanting.



THE HENRY TATE COLLECTION.*

V.

WHEN the history of English painting in the nineteenth century comes to be written, not the least interesting episode will be furnished by the career of the lady whose legal title is now Dame Elizabeth Butler. In some ways she is the Rosa Bonheur of England. The French lady is a more thorough workman—*workwoman* won't do—than the English. That is her birth-right. But both are distinguished from all other female artists whose work we can remember by their masculine grip on the facts or episodes they elect to deal with. Mlle. Bonheur has one great advantage over Lady Butler in that her attention has always been concentrated on her art. Had she married in the full swing of her powers, we may be pretty sure that the robust studies of animal life she has lately poured out with such a lavish hand would have been much less numerous, much less single-minded in their conception, and much less vigorous in their execution. Lady Butler's good period, the period during which she deserved the Homeric praise of Mr. Ruskin, began with the 'Roll Call' and ended with the 'Scotland for Ever!' a picture which, curiously enough, has never won the appreciation it deserves. In the interval she painted the 'Return from Inkermann,' the 'Return from Balaclava,' and the 'Quatre Bras.' I have little doubt that, in the future, the three pictures by which she will be remembered are the 'Roll Call,' the 'Quatre Bras,' and the 'Scotland for Ever!' Lady Butler has only been at her best when strong emotion or violent action has had to be rendered.

Besides the three pictures I have named, I might almost put a drawing she did for one of the illustrated papers some six or eight years ago. It was called, if I remember rightly, 'Missed,' and represented a Bengal lancer taking it out of his horse in his rage at a failure with the tent peg. The Amazon quality spoken of by Mr. Ruskin was strong in all these pictures. They have the veracity of Rudyard Kipling. Some one says somewhere that Mr. Kipling with his eye on the object is miraculous. So we may almost say of Lady Butler. The men in the middle of the long line of Grenadiers, in the 'Roll Call'; the men at the salient angle of the square, in the 'Quatre Bras'; the men and the horses in the centre of the charge, in the 'Scotland for Ever!' are all studied *sur le vif*; they have the real battle-fire upon them, or the real reaction; there is no *chic* or pose, or endeavour to make fancy do the work of observation. They show the British soldier as he really is when "the guns begin to shoot," and their strength and truth becomes the more evident when we turn our attention to the less important parts of those same pictures. Far away, on the retreating faces of the square in 'Quatre Bras,' on the flanks in the 'Roll Call,' and the 'Scotland for Ever!' Lady Butler has given her observation a rest, and has called up her fancy to take its place. Her eye is no longer on the object, and so the corners of her canvas are stuffed with men who bear little enough relation to the real Tommy Atkinses in the centre. And the change that a modification of her methods here brings about within the four edges of a single canvas, is repeated on a

* Continued from page 198.

larger scale when she leaves these strong realities for themes which require a touch of inventive imagination. In the 'Return from Inkermann' and 'Return from Balaclava,' the event on which all the interest turns is outside her canvas. It has to be suggested, not displayed. So, too, is it with the picture here reproduced. In the 'Remnant of an Army,' everything has to be left, practically, to the spectator. All that Lady Butler shows us is a weary man, hanging on to the saddle of his still more weary horse. In the distance the smartness of a staff officer approaches along a dusty road; some walls are crowned with tips of British red, and the horizon is closed by a long line of hills very like the Grampians from Stirling Castle. Lady Butler was never a colourist, and her grip on actuality is not here called into play, so that it is not easy to find a standpoint for praise of the 'Remnant of an Army.' The incident itself is one of the most tragic in the chequered history of our conquests of India. Sale's brigade, retreating from Gundamuck, had reached Jellalabad on the 12th of November, 1841, and after much trouble, had put the dilapidated ramparts of that place in some sort of defensive order.

News came in every now and then which pointed to the capitulation and perhaps the destruction of the force under Elphinstone at Cabul. About the 10th of December a letter was received from the Afghan capital signed by Elphinstone himself and Major Pottinger, announcing the convention which had been entered into with the Afghan chiefs, and ordering Sale to evacuate Jellalabad and retire to Peshawur, leaving behind him the guns of the fortress and such stores and baggage as he might be unable to remove. Sale, and his garrison engineer, Captain George Broadfoot, were both of a mind that such an order as this, given by men with "knives at their throats," should not be obeyed, so they determined to hold Jellalabad unless ordered by the Indian Government to withdraw. Meanwhile, news filtered in which pointed to a terrible disaster to the Cabul force. A letter received on the 12th told of the abandonment of the cantonments, and of the commencement of retreat, and also that the column had been halted at Boothkhak by the orders of Akbar Khan. "These communications," says Mr. Archibald Forbes, "in a measure prepared the people in Jellalabad for disaster, but not for the awful catastrophe of which Dr. Brydon had to tell, when in the afternoon of the 13th the lone man, whose approach to the fortress Lady Butler's painting so pathetically depicts, rode through the Cabul gate of Jellalabad. Dr. Brydon was covered with cuts and contusions, and was utterly exhausted. His first few hasty sentences extinguished all hope in the hearts of the listeners regarding their Cabul comrades and friends." Once within the gate Brydon was lifted off the

pony which had carried him so well. He fainted, and the first words he spoke after coming to himself were a request to give the poor beast some water. But the pony had dropped in its tracks and died as soon as its task was finished. Lady Butler's picture may be put beside many others which have commemoration of some event that the world would not willingly forget for their *raison d'être*. It is neither better nor very much worse than the ruck of military pictures which cover the interminable walls of Versailles, for instance. But it was not of such productions that I was thinking when I said that her career would form an interesting episode in the history of modern British painting. I then had in my mind the four pictures already mentioned more than once, and the proof they afford that, in a certain kind of Art, success absolutely depends on keeping the eye on the object.

What Lady Butler did for Tommy Atkins in 'Quatre Bras,' Mr. Stanhope Forbes does for Tommy's second cousin in 'The Health of the Bride.' In the days of the great war, a soldier of the line could hope for no moment more exciting than that which saw the cavalry of Napoleon fall off from his bayonet like the



*A Remnant of an Army. By Lady Butler.
By permission of the Fine Art Society.*

sea from a cliff. In these more peaceful years Tommy's relative, Jack, has to be content with the excitement of getting "spliced;" unless, indeed, he has had the ill-luck to be rammed by a consort in a peaceful manœuvre. Mr. Stanhope Forbes has aimed at the veracity to which I have already alluded as Lady Butler's strongest point. He has painted the wedding feast of a young sailor and his bride just as he might have seen it in the little Cornish fishing-town in which his easel stands. The room and its modest furniture, the people bidden to the feast, with their characteristic gradations in humble comfort, the solemn awkwardness of the young couple themselves, the knowledgeable indifference of the old and the innocent unconcern of the very young—all these are managed with frankness and skill. Many little touches help the fable, and remind us of Zola's picture of a similar function, such as the woman in the background pouring drink from one vessel into another, the young man with his hot hand on his own particular and most unattractive bridesmaid, and the absorbed look of the adolescent boy who faces the married couple and prepares to drink to their health.

In a previous article (p. 121) I made some pretence of discussing the much-vexed question of how far the events of ordinary modern life should find their places in Art. It appears quite incontrovertible, that, so far as they lend themselves to creative treatment, they should form the chief stock-in-trade of the painter at least, if not of the sculptor. We are told, with wearisome iteration, that modern life is not picturesque; that neither our dress nor our manners lend themselves to

Art. The fallacy here is clear enough. Thanks mainly to the influence of the French, the most unpicturesque of people, modern dress and modern manners are not picturesque in themselves. A painter of to-day cannot depend, like a Venetian of the sixteenth century, upon mere fidelity for a pictorial result. When Giovanni Bellini had to paint the Doge Lore-dano, he could shoot him as he stood. He could content himself with a sincere rendering of his curious biretta, and of the simple cape of gold brocade which formed his robe of state. The thing went by itself, and the painter could confine himself to the display of skill and intelligence in rendering. In these days, if some pragmatic modern costume has to be reproduced, Art has to be foisted in by dexterity of treatment, by a combination of accidental folds with more or less denaturalised illumination, and by a substitution of subjective for objective texture, if you will allow me that phrase. All this applies to the painting of a single figure. When a group of many has to be treated, the matter is much more simple. I have little doubt myself that if a sufficiently-equipped modern painter could only treat the meeting of a board of railway directors with the absolute sincerity shown by Rembrandt in his 'Syndics of the Cloth Hall,' he would produce a work of

Art which, in its degree, would have an equally good chance of immortality. It might not be worthy of a place beside the 'Syndics,' but it would not bore one, and people would be as grateful for its simple veracity as they are, say, for that of Van der Helst; all the picturesqueness required could be got by coherent design, handling, and chiaroscuro. One modern painter has been lifted almost to success by his comprehension of this truth—I mean Fantin, in the group of artists which we last saw at the Grafton Gallery this summer. Unfortunately, M. Fantin has no gift for composition. His pictures have never any real concentration, and so before them we find ourselves searching in vain for that central motive with which no work of Art can dispense. In the 'Syndics,' each of the five regents, as well as their servant, is interested in the spectator. He it is who has entered their board-room, and for the moment all eyes are turned curiously upon him. The motive could hardly be slighter, but it is enough to make the difference between an organic work of Art and a collection of likenesses.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes gets unity by focussing the attention of all his *personæ* on the married couple. Even those who are not looking their way are so employed that they are brought



"The Health of the Bride." By Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A. By permission of Messrs. Mawson, Swan & Morgan, and Mr. H. C. Dickens.

within the universal preoccupation. In this respect 'The Health of the Bride' is much the best thing Mr. Forbes has yet done. In his other pictures the interest often refuses to be sufficiently focussed, and they are apt, in consequence, to

seem more like passages from a panorama than self-contained conceptions. I don't know any modern picture in which conflicting lights are managed with greater success than here. The room in which the feast goes on has two windows, one oppo-

site, the other out of the picture on our right. By this contrivance inconvenient shadows and a disturbing abruptness in the chiaroscuro are avoided, while, by a stroke almost of genius, all conflict between the two sources of illumination is evaded. The second window, which, being the nearest to us, would

have to be the strongest in value, is kept out of sight; while to satisfy the eye, which demands some kind of explanation for the strong lights on the figures to our right, the lowered reflection of the first window is allowed to show in the glass doors of the bookcase. By such means the whole scene is at



The Love Letter. By F. D. Millet.

once concentrated and distributed, with the best effect on its vivacity and solidity as a whole.

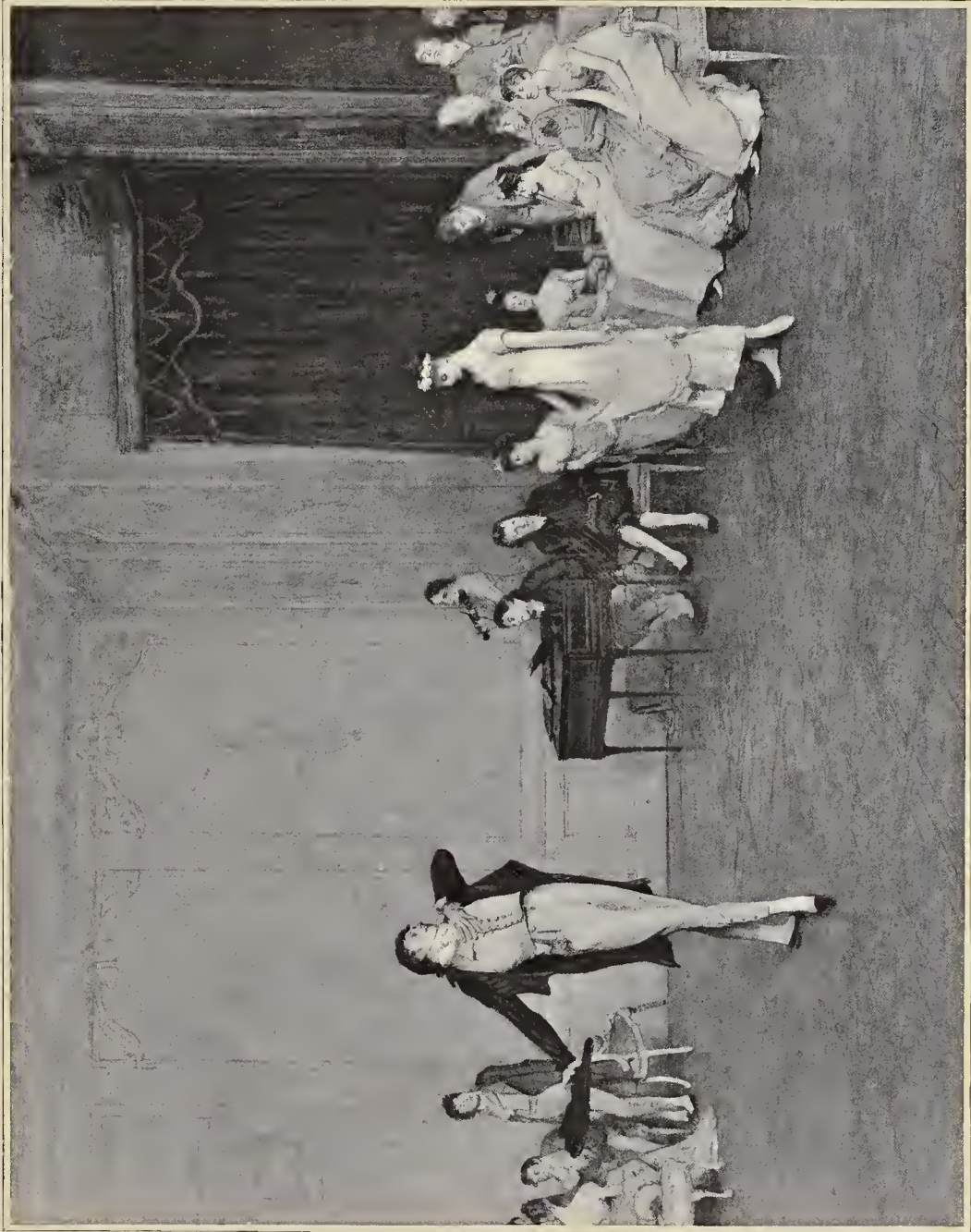
The value of such a method may be understood almost as well through its absence from the work of Mr. F. D. Millet, the painter of 'The Love Letter,' as from its presence in that of Mr. Forbes. Mr. Millet paints everything in a light as diffused as that of a greenhouse. From one side of his canvas to the other the values scarcely change. His method is as devoid of light and shade as that of Miss Austen herself—whose heroines might well be his. The purity, the freedom from passion, the gentle interest in everything alike, the touch of *malice*, and the extreme intelligence of presentment, are as conspicuous in his pictures as in "Emma" or "Persuasion." And yet if I were to seek for a literary prototype to Mr. Millet's pictorial creations it would be in the "Sketch Book" or the "Bracebridge Hall" of his countryman, Washington Irving. Behind the simplicity of Miss Austen we divine an almost sardonic comprehension of human nature, which is absent not only from Mr. Millet's productions, but from all American work, so far as my knowledge of it goes.

Nearer to Miss Austen in everything but cleanness of manipulation comes, perhaps, the picture Mr. Orchardson calls 'Her First Dance.' Here, as shown in the large reproduction, behind the empty swagger of the "buck," behind the shamefacedness of his partner, behind the boredom of

the chaperons in the window, and the perfunctory energies of the band, we feel that warp of human life on which the feelings of the moment are but a casual embroidery. By the grip of his conception Mr. Orchardson makes us realise that all these people, even the short-skirted *ingénue*, whose timidity is so evident, have their histories and their interests away from what the moment is bringing to them. Mr. Orchardson is often twitted with his empty spaces, with those breadths of exquisite tonality against which he loves to set his drama. But there is an emptiness worse than this, even if the accusation were better founded than it is; I mean the emptiness into which those painters inevitably tumble who think only of the moment. What heaps of pictures we can all remember in which the actors have no past and no future, pictures in which they are as clearly playing a part that will end when the gas is put out as an "Adelphi Guest."

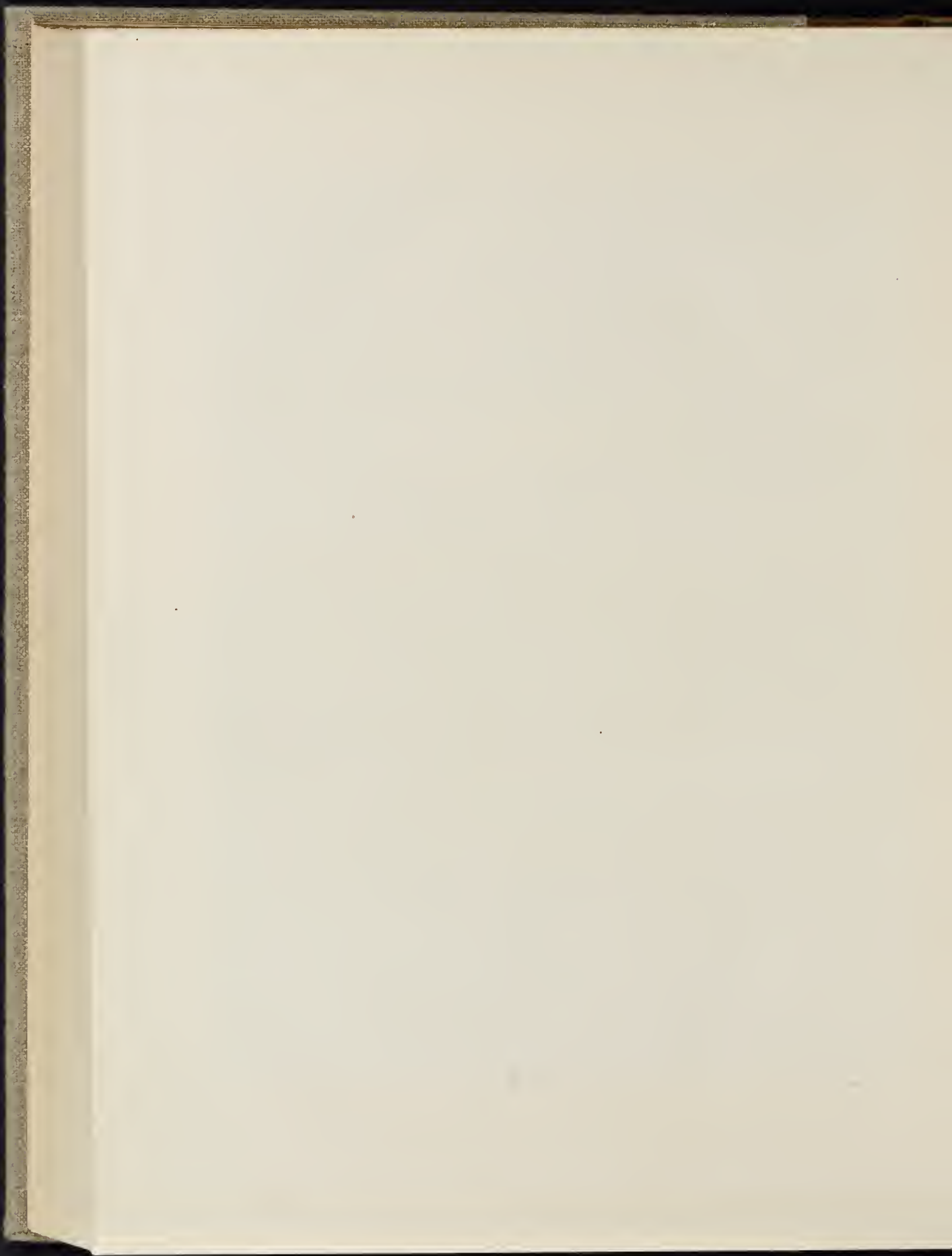
To my mind few pictures are more amusing than those painted for the sake of bringing in some piece of studio property. It may seem absurd to put a post-chaise and four horses into such a category, but such, for the critic's purpose, it is. Mr. Waller painted the large picture which is now hanging in Mr. Tate's dining-room—a picture we are forbidden to reproduce—because he knew he could paint a horse, and knew he could draw and paint a carriage, which is even more difficult than a fiddle. If it had not been for these he would never have painted 'The Duel.' To say all this may sound





"HER FIRST DANCE."
BY WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON, R.A.
(By permission of Messrs. Lowndes & Co., the owners of the copyright.)

W. Quiller Orchardson



like blame, but it is not meant to be so taken. Much the reverse. It is not easy to imagine a better road to excellence than to hit upon an incident which will naturally bring about the introduction of something the artist has at his finger-ends. Landseer never did anything else, and yet in his dog dramas he seldom contrived to make the connection between drama and *dramatis personæ* seem as inevitable as it does here.

The picture, no doubt, is known to some of my readers. Two young men have come out to fight a duel, perhaps in Richmond Park. One has fallen and is being attended to in the distance by his own friends. The other has been hurried out of the park gates by his seconds, and is now being urged into the post-chaise which is to take him beyond the reach of pursuit. This is by far the best thing Mr. Waller has done. He is on ground which he understands, and no one can deny his power to paint a horse and even a chariot. The chief thing to criticise is the size of the canvas. One of the most incomprehensible things in the practice of modern painters is their mania for size. Its effects are as bad for their pockets as for their art.

In this particular, at least, no fault can be found with Mr. Erskine Nicol, who had always recognised that domesticities, and what we may call history in detail, should be confined to narrow canvases. 'The Emigrants,' here reproduced, has virtues, however, beyond its modesty in that respect. It belongs to a time when Mr. Nicol was painter in ordinary to the Irish peasant.

So far all the pictures mentioned in this article have been distinguished more by objective than by subjective qualities. Lady Butler's 'Remnant of an Army' hovers, indeed, between the two extremes and suffers accordingly; but Mr. Miller's 'Love Letter,' Mr. Stanhope Forbes's 'Health of the Bride,' Mr. Orchardson's 'Her First Dance,' and Mr. Waller's 'Success' are all based, at least, on the desire for actuality, and are only affected by individual preferences and modes of feeling in a legitimately pictorial fashion. It is otherwise

with the last picture I have to speak about. I don't know whether it has struck any one else, but John Linnell always appears to me to bear the relation to Sir John Gilbert that a field in the country does to a drawing-room in town. Both men are mannerists to the bone. Both men look out on nature merely to glean justifications for feeling and painting as they choose to feel and paint. The Art in each is as purely subjective as Art can be. Its elements are borrowed from nature, but the resulting compost is entirely personal. Linnell weaves the fields and trees, the clouds and the very sunshine into a formula of himself; Gilbert does the same with Henry VIII. and Wolsey, with Sir Lancelot du Lake and Falstaff, with Henry V. and Queen Philippa. Between the very woft and texture of the two men's pictures there is much in common, and he who admires the one is pretty sure—nay, he can scarcely refuse—to admire the other.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.



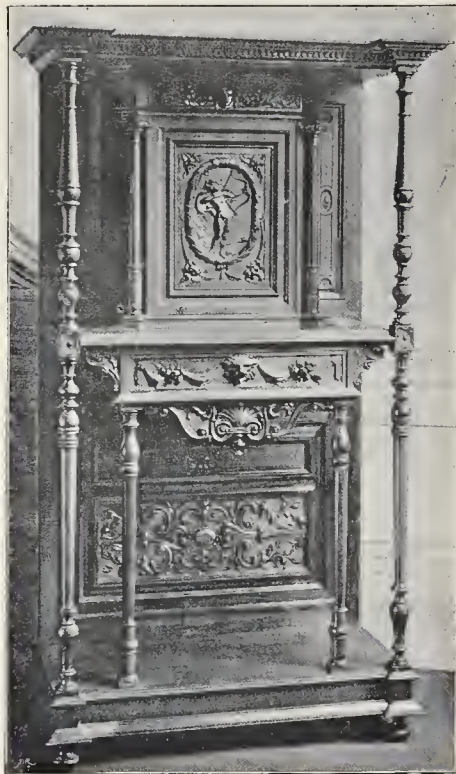
The Emigrants. By Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.



Ormolu Panel from a Table lately in the possession of Mr. F. Litchfield.

DESIGN IN FURNITURE.

DESIGN in furniture appears to be pretty much at a standstill. Cabinet-makers there are who strain perpetually after some new thing—any new thing, indeed; others have lapsed into dull contentment with time-honoured shapes, no matter what, so they be traditional; and between them the art of design is left to languish.



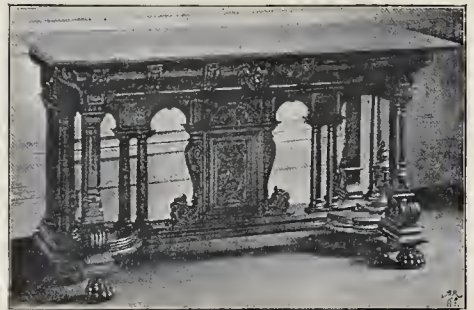
Reproduction of a François I. Cabinet. By Messrs. Gillow & Co.

The great majority of producers follow the safe plan of following—so much so that we are almost inclined to be thankful to those who found themselves upon more or less

ancient precedent, and do not merely lie in wait for the enterprising adventurer in modern design, and filch a share in any success he may make, without ever sharing the risk he runs in bringing out a new thing.

There is this obvious inducement to the producer to become a mere reproducer, that his models cost him nothing. He has not so much as to purchase, nor even to hunt up, old examples. The illustration of notable instances of old work has been so fully and so carefully done that he has only to buy a few good books on the subject, or a portfolio or two of photogravures (published, for the most part, to our shame be it said, in France or Germany) and he is quite set up with designs for a long time to come.

The only drawback to this little arrangement is that the designs are not exclusively his, rival manufacturers being equally at liberty to produce them with himself; but in the present state of our copyright law, and the present temper, it would seem, of our manufacturers, that is scarcely so much a drawback, since it is so easy to take the wind out of a momentarily fortunate competitor's sails, and there is no consensus of commercial opinion to condemn it. A man may sail very close to the wind indeed, and only pass for "clever," if he but manage not to capsize.



Reproduction of a François I. Table. By Messrs. Gillow & Co.

The real difficulty of the reproducer is in the selection of his types; and as a matter of fact, his judgment is often at fault. A certain number of persons, no doubt, are only too eager to be gulled; they will swallow anything. A guarantee of orthodoxy is all they demand. You have only to advertise that your wares are absolute copies of genuine examples of this, that, or the other period, and they do not stop to ask



Cabinet. By Messrs. Gillow & Co. Designed by Mr. H. Noble.

themselves what bearing that may have upon the use or beauty of the things, but open the mouths of their purses straightway.

But there are some who value furniture according to its convenience, or according to its beauty—the majority, one would say, but that so many seem to care only to have things as others have them. And to those who want the things about them to be in accordance with their personal idea of use or beauty, it is obvious that much old work, in whatever style, is not beautiful, and that much of what is, will pass no longer for comfortable or convenient.



Book Cover. Carved by Mr. Boucher (School of Art Wood-carving). From a Design by F. W. Moody.

produce in these days, say, a Chippendale settee in the likeness of three chairs "all in a row," is to forget the advance we

have made of late in the direction of ease and material comfort.

One must confess to some disappointment at finding that Messrs. Gillow & Co., who, some few years ago, were doing work essentially English and essentially modern, are now so largely occupied in the production of furniture which might have come from any first-rate Parisian atelier, even if it might not pass for genuine pre-revolutionary French furniture.

It is easy to understand that a man should become a collector of the "meubles de luxe" of the eighteenth century just because they are meubles de luxe, rarities which were ever rarities, and must ever be.

And such rarities are still to be met with occasionally. The exquisitely-wrought panel in gilt bronze on the previous page forms part of the frieze of a table which was lately in the possession of Mr. F. Litchfield, of Hanway Street—whose "History of Furniture" was lately reviewed in the pages of this Journal. There is a table closely resembling it at the Louvre, which is described as having been the property of Marie Antoinette, and this one may very well have belonged to her. It is an exquisite piece of work, as perfect in finish as it is delicate in design; but its greatest value consists in the ormolu or gilt bronze mountings, chased as it is worth no



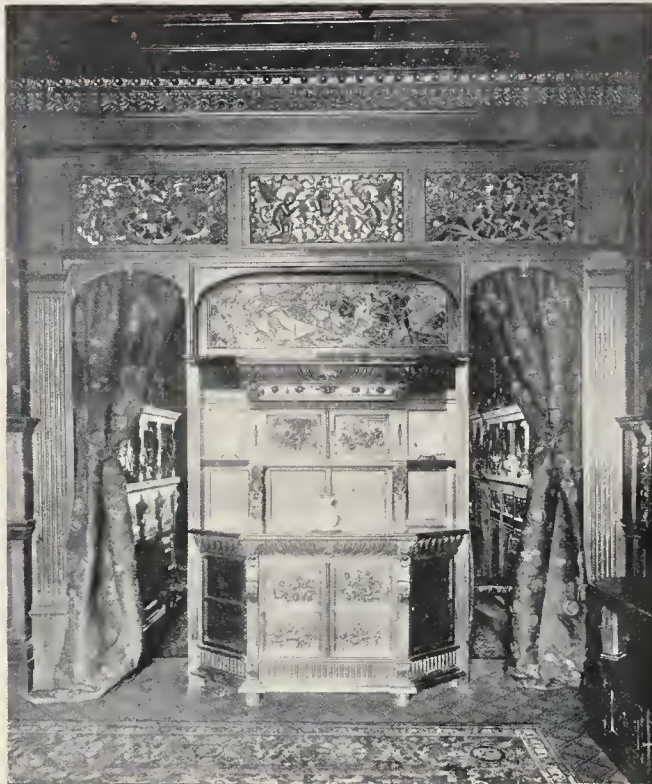
Book Cover. Carved by Miss Eleanor Rowe (Principal of the School of Art Wood-carving). From a Design by F. W. Moody.

It is perhaps because manufacturers do not, as a rule, exercise much taste or judgment in the selection of what they shall reproduce, that one finds whatever style it happens to be the fashion to resuscitate so inadequate.

The less remote its period to our own day the more nearly it may meet our wants; but it never quite meets them; and to reproduce in these days, say, a Chippendale settee in the likeness of three chairs "all in a row," is to forget the advance we

man's while to chase nowadays, even if he had the ability. We have sculptors who might no doubt do something finer in design, if not more finished in workmanship; but who would pay for it? It is not altogether without reason that, when the collection of a bric-à-brac maniac is dispersed, small pieces of Louis-Seize furniture fetch several hundred pounds at public auction.

It is, perhaps, to fill the gaps in the collections of amateurs that modern imitations of such things are made in England, and, it must be owned, well made; and there may be some excuse for that, though one might have thought that the



Screen at Gloucester Square. By Messrs. H. & J. Cooper.

collector of the genuine thing would be the last to encourage its counterfeit. Collectors, however, are not enough in number to account for the considerable production of furniture in the French styles, for which such firms as Messrs. Gillow & Co. are responsible. The firm has been long enough in existence to warrant the supposition that they do but carry on the traditions of the house, which dates back from the very beginning of the last century; but that is not so. It is in recent years that the French styles have, in obedience to fashion, been revived.

But this fashion is one which sober-minded Britons cannot very consistently follow. What is not pretentious or frivolous in the work of the period Louis XIV. to Louis XVI. is of an extravagance in the way of workmanship and finish which, whilst it may suit to perfection the taste of the millionaire, and especially of those who would be taken for millionaires, makes it absolutely impossible to popularise it, for it depends for its charm entirely upon that exquisite execution which must in the nature of things be exceptional.

If there be occasion to revert to past styles (it is to my mind merely a *commercial expedient*), it is at least desirable that we should go back to the periods when design was at its best. This Messrs. Gillow & Co. have done in the reproduction of François Ier furniture on our first page. Table and cabinet are both well worthy of reproduction. The cabinet in particular is a model of simple and delicate design; and since the original forms part of the Mobilier National, and is not to be acquired,

one might well wish to have a copy so conscientious as this. It is executed like the original in Italian walnut. The heavier cabinet on the previous page, in fumigated oak, with panels of ebony inlaid in boxwood, is less satisfactory in effect, but it has the merit, which that has not, of being an attempt on the part of the designer (Mr. H. Noble) to work rather in the manner of a period than in absolute imitation of it. The style adopted is in the main that of the German Renaissance, but one sees in the work also traces of Jacobean influence.

It might have been expected that at the School of Art Wood-carving, essentially a modern institution, there would have been some more deliberate departure in the direction of individuality; the principal of the school at all events, Miss Rowe, is not devoid of character; but the best work there, and some of it is very able, is in the trite, however beautiful, Italian manner, apparently so irresistibly tempting to the expert executant. The more characteristic treatment of Italian forms exemplified in the book-covers on the previous page prove to be by the late F. W. Moody. The single specimen of bolder and more Gothic scroll-work shown below, which is yet not a copy of Gothic carving, is by Mr. W. H. Grimwood, a clever carver who is one of the teachers at the School.

A more original piece of cabinet than any yet described is the screen on this page. Even here the carving of the cupboard panels and of the open work above is old; but the treatment of this substitute for folding doors is distinctly fresh as well as ingenious. The screen separates the dining from the smoking-room in the house of Mr. Ambrose Ralli, at Gloucester Square, and was designed and executed by Messrs. H. & J. Cooper, of Great Pulteney Street. It argues not much, however, in favour of the progress of design; for, as it happens, this is not quite the most recent production of the makers; and they too appear to be inclining in the direction of French taste. English manufacturers seem all to be drifting that way, without a fear, apparently, that it may occur to the



Carving. By Mr. W. H. Grimwood.

Englishman, when once he has been taught to prefer French Art to English, that he might as well go straight to France for it.

LEWIS F. DAY.



"With oars of pale moonlight." By John Fullwood, R.B.A.

THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

IN the dim paths of glade and forest glen,
Afar from men,
Where only timid birds and beasts draw nigh,
She cries her lonely cry.

Sometimes the nesting sedge-birds see her float
Adown the lilies white,
Guiding the passage of her slender boat
With oars of pale moonlight ;
Sometimes the couching wild deer see her pass
Amidst the tangled grass.

Or by the shallows where the minnow breeds
She sits, and fondly binds
A chaplet for her brow, of faded weeds
And waifs of autumn winds ;
Gazing into the wave with mournful grace,
To see her own fair face.

No human eye hath seen her, or can know
Her secret woe ;
No ear, save birds and beasts that wander nigh,
Can hear her lonely cry.

AWARDS TO ARTISTS AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

THE awards to British artists exhibiting at Chicago have been well spread over the various styles of Art practised in these islands. They are as follows:—

Oil Paintings.—John M. Swan, George Clausen, W. Q. Orchardson, Henry Woods, Peter Graham, James Sant, A. Gow, H. Fisher, A. Stokes, Sir John Millais, Frank Brangwyn, Henry S. Tuke, Alma Tadema, David Murray, Arthur Hacker, E. A. Waterlow, Marcus Stone, Yeend King, Alfred Parsons,



"The Artist's Father." From "Reproductions by Old Masters," Part III.

Walter Osborne, C. W. Bartlett, Frank Dicksee, Henry Moore, Professor Hubert Herkomer, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mrs. Anna L. Merritt, J. C. Hook, W. Oules, Mrs. Adrian Stokes, W. Carter, J. W. Waterhouse, W. Logsdail, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Ernest Parton, Miss Clara Montalba, G. Wetherbee, G. H. Boughton, T. C. Gotch, Seymour Lucas, Mrs. A. Swynerton, W. L. Wyllie, Robert W. Macbeth, John R. Reid, H. H. La Thangue, Miss Anna Alma Tadema, Mrs. Alma Tadema, A. C. Tayler, Edward Stott, Albert Moore, Briton Rivière, Miss E. Stewart Wood, John Lavery, Solomon J. Solomon,

Colin Hunter, Moutat Loudan, Frank Bramley, Sir James Linton, J. Shannon, Morley Fletcher, Phil. Morris, Alfred East, William Titcomb, B. W. Leader, Prof. Frederick Brown, Stanhope A. Forbes, G. W. Joy, M. Fisher, Edward Goodall, Leslie Thomson, and Mrs. Normand.

Water Colours.—J. Henshall, W. Rainey, Alfred East, W. Hatherell, H. Coutts, Alfred Parsons, Walter Langley, Alma Tadema, Sir John Gilbert, Andrew C. Gow, Sir James Linton, Thomas Lloyd, Edwin Hayes, E. A. Walton, Henry Moore, Birkett Foster, H. Hine, L. P. Smyth, L. Rivers, Mrs. Allingham, and Miss Kate Greenaway.

Black and White.—George Du Maurier, Sir John Tenniel, John Charlton, J. R. Weguelin, W. H. Overend, John M. Swan, and Sir James Linton.

Engravings.—Seymour Haden, William Hole, D. Cameron, Herbert Dicksee, Oliver Hall, David Law, Leopold Lowenstam, Miss Ethel K. Martyn, R. W. Macbeth, Mortimer Menpes, and Charles J. Watson. *Line Engraving.*—Charles W. Sherborn. *Mezzotinting.*—Gerald Robinson. *Wood Engraving.*—W. Biscombe Gardner.

Sculpture.—The names of the British sculptors who have gained awards are as follows:—Sir Frederick Leighton, Hamo Thornycroft, G. Frampton, F. W. Pomeroy, Onslow Ford, and John M. Swan.

Architecture.—The following British architects have also received awards at the World's Fair: George Aitchison, Rowand Anderson, George Ashlin, Aston Webb, Ingress Bell, James Brooks, Thomas Jackson, and Alfred Waterhouse.

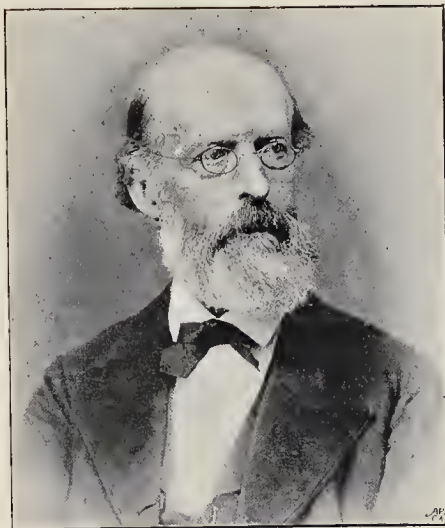
Germany receives seventy awards for oil paintings, eight for water colours, and three for black and white drawings. Austria receives twenty-six awards, all for oil paintings; Italy fifteen, Spain twenty-nine, Sweden sixteen, Denmark twelve, the Society of Polish Artists eight, Holland twenty-seven, Japan thirty-eight, and Switzerland two. The United States come next to Great Britain, receiving fifty-eight awards for oils, ten for water colours, five for pastels, and twenty-two for black and white drawings.

France having declined to take part in the competition for awards, the French exhibits were not judged. The French Commissioner considered, and with some justice, that the purely American element was too great in the constitution of the juries.

For Sculpture the United States receive fourteen awards; Germany receives nineteen; Italy, twelve; Austria, five; Spain, six; Sweden, three; Denmark, three; and Japan, seven. As in the case of paintings and drawings, the French exhibits, owing to the refusal of France to consent to the system of awards, were not judged.

The great number of awards made takes away the merit of the position, and in fact it is more distinguished not to be in the list. For example, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., one of our greatest painters, who exhibits half-a-dozen notable pictures, does not find a place amongst the artists selected for the "honour."

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.



The late Professor Karl Müller, of Düsseldorf.

THE Exhibition of the Cambrian Academy has been the most successful held in the wonderful old house, Plas Mawr, in Conway, North Wales. It was specially strong in water colours. Several excellent oil paintings were shown by Mr. Clarence Whaite, the President, and Mr. Anderson Hague. Mr. G. F. Watts lent his 'Creation of Eve.' Mr. Henry Measham and Mr. W. H. Sullivan exhibited very ambitious military pictures, the latter being particularly successful in his 'Scots Greys at Waterloo.' When Lord Mostyn obtains full benefit of his outlay at Llandudno, it is to be hoped he will let the Welsh painters have the use of "Plas Mawr" without payment, for at present the Council find their position of holding a repairing lease more irksome than profitable.

As we have before remarked, the treasures of the Print Room of the British Museum are not at all adequately known. The Trustees, therefore, are doing good service by continuing the publication of their "REPRODUCTIONS BY OLD MASTERS," of which Part III. has just appeared. This forms a portfolio containing eighteen well-executed fac-similes of drawings ranging from Albert Dürer to Girton and Goya. The drawing which we give opposite is from a very fine design by either Dürer or Lucas van Leyden—probably the latter—and it is one of the most interesting works in the British Museum.

From Düsseldorf we hear of the death, on August 15th, of Professor Karl Müller, the director of the Academy of Arts there. Born at Darmstadt in 1818, he was the son of an artist. In 1839 he went to Italy, where he remained until 1843, and in 1857 he was appointed Professor at Düsseldorf.

There have been so many artists named Müller, that much confusion has existed as to the individuality of the various masters. Besides the William James Müller (1812-1845), the famous landscape painter in the Constable style, who spelled his name in the English way, the best known of the name has been Charles Louis Müller, the painter of engraved pictures of 'Marie Antoinette,' 'Charlotte Corday,' and 'The Reign of Terror.'

Karl Müller, who has just died, is best known from photographs of his pictures; the one which in England has received very wide popularity being 'The Holy Family,' in the collection of the Marquis of Bute. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, who issue photographs of all Karl Müller's works, we give a reproduction of this decorative picture. His 'Madonna at the Grotto' is in the Prague Gallery, and the Remigius Church in Bonn possesses 'SS. Anna and Maria' and 'Joseph and the Infant Jesus.' Professor Müller also painted an altar-piece for the church at Altena, representing 'The Queen of Heaven,' and an 'Annunciation' in the Düsseldorf Gallery. The 'Rose Miracle of St. Elizabeth,' painted for the Princess Josephine of Hohenzollern, depicts the Hungarian saint conveying provision to the poor in a basket, which, when opened by a suspicious person, was found to contain nothing but roses.



The Holy Family. By the late Professor Karl Müller

At the beginning of August, Mr. Gladstone addressed a deputation of working men at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and distributed the prizes gained at the National Workmen's Exhibition. In the course of an interesting speech the Prime Minister made two references which we think are worthy of preservation. Treating of beauty and utility he said: "But there are many who believe that in the case of industrial productions it is a loss of time and trouble to think about giving to them a character of beauty. It is this falsehood which we ought, if we can, to tear up by the roots. Let us reply to those who tell us so that, on the contrary, the whole history of Greek Art is a demonstration of the truth of this important and essential principle. Now what is very curious is this—that in Greece the effect, or at all events a contemporary phenomenon of that sacred wedding—if I may so call it—between industry and beauty, is that the *idea* is more fruitful and more abundant than in any other country in the world. A most remarkable instance of this has occurred recently. In the streets of Athens there were sold by some casual street boys, figures of the human frame, made of burnt clay, about ten inches or a foot in height, which attracted the attention of some men of practised eye, who recognised that they were of exquisite beauty. They began to purchase them. More figures appeared; more buyers appeared; and at last the collectors in France, in England, and in other places began to be anxious to range these figures among their Art treasures. The figures were found in the tombs of Tanagra, a second-rate city in a second-rate province of Greece, in

city, in a second-rate state, those objects which we are now glad to abstract from them and exhibit in the choice cases of the Louvre or the British Museum." Towards the end of his speech Mr. Gladstone referred to Salisbury Cathedral, and said: "The man who wants to know what is beauty in stone, beauty not produced by ornamentation, should visit Salisbury, for there he will see less ornamentation on the exterior of the building than in any cathedral, and, I believe, in a great many domestic houses in London. But if you want to see what can be done by simple beauty of outline, which is the foundation of all beauty, take a look at the exterior of Salisbury Cathedral. It is a model for all ages and for all countries." In this opinion we most heartily agree.

Copy of a letter from Joshua Reynolds to James Boswell.
MS. in Cottonian Library, Plymouth:—

Wednesday.

This being St. Luke's Day the Company of Painters dine in their Hall in the City, to which I am invited and desired to bring any friend with me. As you love to see life in all its modes, if you have a mind to go I will call on you about two o'clock. The blackguards dine at half an hour after.

Yours,

J. REYNOLDS.

James Boswell, Esq.

(Copied, Ernest Radford.)

St. Luke's Day, Oct. 18. (Query in what year?)

M. Fortuny, the only son of the famous painter of that name, is at present studying painting in the Gallery of the Prado in

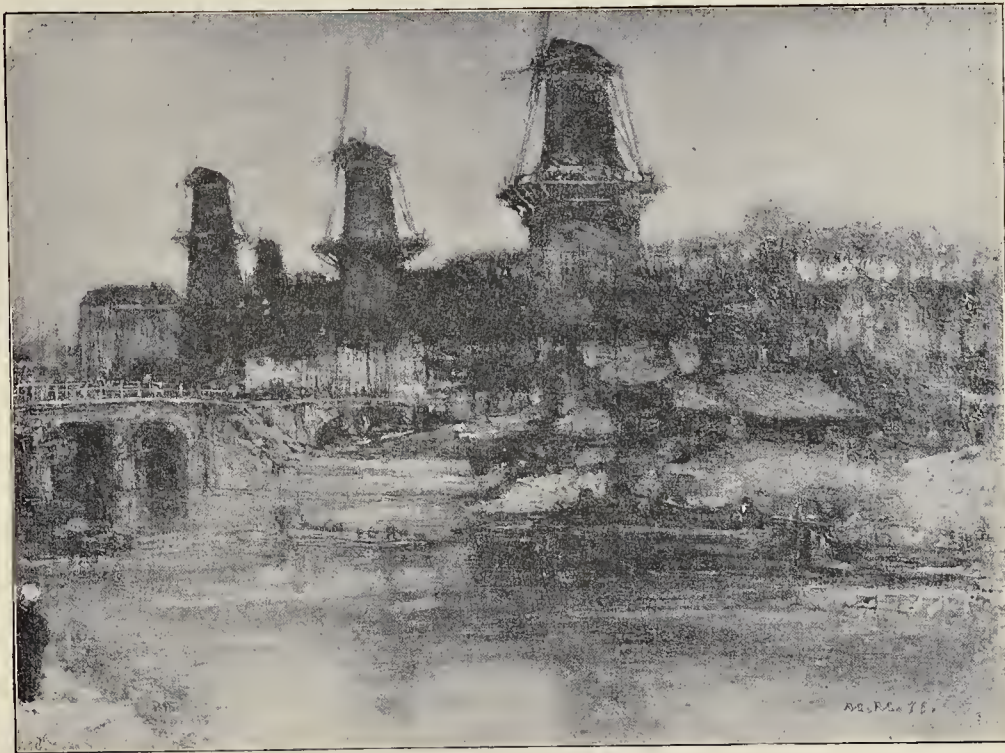
Madrid. This young painter is only twenty-two, and he has until recently been painting in Venice. It is said that his work promises to rival that of his well-known father, the painter of many splendid Spanish subjects.



Ordination of Elders in a Scottish Kirk. By J. H. Lorimer, A.R.S.A.

Bœotia, which was known as the most stupid, I would rather say the least clever and distinguished, of all the provinces of Greece. Think what must have been the abundance of the sense of beauty and the power of producing beauty in visible form among a people which could afford to throw in the tombs of a second-rate people, of a second-rate

less inky and therefore more satisfactory. The block herewith printed gives a very good idea of the original picture, which treats in a sympathetic and satisfactory way with one of the few ceremonials allowed by the Presbyterians. An Ordination of Elders by a well-beloved minister is a solemn and touching event, held in the greatest honour by a naturally religious people.



The Three Windmills. By Matthew Maris.

SIR JOHN DAY'S PICTURES.*

IN the September number of *THE ART JOURNAL* I spoke of Sir John Day's French pictures. It is impossible to treat adequately a collection both good and large, but I ought not to have omitted certain French work which I shall now mention before speaking of other schools. A charcoal drawing by Corot recalls the composition of his 'Macbeth and the Witches.' Slight and filmy, it is nevertheless delicately modelled, and gives the shape of the large feathery groups of trees. On the moving sky the lights are rubbed out with a few magic touches which reveal the white paper below. Upon this general field of exquisitely gradated softness a few bold branches signalise themselves by the precision of their admirable drawing. The workmanship would be beautiful if it represented nothing. Like good music it flows together as if the passages sprang out of each other by some law of decorative harmony. No forms appear to have been imposed on the artist by the necessity of external fact, and yet the picture reveals a true view of nature. Another fine charcoal drawing of heavier tone is signed Daubigny. I spoke of Diaz as often beneath his great reputation. Sir

John Day, however, has a gem-like sunset on his staircase, which justifies the fame of the great colourist. It is nuanced with a marvellous richness from gold through green as the sky mounts from the horizon to the upper air. Monticelli, in one of his rarer and more restrained moments, may also be seen on the staircase at Collingham Gardens. The present time is shown in broad aerial water-colours by H. Zuber. One depicts the tower-like houses of the south rising from dusky groves of olive and touched by the low sun of evening, another a flock of sheep artistically spotted about the round back of an empty down surmounted by cunulus and gaps of sunny blue.

It is time to turn to other incarnations of the spirit of beauty. To-day even you may find men, both professional and amateur, who have not yet admitted the artists of 1830 as original discoverers of beauty, as pioneers of one of the great roads trodden by Art in its course through time. Others who have set up the statues of these men in their private Pantheon are about closing the doors to new-comers on the old plea that Art is dead, and we may look for no further manifestations of its spirit. This is not the case; neither did Art die with

* Continued from page 263.

the last relics of 1830, nor does it only linger a ghostly presence in the works of imitators of Corot, Millet, Daubigny, and the rest. Because Art kept alive it walked on, and you who look at pictures and never at nature have lost sight of it. You cannot see that it already looks elsewhere, and forsakes the accomplished beauty of the past only to pursue the promise of achievement. The best men of our later day acknowledge the beauty and the Art of 1830. They leave it, not as a bad expression which they hope to better, but as finished admirable expression of what they no longer wish to express. The term impressionistic, strictly belonging perhaps to many men of the past, has been appropriated by a living school as indicating the special basis of their study. Doubtless they came from 1830. Corot even forestalled them, as he was an Impressionist in every sense of the word but the most limited. Impressionism is not merely the noting of moving

The Low Countries rapidly caught fire from France, and we find in Holland particularly a school of men who followed the lead of Barbizon, whilst they express Dutch scenes with a quite personal feeling. We must, of course, remember that they succeeded Corot, and found themselves on a beaten track, but we must admit that they by no means slavishly followed it. Their love of nature is sadder than that of Diaz, less glorified, but deeper and more constant. They lack the elegance and finish of Corot, who was the master of our century, nor can we accord them the courageous eye and uncompromising love of truth which was Edouard Manet's. They are artists, however, as well as men, penetrated with love of some sides of nature; and they show a disdain for methods that would secure cheap effect at the expense of integrity of impression.

Matthew and James Maris are conspicuous among the

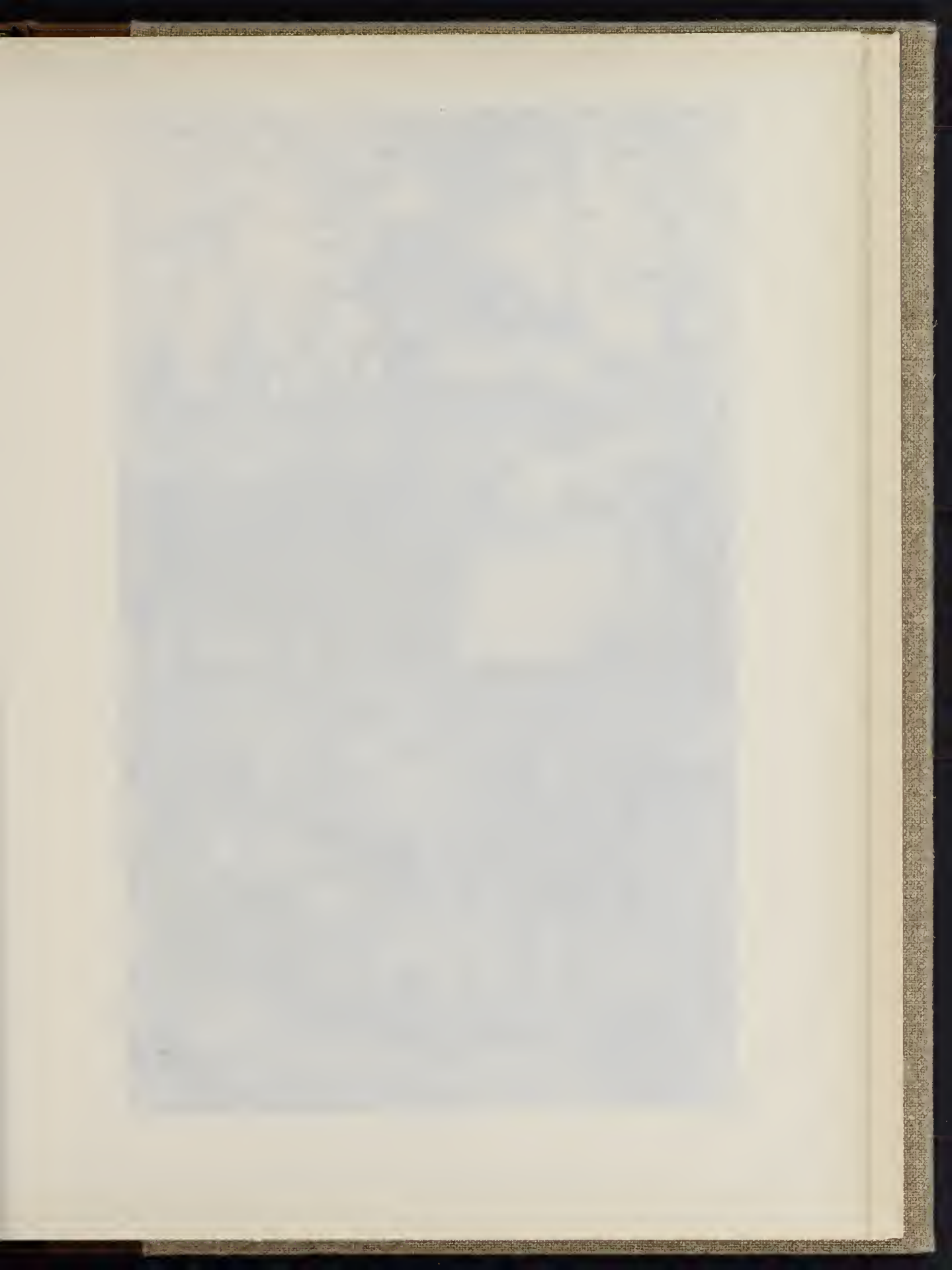
Dutchmen—great artists, indeed, taken in any connection. Like Corot, these men condemn the cheap, laborious finish which is in reality but too facile—intellectually, at any rate. Their pictures are full of thought, taste, and real work. They never aim at the common gallery ideal of dancing spottiness, bright colour, and smooth neatness. They show air, but never by a tricky scumble or a conventional dose of blue. They obtain a notable unity in their pictures, but without stewing everything



In the Desert. By John M. Swan.

things and transient glimpses, but mainly an attention to the net effect of a field of sight, and the after-disposition of the resources of Art to produce the true impression of it, in spite of distracting sentiments coming from adjacent and sub-included fields of sight. This longing to get beauty out of the personal study of nature persuades me of the vitality of the later painting. The newer movements are neither eclectic nor critical improvements on the old. They have entered upon a study of sight which, pursued sincerely, has every chance to end in a new style of beauty. The qualification of Impressionist is perhaps scarcely everywhere accorded to the men of whom I am about to speak, but some of them deserve it. They are spoken of as continuing the Barbizon School, and doubtless they have steeped their impressions in that feeling more than modern Frenchmen. In defence of their originality and their independence of this origin, I would point out the difficulty of understanding and appreciating their work by the sole light of 1830. You must add a careful and studied comparison of their ideals with the qualities of nature,

in the washy sauce, which saves the smart pot-boilist from the trouble of seeing and feeling, and allows him to devote all his energies to that spurious elegance, which is too often preferred to the really expressive style of the true master. M. and J. Maris model large surfaces, and gradate depths of air which remain invisible to the authors of the "regular liners" at the Academy, occupied as they are with a "bright" noisy cheerfulness or an overflow of "loving detail." Sir John Day has two examples of Matthew Maris, one a figure subject, 'Feeding Chickens,' the other a landscape, 'The Three Windmills.' Both are good and characteristic, and both are shown in these pages. In the foreground of the first a young girl is surrounded by a group of chickens, here and there defined and touched most cunningly, yet never with the indiscriminated hardness of commonplace observation. Behind her a row of saplings spreads a scanty veil of fluttering leaves through which you see a sky of cream and blue, and the distant grey mass of a turreted Mediaeval castle. 'Feeding Chickens' reminds me of some yet more poetic

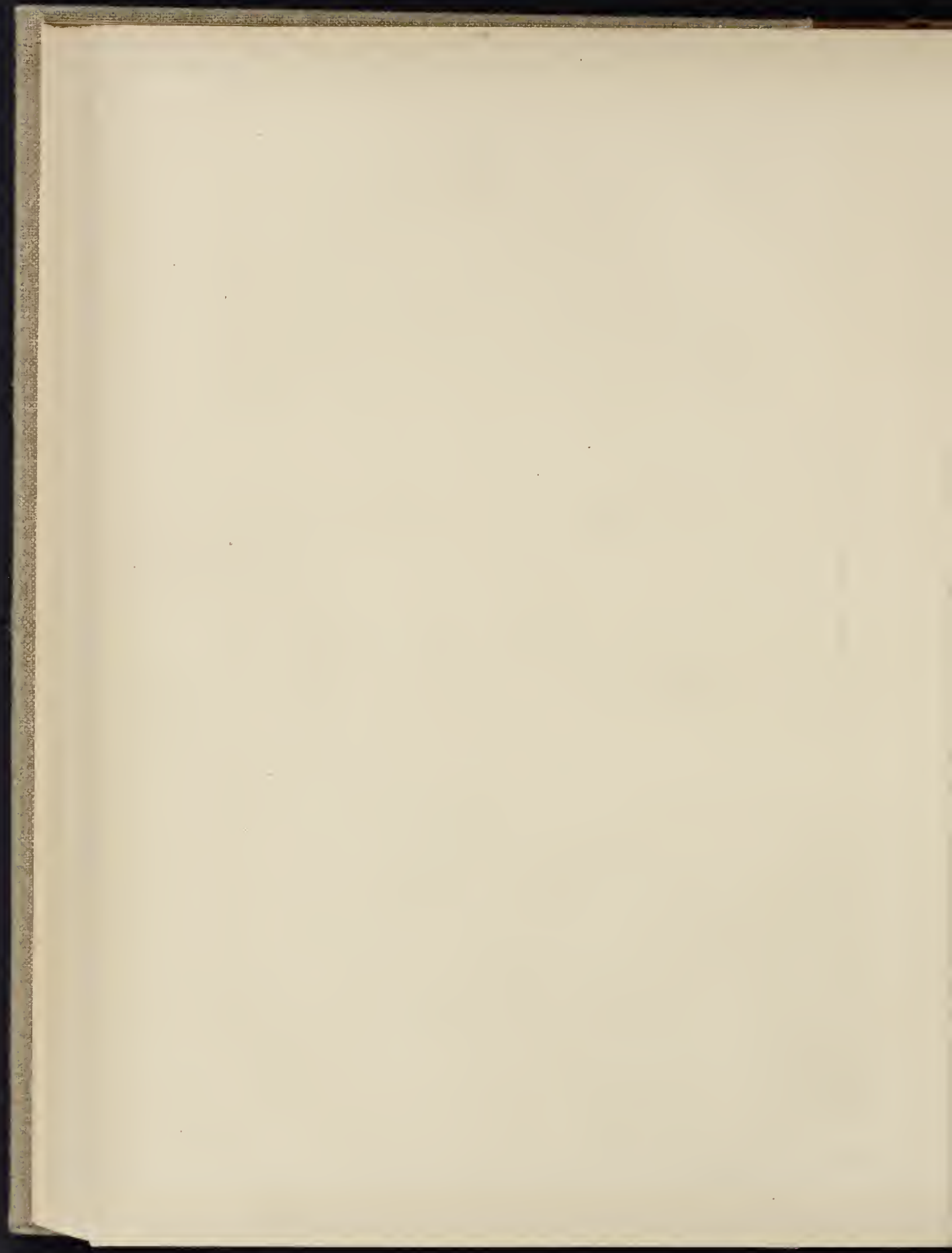




THE ART JOURNAL

CHICKENS

BY WILLIAM P. R. A. FROM THE PAINTING BY MATTHEW MAISH



and not dissimilar pictures by Maris, where from curious coves you have glimpses of blue romantic towers, while near at hand strange small figures skip in the dusky shadow of the trees. Personally, I prefer them to 'Feeding Chickens,' but that picture has the advantage of appealing more directly to what is called common-sense, and of having a more popular figure interest. Moreover, it has been etched for THE ART JOURNAL by Mr. William Hole, whose power of transferring a painter's sentiment and intimate manner is well known. Although hardly painted with all the mystery that Maris can wrap round the most unlikely subject, 'Feeding Chickens'

may be called a good introduction to the painter's work. For the picture is very lovely, with its russet browns, and greens, its grey distance, and its sparse notes of delicate blue. That it is less enveloped than some others will recommend it to many who complain that Maris paints the conditions under which things are seen, and leaves out the things themselves. This is a perversion of the truth that Maris is a poet who feels the permanent and essential, and is less interested in things than in the way things are seen. Things have no permanent abstract existence to the painter. A tree or a cabbage exists, and are valuable only from their relation to some effect of light and air. These two qualities determine the mood of nature, and they dominate the poet of our day. So to some writers incidents serve but to reveal character. Matthew Maris is before all things a poet, and those pictures are most his that show him in that light. With such men the style of painting counts for much, and the subject, as far as scenery is concerned, for next to nothing. A painter of



The Flock. By A. Mauve.

this sort always gives you the world seen through enchanted glasses. It is the use of his spectacles that you pay for, and not facts, or the measurements of hills, houses, girls, trees, and roads. Were he to choose a subject among the grand panoramic views of show-scenery he could affect you no more, possibly less. Another train of ideas would shoulder out his personality, and distract you from his art. To convey the feeling of Corot, Maris, or Milton, any matter will serve. It need not be unusual, it need scarcely be dignified, from the ordinary point of view, for these men are strange or dignified in their way of working. Maris is a man whose technique is part of his imagination. His style, in fact, is his art, and to see as Maris sees makes the virtue of his conception. Therefore, his workmanship should not be considered apart from his view of nature, or criticised as a mere rendering of some object. So regarded it becomes incomprehensible to the commonplace painter; taken as part of an impression it appears supremely right. He is not a man whose art can be



Mending Nets. By Josef Israels.



Hide-and-seek. By Neuhwys.

perceived at once; for he is not one who paints that view of the world believed in by those who look at it once in a while, and then only to find sport or profit. He is not a painter to whom Nature means an assemblage of small trivialities, always bearing much the same ratio of importance to each other—to whom a cliff is always noble, a cottage humble, and a pigsty vile. When one of these dear trivialities is hid or bathed in mystery, the common man will fish it out and triumphantly "finish" it. Not so Maris, by whom, in spite of his dreamy strangeness, Nature is beloved—but Nature in its larger aspects. The second picture, 'The Three Windmills,' shows a Dutch canal, the far side of which is crowded with barges, lying under red-roofed houses. Above all, three windmills rise into a profound grey sky of exquisite colour. The corner triangle of the near quay, on which the spectator stands (a geometric form always trying to realists), has been treated with an admirably broad impressionism. A solitary black figure tells effectively in the general scheme of colour. A brown, fallen-leaf harmony reigns in the roofs and barges, and runs into the warm silver of the sky, and the still warmer silver of the water. These lines, and the black of the figure in the near corner, all suggest

the prevalence of a magical key which renders the strange, sad vision of Matthew Maris. I admire this picture more than I can say, and chiefly for what is called its envelope. I do not speak of that mere softness, which any skilled practitioner, if he aims at it, may attain, but of that wrapping of air, due to imperceptible nuances of modelling, and to the close range of values, which gives unity, and prevents gaps in the continuity of the envelope.

The more robust and rugged art of James Maris is fully represented in Sir John Day's collection. Town, water, and shipping, surmounted by a sky with heavy clouds and blue interspaces, fall into groups of similar composition; individual pictures differing in tone, colour, and effect with varying weather and time of day. Dordrecht Cathedral, in shadow for more than half its height, springs from a chaos of barges veiled in the dark mystery below. The tower is touched into white brilliance by the light and topped by a blue gap in a cloudy sky, the only resonant note in the deep full swim of grey colour. In others you see brown houses lining the barge-laden canals. In one you note a white cloud planted bravely in the centre of the canvas. No one has beaten James Maris in certain qualities of sky. He achieves a vast modelling in his moving masses of cumulus cloud without tightness, and without undue solidity, or a definition of detail incompatible with luminosity. He excels in giving you the drag of the upper drift over these white rollers as in one picture, a canvas also unsurpassed for the quality of that northern blue made ethereal by invisible films of floating vapour. The lively confusion of a seaport he can render without screwing you down to the still-life of posts and masts. In his work all is large, free and moving. He enjoys, however, quite other aspects of the world. A water-colour shows a rainy sky above grey sandhills, bare trees, and a desolate stream. Other pictures contain animals, and the figure. Sir John Day has two or three versions of a ploughing scene. A fat, lumpy one in oil is perhaps unnecessarily brutal, and requires a long acquaintance for the unprofessional to penetrate the secret of its style. A water-colour version of the same subject is firmer and more elegant. Even Mauve in a cattle-piece, of which we speak later, shows himself as robust and more dignified and finished in his execution.



Under the Trees. By A. Mauve.

The best of several oils and water-colours by William Maris, a third brother, is, perhaps, a small upright oil with trees, a pool, and cattle. His work is lighter, more trivial, and less personal than that of the other two, and his landscape may be more conveniently classed with that of J. Neuhuys, Van Essen, and Hanrath, of whom Sir John Day has many examples. A large water-colour by Neuhuys, an interior with figures, deserves some attention. A young mother stands leaning against a wall of the room with her knitting in her hands, while at her feet her child sleeps in a cradle. A note of blue in her dress reposes softly in the general grey of the picture. An idea of another composition, 'Hide-and-seek,' may be gathered from our illustration, where the quiet drawing and gentle expression of the figure are in happy unison with the peaceful sentiment of the colour.

Mauve at times rises to the level of really fine Art. Several, of which we illustrate two, deserve to live with the best company on Sir John Day's walls. They are quite Dutch in powerful realisation, and genuine superiority to trickiness and meretricious elegance. That solid, rugged impasto which labels a picture sincerely studied, seldom really comes from such a persistent conviction, or such an unpretentious integrity of purpose, as lifts these pictures to the level of noble style. The tissue of colour value is of the closest. The result proves the loading of pigment to have been no useless effect of feverish haste, but an ordered element of style. If there is little play of contrasting colour in these pictures and scarcely any blue, neither is there any meaningless brown. Good as they are, we need not mention other canvases by this artist. Another illustration shows the water-colour by Israels, 'Mending Nets.' The figures of the woman and child will be seen to be well placed, and in the picture additional charm comes from a pleasant key-tone of greenish blue which runs through the whole thing, from the wire-grass in the foreground to the tranquil sky and distant

sea-line. Amongst other pictures are excellent examples of oil and water-colour of De Bock, Blommers, Wissenbruck Bosboom, Caesar de Cock, and Mesdag.

The English pictures include a bold, dark sketch in oil by Constable; a really English scene with blobby trees, hedges, and round hill-forms by De Wint, and a remarkably fine example by Mr. Albert Moore. Its small size agrees with his style, and its simple composition of a single figure, suited to the shape of the canvas, avoids the ground of all his faults. We can admire without distraction the lovely costume and the slight exquisitely grey colouring, and we fully understand the cause of a reputation which Mr. Moore often imperils by adventuring on large and complicated compositions. Mr. John M. Swan's two pictures deal with lions. One is a dark, low-toned oil of a lioness and cubs in a rocky landscape. The colour is rich, the handling admirable. Another, a large water-colour, which we illustrate, shows a lion and lioness prowling in the moonlight. The large swaying bulk and slouching tread of the lion are given with real feeling. The head is sombre and terrible, and the great reach of the hind leg just indicates the immense muscles. Not too much is given—at least, not too many things. What is shown is rendered with completeness, and with a sympathetic Art, that makes a picture full of poetry.

Mr. Peppercorn's work naturally finds its place in such a collection. He is not one of those Englishmen who have offered the flattery of imitation to the Barbizon School only when it began to be admitted to the dealers' shops and private collections of England; he was brought up on the spot, and I remember him working in Barbizon when Millet was alive, and his very name unspoken in England. Sir John Day has many Peppercorns, fine in colour and harmonious in arrangement, particularly the pastels, which show a more decidedly personal feeling.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.



Sir John Day's pictures: the Drawing room.

THE EVOLUTION OF A PICTURE.

IT was an Irish gentleman, I believe, who complained that the ancients had stolen all his best ideas, and arguing in a somewhat similar strain I think we should find it very difficult to prove that any literary or artistic work of to-day was entirely original. Fresh as some of our ideas may seem to us, we have only to go back carefully through the history of a picture to find the accident that gave rise to it: an accident often so small that at the time of its occurrence it probably passed almost unnoticed. A group of people in a village street, a strayed sheep, an empty house, some words of poetry, a perfume, or a few bars of music may start a line of more or less novel thought, or rehabilitate an old memory with surprising rapidity.

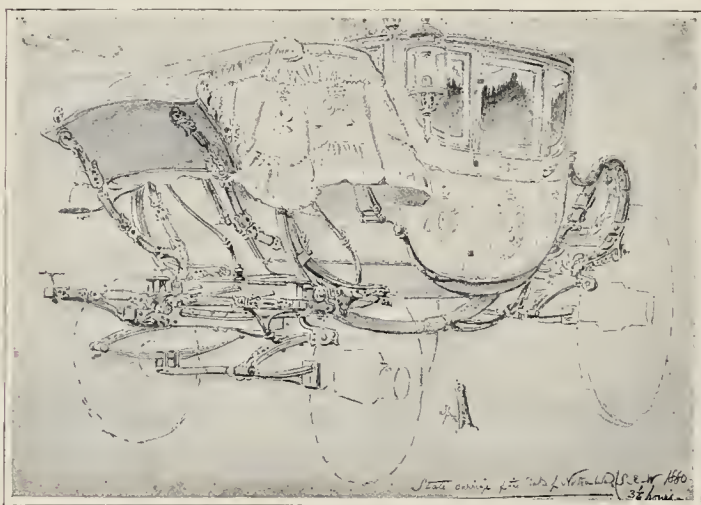
As there is of necessity a period of gestation before the birth of a new life, during which time the embryo by no thought or conscious effort is gradually developed and eventually born, so it would seem that the germ of an idea taken into the mind may, months or even years after, present itself suddenly and unexpectedly in paintable shape before the artist. Many, many times I have remarked some small incident in my daily walk which on reflection I have put rather scornfully aside as not good enough to take trouble over, and long after, when what has appeared to me to be an entirely original idea has cropped up, I have found it to be merely my shabby little incident developed and rather proud of itself in a cocked hat and sword.

Of course I am now writing as a painter of what are called "Subject-Pictures," for though I most keenly appreciate painting for painting's sake I cannot help saying that beyond admiring the miraculous skill of the Dutch painters of still life as an admirable lesson in a very difficult language, I am not carried away by the painted carrots and onions. I prefer

the real ones: they are so much better done. I therefore lean strongly to the side of those who think that when we paint it is much better to have something to say; some incident to give a greater interest to execution, however excellent.

I find as a general rule that, after an idea has taken root and one begins to make the first few little notes of composition, the whole tide of previous ideas, of former sketches, of the thousand and one ways of treating a subject, are let loose to one's infinite confusion. The mind becomes like the cook's stock-pot, filled with material, and every after process with me consists, like the cook's, in boiling down and flavouring. The first five or six little blots or sketches are crowded and unwieldy to a degree, but as I begin to see my way with the composition and take up the charcoal to make a fair-sized drawing, the number of figures is reduced considerably, the background becomes simpler and the whole thing more of a unit. Sometimes this process is a very quick one, and nothing can be more delightful than to find your objects drop into their places naturally and look accidental; and the fewer there are of them the better, as a rule, will be your picture, for I believe the greatest of all the virtues is simplicity. When the line composition is satisfactory, and there can be no doubt that the actions of your figures explain what they are doing, you have a second puzzle with the black and white effect, a third with the tones, and, most difficult of all, with the arrangement of colour. How often could I have got a picture right as regards the colour masses, could I have painted the grass red or done some equivalent absurdity.

I am sure that no trouble is ever thrown away in taking pains, and no effort too great to make, in obtaining fresh and reliable material for a picture, and the last things an artist must consider is physical obstacles when in pursuit of truth. He will be repaid over and over again, for not only will a true study of original matter give him infinite pleasure to paint into his picture, but the fact that he knows it to be true will enable him to touch it with a confidence born of certainty. What a lot of trouble I took with the footprints in snow in 'The Empty Saddle'!* I waited for the first fall of snow, had two horses led across the lawn, got some boards to stand on, and wrapping myself up as warmly as I could, painted the whole day in the bitter wind, making a careful study of the impressions, going into the house about every hour to thaw. With deer, I have followed them for miles all day long, for



Three-and-a-quarter hours' work on the Duke of Northumberland's State Carriage. Sketch by S. E. Waller.

* See *The Art Journal* for 1880, p. 126.

days together, to get sketches of attitudes, and then had some tamer ones shut up in an enclosure for more detailed study, and bought dead ones to finish from. This latter practice of working from dead animals must be indulged in with great circumspection. It is fatal to life and motion unless a really good sketch of the living attitude has been made to start with; and again, a dead animal quickly putrifies in a warm studio, with disastrous results to the painter. The best plan is to have the animal's stomach filled with salt and charcoal, and the veins injected with any powerful preservative.

One can always spend time and trouble when one has health and strength, but that is not, unfortunately, the only outlay. I fancy it is the generally received impression that the price of a sold picture is all profit to the artist. This is not so. Large

sums are frequently spent on large pictures, especially those which contain many figures with a variety of costume. For 'The Morning of Agincourt' I had to go to France to study the background, hire horses and armour, and have a variety of costumes made. Much time was spent in making studies of the figures in armour on horseback in the open air. I had to get special information dug out from the College of Arms and the British Museum, all of which cost money. In the picture of 'One-and-Twenty' there was also a great outlay. Firstly, a journey to Nottingham was taken to make studies of Wollaton Hall. My horse bill alone was £25, as there were seven horses to paint. I went to Wales for my sketch of the park. The building was so intricate that I was obliged to employ a professional architect to put it into perspective to scale, for though I might have done it myself, it would have given me ten times the labour it gave him. At least £15 was spent in costumes, as there were fourteen figures in the picture; and besides these items I question whether my model bill for men, women, and dogs was covered by £35, and another £30 went for the frame. These expenses are simply nothing to a sculptor's, as he has to keep a staff of workmen always employed, the cost of marble is very heavy, and the casting of even a moderate-sized group of statuary in metal may make a large hole in £1,000.

To tell the story of one of my own pictures, with allusions to some others, will perhaps give a better insight into a painter's struggles than any quantity of generalities:—

'THE DAY OF RECKONING,'

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1883.

Some years before beginning what is probably my best-known picture I was staying near Gloucester, and on one occasion, in the course of a long ride over the Cotswolds, found myself at the farm of an old friend. Seeing a crowd about the place

I made inquiry and found the annual ram sale was in progress. I had been to many a one as a boy, and at the same place too, so I put my horse in the stable and strolled around. As of



*The Day of Reckoning. By S. E. Waller.
By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswells, the owners of the copyright.*

old, I was distressed to see the trim lawn badly trampled, and many rough people about as well as the legitimate buyers. A torn catalogue of the sale was littered on the grass, and further on an empty bottle or two was thrown down, for there had been a free lunch and general joviality. Far away yonder I could see the auctioneer standing in his gig, hammer in hand, and hear the buzz of talk from the crowd that swayed to and fro in front of him. I remember at the close of the sale an American buyer present bet a sovereign that no one would cross the old moat, which was about five feet deep in water, and yards deep in mud—a very dangerous place. A lad accepted the bet, got across and won his money. I mention this as it is the only incident connected with the day's ride that I remembered at the time, utterly unimportant as it was. The real value of the scene had been taken in almost without my knowledge, and was digesting all unconsciously for future use. The same summer I took another ride over the old ground, and passing S— Park, called on some friends who lived there. It had once been occupied by my grandfather. When he left, having another house near Tewkesbury, everything was valued for sale. At that time I must have been about thirteen years old, and remember what sacrilege I thought it, when the broker's men handled the sacred household gods and entered their worth in greasy note-books. Not having been to the house for a good many years it was but natural that the scene which had imprinted itself on my boyish memory should again present itself with great distinctness, and as I rode back that evening the germ of a pathetic subject shaped itself in my mind, and when I returned to London it was with a sort of *olla podrida* composed of the following materials:—enforced sale, grief of occupants, trampled lawn, straw on drive from packing cases, empty bottles, and a title suggested itself in case I should determine to represent the ruin of a wealthy family, viz. 'Fallen For-

tunes,' a title afterwards discarded as I found it had already been used for a novel. I then made my first design and sketched an old man and his daughter coming down some steps from a garden gate, and about to get into an old travelling carriage drawn by two horses, one of which carries a post-boy. Travelling boxes were on the ground, sympathetic villagers wept in picturesque attitudes, and at the back was a distant view of the ancestral home. A little slow-music in a minor key would have been most appropriate. It was melodramatic without being touching, and elaborate without telling its story, and on referring back to the really valuable incidents brought from the country I found I had carefully omitted every one of them.

The illustration opposite fairly represents the first complete

sketch, but of course it had been drawn and re-drawn half-a-dozen times before it assumed even this shape. There was one good thing in it, however, that became of use in another

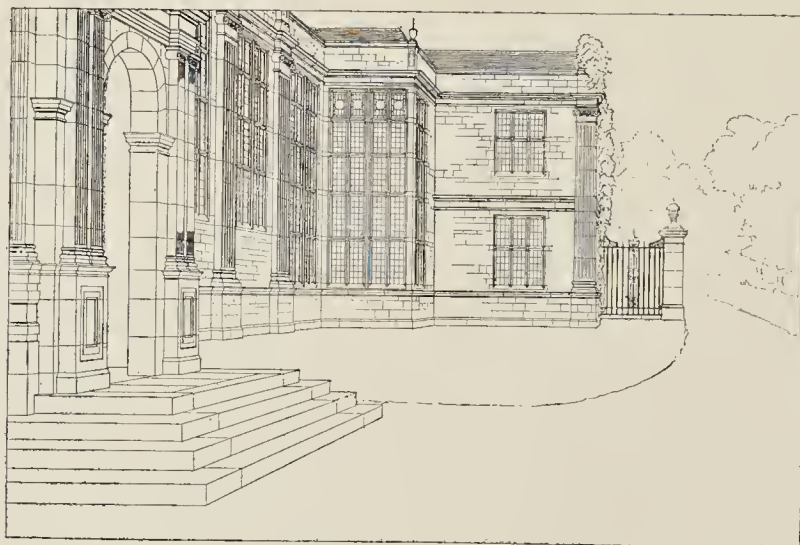
picture. After trying several more compositions I lost touch of the subject, and put it away for at least a year. For the Academy of 1881 I painted a picture called 'Success,' now in the Tate Collection.

A young man is being dragged off the field after a duel, a coach, four horses, and post-boys are in attendance. The background, some old park-

gates, with a bit of hazy morning distance. The arrangement of the coach, the wheelers and their post-boy, the latter in bright yellow jacket suffused with sunlight, relieved by the black splash-board of the coach, in shadow, is identical with that portion of the first sketch for the 'Reckoning,' save that



Kirby as it is.



Kirby as I made it. By S. E. Waller.

the rider's attention is directed to his off or right side and not the near. In the throes of getting 'Success' together I happened to turn my former failure from the wall, and saw that it was just what was wanted, so the arrangement which had quite missed fire in one picture was the very keystone of another.

An accident was the cause of starting with fresh impetus on the old line of thought. I was staying at Rockingham, and one night at dinner a friendly clergyman who sat next me inquired if I had seen Kirby, as he was sure it would suit me for a background. I said "No," and rather threw cold

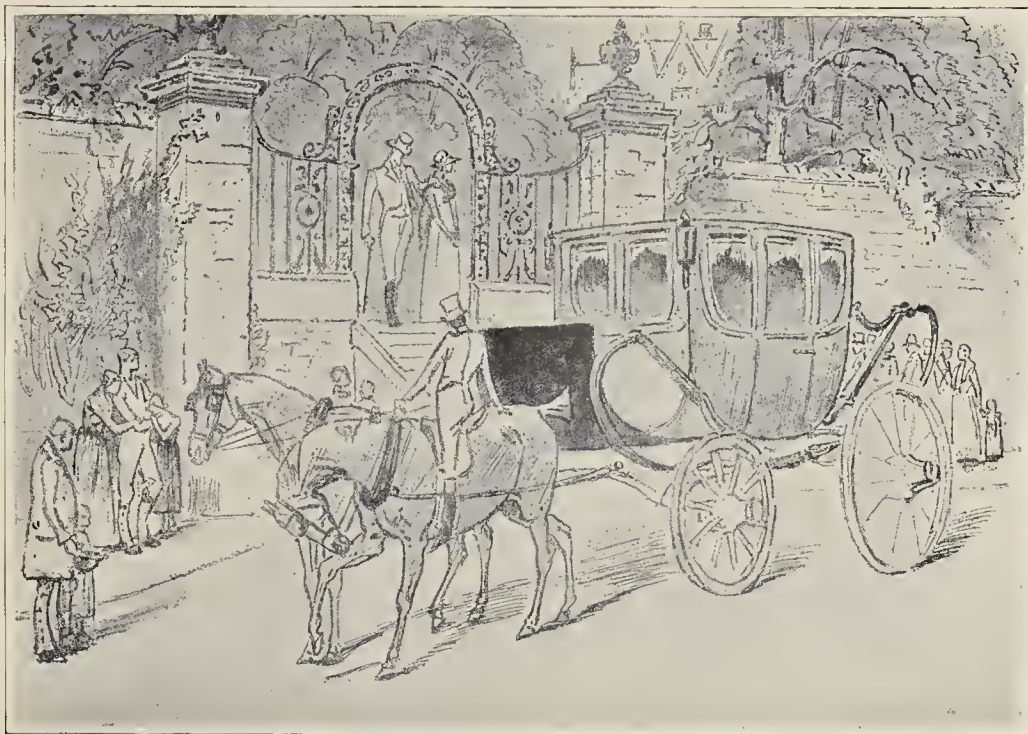
water on his suggestion that he should drive me there next day, for I have frequently been sent long expeditions by well-meaning friends, only to find my time entirely wasted. However, yielding to his persuasion, the following day I was shown one of the most interesting and picturesque domestic buildings I have ever seen. I suppose it would be called Tudor for the most part—for though John Thorpe was the architect of the greater part, Inigo Jones had a considerable share in the later work. It is of immense extent, and, alas! its ruin is on a similar scale. As I walked into the second quadrangle I saw horses before the door, the old subject sprang up rejuvenated, and 'The Day of Reckoning' became a living thing. Of course the ruined man would sell his horses and dogs, his wife would grieve, the vulgar crowd would attend the sale, and desecrate the place—all was quite plain now. It only wanted painting.

The size and scale of Kirby alarmed me—all architecture used as background to figures needs careful management, as if made much of one needs a huge canvas, and the figures come very small, and are consequently sacrificed. If the figures are made as important as they should be, the danger is that the architecture will be like a doll's house. The one safe plan I have generally adopted is to get a small portion of the building in front to full scale with the figures, and give size and extent to the remainder by letting it run off in acute perspective. This is well exemplified in the illustration, as to gain my end I threw out the porch more than twenty feet.

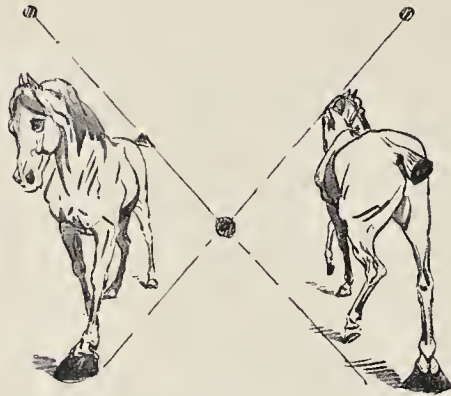
Of course it would have been possible to have cut my picture

down lower, but at the sacrifice of all idea of the extent of the building, losing the sky and leaving the spectator at a loss to know whether the house was as high as the Eiffel Tower or consisted of but one storey, especially as the windows are of abnormal height. This alteration enabled me to group the man and woman of fair size in the front of the picture with a small portion of the architecture, the porch, drawn to same scale. The acute perspective of the rest, and the fact of its being so far back, made it possible to show a large mass of building behind without taking up too much space and a satisfactory distance without enlarging my canvas. But I may say I always have a few inches of canvas to spare, tacked round the back of the stretcher, in case I should want a little more space from any unforeseen emergency.

The attitude of the man and woman being settled, I marked them in roughly, taking great care, however, that their feet were in their respective places on the flight of steps, and then designed my horses. I always make a new drawing from the living animal for every horse painted, and invariably draw in the complete horse, though five-sixths of it may be afterwards hidden by other objects in the picture. If this be not done the animal never stands *true*. I think it best, if the whole work be well thought out, to attack the horses first of all, for it is such an advantage to paint the animal straight into the picture out of doors and not from sketches; so it is quite as well not to have anything else upon the canvas that can take harm, in case of accident, for to have my easel, picture, and material kicked across the stable yard is by no means an uncommon event.



Fallen Fortunes. The first idea for 'The Day of Reckoning.' By S. E. Waller.



Foreshortening by Photography.

I have once or twice worked on a ten-foot picture out of doors, and though the trial to temper with dust, and especially wind, is very great, the advantage gained is quite proportionate. I fancy, sometimes, that figure-painters think they have a monopoly of the art difficulties, but it is within the bound of reason to ask a figure model to stand in the required attitude and light. I never remember to have sketched a deer in the right attitude but it was in the wrong light and shade, and certainly I never found a deer in the right light and shade but it was in the wrong attitude. It is much the same with spirited horses. They get utterly bored with standing still, and I so well remember a stableman who had brought me a large brown thoroughbred stallion adding, after a prolonged warning of his pet's playful ways, "When I says 'e kicks, I mean don't go within yards of 'is 'eels, for when 'e's joyful 'e do kick so large."

I began the chestnut horse in my garden in London, working from a beautiful thoroughbred filly, a highly nervous creature. She had the most exquisite skin I ever saw, though she had not one sound leg amongst the four. Alas, I got little good from her. On the afternoon of the second day's work a fearful thunder-storm broke over the north of London. The first flash of lightning made her burst into a profuse sweat and tremble violently, and when a roll of thunder like reports of artillery echoed overhead she became perfectly terror-stricken. I ran to the rescue, but she dragged the groom and myself all over the garden, cut the lawn to pieces, broke the bridle and started off at full speed racing round and round the little enclosure, and every attempt we made to catch her only served to make her rise at the wall (over seven feet high), and we had to desist lest she should attempt to jump it. For two mortal hours this went on, while I stood in the porch in

an agony of fear lest she should destroy herself. When the storm ceased (by the way the house was struck by lightning) we caught her and took her home. Her owner afterwards told me that she was trembling nervously for days, and I have since heard that she never entirely recovered. The next attempt was made from an old hunter whose legs were all rather filled from overwork. I painted them as I saw them, and thought it the right thing to do, but am sorry now I did so. The clothing tucked under the saddle and the stirrup irons pulled up the leathers are such ordinary incidents that they need no comment, save that I went half over London and spent an infinity of time before getting a cloth of the right colour. The dark horse I was bound to paint in the winter in a glass room, as other work had taken me away from the picture during a great portion of the warm weather; and the study made at Kirby of the old house occupied me for nearly three weeks.

While on the subject of horse painting I must confess that I practise advisedly and of malice prepense a distinct falsehood. With so large an animal it is absolutely imperative to draw it from a distance sufficient for the eye to grasp the whole mass at once. For foreshortened views I should be inclined to increase the distance, as an accurate drawing at close quarters presents these peculiarities. The accompanying illustration will exem-



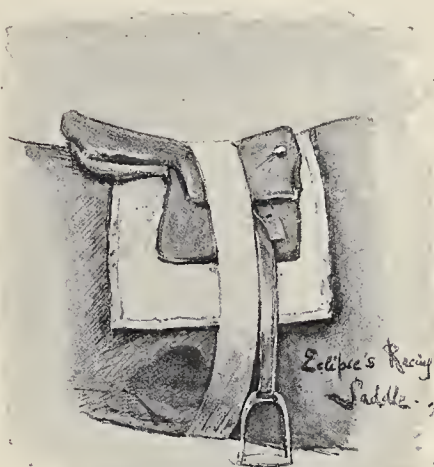
Sketch of a Deer By S. E. Waller.

ply my meaning. Above all things the drawing must not only *be* right, but *look* right. When I begin to paint I go considerably nearer my model in order to see veins and muscles; and the glossy texture of the coat, which in well-groomed horses makes the correct modelling of parts additionally difficult, as nothing is more blinding than a vivid shimmer of summer sunlight playing over a horse's ribs, and moving incessantly as he breathes. In this matter, therefore, I may be open to grave correction, for I invariably do *draw* at one distance, and *paint* at another. But in all set down here I have carefully abstained from teaching. These lines are merely a record of certain incidents, and I have strung them together like beads on a string.

When the horses were finished I took up the figures. The man's attitude was one so often assumed in nature by people in a state of desperate "don't-care-ishness," that it seemed to come of its accord, and having the costume at hand I painted the figure in quickly, but afterwards took the head out as I was not satisfied with it. For some time I was unable to get a suitable head, but calling at the Artillery Barracks one morning an officer called my attention to a soldier who seemed just the thing I wanted. He was a gentlemanly-looking fellow, but with a soured expression, and I heard that like my pictorial hero he had a faculty for getting into scrapes. Anyway, he sat for me with the result seen in the picture. One thing about this matter I shall never forget, and that was our visit to the stables—for a horse crushed me against a pillar, and broke two of my ribs.

The woman caused me great difficulty, for although I had a nice model and a dress made to fit her, good light and every chance, I was so nervous over the figure I did not paint it with the same freedom and enjoyment that I had the others. She was finished at last, but was never satisfactory. With one or two exceptions I have never been able to bring my female figures up to the level of the rest of my work, and believe it is entirely owing to the fact that I start nervously, and with a more or less settled conviction that I cannot paint a woman. I had, after due consideration, come to the conclusion that foxhounds would be the best dogs to introduce in the sale part of the picture, as marking the owner a man whose sporting tendencies had been his ruin. I therefore wrote to Mr. Traves, the huntsman to the Cotswold Hounds, to ask if he could assist me to any models. He sent me up a fine hound in a few days. I met the brute at Paddington, and had a great struggle to get him home, as the noise of London struck terror to his soul. When I got him to my studio he stopped growling, which he had been doing the whole way back, and then sat up and begged, a thing I never saw a foxhound do before or since. I heard afterwards that the children at the kennels, finding him exceptionally good-natured, made a pet of him. The group of the two horses going away in the distance was quickly done, and the stable-

helper looking back was painted from the gardener—who evidently thought there was something uncanny in the business, for when I told him I had made a good likeness of him he absolutely declined to look at it.



Sketch of the Saddle of Eclipse. By S. E. Waller.

It was now that the first impressions brought from the country showed their true value. The scene round the auctioneer's gig, vague and distant as it is, the straw, the bottles, the torn catalogue, and the trampled lawn, insignificant incidents as they are to enumerate, completed a story that would be but half told without them, and gave a reason for my title of 'The Day of Reckoning.'

Glancing back over these lines some may think I have made accident play too important a part; I think not. Sometimes, I grant, a first idea is the best, but in nearly all my successful work the development by accidental circumstances is most marked, and the last development is the best. I am altogether a believer in the tenth incarnation of Vishnú.

And now to close. Whenever things look very black with a picture I often think of what poor Fred Archer said to me one morning, after riding "Lonely" in her trial: "I think I have ridden the winner of the Oaks this morning, Mr. Waller. Can't be certain, but I shall be there or thereabouts." So often when success seems dubious, I am spurred on by thinking that if I can't be *there*, possibly, by lucky chance, and earnest endeavour, I may eventually find myself *thereabouts*.

S. E. WALLER.

HISTORICAL PAINTING IN FRANCE.

A CLEAR definition of what is meant by the term historical painting must first be given, as the ordinary acceptations of the term are too divergent. It has been made to comprehend not only the representation of the grand events of history, but also religious, allegorical, mythological, and symbolical subjects, and even figures of idealistic beauty. By our continually endeavouring to include various styles in what was formerly justly regarded as the most elevated style of Art, which alone gave access to the Académie de Peinture, and subsequently to the Académie des Beaux-Arts, we have arrived at such a pass that the term historical painting no longer bears any definite signification, and one is unable to divine whether the nude figures of Jules Lafeyvre, the florid ideals of Carolus Duran, the decorative panels of Benjamin Constant, or the religious metopes of Jean Paul Laurens, come within the category or not. In our present discussion we propose to restore their precise meaning to the words, and to examine the present state of that art which, whether for the national government or for private individuals, records the glorious or most prominent facts of contemporary history, as also that art which tries to recall the events of earlier times. The connection between these two divisions is so intimate as to render them almost inseparable. Whether contemporary or not of the facts which he endeavours to represent, the painter is always forced to imagine them. He cannot be an eye-witness of the scenes he has to paint, unless under special circumstances so rare and exceptional that they may be said never to occur; and even if present, and thus able to take a rapid sketch, it is not as the event happens and as his sketch represents it to him, that he must compose his subject.

Let us take as an example of an idea of what an historical picture should be, 'Le Sacre de Napoléon,' a well-known work by David. Is it possible to conceive the coronation of Napoleon otherwise than as painted by David? And yet how many improbabilities and absolute untruths are contained in this picture, of which we give a key illustration, and in how many instances it is a flat contradiction of what actually took place! The entire grouping of the individuals is wrong. At the precise moment when

Josephine is being crowned by the Emperor, not one of the marshals bearing the regalia was in the choir, at that point where they are represented, on the right of the altar; the ladies of honour and the ladies of the bedchamber who form such a charming accompaniment to the figure of the Empress, were not at that moment holding her train; the steps of the Pope's throne, which should be much higher, were not crowded with dignitaries; Madame, the Emperor's mother, who is represented as witnessing this imposing ceremony from her elevated position, was not in Paris; the Princesses were not dressed in the style represented; the Pope wore his mitre and the cardinals wore theirs, while none of the latter occupy the position assigned to them by the *cérémonial*. All is false, yet true—true in the sense of truth superior to reality and the rules of etiquette and ritual, for the picture truthfully represents what it professes to represent, because it shows that only, and because when the spectator, however ignorant he may be, has once recognised the principal figure, he can have no possible doubt as to the subject before him.

The grand epoch of contemporary historical painting in France is undoubtedly coincident with the most brilliant phase of national glory at the commencement of the century, when portentous events abounded, and when a well-inspired government devoted considerable sums to their pictorial representation. From 1800 to 1814, with qualities certainly unequal, yet with similar conscientiousness, with methods almost identical and with that striving towards perfection inseparable from high artistic culture, men such as David, Gros, Girodet, Guérin, and on a lower level Debret, Hennequin, Rouget, Meynier, Peyron, Roehn, and many more, carried historical painting to a height which had never been equalled and will never be surpassed. For their encouragement in such works they unquestionably had a government which knew how to multiply orders, choose subjects,



Le Sacre de Napoléon—Napoleon crowning Josephine. By David.

allot to each artist the work which suited his particular temperament and training, as well as the impulse of his genius.

The influence of this school was felt during the whole of the Restoration and a part of the Monarchy of July; but from the time of the Empire there had sprung up by its side

another school, which, although subordinated and devoted solely to the production of episodal pictures, was soon to take the public's fancy by reason of the pleasure these works

afforded the eye and intellect, and which as soon as there was no strong hand to keep it in its place was to take the foremost rank. Carle Vernet was the chief of this school,



Napoleon III. at Solferino. By Meissonier.

and his picture of the Battle of Marengo was the most brilliant production during the Empire. It is not a picture to be lightly passed by, being full of pleasing, well-conceived details, the actions are easy and the groupings attractive. The eye wanders with pleasure from one end of the composition to the other without noticing that it is composed of a centre and two wings; portions might be cut out of it without causing any surprise to the spectator, and other details and groupings could be added and still he would be contented. It is not an historical picture, it is a pleasing, clever illustration, decidedly in keeping with the French character.

About fifty years ago two men endeavoured to produce historical pictures, and one of them succeeded. The really successful one was Couture; and yet his works, with a few exceptions, are almost unknown. His 'Romains de la Décadence,' at the Louvre, is celebrated, so also is his 'Fauconnier'; but what are these subjects compared to those grand canvases which were exhibited almost privately some years ago in a retired room of the Palais de l'Industrie? There was a 'Départ des Volontaires,' and a 'Baptême du Prince Impérial,' which were historical pictures according to the proper acceptation of the term. In order to execute them the artist had made numerous careful studies from life, and the drawings exhibited showed how anxious he had been to produce nothing but the best. For five or six years he had not taken part in the Salons, and people had almost forgotten that there ever was such a painter. He had not striven to become a fashionable artist, and had not manufactured small pictures by the dozen, so that his work was not quoted on the *Bourse des Toiles*. It was the usual thing when his name

was mentioned, and when his austere life was discussed, to treat him as an aged man of bygone times who had entered on his second childhood. His death was necessary in order that his works might issue from the obscurity in which he had kept them. But even then, they had not fair play. In France, when a government selects a subject for a picture, this subject is sure to displease the succeeding government. Without comprehending that history is history, that no power can obliterate or abolish *un fait accompli*, they endeavour at each revolution—and there is one on the average every fifteen years—to make a clean sweep of all previous engagements. "Eagles," or *fleurs de lys*, as the case may be, are effaced from the monuments, and statues are thrown down. It is a piece of good luck when they are contented to roll up the canvases and not destroy them. But what a risk there is for the conscientious painter who has perhaps been working for ten years at his picture, to wake up one fine morning and find a revolution has taken place! This time the 'Baptême du Prince Impérial' is at stake, and a fine opportunity presents itself to those who overwhelm with brutal insults and official sarcasm this poor unhappy child, pursued like some character in ancient tragedy by fatality. In the centre of the composition a large white spot shows the unpainted canvas. Here was to have been a portrait of the Emperor Napoleon III., but he was unable to give a sitting. . . . Thus goes the world, and since this mysterious exhibition, with almost closed doors, what has become of those pictures of which only some studies appeared at the Barbedienne sale? Without doubt they are in some forgotten corner of the *Dépôt des Marbres*, that immense store-room into which are thrown, at each revolution,

the statues from which the victorious party have not thought fit to knock off the heads, and also the canvases which, in its generosity, as the papers say, it has condescended not to destroy.

The other man who endeavoured to paint historical pictures, but on canvases infinitely smaller than those of Couture, was Meissonier. To speak the truth, only one or two of all his subjects can really be regarded as historical, and these few do not represent scenes at which he was present. We know that Meissonier accompanied the Emperor Napoleon III. to Italy, that he was on the staff at the battle of Solferino, that he made a very complete and vigorous sketch on the spot, colouring it the same day, and crowding it with pencil notes; that then, from this water-colour which gave him the position and outline of each individual, he painted the picture now in the Musée du Luxembourg. The picture undoubtedly possesses great interest, and has all the qualities of a priceless work of Art. For each one of the individuals represented, Meissonier made studies as complete as he had the opportunity of making them, and we all know what such a statement implies in the case of Meissonier. Now precisely because the water-colour executed on the spot has provided the entire *motif*, and because there has been no artistic composition but simply a reproduction as skilful as possible of persons and things grouped together by chance, the picture becomes a marvellous record of the event, invaluable to posterity, but it is not an historical painting.

Placed as they are, one behind the other according to rank, these generals and officers seen in profile do nothing and say nothing. They look as though they were posing for the painter. Napoleon III. is watching the battle as he would watch a theatrical performance, and, though commander-in-chief, seems by his attitude to be of opinion that the soldiers must get out of their difficulty without any care or exertion on his part. In the background, certainly, we see the well-known form of the Tower of Solferino, *la spia d'Italia*, and in the foreground we see a few dead Austrians; but there is nothing in the composition to convey the impression that the great shock which is to decide the independence of Italy is in progress. Can that be the chief whose word controls the movements of those immense bodies of men? Can that be the staff of officers suited to the new Cæsar? It is true that to all these objections Meissonier would have replied, "But it was so." No, it was not so; and when historical precision is the aim of an artist, by what right does he sacrifice even an accessory? In the original water-colour, which belongs to an amateur of Paris, M. Marius Bianchi, who is moreover the possessor of some of the finest and rarest of paintings, the Emperor's horse is provided with a fly-net, which produces a most singular effect. Now in the finished picture this fly-net is suppressed, as are also a number of other details. If the artist was of opinion that he had liberty to arrange the truth in this way, why did he not make the transformation complete?

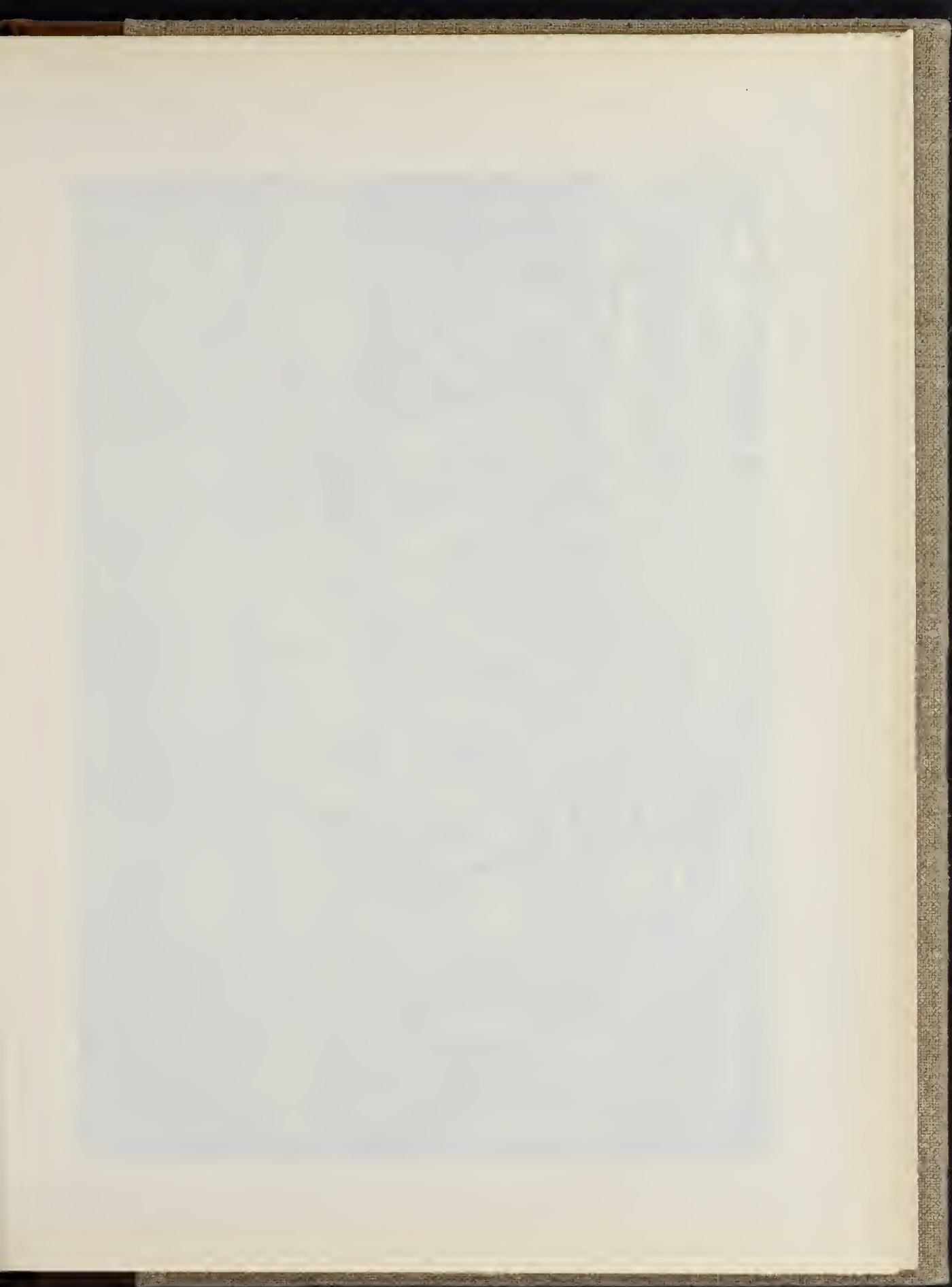
If one makes a careful examination of the pictures in the Palace of Versailles, the galleries of which have been so abandoned since the reign of Louis Philippe, and have since been held apparently in aversion by Napoleon III. and then by the Republic; if the annual Salons have been duly attended, if occasional visits have been made to the Musée du Luxembourg and other museums of France, if a list of the pictures bought or commissioned by the State during the last forty years as a pictorial history of that period is studied, what will be the result? First of all one's attention will be drawn to

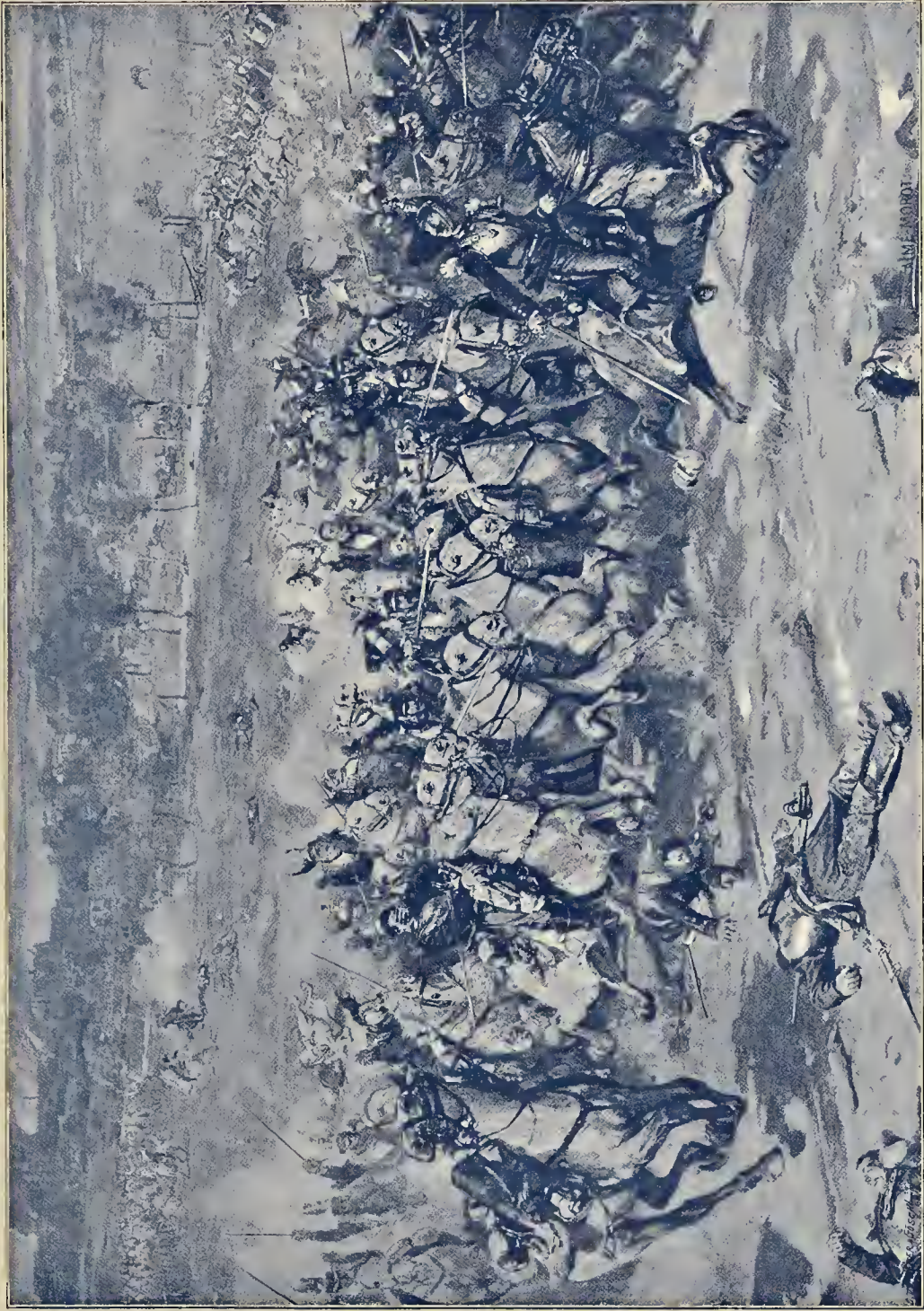
Gérome's very interesting picture representing 'La Réception des Ambassadeurs Siamois,' illustrated on page 323, the only graphic document of a Court which has now disappeared, but a picture wherein this master, who knows thoroughly the art of composition and is not a mere translator of reality, has, nevertheless, been tempted by reality, on this occasion only, to lose sight of the historical significance of the scene. Probably, however, there was nothing to be extracted from the subject but what he has taken. And then, when one has noted Yvon's immense canvases depicting incidents of the Crimean and Mexican campaigns, there will be but few traces left of the historical painting bequeathed by the Second Empire. Now, it is only by comparison that these pictures of Yvon's can be tolerated. They are only Horace Vernet dramatised and worked up to tragedy. Their composition seems—and perhaps is—a little more carefully done, but the execution is wretchedly poor. None of Vernet's redeeming qualities are there.

It is a sad thing to have to say, but Vernet alone is at the head of his school. In the young generation, as in the generation which has already arrived at maturity, in no instance do we meet with artists other than imitators or copyists of Horace Vernet. No doubt such a one paints more solidly, while another may put into his pictures an intellectual exactitude which Vernet could not have achieved in the same degree; but not one of these imitators brings more care than Vernet brought to the conception, preparation, and composition of his pictures. If at Versailles or at the Luxembourg one endeavours to determine what historical works have been produced during the past twenty years, the period, notwithstanding the unsubstantial product of the preceding period, will be found to be absolutely barren. The fault of this must not be attributed to lack of historical incidents worthy of being painted, or to absence of the picturesque in modern costume, nor can the indifference of the State be made any longer answerable for this deficiency, for never has the Fine Art Exchequer been more amply furnished. No, the reason is, the profession of artist has become so lucrative that sufficient time and trouble are not given to thoroughly master the principles; for no sooner does one know, almost instinctively, how to stand little figures on their feet, than the artist's anxiety thenceforth is to be able to meet the demand of a public ever ready to buy them. Then the State comes forward and asks the artist whose works have thus found a ready sale, to paint an historical picture. He does not hesitate for one moment; he has only to make his figures larger, and that will be History. The State has to pay; and as the work will be quite good enough for it, nobody has any cause to worry.

Such has been the method of procedure followed in the case of the Panthéon, the Sorbonne, and the Hôtel de Ville. The pictorial decoration of these three places forms the most important artistic undertaking of the period, and is the most noticeable attempt made to give employment to the historical painter. Among the pupils of Baudry we may still meet with artists who know how to paint the nude, among the imitators of Puvis de Chavannes we may find some fresco workers; but when we are really confronted with historical paintings representing contemporary facts, such as the 'Laying of the Foundation-stone of the New Sorbonne,' by M. Wencker, our disposition is to run away howling.

Then as regards the so-called military historical pictures. There was lately placed in the palace at Versailles a picture



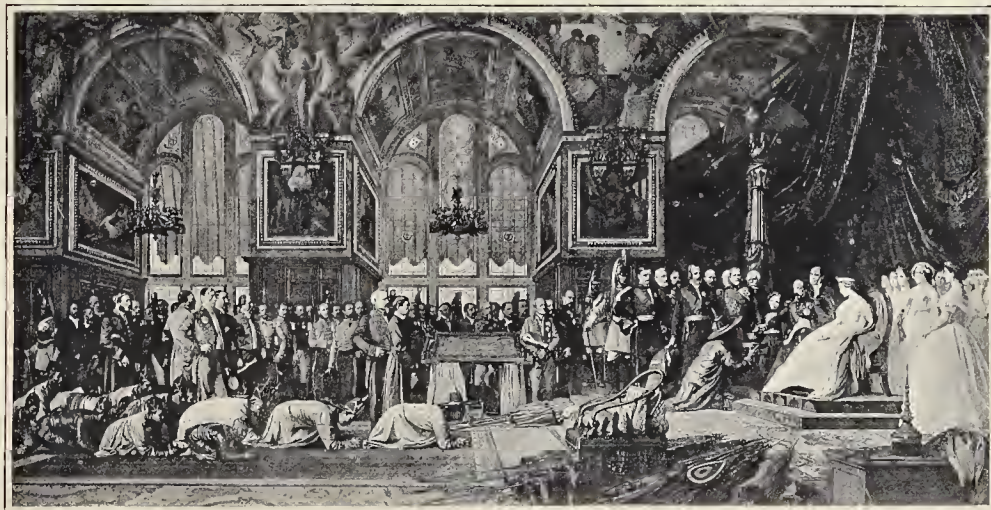


CHARGE OF CAVALRY AT REISCHOFFEN.
BY AIME MOROT
In the Palace of Versailles.

Aime Morot

by M. Morot of such gigantic proportions that, although the building is certainly not constructed for dwarfs, the canvas reaches above the cornice and cannot therefore be hung. So it stands on the floor and seems to bear the same relation to painting in general, that the Eiffel Tower bears to ordinary ironwork. It is entitled 'Reischoffen,' and, as may be seen

in our large illustration, represents a cavalry charge in the Franco-German war. It might quite as well have been called by some other name, but inasmuch as the horsemen are cuirassiers, it must perforce be Reischoffen. Of landscape there is nought; of the least detail which might localise the scene, as, for instance, the hop-poles



The Siamese Ambassadors. By Gerome.

amidst which the charge was made, nothing; of solicitude for the truth, however cruel it may be to patriotism, nothing. There is nothing but cuirassiers galloping. The picture is already colossal, but it might have been made much larger, and could even have decorated the walls of the fortification of Paris, so that on going out at the Porte de Belleville, re-entering by the Porte Maillot, one might have constantly in view a charge of cuirassiers. The composition would not be materially altered, there would only be more cuirassiers.

The State did not order the picture; but when such a work is not placeable, either because its dimensions exceed those of the walls at the command of private individuals, or because no amateur is found to make an offer for it, the State, whose back is a good broad one, is forced to take it; and besides, it lends itself to such a proceeding. Every artist, it would seem, who has had a certain run of popularity, if only for a season, must be represented in the galleries of the State. But as it will not pay the big prices asked for good examples of a popular artist, it obtains, as a great favour, those pictures which are unsaleable, and which are not wanted by anybody. It has become possessor of a fragment of the Panorama of Champigny and is satisfied. It has its De Neuville. It is very large, and is therefore an historical picture. But it is no such thing. Even if the painting were more carefully finished, if it were not at the same time thinly done and rough-and-ready like theatrical scenery, and if it were harmonious with rich and vivid colouring, the picture would be none the more historical whatever its dimensions; for De Neuville was incapable of painting a picture of that character. He was admirable

in selecting incidents, and painted them more or less agreeably; his conception, too, of pictures was good and rapid, and they were rapidly done, but for all that they possess less of the true artistic feeling found in those of Vernet, and the composition is inferior to that of Yvon's. There is in them, however, a sort of *furia* savouring of the Cirque Olympique, which takes the place of drawing, style, colour, and composition. History is altogether left out. We must not be deceived by such work.

There is no doubt a great deal of talent among French Impressionists, and soon, no doubt, they also will be commissioned to provide historical paintings. It is very certain that the number of genre painters, clever and attractive, and capable of turning out a picture in accordance with the latest demand of fashion, is considerable. They know how to paint small figures of women, soldiers, horses, and accessories; but as for history—not such as provokes a smile, but such as provides matter for reflection, and demands leisurely meditation, great skill in composition, and a vast amount of time and assiduous labour, and yields but poor pay—our painters nowadays prefer to leave it alone.

Alas! simply because our forthcoming Salons will contain pictures, large and small, representing incidents of the wars in Dahomey or Siam—further adaptations of Horace Vernet—historical painting will not rise from its ashes. It is absolutely dead. Some say, "So much the better," and that it is for the advantage of the freedom of Art, of individual character, and of the research of truth. But its extinction is nevertheless detrimental to study, thought, and conception.

FRÉDÉRIC MASSON.



The Original Designs for the Turner Gold Medal. By Daniel Maclise, R.A.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN, AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

IN our last article we referred to Turner's will. In drawing up this document and its four codicils, Turner seems to have been actuated by a mixture of selfish and unselfish motives. He desired to perpetuate his name and fame by the bequest of his pictures to the National Gallery, the erection of a monument to himself, the founding of the Turner Medal, and the scheme for bettering the condition of the unfortunate in his own profession by the foundation of a sort of superior almshouse to be called "Turner's Gift." But at the same time three of these objects were for the benefit of other people, and one of the three was certainly a benevolent project of the highest order. Saving and almost miserly as Turner was, many stories are related of his generosity, and he certainly, both in these instances and by the contents of his will, showed that he did not save for the sake of hoarding.

The original will is dated the 10th of June, 1831, and after sundry small bequests to Turner's uncles and nephews, and annuities to his housekeeper, Hannah Danby, and some of her relatives, it provides that the whole of the remainder of the funded property be applied and disposed of for the purpose of founding a charitable institution "for the maintenance and support of poor and decayed male artists, being born in England, and of English parents only and lawful issue." A "proper and suitable building or residence" is to be provided for this purpose, "in such a situation as may be deemed eligible and advantageous." The institution is to be called "Turner's Gift," and the management of it is to be in the hands of four trustees, of whom two are to be members of the Royal Academy. The will also contains the gift to the National Gallery of the two pictures, 'Dido building Carthage' and 'The Sun Rising in Mist,' on condition of their being hung between the two works by Claude, 'The Seaport' (embarkation of the Queen of Sheba) and 'The Mill' (marriage of Isaac and Rebecca), this bequest to be void unless accepted within twelve months. On the 20th of

August, 1832, a codicil was added to the effect that if, after five years from his death, it was found impossible, owing to there being any legal objection, to carry out his wish for the establishment of a charitable institution for poor artists, then so much as was necessary of the property was to be used for the purpose of forming, at his house in Queen Anne Street, a gallery in which to keep all his pictures, to be known as "Turner's Gallery," and of which Hannah Danby was to be custodian, with £150 a year as salary, and her two nieces assistants, with £100 a year each. After these bequests had been provided for, the residue was to go to the Royal Academy on condition of their giving every year on his birthday, the 23rd of October, a dinner to all the members of the Academy at a cost not to exceed £50. The Academy is also to give £60 a year to a Professor of Landscape, to be elected from the Royal Academicians, and a gold medal worth £20 for the best landscape every second or third year. If the Academy does not accept the bequest, then the residue is to go to Georgiana Danby and her heirs, "after causing a monument to be placed near my remains as can be placed." A second codicil was executed on the 29th of August, 1846, but as it was subsequently revoked, its contents need not be stated. The date of the next codicil is August 2nd, 1848, and it is requested that it may be taken as part of the will and of the first codicil and as revoking the second, and in it his bequests to his relatives and the Danbys are cancelled, and all his pictures given to the National Gallery, "provided that a room or rooms are added to the present National Gallery to be, when erected, called 'Turner's Gallery,'" and till this is done they are to remain in Queen Anne Street, as arranged for in the original will, and if not done within five years, then the gift is to be void. Again a fourth and last codicil, dated February 1st, 1849, extends the time for the construction of the room or rooms at the National Gallery to ten years, but if the conditions are not carried out by that time, then the gift is to be "null and void and of none effect," and the pictures are to be

* Continued from page 167.

exhibited gratuitously to the public at the house in Queen Anne Street till within two years of the expiration of the existing lease, when they are to be sold. A sum of £1,000 is to be expended in erecting a monument to him in St. Paul's Cathedral, "where I desire to be buried among my brothers in art," and annuities of £150 each are left to Hannah Danby and Sophia Caroline Booth, his housekeepers respectively at Queen Anne Street and Chelsea. If the pictures are sold, the Pension Fund of the Royal Academy is to receive £1,000 of the produce, provided they give the medal already referred to, and there are legacies out

of it of £500 each to the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, the Foundling Hospital, and the London Orphan Fund. The residue is to be "for the benefit of the intended hospital in my will mentioned." There are also legacies of £100 each to Mrs. Wheeler and her two sisters, Emma and Laura.

Turner died on the 19th of December, 1851, and on the 6th of September, 1852, the will and four codicils were proved, the effects being sworn under £140,000. It was not likely that such confused documents, full of interpolations and contradictory instructions, would be allowed to take legal effect without opposition, and accordingly, we find the next-of-kin first trying to prove that the testator was of unsound mind and incapable of making a will, and then contending, in opposition to the trustees and executors, who had petitioned the Court of Chancery to give its construction of the will and administer the estate, that no construction at all could be placed on the will, and that it was therefore void; and that even if it could be carried out, it was still void, as the bequest came within the statute of mortmain. For four years the suit (*Trimmer v. Danby*) dragged its slow length along; but at last, with the assent of all the interested parties, a compromise was effected, and on the 19th of March, 1856, Vice-Chancellor Kindersley delivered a judgment in accordance with which all the pictures, drawings, and sketches, whether finished or unfinished, were to go to the National Gallery, £1,000 was to be expended on erecting a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, £20,000 was to be paid to the Royal Academy, the heir-at-law was to have the real estate, and the remainder was to be divided amongst the next-of-kin.

As the result of this decision the National Gallery received

ninety-eight finished oil pictures, and two hundred and seventy unfinished ones, and several hundreds of drawings and sketches, some on ragged scraps of paper and the backs of letters, but all of great interest. The monument in St. Paul's took the form of a statue, executed by P. McDowell, R.A.

The £20,000 given to the Royal Academy was unaccompanied by any restrictions, but it was immediately decided to keep the sum quite separate from the other property of the Academy, and to invest it in Consols as a distinct fund under the title of the "Turner Fund;" and further, to apply the interest derived from it to carrying out Turner's expres-



Durham. From the Water-Colour Drawing by Turner in the Diploma Gallery.

sed wish as regarded a medal, and to giving effect, so far as might be, to the benevolent instructions of his will. A prize of a gold medal for a landscape was instituted, called the "Turner Gold Medal," to be competed for biennially by the students of the Academy, in the same year as the other gold medals. The designs for this medal—of which we give a reproduction from the original drawings in the possession of the Academy—were made by Daniel Maclise, R.A., at the request of the General Assembly, and were modelled by Leonard Wyon. The portrait of Turner forms the obverse, while on the reverse is represented a student of nature amidst the symbols and characteristics of landscape, and above are three figures personifying the primitive colours. The first recipient of this medal was Nevill O. Lupton, in 1857. In 1881 a scholarship of £50, tenable for one year, was added to the medal.

It was, however, by its endeavours to carry out the benevolent intentions of the testator that the Academy most fully justified the appropriation to it of a portion of the property. Although there were no conditions as to how the money was to be used, it immediately decided to expend the income derived from the invested £20,000, less the small sum required for the medal, in giving aid to distressed artists, and after making sundry grants in the first two or three years, finally, in 1860, determined on the institution of annuities of £50 each, to be granted by the council to "artists of reputation, not members of the Academy, who, through the unavoidable failure of professional employment, or other causes, may be in circumstances needing such aid." It is true that at first this resolution was not fully carried out, only six annuities being given, and the balance carried to the general account of the Academy; but in 1867

the number of annuitants was raised to nine, in 1868 to ten, and in 1879 to twelve. In 1881 it was resolved that the whole of the accumulated balances which had been carried to the general account, amounting to £5,695, should be repaid to the Turner Fund, together with simple interest. This made a gross total of £8,060, and when invested in Consols, increased the Turner Fund to £30,939 18s., and allowed the annuities to be raised to fifteen, and the scholarship already mentioned to be added to the medal. Further balances have since been invested from time to time, and the total amount now stands at £31,737 11s. 2d., and the number of annuitants at seventeen.

The two main points in Turner's will were the gift of his pictures to the nation, and his benevolent scheme for the benefit of poor artists. Whether he would be satisfied with the manner in which the first has been realised, we are not concerned to express an opinion; but we think it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that the Royal Academy has done its best to endeavour with the means placed at its disposal to carry out the second.

JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.

In passing from J. M. W. Turner to John Flaxman, we seem to be making a prodigious leap which touches the two extreme points of difference by which the arts of sculpture and painting are separated; as they each of them illustrate in a somewhat exaggerated degree the qualities which are especially characteristic of those two branches of art.

Turner, the painter, loved to record the ærial, evanescent, and intangible features in nature, which no science can demonstrate and no art but that of painting portray. He

judge the direction of prevailing tendencies by the evidence of excesses occasionally committed, we must infer that, in Turner's mind, form, which represents the concrete element of his art, gradually lost its importance; and that his attention was concentrated, more and more, on that drapery of light and colour with which nature clothes her form, and which corresponds with the abstract.

In the work of John Flaxman, on the opposite hand, we find the rigidity and solidity which are peculiar to sculpture equally carried to excess; his forms are large and simple, but they are generalised even to meagreness, and he persistently neglected to render those delicate undulations of surface by which the sculptor suggests colour and texture.

Between his art and that of Turner we can trace an infinite number of gradations by which sculpture and painting have approached each other, and as instances of such approximation we may mention the statues of Canova and the pictures of Andrea Mantegna.

The annalist of Art is perforce occupied for the most of his time with the uninteresting degrees of talent and accomplishment which have been exhibited by masters of a school. The geniuses, when he comes to them, are like plums, and he has often to complain that they are so few compared to an intolerable amount of pudding. But he finds the short history of British Art perhaps more thickly studded than any other; native-born geniuses are neither few nor far between; we have already mentioned Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Turner of the first rank, as far as the gifts of nature are concerned, and we have now come to a fifth in the person of John Flaxman.

The birth into the world of an artistic genius is so rare and momentous an event that it would seem becoming and grateful on our part to take him as we find him, and not to criticise overmuch. But there is a disturbing reflection connected with British Art which will slide in and mar our self-satisfaction. At the christening of every great British artist there seems to have been a crabbed old fairy god-mother, or a crabbed old fairy who was not asked to be a godmother, who threw in a gift which undid the benefit of all the rest; she seems to have muttered to herself, "Yes, you are a genius of the first order, but because you have offended me, I will see to it that you don't make the most of that genius."

Hogarth was a born painter, with a wonderfully dramatic imagination, but he wilfully and perversely refused to see the merit of the great painters of the past, and starved his genius in consequence. Reynolds had supreme gifts and a mighty hand, he cited Michael Angelo as the ultimate culmination of artistic greatness, and so did others of his contemporaries. Gainsborough, inspired as perhaps none other ever was by nature, spoke of Van Dyck as having attained to apotheosis. In quite recent times, again, we have had Alfred Stevens, the sculptor of the Wellington Memorial, who also placed the great Florentine sculptor, painter, and architect on the highest pinnacle of fame. These men all had genius, as we may infer, of the highest order, and yet neither national prejudice nor vanity can tempt a reasonable critic to credit them with supreme achievement. Their allusion to Michael Angelo is especially unfortunate, as it seems to point out the weak point in our national genius. Everybody must be impressed by the grandeur of his style and the sublime transports of his imagination; but these alone would not have sufficed to make the Michael Angelo we know and recognise. He was



John Flaxman, R.A. From the Drawing by G. Dance.

pursued this, his favourite theme, even beyond the boundaries of the vague and unintelligible. If it be permissible to



Sleep and Death conveying the Body of Sarpedon to Lycia. By John Flaxman, R.A.

the man, of all others that ever lived, who took his art most seriously, who was most untiring in his observation and investigation, who penetrated the most profoundly into all the capabilities of his art, who understood and could discriminate the individual and the typical, and who could imitate nature with the greatest knowledge and subtlety. To arrive at this he paid a price which no British artist unfortunately seems to have been willing to pay, and the excellencies of our school, though striking and brilliant, are not free from the reproach of falling short of attainable perfection: in other words, of the taint of superficiality.

We have been led into these discomfoting reflections by finding ourselves immediately face to face with the task of tracing the career of John Flaxman, who was both one of the most gifted and the most superficial of British artists. Mr. Sidney Colvin has justly said of him that he was a natural classicist; he loved in his heart, and was truly inspired by the severity, simplicity, and grace of Grecian Art; though it would be more precise to say, of the art of Praxiteles and his followers, for with Phidias, the greatest of the Greeks, he seems to have had little or no spiritual kinship. This may have been partly the fault of his time: though Flaxman was an original genius he was strictly of his time. In his age, or at all events in the age immediately preceding him, though there had been infinite talk on the sublime,

which are so wearisome in the works of Cipriani, Angelica Kauffmann, and West, reappear in Flaxman, but they are so beautifully balanced and harmonized that they do not offend; the worst that can be said of them is that they somewhat emasculate his art, and that in the midst of graceful and voluptuous curvature we are made occasionally to sigh for a little ruggedness and angularity.

But the personality of the artist had no doubt more to do with this than the influence of his time. Flaxman's was not a strong, vigorous nature; he was a gentle, loving, and



Apollo and Marfessa. The Diploma Work of John Flaxman, R.A.

there had been little evidence of it in Art, which seldom got beyond the graceful and elegant. One is tempted to think that the virtuosi and cognoscenti of that period, the Beaumonts, Walpoles, and others, who talked so volubly, did not really understand what was grand and impressive in Art; it is difficult on any other supposition to account for their toleration of the gingerbread Gothic of Arlington Street and Strawberry Hill. Many of the mannerisms, such as the attenuated grace, the long ogival curves,

pious creature, who had been rickety and sickly in his childhood, and had remained delicate and frail all his life. We are quite aware that we are treading on dangerous ground, and that there may be no natural connection between physical vigour and a masculine intellect. We have seen the spectacle of Pope, as someone somewhere said of him, quivering in every nerve, and yet penning the savage and scathing sarcasms of the *Dunciad*; but for all that, it is hardly possible to imagine a Mirabeau writing the poems of Maurice de Guérin. Be that as it may, Flaxman was most successful, and touched nearer to greatness, when his theme naturally called forth a pensive and peaceful frame of mind; as, for instance, in his monumental effigies, where he represented the grief of parents and orphans, and the pious resignation of Christians, or in his drawings in such scenes as the 'Sleep and Death,' and 'Thetis and the Nereids,' which we reproduce; and he failed when he attempted the heroic vein, most signally in his drawings where he depicted the fighting heroes of Grecian mythology, straddling and frowning ferociously at each other over the rims of their monstrous shields. In the drawing which we reproduce of 'Prometheus bound to the Rock,' there is to our minds more of melodramatic exaggeration than of real grandeur and impressiveness; his Prometheus struggles violently with his captors, as the unfortunate king of France struggled with his executioners. Flaxman was a long way from raising himself to the sublimity of Shelley's Titan, who when taunted by the messenger of Jove with the length of years he would have to suffer torments, answered proudly, "Perchance no thought can count them, yet they pass."

The estimation in which he is held, both in his own country and abroad, rests entirely on his merits as a designer, on the beauty and novelty of his compositions, and on the graceful combination of his lines and masses.

As a sculptor, that is, as one who practised the art of representing the human form, he falls immeasurably below the completeness which we see attained by perhaps half-a-dozen men in every exhibition of the Paris Salon. He skimmed the mere surface of the sculptor's art. His form, his anatomy, his proportion, although all right so far as they go, stop short at a certain point, beyond which he could not step for want of closer study; and if in the course of this article we have let fall some impatient strictures, it is because it is vexatious to see a powerful genius failing to attain to the highest excellence for want of what mediocrity has at its command.

Much of Flaxman's work has been lost to the world. He was as one who wrote his tablets on the sea-sand, and the tides have effaced them. For many years he was engaged in fashioning the beautiful cameo-like reliefs which adorn Wedgwood's pottery. We do not altogether heartily, with a whole mind, admire that ware. There is something spurious about its undoubted charm. Its interest is like that of the scrap-book, which we do not admire for its text, its type, or its binding, but for the little pictures which have been collected together from all sorts of sources. It appears to us too artificial, finicking, and minute for application to the purposes of pottery. It was at one time in fashion, and, like many other things, went out of it again. The careless housemaid has been in all ages responsible for much destruction of crockery, and the specimens of Henry II. pottery extant may have dwindled into the column of units they now occupy by passing through generations of housemaid's hands, but in the case of Wedgwood it is said that it was at one time and

of malice prepense cast into the Philistine dustbins of a former generation, and with it no doubt perished many beautiful memorials of Flaxman's genius. But luckily the rage of the collector has come to the rescue, and like posthumous fame, *pennâ metuentes solvi*, it will save what is left for the admiration of future generations.

John Flaxman was born in York in 1755, but only six months after his birth his father removed to London, and opened a shop as a figure-moulder in New Street, Covent Garden. The plaster-cast man is the lineal descendant of the image maker of the Middle Ages, whose workshop was the nursery of so many artists, and frail, rickety little John Flaxman, propped up in a chair in his father's workshop, a chair from which he could only toddle away with the help of crutches, sat there drinking in Art impressions when other children of his age were only playing with marbles which were not of the classical sort. There is a strong air of the marvellous in what we read of his early history. A certain Mr. Matthew finding him drawing and modelling in the intervals of reading Homer, and his notice being attracted, as it well might be, by such a phenomenon, takes him into his house, where there is a talented and accomplished Mrs. Matthew. We must presume that the boy's first acquaintance with Homer was through a crib, but Mr. and Mrs. Matthew, we are informed, did succeed by their united encouragement and assistance in enabling him to read with facility Virgil, Homer, and even Æschylus in the original.

At the age of fifteen he was admitted as a student into the schools of the Royal Academy, and his connection with Wedgwood appears to have begun soon after. He gained the silver medal for a design in sculpture, but, quite contrary to his expectations, was defeated by Thomas Engleheart in the competition for the gold medal, the subject of which was Ulysses and Nausicaa.

In 1782 Flaxman was married to Ann Denman, and removed from his father's house to 27, Wardour Street. On this occasion Reynolds, like the confirmed old bachelor that he was, told him that he was ruined as an artist, a mere delusion which has been shared by others. On the question of matrimony or celibacy as best for the artist, the balance of reasoning *pro et con* should be in favour of the blessed state, seeing that it is conducive to a quiet domestic life, and we have it on the authority of Goethe, that—

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt.

The experiment in the case of Flaxman, at all events, was eminently successful, as Ann Denman proved herself a sympathizing and helpful partner of his life, though the determined mysogonist might object that the experiment in his case was not carried to its usual disastrous consequences, for no children were born to them.

In 1787 the Flaxmans migrated to Rome, where they sojourned till 1794. The peaceful annals of an artist's life draw the mind away from wars and strife; we think of Flaxman in Rome drawing his designs from Homer, Dante, and Æschylus, and executing his groups of Athamas and Cephalus and Aurora; and it does not occur to us to think that the world was all ablaze behind him the while, that kings, principalities, and powers were being piled as on a huge holocaust, and going up into the skies in smoke and shrieking and lamentation. When the earnest, pious little sculptor left his home in England, the kingdom of France was in its death throes, and when he returned, it was dead; and there was to be seen

daily one of the most gruesome spectacles of history, the famous Tricoteuses seated at the foot of the scaffold, and counting the heads as they were shorn off.

On his return to London, Flaxman settled himself in No. 7, Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, where he seems to have lived to the end of his life. In 1797 he was elected into the Royal Academy as an Associate, and in 1800 as a full Academician. This was the monumental period of his Art life, and as we have said before, it was in memorial effigies to the dead that he showed his greatest originality, and attained to his highest excellence as a sculptor. It appears to us that in this department he

set the type; such monuments as the reliefs to Sir F. Baring's family in Micheldean Church, and to Mary Lushington, of Lewisham, Kent, would seem to be the ideal application of sculpture as introduced into a Christian temple. The ages of innocence, of iron, of heroes, all had passed away, the mythology of Greece lingered only amongst the learned as an artificial cultus; Flaxman succeeded as no sculptor before him or after him ever succeeded, in drawing a noble inspiration from a living faith which still held possession of the hearts of men. He showed this especially in the lectures which he delivered at the Academy as Professor of Sculpture, a post to which he was elected in 1810.



*Thetis ordering the Nereids to descend into the Sea. By John Flaxman, R.A.
"Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend."—Iliad XVII. 177.*

In 1818 he returned to his classical love, and sought for inspiration once more in Helicon. The shield of Achilles which he modelled, faithfully following the description in the eighteenth book of the Iliad, is truly a colossal monument of industry, genius, and taste. Its circumference is nine feet; the circular boss in the centre represents Apollo in his chariot, the "sol curru nitido," who is the central type of the ancient conception of the universe; around him concentrically are arranged all the scenes described by Homer as illustrating the polity of a state and the occupations of men.

In 1820, the peaceful days of industry, bringing with them their silent satisfaction and the uninterrupted flow of accustomed comforts, came to an end for him. His wife died, and after that event he is described as living more retired; though, perhaps, owing to deafness, he had never sought society eagerly. His industry continued unabated for six years, when the call came to him also. He caught a cold on Dec. 3rd, 1826, and died on the 9th in his 73rd year. He was buried at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and his remains were followed by the Royal Academy on the 15th December.

We have already given our estimate of him as an artist; as a man he seems to have been uniformly amiable, gentle, and kindly, and to have lived as blameless and exemplary a life as is given to frail mortality to lead.



Prometheus chained to the Rock. By John Flaxman, R.A.



Fan, embroidered by Miss Mary Buckle. Designed by Lewis F. Day.

ARTS AND CRAFTS.

THE opening at the New Gallery, after an interval of two years, of the fourth Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts, naturally opens the question as to the *raison d'être* of such an exhibition, and how far the Society responsible for it has fulfilled what it set out to do; for it must be owned that, in these days when exhibitions crowd so thickly one upon the other, each new one is an infliction, and the wearied sight-seer may well exclaim: "Why yet another—to what purpose—who wants it—what good does it do?"

First, as to the aim. In a Society of some seventy odd members there is doubtless some diversity of purpose—one is keener on this point and another on that—but, broadly speaking, they have been from the first and are still agreed (I speak as one of them) as to the main purpose of the exhibitions they have set on foot. And the purpose was this: To assert the possibilities of Art in design, applied even to the least pretentious purpose, and in every kind of handicraft; to protest against the absolute subjection of Art in its applied form to the interests of that extravagant waste of human energy which is called economic production; to claim for the artist or handicraftsman, whose identity it has been the rule to hide, and whose artistic impulse it has been the custom to curb (until he was really in danger of becoming in fact as in name, a mere hand), some recognition and some measure of appreciation; to try and discover whether the public cared at all, or could be brought to care, for the Art which, good or bad, is continually under their eyes; and whether there might not be, in association with manufacture, or apart from it, if that were out of the question, some scope for handicraft, some hope for Art.

That the experiment has proved, in the opinion of the promoters, a success, is shown by their daring to go on. In 1888



Design, by Walter Crane, for Shield, in repoussé copper, to be presented by "The Daily Chronicle" to the London Schools' Swimming Association.



Cartoon for Domestic Stained Glass. By Selwyn Image.

they had all the courage of ignorance; they did not know what they were undertaking; certainly they had no conception of the difficulties in their way; they could form no just estimate of the cost of their venture, no guess as to the time and trouble they would have to give to it. They could not more emphatically express their belief in the use and in the success of their endeavours than by this fresh endeavour.

And that they have in a measure succeeded is not to be contested. The first exhibition was something of a surprise to the public; they hardly knew what to make of it—"Where are the pictures?" one lady was heard to ask. Since then there have been Arts and Crafts Exhibitions all over the country, and also in America. On one occasion a great part of the contents of the New Gallery were transported, at the invitation of the Corporation, to Glasgow, and at this date the words "Arts and Crafts" are inseparably connected in men's minds. That the Society has succeeded in calling attention to the arts and handicrafts

outside the pale of the Academy and other picture societies, is beyond dispute.

To a certain extent, also, it has called attention to the artist and handicraftsman. Some names, fewer than one could wish, but some at least, have been brought to light through its agency, and many have been encouraged to assert their position in the workshop where they are employed.

The public also, or a section of it, has awoke to the idea that design and handicraft may possibly be worth a thought, and that, if it would not have them swallowed up in manufacture, it is time to take them by the hand. So far the Society has made good its claim; the only possible doubt is as to the value of what it has done—and on that point the doers, at least, have no doubt whatever.

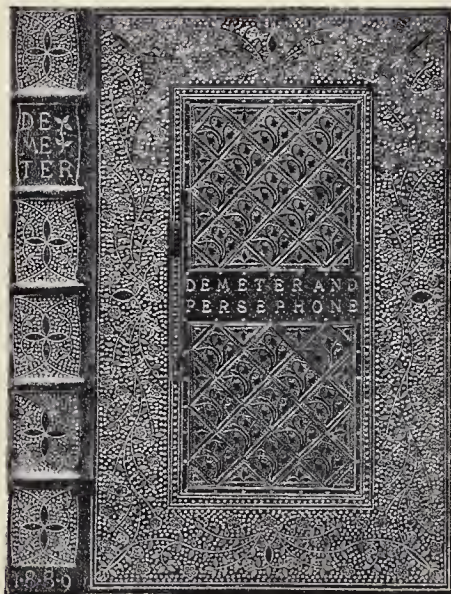
How far the Society has succeeded in bringing together a representative collection of Art and Handicraft as it should be, is another question. To do that does not rest wholly with it. It does not claim to include



Cartoon for Domestic Stained Glass. By Selwyn Image.



Tooled Bookbinding. By T. J. Cobden-Sanderson.



Tooled Bookbinding. By T. J. Cobden-Sanderson.



Tapestry. Designed by William Morris.

within its body the whole army of workers; many of the best workmen, probably the great majority of them, are not sufficiently their own masters to be able to support it; and of its members many are unable to send their best work, either because it is not transportable, or because it has passed out of their hands—or, perhaps, because it was not *presentable*.

It is obvious that in an exhibition of Art to which the public is invited there must be some artistic effect; it must not be a mere collection of heterogeneous odds and ends, and the great majority of, for example, working drawings, which have served their purpose, are not such as to attract, or even to interest, any but a workman.

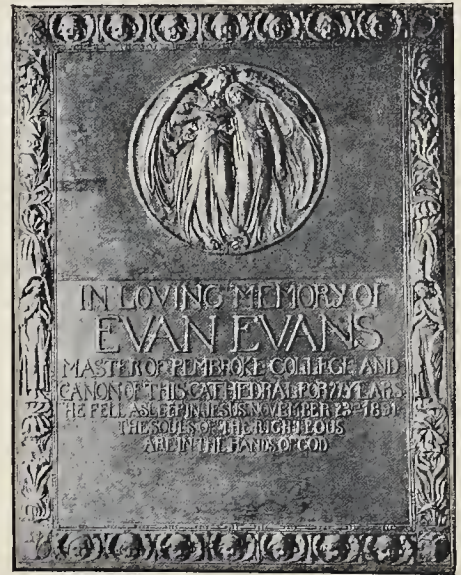
So, again, with regard to many of the products alike of handicraft and of manufacture. There may be skill of hand in the making of the simplest chair, or in the printing of the most ordinary wall-paper—there may even be Art in the proportion of one and in the design of the other; but, all the same, a row of commonplace chairs (however well put together) in front of as many strips of commonplace paper (ingenious though the patterns may be) would make but a poor show in the galleries. There would be a dreary air of the shop and the sample-room about it; any lesson there might be in the display would be lost, for no one would go to see it.

It has happened, therefore, that the mere craft has not been so well represented as it was hoped it might be: it has had to give way to the claims of work with more pretension to Art. This is very much to be regretted; but it was inevitable that in a popular exhibition the Arts should to a certain extent oust the Crafts.

In some branches of industry, too (as, for example, in cabinet-making), workmanship, even of the more highly skilled order, has not been adequately represented. Not but what the manufacturer has been willing enough to exhibit; but that in the very elaborate specimens which he sent in the workmanship, admirable as it might be, was expended upon designs of such banality, that to admit it would have been to give quite a false idea of the standard aimed at by the Society. On the other hand, design of a more interesting and hopeful kind has frequently been associated with execution of an amateurishness which came up to no workmanlike standard at all.

Failing acceptable contributions from the trade for the one part, and from the amateur for the other, the exhibition represents perhaps too exclusively the artist; who, in respect to the work he exhibits, is himself, it may be, something of an amateur—a painter, possibly, contributes a design for embroidery, a draughtsman a piece of furniture, an architect sends a plaster frieze, a pattern-designer a figure panel, and so on—interesting work of a certainty almost, but tinged with a suspicion of dilettantism. There is no great harm in that; but one could wish that there were more to show that craftsmanship and work-a-day art were in a really hopeful condition.

The Exhibition may represent the Arts and Crafts neither quite as they should be, nor altogether as they are; it may



Memorial Bronze Tablet. By F. W. Pomeroy.

show things too costly to come within the scope of commerce; it may have little direct bearing upon current manufacture. Yet it should serve at least as a protest against the trite design of ordinary trade work, against the characterlessness of ornament turned out by machine, against the cheap showiness of things made only to sell. It may help to keep alive the spark of Art and workmanlikeness which utilitarianism seems nothing loth to let die, to kindle some fresh interest in handwork, and to make possible a higher level of manufacture.

No sober-minded man would think of suggesting that production, wholesale, retail, and for exportation, should aim at the luxuriously artistic ideal this exhibition might seem to imply, to those who pass by without notice the more modest work which makes folk wonder how it came to find a place there. Popular handicraft must be subservient to use, and in some degree to trade. They are quite right who complain that the artist is about to follow his calling too much for its own sake; but, nevertheless, his devotion to Art for Art's sake is to the good of Art, and eventually to the benefit of mankind at large.

It is not for one of the promoters of the exhibition to pronounce upon its merits. It has been endeavoured, at least, to keep it up to a higher level than its predecessors. It reflects, of course, the opinions and even the prejudices of the men who have taken an active part in its organization, or rather the predominant opinion and prejudice; for they are by no means all of one mind or of one school, as their individual contributions (some of which are illustrated in these pages) will show; but it is because they had opinions



Sgraffito Panel. By Heywood Sumner.

that they banded themselves together, and, at least, they have the courage of them.

LEWIS F. DAY.

THE "PRIX DE ROME" AT THE ÉCOLE DES BEAUX-ARTS.

THE yearly "concours" for the Prix de Rome at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris, has recently taken place, and the works of the competing students have been exhibited in the gallery of the school. A large amount of interest is taken by Parisian lovers of Art in this annual competition between the best pupils of the École; and during the several days when the various works are exhibited, the well-known Salle Melpomene is crowded with visitors.

This event is one much discussed by the students who are engaged in serious study, and desirous of *la gloire* and the much-envied Prix de Rome. Each year a number of students who have won, during the past school year, the requisite proportion of medals and "mentions" for their studies and monthly competition work, are allowed to enter the preliminary competition for this Prix. Subjects for painting, sculpture, and architecture are given them for interpretation, and a certain length of time allowed for the preparation of sketch drawings or models, sufficient to show the merits of each competitor in composition and design. From this number ten pupils in each section, whose sketches are considered sufficiently good, are permitted to enter the final competition, which decides the three laureates of the year.

These students have to prepare rough sketches of their idea of a new subject given them for this final competition, and these sketches are carefully put aside by the school secretary, the students themselves keeping copies of their work. Three months are allowed for the completion of the large painting or sculpture, or the large-scale drawings of architecture; three months of hard work in the separate "loge"

where each student has to work and live without any serious communication with his comrades or the outer world. He must follow as nearly as possible his preliminary sketch, for any great deviation in his completed work would probably put him *hors concours*, or out of the competition.

First, second, and third prizes are awarded in each section; the winners of the first prize carries off the Grand Prix, or scholarship, giving four years' study in Italy and residence at the Villa Mediceis, at Rome. They are expected to send home each year for exhibition the works resulting from their studies



Samson turning the Millstone. By M. Mitrecy.

in the classic land—the painters a special composition, and the sculptors and architects restorations of ancient work, or compositions resulting from their studies thereof.

This Grand Prix is the ambition of every student; it is, however, an honour not too easy to win, and means several years of hard study of theory and practice, together with natural



L'Age d'Or. By M. Octobre.

talent, and all the more difficult on account of the competition with comrades. The work all round this year is much more interesting than it has been for several years past, and shows the teaching of the Ecole to be essentially classic.

The subject given for painting was "Samson turning the Millstone," or, as the authorities put it—"The Philistines

having taken him prisoner, put out his eyes, and having brought him to Gaza loaded with chains, shut him in prison and forced him to turn the millstone, watched by a guardian, and undergoing the jeers and insults of his captors."

Nearly all the ten pictures sent in were deserving of notice, several of them containing evidence of thought and study. The winner of the grand prize is M. Mitrecy, a young student of twenty-four years of age and pupil of the studio Jules Lefebvre and Robert Fleury.

For sculpture the subject was—"L'Age d'or. Under the reign of Saturn, human beings lived free from care, from work or suffering, old age did not afflict them, the fertile earth produced of herself all fruits in abundance and joy was universal."

The laureate is M. Octobre, pupil of the studio Cavelier and Gauthier. The composition of his bas-relief is harmonious and the execution leaves little to be desired. The idea is charming and simply expressed, a young man pressing to his breast a young girl and showing his joy with a pure kiss on her forehead. The lover is standing side face, and the movement of his head hides his features; the young girl is supremely happy, a chaste and rapturous smile lighting up her face. In the background two young women are plucking the fruit from the trees.

The subject for competition in architecture was—"A Palace for Scientific Societies," and the winner is Mr. Chaussemiche. A building "to be erected in a scientific and intellectual centre, permitting the meeting and grouping together of various scientific societies, each one, whilst mutually aiding the others, preserving its own individuality and liberty of action."

This rather complicated plan needed a considerable amount of thought and study, but in nearly every case the students succeeded in arranging a building convenient and modern in plan and harmonious in elevation.

ALBERT MOORE.

THE perverse tendency of popular opinion to misunderstand originality and to fail in bestowing upon it a due amount of appreciation, has never been more strongly exemplified than in the case of Albert Moore. Here was a painter unique in his powers and in his methods; of superlative skill in all technical details; so warmly admired by those who knew him, and believed in him, that not one of his completed pictures was ever allowed to remain even for a brief time unsold; yet he dies at the sufficiently mature age of fifty-two, not only without official recognition, but also without having gained that general comprehension and acknowledgment of his artistic aims, which is to the earnest worker his chief crown of success. And this has arisen not from any failure on his part to set forth his beliefs intelligibly, nor from any lack of specific purpose in his productions, but unquestionably from the popular unwillingness to separate the matter of his art from the manner in which he expressed it. People have misconceived his intentions, and in this misconception have accused him of many deficiencies, failing to see that these very deficiencies were the essential characteristics of his work. He painted without subject, without emotion,

without dramatic incident or incidental motive, and he did so advisedly, for he looked upon all such matters as the pollutions of pure Art. He avoided all digressions into sensationalism and confined himself to a particular kind of technical treatment; again advisedly, for these limitations were the safeguards which years of thoughtful experience had taught him were necessary against the æsthetic profligacy which is undermining the vitality of our modern art. People said he was narrow, and repeated himself, using over again and again ideas which were too slight to bear reiteration; but they were blind to the fact that this repetition was a progressive development of a particular branch of study. They never realised that, like some great physician who had, after learning the facts of the human economy, devoted himself in the interests of that economy to the minute investigation of some fundamental organ, he had dedicated his life to the solution of the problems which are ever arising to occupy the student of beauty. This was his special study. Beauty of colour, of form, of line, of type, was the chief motive of every picture that he ever produced, and of every one of the thousands of studies with which his working hours were occupied. People

talked nonsense about him as "a painter of Greek maidens." He was nothing of the kind. He painted draperies because they are more beautiful than modern dress; he painted women because in their faces and figures beauty shows more plainly than in any other created thing; he painted faces without emotion because emotion distorts the features and destroys beauty of form. His art was Greek in nothing but its simplicity and single-mindedness. He did all this without a thought of anything but his art, and he received the usual reward of self-devotion, misunderstanding. He happily escaped the struggle for life which has been the fate of many other great artists; but none the less he lived a victim of injustice. It needed, perhaps, his death to make these things clear.

The blame for this mistaken popular attitude lies in great

measure upon the Royal Academy. This body, which assumes the position of supreme arbiter of artistic destinies in this country, has with the masses influence enough to secure for its *protégés* that consideration which is the first step towards real appreciation; and that influence it over and over again refused to exercise in the case of Albert Moore. There was no question of ignorance of his existence—his works were year by year welcomed at Burlington House and given places of honour on its walls; but the artist was never allowed to inscribe his name on the Academy roll. Personal jealousies, his inability to accommodate himself to the views of the official custodians of British art, his open criticism of his contemporaries, or some other trivial cause, sufficed each election to exclude him. He lived and died outside the ranks of privilege.

ART NOTES AND EXHIBITIONS.

OF the many autumnal provincial Fine Art Exhibitions, it is probable that the one held at Manchester was the most important, and excited, perhaps, the liveliest local and general interest, over nine thousand persons passing the turnstile during the first fortnight. The collection in the main consisted of the pick of the London spring exhibitions. But there were one or two notable additions, and foremost amongst them, M. Benjamin Constant's two great works of the year from the Salon, his noble and exhaustive portrait of Lord Dufferin, in all the difficult splendour of his many honours, (see p. 217); and his daring and ambitious portrait of Lady Helen Vincent. An important picture by Mr. Frederick Shields was his 'Old Clothes Market, Knott Mill, Manchester, 1870,' a canvas full of motion and character. We may mention here that the last of Mr. Ford Maddox Brown's series of pictures for the decoration of the Town Hall, 'Bradshaw defending the Town of Manchester,' is now in its place.

ROYAL BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

—The Autumn Exhibition of this Society, which opened on Monday, 4th September, fully maintains the high average of recent years. Not only are the prominent places filled with notable and important works, but excellent and interesting pictures are to be found in every part of the building. The Great Room shows to especial advantage. Being a rotunda, every picture is well and equally lighted. It has four chief centres, of which the best is occupied by 'The Annunciation,' by Arthur Hacker. Several local artists are worthily represented. The landscapes of S. H. Baker, Oliver Baker, and C. T. Burt, fully maintain their well-earned reputation, while portraits and figure subjects are no less skilfully treated by H. T. Munns, and F. W. Davis, R.B.A., and others.

The Bristol Industrial and Fine Art Exhibition contains the largest exhibition which has ever, we believe, been got together in the city, upwards of seven hundred works being on view. We are glad to see that the most celebrated artist

Bristol has produced, the late W. J. Müller, is so well represented—Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, alone lending twenty of this artist's works.

Nottingham arranged a special exhibition of pictures this year on lines varying somewhat from those usually followed,



Crathie Church. Designed by Messrs. Matthews & Mackenzie, Aberdeen.

having in view the exceptional circumstance of the visit of the British Association. Nottingham artists' work was brought prominently to the front, and eighty-five pictures by Mr. Edwin Ellis formed a special feature.

The situation of the parish church of Crathie is a very beautiful one. It stands at the east gate of Balmoral Castle, overlooking the river Dee. Her Majesty laid the foundation-stone on the 11th of September of the new edifice which is to be erected upon the site of the old church, now removed. Our illustration is drawn from the design of the architects, Messrs. Matthews & Mackenzie, and represents the church as it will be when completed.

We are asked to state that the large picture of 'The Emigrants,' by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A., reproduced on page 301, a subject also known under the title of 'Waiting for the Train,' is in the well-known collection of Frederick Wigan, Esq., of Sheen.

RECENT ART BOOKS.

JOHN RUSKIN.*—Like all bold and original thinkers, like all men who express themselves fully and freely without fear for, or regard of, the prejudices of others, Ruskin's is a name round which various opinions, much controversy, and frequent abuse centres. But who denies the interest and importance of the man and his work? He has laboured eagerly, if not always fruitfully, in many fields; poet, Art critic, Art lecturer, painter, social reformer, man of letters: Ruskin has been all these. In two volumes Mr. Collingwood tells in considerable detail the story of one of the fullest of lives. The thing is well done. He is a disciple, but not a bigoted

admirer. The book has a touch of the commonplace in thought and style, but this is not altogether a disadvantage, for a matter-of-fact chronicle was wanted. Mr. Collingwood wisely prefers record to criticism. This will probably be the standard biography of Ruskin, for he is now an old man and his life's work well-nigh over. Aftertimes will regard Mr. Ruskin as, first of all, a writer of English. None other in our own day has used the common tongue with like effect. He has simplicity of word, with complexity, and yet clearness of phrase. The long sentence is rare among them of our own time; of it he is a perfect master. There is a charm and melody about his periods that recall the great writers of our classic ages. To him belongs an elevation of thought infinitely removed from the base and trivial, and underneath there is a swelling sea of emotion, passion, and feeling, a warmth and depth of sentiment that makes the words glow as they were live coals. Yet is he no artificer of curious phrases, no contriver of strange effects. His words have the free play of mighty waters; they are great and terrible, not neat or polished.

As regards his Art criticism one must remember that his point of view has changed several times, and that he often

* "The Life and Work of John Ruskin," by W. G. Collingwood, M.A. Two vols. London: Methuen & Co.
 "Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin." First Series, 1845 to 1860. Crpington: George Allen.



En Brie. From a Drawing by Theodore Rousseau.

expresses an opinion with so much force, or even exaggeration, as to make it a mere caricature. He does not really hold that an immoral man may not do the highest artistic work, or that artistic skill may not be as fully shown in depicting a base as a noble object; yet to those who would say that the only purpose of a picture is to give pleasure by an arrangement of line and colour, he answers this is its first, but not its ultimate object, the chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever, and Art must ultimately subserve this end, else is she but "Procress to the Lords of Hell." "Art," he says, "is created by pleasure, but not for pleasure." This

may or may not be true, but it is a quite intelligible proposition.

Le Libraire de L'Art, Paris, has brought together one hundred reproductions of sketches by "Paysagistes Contemporain," and "Peintres de Genre," which form interesting portfolios. In addition to Dutch and German sketches, there are several by English artists, Alfred Parsons, Cecil Lawson, and De Wint, and a considerable number from the masters of the Barbizon School. The reproductions of the Rousseaus are wonderfully clever, and we reproduce above a sketch, 'En Brie,' which gives the shorthand of a very powerful landscape painter.

Among the more interesting measured drawings in the eleventh volume of the "Architectural Association Sketch-book" are a couple of plates by Mr. E. A. Rickards, who also, with Mr. A. N. Wilson, supplies some details of latches and other metalwork. There are very good drawings also by Mr. E. Gimson, and some better still by Mr. T. MacLaren; but the best are those by Mr. R. W. Schultz. Speaking generally of the Sketch-book, there are admirable sketches in it, but it is the more modest work that is on the whole the most successful.



Evening, from the roof of Casa Nova—The Walls of Jerusalem, and the Road to Bethlehem.

"A PAINTER'S PILGRIMAGE."—II. BETHLEHEM.*

WHEN at Jerusalem, we took an early opportunity to visit Bethlehem, which had been the subject of much wondering thought and imagining.

Bethlehem (the House of Bread) is quite near Jerusalem. It is a picturesque ride thither of an hour and an half, through the Jaffa Gate, and through the Valley of Hinnom, then over a plain where the Philistines are said to have been defeated by David, and past the Greek Convent, Mar-Elyás, which stands on the ridge of a hill, from whence can be seen Jerusalem on the one side and Bethlehem on the other. On the right of the road shortly before reaching Bethlehem is the Tomb of Rachel, which is undoubtedly on the identical spot where Rachel was buried, for do we not read in Genesis xxxv. "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." This spot is held sacred alike by Christian, Jew, and Muslim. The bones of the beautiful and glorious queens of the East rest in unknown graves. Semiramis, "the Great Queen," who by her imperious beauty governed all men who came within her sway in the heyday of Babylon's greatness; Cleopatra, the voluptuous and impetuous Empress of the Nile, whose territories reached from Jericho to Ethiopia; and

Zenobia—though her descendant—the noble and virtuous "Queen of the East," subtle of limb in the chase, as wise in the council chamber; these three queens, each renowned in her day for goddess-like beauty and godlike greatness, with a world-wide renown—where are their graves? and where the pilgrims who worship at their shrines? Yet here, at the grave of this Rachel, an Israelitish woman, whose only quality was her affection for her husband and her children, the followers of three great religions still worship. Since her burial these great queens have shone like meteors and disappeared; Rachel, like a shining planet, still remains.

The tomb is divided into two parts. Next the road is a chamber,

with open windows and steps leading into it, where all can enter and rest awhile in grateful shade from the scorching rays of the sun, or gain protection from a sudden storm, which is not unfrequent during the early part of the year. At the back is a vault, where none may enter. Riding past one day I looked in, and saw men and women sitting round, and in the centre two Bethlehemite girls doing a

graceful dance. Another day, on some Jewish festival, it was surrounded by Jews from Jerusalem, engaged in prayer.

The road goes straight on to Hebron, but by taking another

* See page 97.



The Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem. From a Sketch by Herbert Schmalz.

which branches off to the left, the narrow, steep, and slippery streets of Bethlehem are soon reached. The situation of this City of David is most striking, rising, as it does from the

that Naomi, the desolate and childless widow, entered, returning with her daughter-in-law, Ruth the Moabitess, who, unlike Ophah, the other son's wife, would not return unto her people and unto her gods, but clave unto the grief-stricken Naomi, saying, "For whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

And 'twas down in those fields below that Ruth gleaned barley in the fields of Boaz; and Naomi's kinsman having been fully shown how the Moabitish damsel had followed her mother-in-law, and how she had left the land of her nativity and come unto a people which she knew not heretofore, made her his wife, and thereby the great-grandmother of the great King David, and ancestress of the Messiah that was to come.

On those hills beyond, the youthful David of the ruddy countenance and beautiful withal, kept his father's flocks; and in the humming stillness of mid-day, and the cool of the evening greyness, drank in inspiration for the formation of those wondrous songs which were in later years to be his greatest work, destined to echo through the cycles of the ages to come. It was in these days, when he roamed the hills with his sling



A Christian Woman of Bethlehem. By Herbert Schmalz.

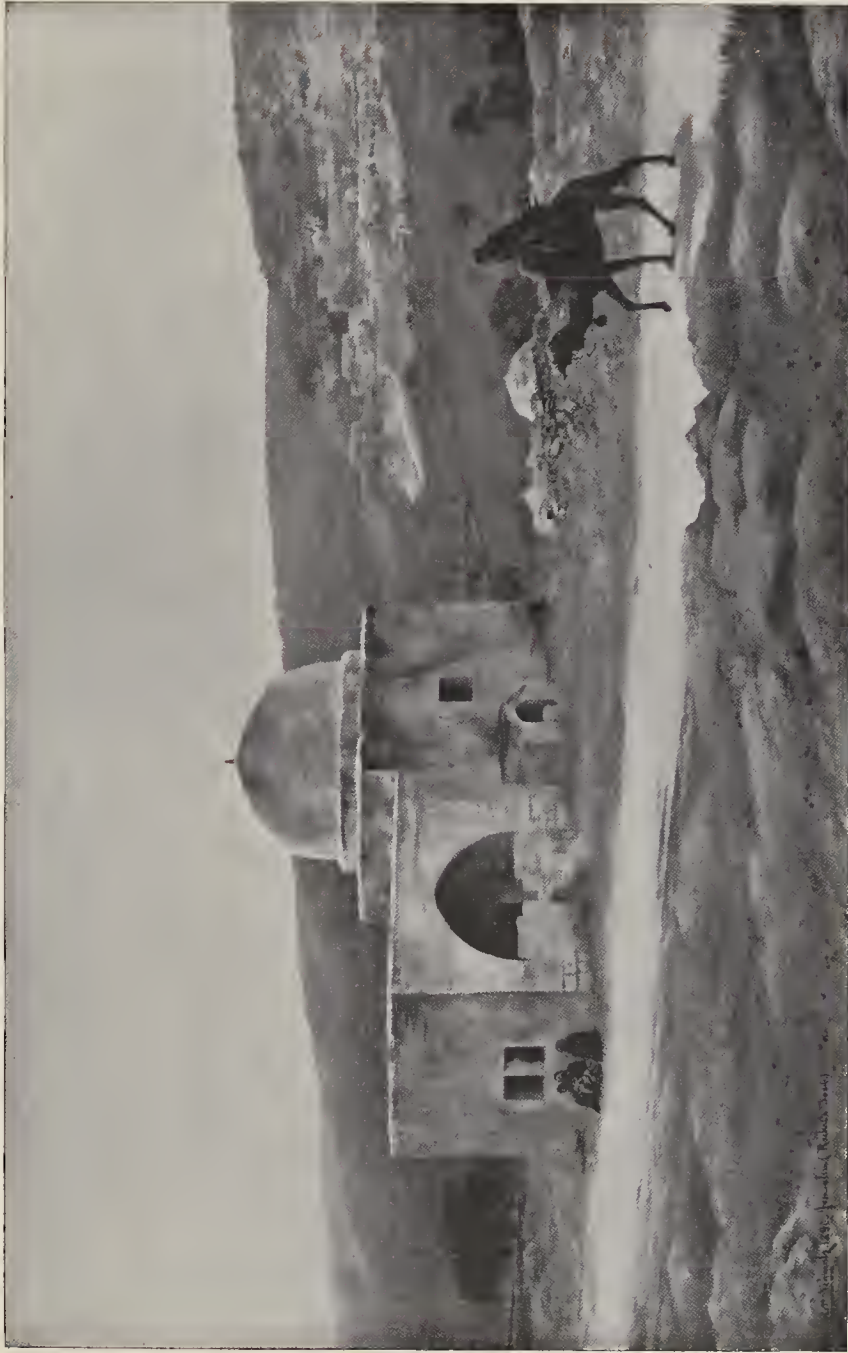
well-cultivated fields below, in terrace upon terrace, covered with vines and fig-trees and olives, the whole surmounted by a massive pile of buildings, consisting of the Church of the Nativity, and three convents, Latin, Greek, and Armenian, on a sort of platform, round which are clustered, one above another, the square houses of the villagers. This is a marvellously suggestive site, and the soul-stirring thoughts which crowd into the mind when looking down on the surrounding country are strangely impressive.

Behold where happy Naomi went out from the city with her husband and her two sons, journeying over there to the right, to the land of Moab, where they abode, and where her sons, Ephrathites of Bethlehem-Judah, took them wives of the women of Moab.

And 'twas there also, at the beginning of the barley harvest,

and his harp—the one which was to vanquish Goliath, the giant of Gath, as the other was to subdue the moody wilfulness of King Saul—that he got such a deep insight into nature, with which he was able to enrich his verse with living similes which appeal to the hearts of humanity throughout all time. It was here that Samuel came with his horn of oil to anoint this same shepherd before his father Jesse and in the midst of his brethren, as had been commanded.

Over yonder, up the valley towards the Dead Sea, is the spot where, in later years, those other shepherds, while abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night, were vouchsafed a vision of angels, who told them not to be afear'd, for they brought them good tidings of great joy, for in the city of David—hard by—a Saviour was born that day, who was the



Rachel's Tomb, near Bethlehem. From a Painting by Herbert Schmalz.

long-looked-for Messiah, who was to be the consolation of Israel and a light to lighten the Gentiles.

Up this valley came the mysterious Wise Men from the East with offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, to worship and adore this great King who had been foreshadowed in all the prophecies of ancient lore. They had watched and waited, and journeyed many leagues over the desert plain and the deserted mountain pass, guided by a star which went before them as the pillar of fire went before the Israelites of old. But to their astonishment the star did not lead them to a wondrous palace, with domes of beaten gold, and minarets enamelled like the peacock's gorgeous breast; with stairs of jasper and of jade, illumined by lamps of ruby, hanging from roofs of cedar by chains of turquoise and of pearls; and courtyards of alabaster, with fountains of crystal throwing out the fragrant perfume of spikenard and of musk, as the glowing and fantastic imagination of the Oriental would naturally have expected. But instead of all this splendour, it led them to a humble khan by the wayside, in the approach to Bethlehem, and on their inquiring and asking to be shown the new-born child, they were taken into a cave at the back of the khan and shown a babe, like any other babe, lying in a manger. Yet they unhesitatingly bowed down, and worshipped him—such was the strength of their faith.

The population of Bethlehem is about five thousand, chiefly Christians. The inhabitants are principally peasants, but many make a livelihood by carving crucifixes and rosaries, medallions and models of the Holy Sepulchre, from olive-wood and mother-of-pearl, and asphalt of the Dead Sea. These the thousands of pilgrims who yearly visit the holy places from all quarters of the inhabited globe, love to take back to their homes in distant lands, as precious souvenirs of their journeyings, and as specimens of the pious industry of the Christians of Bethlehem.

The basilica of St. Mary of Bethlehem, or the Church of the Nativity, was built by the Empress Helena, A.D. 327, and is one of the most remarkable monuments in Palestine, and the earliest existing example of Christian architecture in the world. Some of the marble columns, which are monoliths with Corinthian capitals, are thought to have been brought from the Temple at Jerusalem. The central point of interest, not only of this building, but of the whole vicinity, is of course the grotto of the Nativity, which is twenty feet below the floor of the church and is reached by winding stairs. Here, under a marble table in place of altar, shines a silver star inlaid in a slab of marble, in the pavement, round which one reads these words:—

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA
JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

This star has been the cause of much deadly strife. By its Latin inscription it would seem to belong to the Latins, who claimed it; but in 1847 it disappeared. This calamity was of course put down to a conspiracy of the Greeks. After much negotiating with the Sublime Porte, in which the French and Russian ambassadors at Constantinople took an active part (the French ever champions of the Latin Church in the Holy Land, as the Russians are champions of the Greek), the Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid ordered another star exactly similar to the missing one to be placed at the same spot, so settling the matter; and this is the one which is now to be seen.

This spot was accepted as authentic, as early as the second century, by Justin Martyr among others, and at the end of the fourth by Jerome, the "Father of the Church," who came

here to live and to die. In an adjoining cave he spent thirty years of his life in prayer and work for the furtherance of Christianity. Here he translated the Scriptures, and wrote continuously. In this secluded spot, which was for him the point on this earth of greatest interest, and, as it were, the fulcrum of the universe, he found refuge, and sent back to the world from which he had escaped, a voice which lost none of its power by being so far-distant, but rang like a trumpet-blast of doom through the gilded courts of Constantinople and of Rome.

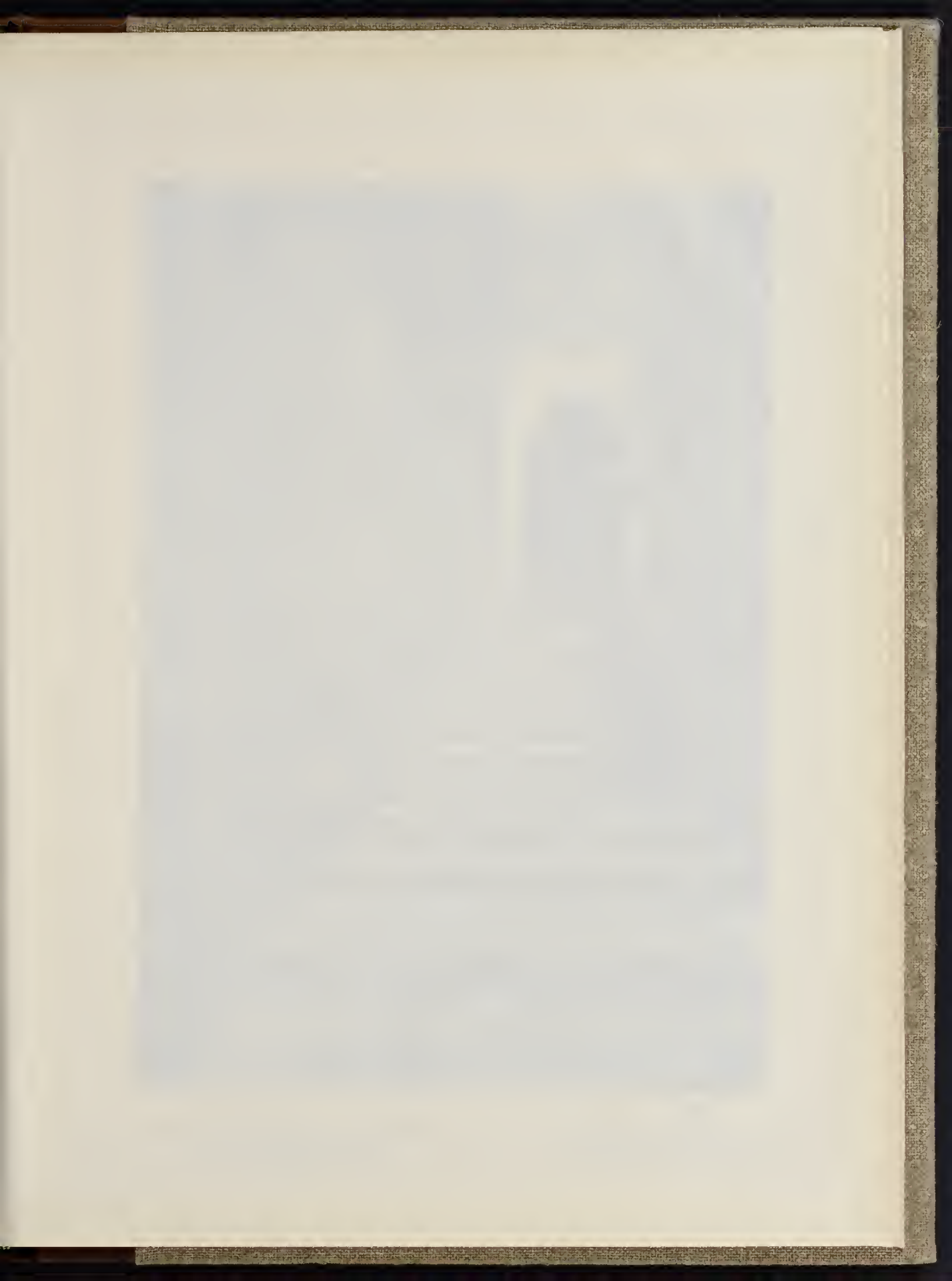
Under the same roof are many other chapels and tombs, the most interesting being that of Jerome, and his pious and devoted follower, the Roman lady Paula. This lady, and a few other followers who gathered round him, formed the first idea of the convents which later were founded in Palestine.

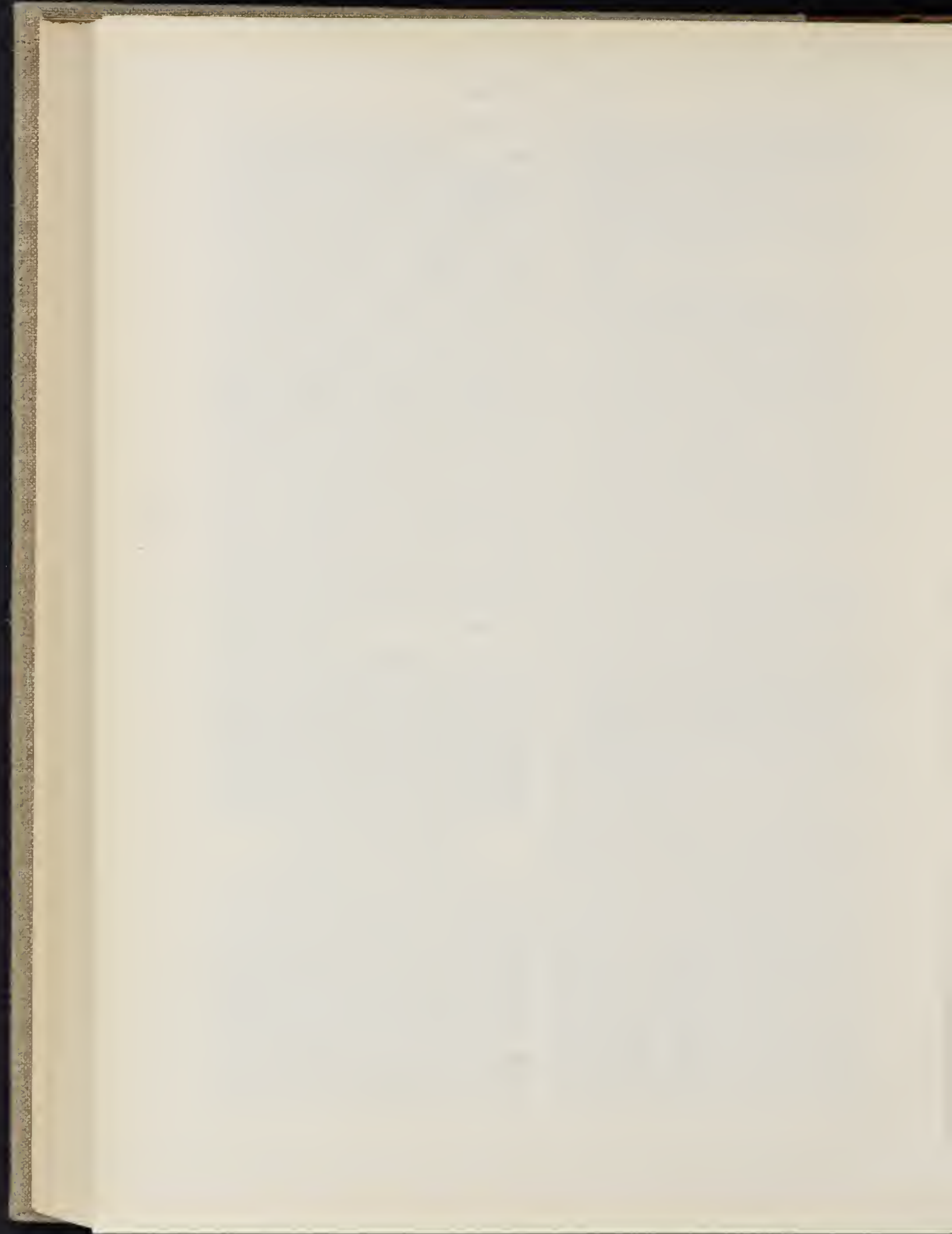
A short distance from this building is a grotto where the Virgin is said to have concealed herself from Herod, and nursed the infant Jesus forty days before she escaped into Egypt. Near this is the Milk Grotto, where it is alleged that a drop of the Virgin's milk happening to fall on the floor the cave was immediately turned white, as it now is. For years and years both Muslim and Christian women, having faith in its virtue, have resorted thither to gather the chalk from the walls, which dissolved in water and drunk, is believed to restore the interrupted flow of an infant's natural sustenance. There is now a Christian woman in the picturesque costume of Bethlehem always in charge, who presents little biscuits made from this chalk to lady visitors.

Outside the town is David's well. When Bethlehem was in the hands of the Philistines, and David was in stronghold at the Cave of Adullam, it being harvest time, he longed for a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, "which is by the gate." Three of his followers, mighty men, hearing his wish, left the cave, and breaking through the host of the Philistines brought water from the well to David. But David would not drink of the water, but poured it out before the Lord, saying it was the blood of the men who brought it with the jeopardy of their lives, and he dared not drink thereof.

Bethlehem has ever been within the focus of the civilised world all through the centuries from the immemorial ages. In later days, the Crusaders, on their march on Jerusalem, took possession of Bethlehem, being persuaded to do so by the Christians abiding there.

Another excursion from Jerusalem of great interest is Hebron. Our visit thither proved a memorable day. The night before, I told my servant to order a carriage to be in waiting at the Jaffa Gate at seven, there being no wheels allowed within the walls. On our arriving there our carriage was not to be found, but on going to where they were kept, close by, I saw an old landau, a luxury in these parts. After waiting half an hour I made an agreement for this to take us to Hebron and back. Our three horses were in and our negro driver on the box, when the man who had made the original bargain arrived, and showed us the carriage ready for us, a wagonette with a covering of pieces of flimsy pale green calico hanging from a framework of iron rods. I of course told him he was too late, which caused a considerable commotion, for Arabs always have so many friends, who have a way of turning up suddenly from everywhere, to join in any discussion. It was very fortunate for us he was late, as before we had gone many yards it began to drizzle; this soon settled into a steady downpour which lasted all day, and it turned very cold. After passing Rachel's tomb, if one had gone to sleep and



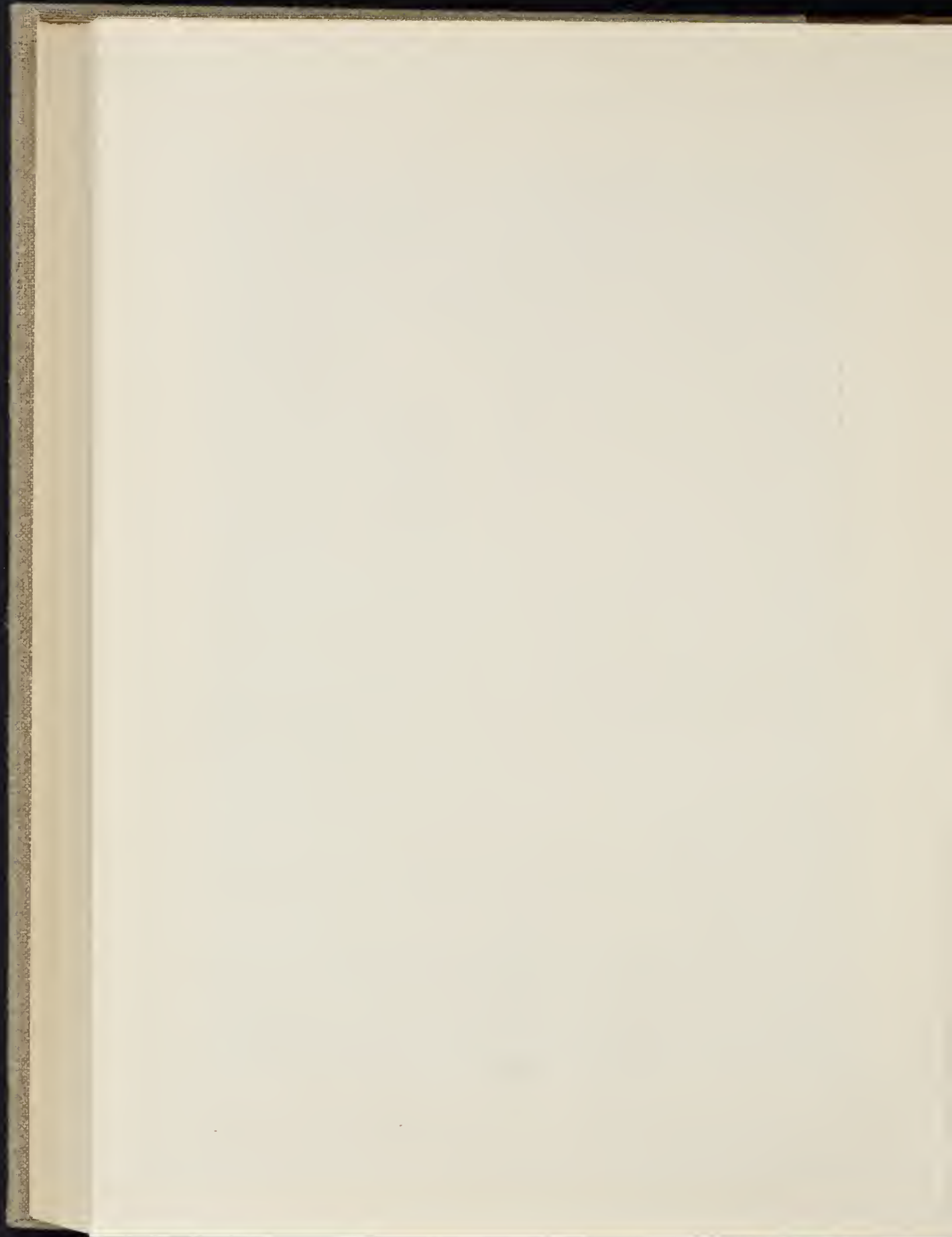




STAIRWAY OF THE MOSQUE AT HEBRON, WHICH
ENSHRINES THE CAVE OF MACPELA.

From a painting by HERBERT SCHMALZ.

Herbert Schmalz.



suddenly woke up, before realising where one was, the atmosphere and the glimpse of the landscape, seen through the heavy rain, would have led one to imagine one's self on a lonely road in Scotland.

On nearing Hebron the vegetation is very luxurious, the hills are covered with terebinth and oak, and on each side of the road are vineyards, fig-gardens, and olive-groves. It is an inspiring sensation (in spite of sitting shivering in a rickety old carriage jolting over the stones, with the rain dripping through), to feel that you are nearing the oldest city in old Palestine, and one that has only one known rival to claims of being the oldest in the world—namely Damascus.



Hebron. From a Sketch by Herbert Schmalz.

This same road must have been journeyed over by the patriarchs. Abraham must have gone along this road with his son Isaac, whom he loved, into the land of Moriah, to offer him there as a burnt-offering on a mountain which would be pointed out to him. In what a tumult must have been his thoughts; and on his return journey what a feeling of joy and peace must have been his. It was Solomon's wont to take his morning drive along this same road, to his gardens and orchards, where he planted trees of all kinds of fruit.

Hebron is in the valley of Eshcol, and one of the six "cities of refuge," and is one of the four "holy cities" of the Jews. Its first name was Kirjath-Arba (City of Arba). Arba was the father of Anak, the giant, and progenitor of "the sons of Anak." It was then called Mamre, after Abraham's friend, Mamre the Amorite, to whom it belonged; then Hebron, which means Friendship. The modern name is El-Khalil, the Friend, which is also the Mohammedan name for Abraham.

The present inhabitants are the wildest and most lawless people in the Holy Land, as the inhabitants of modern Jericho, or Riha, are the most dissolute and licentious. They both keep up their old character. The former have the same mutinous ways as the rebels who fought with David against Saul, and with Absalom against David.

That noble old Sheikh, Abraham, set up his tent here about four thousand years ago. It was here that he heard the news of his nephew Lot being made captive at Sodom, whence he at once set out to deliver him with his three hundred and eighteen servants, and his allies the Amorites. Here he was visited by the angels while resting in his tent-door, in the heat of the day.

It was also from here that Joseph went to Shechem to seek his brethren, and it was here the brethren brought back his

coat of many colours to Jacob, who rent his clothes, and mourned for his son many days and refused to be comforted.

Sarah died at Hebron, and Abraham spake unto the sons of Heth, and asked them to give him a burying-place, that he might bury his dead out of his sight, and they told him, as he was a mighty prince, he might bury his dead in the choice of their sepulchres, that none would be withheld from him. He bowed himself to the people, begging them if that was so, to entreat Ephron the Hittite, who dwelt among them, to sell to him for as much as it was worth the cave of Machpelah, which was at the end of his field. This was finally arranged, and the field, and the cave, and all the trees therein, were made

over to Abraham for a possession in the presence of the children of Heth, and he buried Sarah there.

Abraham was also buried in this same cave by his two sons, Isaac and Ishmael. The descendants of Ishmael have now possession of this inheritance, and the descendants of Isaac are not allowed to put a foot within the doors thereof. Later, Isaac and his wife Rebekah, and then Leah, were buried here. And Jacob before he died made Joseph swear an oath that he would take his body to this cave, and bury him with his fathers. When, therefore, Jacob yielded up the ghost and was gathered unto his people, Joseph prayed Pharaoh to let him go up and bury his father, saying he would come again. Pharaoh consented, and the embalmed body of Jacob was taken into the land of Canaan, with a very great company of chariots and horsemen, all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt. When this lordly procession, resplendent with all the pomp and grandeur of Egypt, was come beyond Jordan, they mourned with a great and sore lamentation for seven days, then buried him also in the cave of Machpelah.

The Mosque which now stands over the cave where rest the bones of these patriarchs still remains the point of attraction at Hebron. After leaving our carriages, and sending the horses to feed and rest, we walked along the muddy roads, through the pouring rain, to the Mosque, where only Mohammedans are allowed to enter; Christians being allowed, on sufferance, to look up the stairway leading to it. This is massive and impressive. The wall at the side is very like the "Wailing-wall" at Jerusalem, the stones evidently belonging to the same period as those in the lower tiers, for they have the same bevelled edges as the supposed foundations of Solomon's Temple

I walked inside the large heavy doors, and closed one side with the iron bar which was there, and opening my paint-box sat down to work, and my wife stood behind me. Shortly after I had got into full swing our troubles began—hands came round the door and dropped the bar, and people stood in rows at each side against the walls, gradually increasing in numbers, and edging themselves round behind me. Then wet men bringing down dripping skins of water and basins of steaming soup (there is evidently a well, and also a kitchen in the Mosque) knocked against us in passing, or were pushed by the by-standers. They evidently considered we were violating the sacred precincts, and desecrating their sanctuary not only by our Christian persons, but by my unhal- lowed occupation. Soon a lot of young men got very trouble- some, and stood on the steps spreading out their abbas to intercept my view. Although we were partially under cover, it was cold and damp, and we experienced very thoroughly the feeling of being strangers in a strange land. Unfortunately we were alone, as I had sent my servant with a lady who had accompanied us to a resting place, which turned out to be a very long way off. Had he been there things might have been otherwise. Finally the atmosphere got so turbulent that we decided to evacuate our position; so I packed up and we pushed our way through the howling crowd, and hurried on not know- ing whither we went, being followed by sundry stones from the hands of our tormentors. Happily my helpful bump of locality guided us aright, and we were soon gladdened by the sight of Joseph, our man, coming down a narrow street towards us, very pale, with perspiration running down his face, as knowing the character of the people, he feared for our safety and had hurried back to us. I painted a picture of this stair- way, which is reproduced opposite.

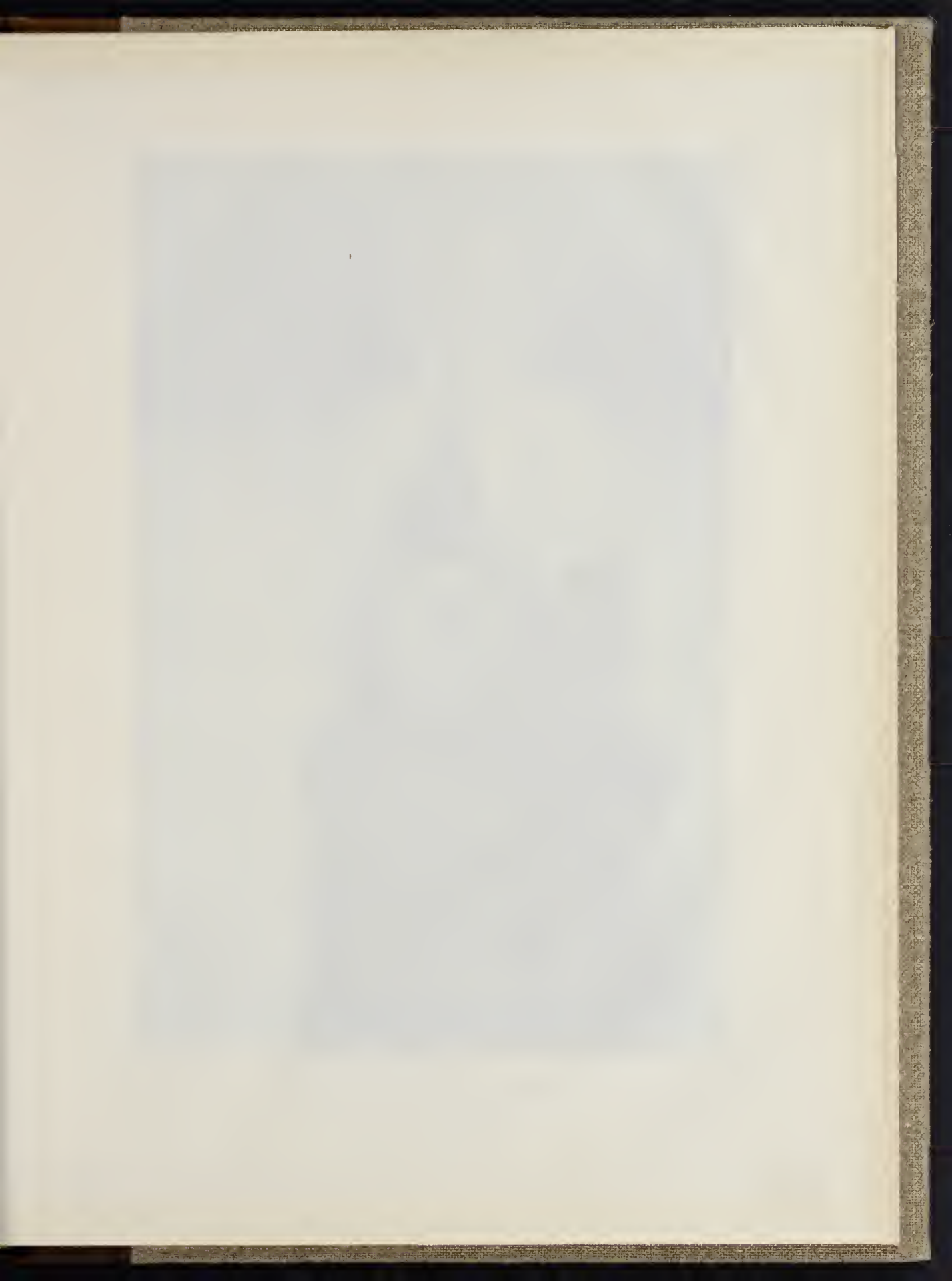
The inhabitants of Hebron evidently do their best to make their city like Mecca, where only Mohammedans may enter.

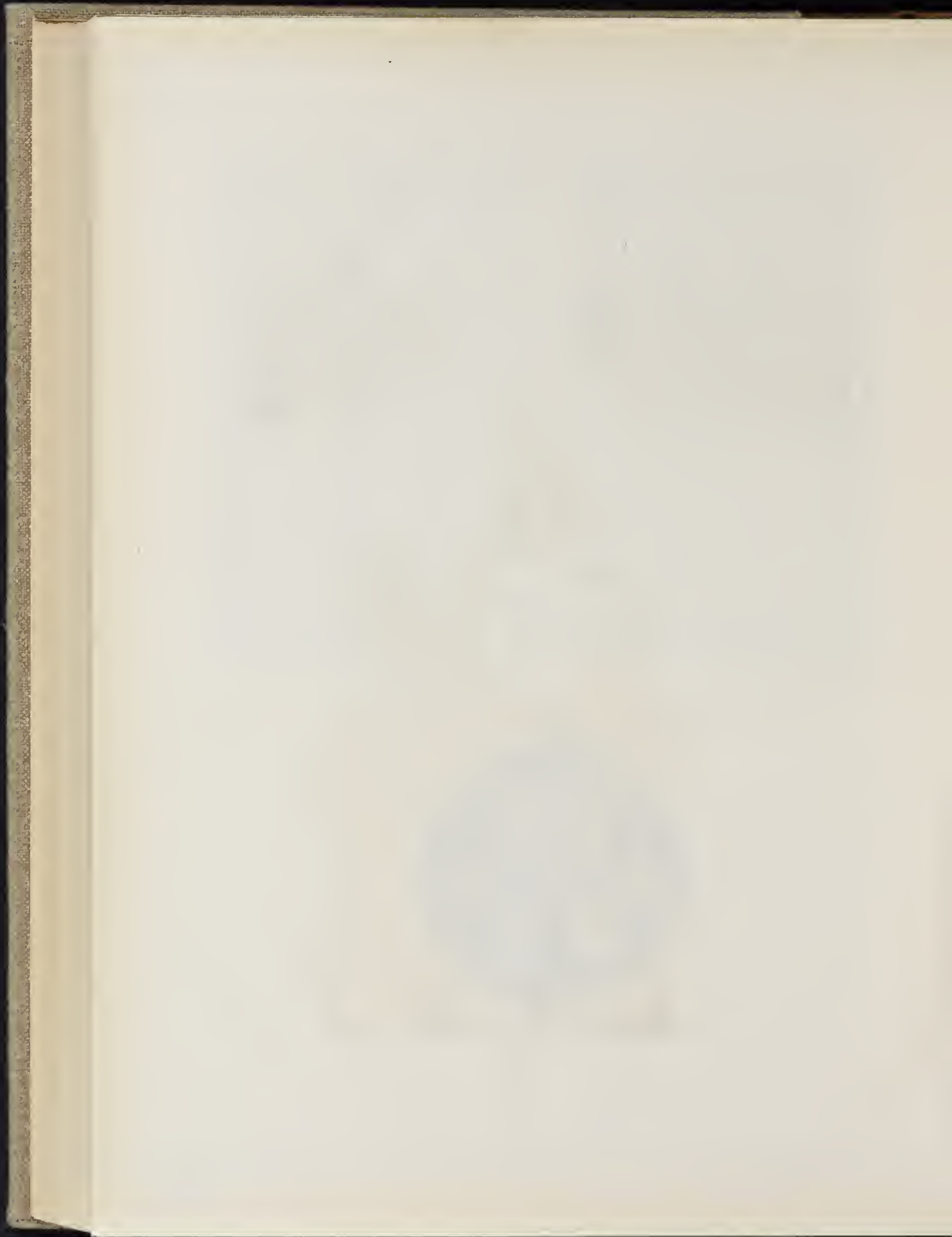
We heard afterwards that a Christian had been stoned a few weeks before. Joseph took us to a new, rambling, and very badly managed sort of hotel, some distance outside the town, kept by a German Jew. A hostelry of any kind is a novelty in Palestine, except in Jerusalem and Jericho. Here we dried our clothes and got some refreshment, and having had our horses put in, we started Jerusalem-wards; but our journey thence was not destined to be a peaceful one. It was still raining, and very dark, and as we trundled along, and our pace got slower and slower, the driver's oriental oaths got thicker, and his weird screamings and hootings more frequent and vociferous. The third horse which was fastened to the side showed great signs of fatigue, and I noticed the wheel grating against his legs, as he could not keep up. Stopping the carriage I had him fastened at the back, with a rope, but in going down the hill from Mar-Elyás, I looked out and saw him sitting on his haunches, then roll over and being dragged after us. Calling to the driver, he got down, and losing all control over himself, he belaboured the horse's head with the butt end of his whip, and would not forbear until I took the whip away from him, when he stood staring quite dazed. I had several experiences while in Palestine of the ungovernable temper of these people, when the only thing to be done is to lay hands on them. After going a little farther, there was a crack, then we seemed to go more easily, and on looking out I saw the horse, some distance back, standing in the road. I tried to persuade our negro to leave him in a field, saying it would kill him to take him farther, but he only answered he could not leave him there, he would rather he did die. At last, as we were only about two miles from Jeru- salem, I got him to lead the horse slowly home, and we drove on without him, and were very glad when we found ourselves *sain et sauf* within the hospitable walls of our convent.

HERBERT SCHMALZ.



Specimen of Carving, in Mother-of-Pearl, from Bethlehem.



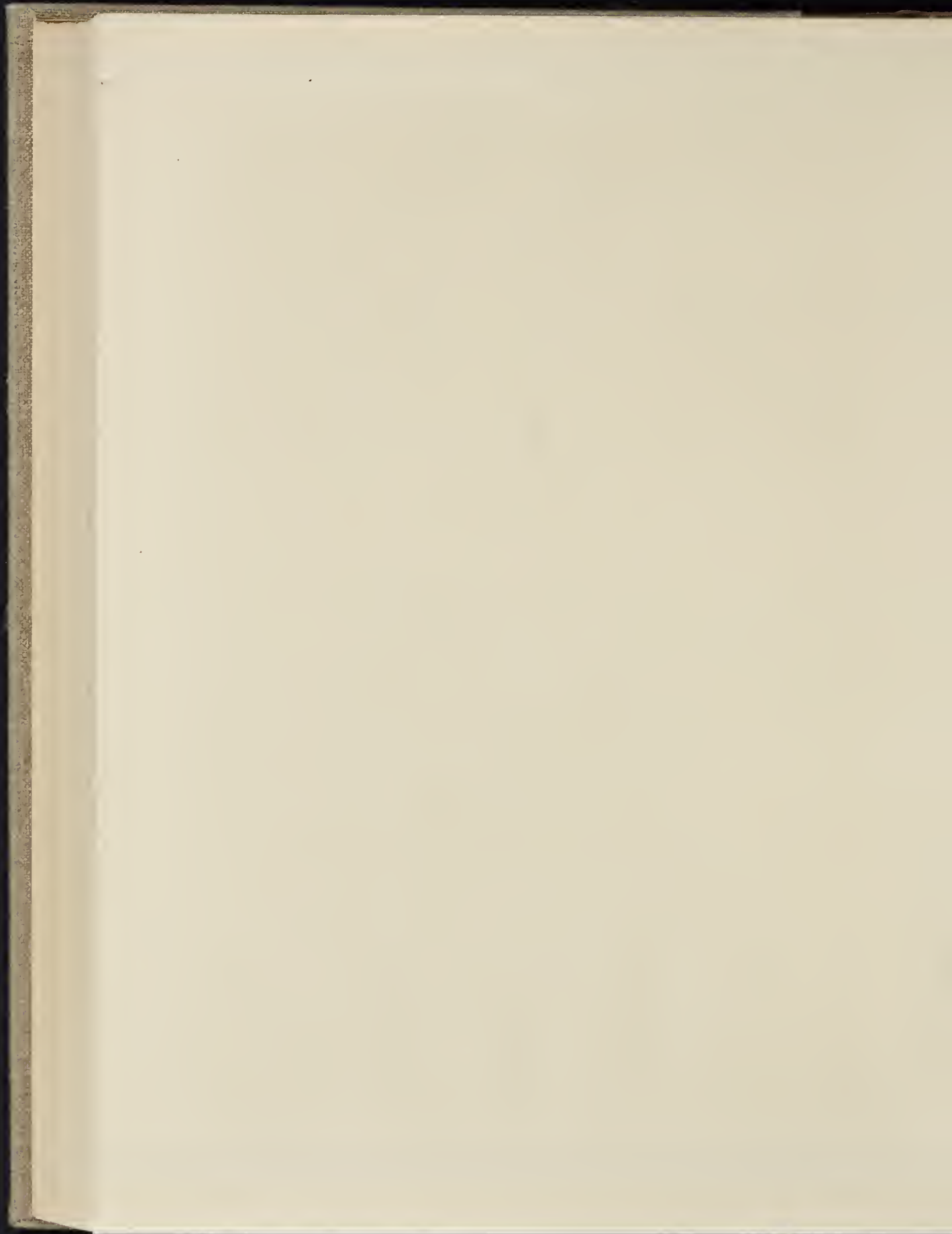




MARGUERITE OF THE KNICKERBOCKERS.

DESIGNED BY J. H. BOURGEOIS.

& CO. LONDON.



THE KNICKERBOCKERS.



Y no greater distinction can the New Yorker of pride ask, than to pass for son (or daughter) of the Knickerbockers. Compared to the honour of belonging to "an old Knickerbocker family," millions, success, fame, count as nothing. What it means exactly, he who boasts

the loudest might not be able to explain clearly; but that it is the "correct thing," he knows as surely as if his authority were infallible. It matters not at all if his only claim to greatness rest upon legend; this but proves the lesser value of history. The renowned Wouter Van Twiller—lineal descendant of King Log, it was hinted; William Kieft—William the Testy, as he was better known; Peter Stuyvesant, the brave, of the wooden leg—these are names for student or antiquarian. But Diedrich Knickerbocker, "the small, brisk-looking old gentleman dressed in a rusty black coat, a pair of olive velvet breeches, and a small cocked hat"—Diedrich Knickerbocker, who never lived save in Irving's imagination; who never disappeared, save from Irving's pages—Diedrich Knickerbocker it is who remains the true hero, whose name symbolizes everything that is worth having, or worth being in the great town, sprung from the little group of traders' huts on the Island of Manahatta. Not Van Twiller or Kieft or Stuyvesant, but Knickerbocker, is the title of honour borrowed by ice companies, clubs, leading citizens—in a word, by all the people and all the corporations who would assert their own pre-eminence. New Amsterdam long since became New York; the old council of smoke and silence was long since succeeded by Tammany Rings, but the glory of the Knickerbockers survives in its first force and freshness. For those who believe in the Shandean theory, the name itself scarce accounts for its sacred survival. It is derived, "some say, from *knicker*, to shake, and *beke*, a goblet, indicating thereby that they were sturdy tosspots of yore;" others, and they hold their definition to be the right one, "from *knicker*, to nod, and *boeken*, books, plainly meaning that they were great nodders or dozers over books." But (even if the race of "tospots" be not wholly exterminated) every one, save the Bostonian, recognises New York to be the active literary centre of the United States. Not, then, by its name have the town's fortunes been ruled.

However that may be, one thing is certain: my words on the subject carry no great weight. Only the Knickerbockers (so they believe) can understand themselves, their own superlative merit and true inwardness. But at least, in all modesty, I may lay claim to some sympathy with Knickerbocker pride and prejudice. For the town and its records, its associations in the past and life in the present, are full of romance and picturesqueness; full of motives for writer and painter both—

a truth one need not be a Knickerbocker to appreciate. There is a quiet, simple charm in all the memories of the little Dutch settlement on the banks of the river, scorned by Hudson because it was not the direct waterway to India. The red roofs and high gables clustered round a mighty fortress, as in many an old-world capital; a tiny green testified pleasantly to a civilisation in strong contrast to the virgin forest and unreclaimed marshes just beyond; above every gable a tall weathercock turned and twisted gaily under the brilliant American sky. The women in short petticoats and clocked stockings, the men in breeches and broad-brimmed hats, were no less picturesque to look upon than the Dutch burghers, the Dutch wives and daughters, painted by Rembrandt or Hals. Every now and then the peaceful streets were all astir and ablaze with colour, when Indians, feathers waving, brilliant blankets trailing, came from the wilderness to trade, or when wild buccaneers blustered through the frightened town. For the painter whose chief concern is costume, who would make his every canvas an historical record, there is material here and to spare. Mr. Howard Pyle has drawn the buccaneers; the old Dutch town has lived again in more than one clever illustration; the old name has been given a picturesque value, as in this case by Mr. Boughton. But still, comparatively few are the artists to whom the Knickerbocker tradition has been an inspiration. The American seems to like to paint the eighteenth century in England rather than the seventeenth century at home.

The English colonists brought with them new character, not a whit less pictorial, if a trifle more exciting. There was much besides smoking in silence to be done when Stuarts and Hanoverians reigned in England. Something of the gorgeoussness and splendour of the court in the mother country drifted across the Atlantic to the colony which Andros governed, in which Leister rebelled. Linsey-woolsey went out, silks and satins came in. Timbered houses were no longer built, but instead the big, square, red brick mansions, which in America are called colonial, in England Georgian. A few of these are standing now; not as many, to be sure, as in the near Quaker city, but enough to lend unexpected charm, here to a busy thoroughfare, there to an out-of-the-way corner.

But for the beautiful or the picturesque, we need not ever be harking back to the regretted past. The Knickerbocker city to-day, though its streets are adorned with elevated railroads and horse-car tracks, though in it is less good architecture than indifferent jerry-building, is not without its good points any more than the village through which Stuyvesant stumped, than the growing town through which Andros drove in his coach and three. It has none of the loveliness that comes of order and symmetry; none of the perfection that distinguished Athens of old; none even of the lesser stateliness that pleases the eye in modern Paris. Narrow streets leading nowhere in particular, ungainly buildings, tall out of all proportion to their width, disorder, and confusion—these are not elements of the beautiful. Chance, however, is at times kinder than well-intentioned design; and chance has brought together arrangements of lines that would delight a

Whistler, a gaiety and colour that would inspire a Chéret. Besides, New York is an island city, and wherever is water, there painter and etcher and illustrator find subjects made to their hands. It may not, in elegance and grace, be quite the dangerous rival to Venice and Amsterdam the old burghers hoped to make it. But unnumbered ships—"the beautiful and bold adventurers"—come and go in the broad harbour, where the *Goede Trouw* once sailed in solitary state. A forest of masts rises along the quays. Than the cliffs and woodland and gentle pastures that border the Hudson, the

Thames has nothing fairer to show. And in the clear atmosphere, under the radiant sky, the blossoms of spring, the golds and scarlets of the fall of the year, even the snow and ice of winter, present a daring harmony of colours that only a Monet could hope to suggest. Mr Boughton has made the 'Daughter of the Knickerbockers' his theme. Some day there may, perhaps, come a painter to do honour to the Knickerbocker town and the country round about, so that his name will for evermore be associated with it, as is Millet's with Barbizon or Whistler's with London.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

RECENT FINE ART BOOKS.

WE very heartily recommend the "MEMOIR OF EDWARD CALVERT," by his Third Son (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)—This beautiful volume has been in preparation for a long time by Mr. Samuel Calvert, who came to London from Melbourne more than two years ago to fulfil an act of filial piety by publishing the memoir.

Edward Calvert was an artist who spent his life in retirement, and it is only now, ten years after his death, that he is accorded the place to which his poetic expressions in art clearly entitled him. Born in Devonshire, in the closing months of last century, his life was singularly free from incident.

In spirit, however, Calvert was by no means of the ordinary character. An artist, a poet, and a dreamer, his happiest hours were employed in painting the classic studies and pictures with which his name is now intimately associated. Very early he met William Blake, in London, and he was one of the most ardent of the band of enthusiasts who looked to Blake for inspiration and guidance. Without the same originality, Calvert had a more refined spirit than the rugged old master, and it is possible that if he had felt the spur of poverty he would have proved the greater artist. As it happened, however, Calvert was a painter more of promise than performance, although such works as he did complete, are instinct with poetic ideas of the most exquisite kind.

Calvert had many theories in connection with painting and music which some day may be developed. Colour, he considered, could be rendered in musical tones, and many days he spent in formulating theories on these matters; without, however, arriving at any definite conclusion.

The volume is interesting in many ways, and it contains a large number of illustrations which give a satisfactory representation of Calvert's pictures and drawings, some of which are now to be found in the British Museum and in the Musée du Luxembourg.

"MARY STUART," with illustrations from contemporary portraits by John Skelton, C.B., LL.D. (London and Paris: Boussod, Valadon and Co.), is a remarkable and unique book; and whilst sumptuously furnished, and magnificently illustrated, as different from the ordinary drawing-room volume as can well be imagined. The author is the leading authority on the perplexing and complicated Mary Stuart controversies; nor is there any other living writer with so full and exact a knowledge of Scotland during the Reformation period. Then, he is an accomplished man of letters who writes with rare facility and charm. He had already published much on the subject, and here gathers together the fruit and result of many

scattered contributions; and he now re-affirms, with greater force than ever, his conviction, matured and strengthened by the study of a lifetime, that Mary, whatever minor faults she may have possessed, was innocent of all the graver charges brought against her.

It is more than a century ago since Burns complimented William Tytler as "revered defender of beauteous Stuart." The controversy went on before, it has gone on since, and perhaps no final solution is possible, but in our own day there is no man to whom Burns's epithet might be so well applied as to Mr. Skelton. The illustrations are absolutely novel in character, for in them "the most authentic and characteristic portraits" of the Queen and her chief contemporaries are reproduced with the utmost skill and care, "by one or other of the processes which have been cultivated recently with so much success—especially in Paris." Those of Mary herself are naturally the most interesting, and among these one specially notes her as a child of nine, as a young woman, and as a widow. It is easy to catch therefrom a clear conception of her large and gracious presence, her regular features, her high brow which, in one sense a blemish, yet gives character and dignity to the face, her grey and hazel eyes, and her brown and golden hair.

There are probably few people in artistic circles in this generation who have heard more than the name of Washington Allston, an Associate of the Royal Academy, who was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on November 5th, 1779, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 9th, 1843. But thanks to the industry of Mr. Jabez B. Flagg, a relative of Allston's stepfather, a most interesting biography, "The Life and Letters of Washington Allston, A.R.A." (Bentley), of this American painter has been produced.

Benjamin West, P.R.A., recognising some talent in his young fellow-countryman, introduced Allston to his confrères of the Royal Academy, and in 1818 Allston was elected an Associate.

Allston was a poet as well as a painter. His lectures on Art and his poems are admirable for grace and delicacy. His aphorisms bear evidence of his philosophic epigrammatic power. "The love of gain never made a painter, but it has marred many," and "The painter who seeks popularity in Art closes the door upon his own genius," are examples of his sayings. Moreover, Allston loved and studied the Old Masters, and the young artist's letters from London to his friends in America eighty years ago are instructive and profitable reading to Art-students of to-day.



Arundel from the River ; showing the Castle, the Parish Church, and the Cathedral. By Geo. C. Haité.

ON THE ARUN.*

II.

THAT most extensive and learned traveller, Murray, is accurate of course—accuracy is indeed his passion—but he has to struggle with a strong imagination ; sometimes, like the great artist Turner, he conjures up a vision of ideal beauty which is vastly superior to the scene presented by nature to the ordinary eye. It might be convenient, perhaps, if such passages were printed in italics. Here is one of them so printed for a specimen. “*Leaving Amberley, the rly. pierces the Downs by a long tunnel, crosses the winding Arun repeatedly and reaches at 58½ m. Arundel (Stat.).*” The “long tunnel” is one of the boldest flights of Murray’s imagination. The traveller from Amberley to Arundel has an unobstructed view of the wide meadows through which the Arun meanders and the wooded downs beyond; unless, indeed, he is napping, which perhaps the great Murray was as he performed this part of his journey.

From a road on the side of a hill near the station, looking down the great bend of the river which curves to the east just above Arundel Bridge, you get the view of Arundel given in the Drawing above. The huge castle, modern and architecturally unsatisfactory as it is, looks imposing enough at this distance, and with the help of the new Catholic cathedral on the left and the old parish church in the middle, suggests the presence of a place of more than usual importance; of more

importance, indeed, than Arundel is at the present time—if regarded only as a town. But no one will grudge its beauty or regret that so striking a natural position has been emphasized by buildings which enhance its picturesqueness. That merit cannot be denied even to the castle itself, which, as we see it now, is an enormous mass of castellated building, speaking a good deal for the wealth of the late Dukes at whose expense it has been erected, and but little for the knowledge or genius of the architects employed. But in these and other matters it is as well for the holiday-seeker not to exercise the critical faculty too strongly, but to look at things with half-closed eyes; if he does this, Arundel may remain for ever in his imagination as a dream of beauty. Not that the castle does not contain much that is of real historic interest, which would well repay more serious study. It has ancient towers and dungeons, one of which still retains a pathetic inscription by a forlorn captive of “the good old days;” but the ordinary visitor to the castle has little opportunity to study its more recondite treasures. The powers that be do not encourage curiosity of this kind. The parts of the castle that are generally shown stimulate rather than satisfy the bump of inquisitiveness. They are well worth seeing, nevertheless; especially the old keep, which you are allowed to ascend, and whence you gain a beautiful view of the park and the country around, and also of the private gardens, stately and well-kept. As these gardens cannot, I

* Continued from page 283.



Bury Church, on the Arun.

not great, their remarks were free and lively, and they created an atmosphere of good spirits and unaffected enjoyment which seemed to affect even the gloomy old masonry. The dungeons below did not stay their light feet, the gloomy hollow where the famous Arundel owls used to live rang with their laughter, and the burst of delight with which they greeted the view from the ramparts was as cheerful as the sun itself. One old gentleman was so moved that he could not refrain from unbooming himself to his nearest neighbour, who happened to be the present writer: "I like these old, ancient places, myself," he said, "though my wife, she laughs at me." Here a slight shade of misgiving crossed his face as he added, "Don't you, sir?" My expression being encouraging, the shade passed, and was succeeded by a smile of almost triumph. "Ah," he said, waving his arm towards the gardens, "she may say what she likes, but you couldn't beat that at the Crystal Palace."

It is some consolation to the Stranger who cannot get permission to see the rest of the castle, to know that the finest of the Arundel pictures, the famous portrait, by Holbein, of 'Queen Christina, of Denmark,' is to be seen, not there, but in the National Gallery, in London—one of the many instances of the generous spirit of the present Duke. It is, nevertheless, to be regretted that easier access cannot be obtained to all the more ancient parts of the castle, and also to that portion of the parish church, commonly known as the Fitzalan Chapel or Chapels, which includes what would seem to be the chancel of the church, now cut off from the rest of it so completely and suddenly that it seems to emphasize somewhat unpleasantly the strife which was the subject of a famous law suit not so many years ago. It is to be regretted, I repeat, that the interesting monuments of the Fitzalans, which this chapel contains, should not be accessible at reasonable hours to all who may wish to visit them, without any unnecessary formalities.

Except, however, in this small matter, the public have no reason to complain of the liberality of the Duke of Norfolk, whose park and woods are as free to them as they are to himself. There are few, if any, parks so lovely as that of Arundel. Nature and art together have made a paradise of it. The chalk downs broken into innumerable miniature mountains and

think, be seen from any other point of view open to the casual visitor, and the vast extent of the castle can only be appreciated from the same place, it is well worth while to ascend the keep, even in company with a party of excursionists. Indeed, you may derive some additional pleasure from these much-abused gentry, if you are as fortunate as I was upon one occasion.

Their number was

valleys, with their long smooth slopes and steep declivities, now showing the pure sweet curves of the natural chalk, now crowned and covered, and dotted about with trees; the long lake in a hollow by the castle cliff, with its swans and water-lilies, contrived by art, but looking the very picture of nature; the beautiful green rides between gnarled thorns and crab-trees, the herds of red deer and fallow deer, the strange oxen, some hybrids between the Indian ox and the British, the long glades, down which are seen sunny glimpses of the Arun Valley, present together an almost inexhaustible field of pure enjoyment.

But if such cultivated beauties fail or pall, there are the woods and fields around, cultivated indeed, also, but wilder, and there is a beautiful road between the park and the highway to Chichester, with slopes that are wooded with graceful beech and elegant ash, with small lakes also and more swans; and a little farther on, a place of blithe activity, pleasant to sight and smell and hearing, where with axe and saw the Duke's timber is divided and shaped into sleepers and palings and I know not what else. If still further seclusion is desired there are the woods, especially the Rewel Wood, where rabbits scuttle along the green paths, and pheasants rise with a whirr. Once, on the edge of a moory tract, where the furze flamed and the scent of the heather rose heavy in the air, I met an old white pheasant, gorgeous with red and purple splashes round the head, walking, or stalking, or pacing, or strutting, for no word quite suits to express his conscious majesty. He minded me no more than a beetle, but cut me dead as though he were a faery prince (indeed, perhaps he was), waiting only for some one to cut off his head, or perform some other little unknown service, which would break the spell of his enchantment. There is no easier place to lose yourself than in this Rewel Wood, unless you know it pretty well or have an unusually big bump of locality. You may wander backwards and forwards through its green paths and in the end find yourself at the place from which you started. Now and then in its deeper recesses, you may come across the hut of some charcoal-burner, with perhaps his wife and children, and hens and chickens, as secluded and primitive almost as if in the "backwoods" of America. But if you are not pressed for time (and those who are so pressed have no business in these woods), you will never be without amusement, or without some chance sight or sound to please or surprise you. The jay will cry for you in the morning, the night-jar will rattle for you in the dusk, all day long you may walk among sweet flowers and listen to a choir of singing birds; or if less gentle creatures delight you, you may chance upon a fox or a snake, or the larder



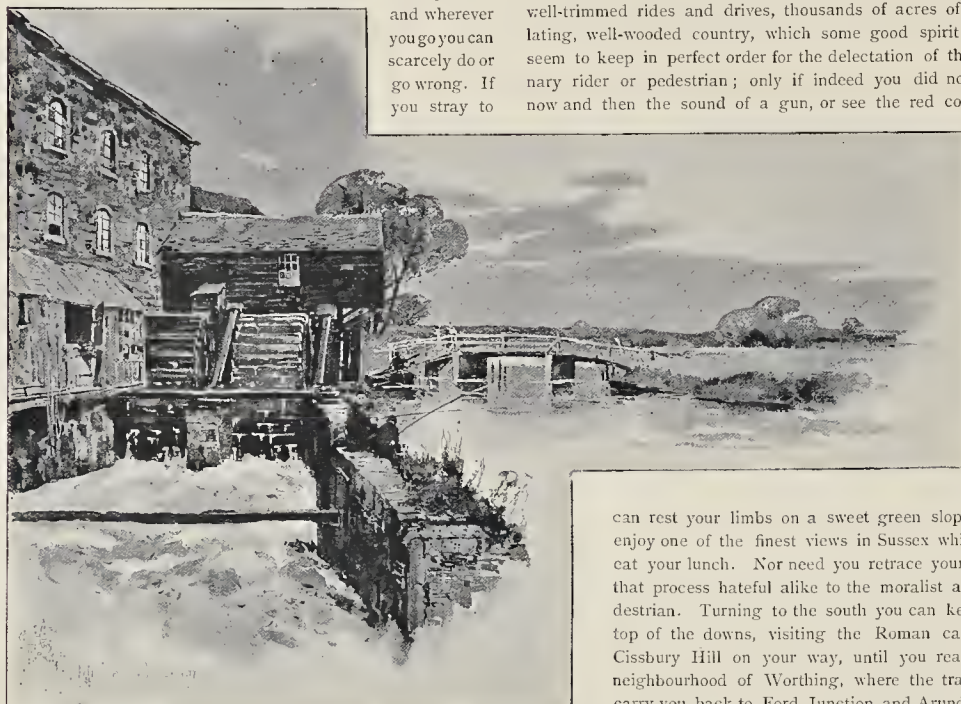
An Old Lock at Fittleworth.



The Market-place, Arundel. From a Drawing by Geo. C. Haité.

of a butcher bird, with tiny "joints" of wren or linnet spiked upon the cruel thorns, or perhaps another "larder" even less pleasant—that of the gamekeeper, with its trees behung with withered bodies of weasel and polecat, and the ground below strewn with the bright blue feathers of the poor jays. Whatever you do and wherever you go you can scarcely do or go wrong. If you stray to

the left, the worst that can happen to you is to get into the Chichester road, which is almost as beautiful as the wood; if you keep to the west you will only cross a lovely little valley and reach the village of Slindon, with its fine views of Chichester, the Isle of Wight, and the distant sea. If you trend to the north you pass through a fairyland of park-like country, with broad green lawns and carefully planted trees, with well-trimmed rides and drives, thousands of acres of undulating, well-wooded country, which some good spirit would seem to keep in perfect order for the delectation of the ordinary rider or pedestrian; only if indeed you did not hear now and then the sound of a gun, or see the red coat of a



The Mill at Hardham. By Geo. C. Hailé.

huntsman from Petworth, when the leaves are turning brown.

But we have strayed too far from the Arun Valley, and having found our way out of the Rewel Wood, and returned to Arundel, will go by train to Amberley station, where we find at least "three courses" open to us. The first is to ascend the downs to the east and take one of the most beautiful walks in the world on the softest of turf, breathing the finest of air, and with the full stretch of the Weald of Sussex lying like a panorama before our eyes. We need go but a little way before we see (to right of Amberley, with its group of church and ruined castle) the old Elizabethan mansion of Parham, the seat of Lord de la Zouche, with its beautiful park. It needs many special visits to do justice to its beauty and to the treasures of old armour and pictures and manuscripts which it contains, most of which were collected by the Hon. Robert Curzon, the traveller and author of "Levantine Monasteries." Once on the downs it is hard to come back until at least you have reached that high down crowned with trees which seems always to beckon you on. This is Chanctonbury Ring, and not to be attained till you have made a descent into the valley through which the road to Worthing passes. But it is well worth the trouble, and, if you have started betimes, it forms an admirable resting-place in the middle of the day, where you

can rest your limbs on a sweet green slope, and enjoy one of the finest views in Sussex while you eat your lunch. Nor need you retrace your steps, that process hateful alike to the moralist and pedestrian. Turning to the south you can keep the top of the downs, visiting the Roman camp on Cissbury Hill on your way, until you reach the neighbourhood of Worthing, where the train will carry you back to Ford Junction and Arundel.

The other two courses are either to take the road to Amberley (which lies at some little distance from the station), or to take the path along the banks of the Arun to Bury. If, as you well may, you propose to include a visit to both places in the same day and return by train, it does not matter much which you take, as you will make the same circuit. But the road to Amberley is not very interesting, and may best perhaps be left till the last, and so we will cross the Arun by the charming bridge (already mentioned in the previous paper), and, leaving the road which crosses the marshes to the pretty village of Houghton, get down directly to the river bank and walk along it up the stream. It takes a great turn to the left here, and the traveller impatient to get to the pretty village of Bury may be tempted to take a short cut over the broad green meadow. Alas! this meadow is little better than a swamp, and except perhaps in such exceptionally dry weather as we have had in 1893, he will regain the path a sadder and a wiser man. There is a time for all things, and when you are walking from Amberley to Bury, it is not a time for impatience. The sense of hurry is altogether destructive of the only mood proper to the occasion. It does not matter much what season of the year it may be, provided the day is bright. Whether the woody hills in the distance are rich with autumn tints from fading leaves, or rich with spring tints from budding ones, there is plenty of fine colour. The reeds change from

green to yellow grey, the blackthorns from snowy white to green, but it is only from one sweet "scheme" to another.

Never, perhaps, does Bury look more charming than in the spring, when, as in our little picture overleaf, the village, with red roofs and flowering trees, is seen blushing like a bride through a mist of white blossom. There is not much to see at Bury; the church is small and neat, but that is all; the churchyard is pretty and full of those large stone tombs so much in use in this part of Sussex. They cover vaults in which coffin can be piled on coffin without contact with the earth and its worms. Here at least this attempt to retard decay and preserve distinction fails, for in a few years the coffins and the bodies are reduced to dust, and when the vaults are opened there is nothing to be seen but a mass of bones and coffin plates. But though Bury may not have much to show in the way of historical relic or architectural curiosity, it is one of the most picturesque of the villages on the Lower Arun. It is built over a somewhat steep little hill on the side of lanes which dip and rise and curve with all manner of pretty irregularities; it is green with gardens and orchards growing at all angles, it is set with barn and cottage ensconced in snug nooks, and perched on odd eminences. Indeed, it is a village composed of pretty pictures; and a favourite resort of artists for that reason partly, and partly for the varied range of picturesque subjects with which it is surrounded. At its feet lies the valley of the Arun, at its back a range of high hills, which include Ditchling Beacon, the highest point in the South Downs. Its only drawback is the climate, which is somewhat close and enervating. Many are the pleasant tracks which lead from Bury. You may take the line of the hills, ascend Ditchling, and go round

through Midhurst, or, if a less circle please you, you may go under the hills to Houghton, and back to Arundel by South Stoke and the river or through the Park; if your mood be more for old and ancient places, you may without much difficulty visit the extensive Roman remains at Bognor, or go across the fields and river to Amberley and see the old castle and the older church, the remains of the old palace of the Bishops of Chichester and the picturesque old house built by Bishop Sherborne in 1508.

The charm of the little group of old buildings that crown the low sandstone rock on the edge of the "Wild Brook" (or Marsh) is, of its kind, not easily to be surpassed. Church, palace, castle, house—they all lie close together like a mediæval *Aeropolis*. The church, with its Norman chancel-arch of chalk, still as white and sharp as when first earven; the picturesque ruins of castle and chapel, which, despite the ravages of Waller, still present one of the finest pieces of finished stonework of the period; the green courts, partly closed in with crumbling castle wall, partly with ancient dwelling house still inhabited, unite to form a picture unique and lovely. Having seen these and the pretty old-world village, one may return with as many dreams as one pleases of knight and priest and soldier-prelate; or, if nature resume her sway over the mind, there is the river and the "Wild Brook." Imagination may even here come to your help, and if you be of a gastronomic turn, a vision of a dish of Amberley trout, to be followed by a pie of cranberries plucked from the once famous bushes of the brook, may fill your fancy, though the chance of your enjoying them in any other way may be remote indeed.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.



Specimen of design by Cox, Buckley & Co. Fig. 1.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ALTAR-CLOTHS.

THE needlework of Helen of Troy is mentioned in the *Iliad*, and in the *Hecuba* of Euripides the Trojan women lament the servitude they will have to render to the Greeks in weaving and painting their garments. The Romans copied the Greek embroideries, and so great was Greek influence upon taste, that India, Persia, and Assyria (those cradles of the earlier embroideries) adopted Greek designs, and mingled them with Byzantine and Egyptian art, until nothing distinctive of any

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nation existed. But while the Roman power was at its height, the needlework of the East, and especially that of Babylonian workmanship, was highly esteemed, and formed a distinct article of commerce, large sums being expended upon it, and it formed one of the richest gifts that one wealthy person could give another. The veils given by Herod to the temple of Jerusalem and the state garments of Tarquin the Elder are described as being of Babylonian work.

4 U

It was about this time that ornamental needlework changed its name from Phrygium to Brustus, from which the French *broderie* and English embroidery are derived. When the Roman empire collapsed European embroidery ceased, until the ritual of the Christian church ordained that the vestments

increase; but the dissolution of the monasteries and the appropriation of church property by laymen in the reign of Henry VIII. dealt ecclesiastical embroidery a blow that it has only recovered from during the last forty years.

The beautiful embroideries that were expressions of the faith and labour of a bygone time became the prey of private individuals; much was burnt for the sake of obtaining the gold that was in it; and many an altar-cloth was turned into secular curtains, while vestments and palls were sewn together to form carpets. The few fine pieces of work that were concealed and are now in good preservation are the Sion Cope of the thirteenth century (in South Kensington), the pall of the Vintners' Company, fifteenth century, the pall of the Goldsmiths' Company, the cope of St. Cuthbert (in Durham Cathedral), and the mantle of St. Stephen and St. Blaise. Other pieces did escape the greed of the early reformers and the Puritans' dread of popish superstitions, but several were lost to posterity through the ignorance or indifference of the clergy, who, knowing nothing of church ritual and careless of her property, cut up altar-cloths for pulpit cushions, and left but fragments of magnificent palls or vestments. After the suppression of the monasteries needlework for church purposes ceased, the ladies of the Stuart age working in silk on satin, but only for secular purposes; and during the time of the Georges, working elaborate patterns upon waistcoats and dresses, but leaving the communion table uncovered and its bare wood showing. We may certainly consider the church at its lowest ebb in the so-called "good old days" of the Georges. Her services were neglected and her edifices left to decay; the clergyman was the servant of the squire; invited to his table, it is true, but expected to withdraw before the sweets appeared, and the service was never begun until the lord of the manor was seated in his warmed and curtained pew. As a relic of the old Puritan gift of expounding, the sermon and not the service was held in honour, and gradually, from a modest position outside the chancel, the pulpit was moved into the very centre, and in many cases entirely hid the altar.



Old Italian Altar-Cloth. Silk Embroidery on Linen. Fig. 2.
From Messrs. Howell & James's Collection.

of the priests and the furnishing of the altars should be of the richest and most costly materials procurable. At first all the designs executed were Byzantine in taste, and came from the East, but as the Church at Constantinople decayed in power, and that of Rome increased, the style changed to Gothic, and remained Gothic until the end of the fourteenth century. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it was superseded by the Renaissance, and after that by the Rococo, gradually dying out altogether, as the wars of Europe disturbed the land, and the children of the nobility were no longer instructed by the patient nuns in the higher branches of the art. It was during the Middle Ages that embroidery obtained a magnificence scarcely to be believed, the faithful giving their jewels and their gold to adorn the altar-cloths or the garments of the saints; and so great was the number and variety of the work produced, that every church possessed chests full of altar-cloths, hangings, palls, and vestments, all of the greatest costliness.

In England up to the seventh century fine needlework was little practised, but during the reigns of Alfred the Great and Edward the Confessor, Anglo-Saxon embroidery was considered better than Italian work, and the Popes of Rome were glad to obtain it. Both these English monarchs fostered the art, and gave many embroidered articles to the churches. No material was thought too costly, and the work was so elaborate that a whole lifetime was frequently spent in embroidering one vestment, while larger pieces, such as hangings and altar-cloths, were handed down from mother to daughter before they were completed. The needlework of England, especially prized by the Italian popes, was known as "Opus Anglicanum"; its designs were remarkable for their simplicity and dignity, and a stitch was largely used that was so worked as to give the appearance of shade and roundness to a flat surface; the flesh parts of the sacred figures being so treated, stood out from the rest of the embroidery without any padding and without any change in the colour of the silk.

During the Norman and Lancastrian dynasties church work kept pace with church influence, and as the prelates became more proud and worldly so did the richness of their vestments



Old Italian Altar-Cloth. Fig. 3.
From Messrs. Howell and James's Collection.

So neglectful was the nation of church ordinances, that a common white basin was kept upon the altar for baptismal purposes, and the sacramental wine poured in the church from the clergyman's decanters. In one country parish, fifty years ago, the farmers objected to a crimson velvet altar-cloth being presented to the church, on the grounds that they should not like to use the altar any longer for their hats and coats.

We owe the change of feeling that has come over the nations partly to the Cambridge Camden Society, and partly to an earnest set of Oxford men, who, while endeavouring to re-establish the

ancient church ritual, searched the Continent for full particulars of the embroideries that helped to render those ceremonies more imposing, and rescued many curious examples from oblivion; and these pieces, with the inventories of church and monastic possessions, furnished sufficient evidences of the colours used for different festivals, and the symbolical meanings attached to the various emblems.

Although altar-cloths are now embroidered with almost greater minuteness and delicacy than those of earlier times, there is a very great difference in the style of ornament adopted and in the expression of thought, and this contrast is one of the curious features of church embroidery, dividing the old from the modern with great distinctness. Many church people will give the preference to the modern designer, who keeps within certain rules, and though employing symbolical colouring and emblems, selects those that are dignified; but though there is much that is grotesque in ancient symbolism, it is never deficient in meaning.

In many pieces of old work, the Deity is represented as a man's face issuing from a border of leaves, an object without beauty or dignity. Again, He will be typified in His attribute of power by a leopard with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, its eyes rolling, and its tail curled in an impossible way. The martyrdom of saints (a favourite subject with monkish embroiderers) will be treated in the most ghastly and realistic manner.

In the very beautiful Italian altar-cloth (Fig. 3), taken from Messrs. Howell and James's collection, and believed to have been worked in the sixteenth century, the mingling of symbolical and secular subjects by ancient designers is shown. No irreverence is intended, and nothing can exceed the care and skill with which the work is executed. In

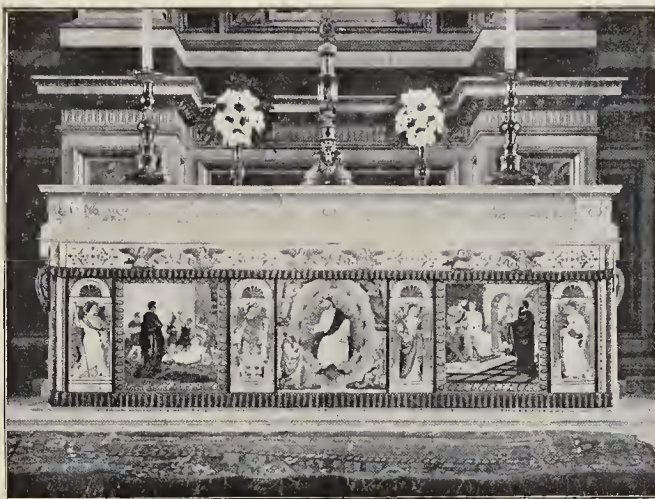


Altar Frontal of St. Andrew's, Worthing. Designed by W. Emerson. Fig. 4.

their natural colours, and the scrolls which spring from it are shaded with blues and reds. Every flower and every leaf is worked with its natural colours and most carefully shaded, the red and yellow tulips, the pink carnations, and the ranunculus all being perfectly delineated. Why the parrots with green plumages and yellow breasts are introduced it is impossible to say, but the towers on the super-frontal probably refer to St. Barbara, the pigs to St. Blaize, the white dogs to St. Bernard, the baskets of fruit to St. Dorothy. We conclude that the larger birds are birds of paradise, as they are given blue backs, white breasts, and pink, yellow, and red wings. The whole of this elaborate embroidery is worked upon white linen, evidently especially woven.

In Fig. 2 we have another very beautiful example of ancient silk embroidery upon linen also taken from Messrs. Howell and James's collection. The design of this is in better taste, because it is simpler than the first, and the work is as delicately, and carefully, shaded. The entwined garlands of flowers have a very artistic effect, their colouring being of shades of yellow for the daffodils, yellow-pink for the carnations, blue for the bluebells, and shades of purple, red, and yellow for the tulips and the fritillaries. The centre figure is worked upon a silk ground. It is that of the Virgin Mary, crowned and triumphant. Her diadem is adorned with jewels, her white robe spangled with stars, and she has her

foot upon the serpent, whose divided tail intimates that it is an emblem of the devil. The clouds beneath her figure show that she has ascended into heaven, while the crown above her that her spiritual crown is won, while the entwined palm-branches at the base of the cloth indicate that she was a martyr. The doves, one of her emblems, are at the sides



Part of Altar. St. Paul's Cathedral. Fig. 5.

perched upon lilies, and the curious ornaments of the panels are all finished off with finials of doves' heads.

In Fig. 6 we give another type of ancient ecclesiastical needlework, the scroll being composed of jewels made of real corals and padded couching (*opus pulvinarium*), flat work with gold thread (*auriphrygium*) and gold cord. The bullion and jewel embroidery is worked in a frame upon fine linen and then transferred to a velvet background, and the whole when complete would be termed *opus consutum* or work upon two materials. The raised parts of the design are the centre stems and the chief curves; these are padded out with a mass of linen threads and the bullion laid evenly over. The flat gold work is plain couching, the gold threads being laid upon the linen foundation and secured with silk stitches brought up from the back of the linen and returned there.

Compare these ancient specimens with the three modern ones in Figs. 1, 4, and 5, and the difference of thought and style of design will at once be apparent. The workmanship of all is excellent, and modern embroiderers can quite compete with ancient. But the taste of the present day is different from what it was in the olden times, and all the designs partake of the general desire for symmetry, dignity, and order above the expression of feeling. Fig. 1 (a design of Messrs. Cox & Buckley) is a good example of the geometrical style, very much used to adorn churches where no pronounced opinion as to high or moderate ritual is desired. The crowns and the church rose, and the Greek cross with rays, are the only symbols, and all of them have very plain meanings, while the very handsome scrolls that fill up the side panels are simply formed of conventional flowers and foliage. The altar frontal of St. Andrew's, Worthing (Fig. 4), designed by W. Emerson, and worked at St. James's Home, is another magnificent specimen of needlework. The centre cross is appliqué upon velvet and then upon white silk, and it is surrounded by the four emblems of the Evangelists, the angel of St. Matthew, the lion of St. Mark, ox of St. Luke, and eagle of St. John, while the flowers used are the church rose, lily, and passion-flower.

The last and handsomest of all three is that of Fig. 5, being the altar-cloth recently worked by the St. Katherine sisterhood for St. Paul's Cathedral. This is one of the finest pieces of modern needlework in existence, and in it is the celebrated

opus Anglicanum or split stitch that made the work of the Anglo-Saxons so prized. But before we turn to the workmanship we ought to examine the plan of the composition. The three large compartments are devoted to incidents in the life of St. Paul, the first showing the stoning of St. Stephen, and St. Paul consenting to the deed; the last, St. Paul before Agrippa, and the centre one, Christ on His heavenly throne offering a crown to the saint, while angels sing praises. The angels upon the super-frontal bear scrolls upon which "Scantus" is embroidered, and the four archangels fill up the architectural spaces that divide the three designs. These angels are St. Michael in full armour, St. Gabriel bearing the lily, St. Raphael with the pilgrim's staff, and St. Uriel with the scroll. The peculiar beauty of the needlework arises from the raised appearance given to the figures, the armour of St. Michael being beautifully rendered, each scale being outlined with pale blue silk, and filled up with gold thread, and ornamented with dots of silk. The greaves upon the legs are of gold, the skirt of yellow silk, the mantle is not worked like flat embroidery but with curves and curls of gold upon a white and red grounding. The wings of St. Michael are of gold thread stitched down and outlined with red silk, the hair is of brownish gold silk. The other figures are just as carefully thought out, and the mixture of dark cinnamon, dark blue, and dark red garments, among the figures serves to heighten and accentuate the lighter parts of the composition.

Still, with all these beautiful embroideries and correct pictorial and geometrical designs, there is something wanting in modern designs that is found in ancient. There is a look of completeness and of dignity imparted by the correctness of every detail, and the absence of grotesque symbolism, but this passionless symmetry fails to express that individual thought and whole-heartedness of belief in the faith it was the outcome of, that forces itself upon the senses when contemplating ancient designs, that seem to glow with the fervour of the worker who thought nothing common or out of place that could show forth some heavenly action, or remind the faithful of what others had endured to build up the church to its high estate. Possibly what we lack in modern art is as much the expression of what we lack in modern faith by the designer, as the old is of the mediæval fervour.

B. C. SAWARD.



Antique Ecclesiastical Embroidery. (Jewel and Bullion.) Fig. 6.

A PAINTER OF WINTER—LOUIS APOL.*

ON the morning of June 3rd, 1880, amid the cheers of hundreds of interested spectators, a small stoutly built sailing vessel left the quay at Amsterdam, and a few hours later passed out of the harbour of Ymuiden. She was the *Willem Barents*, setting out on a scientific mission to the Arctic regions, this being her third voyage. There was on board, in addition to the officers and crew, a young Dutch painter, with a reputation already fairly established, being represented in various public collections of Art by some fine pictures, in most cases having wintry landscapes for their theme. For to him nature's most attractive phases were those times in the latter end of autumn, when a bluish haze hangs over the meadows and between the trunks of the trees, and the setting sun empurples wood and heath; or in the depth of winter when a thick crust of ice covers the water, and the leafless branches of the trees bend under the weight of the snow. His object in joining the Arctic Expedition was to obtain an opportunity of seeing and studying the regions of eternal winter, and the desire of accomplishing this had led him to make the request to accompany the navigators. The two former expeditions had been accompanied by an English photographer named Grant, so Louis Apol's request to go with the third was readily granted, and he was commissioned to sketch anything which would assist the objects which the expedition had in view. The Arctic circle was crossed on the 15th June, and the North Cape was reached on the 19th, and soon the first ice was sighted. The ship's course was steered farther and farther into the ice, and the immense variety of shapes displayed by the floating masses of frozen water naturally

attracted the artist's careful attention. The fantastic shapes of the icebergs and hummocks, the contrast between the green sea and the sparkling whiteness of the ice mountains; the flocks of birds of all kinds, the seals, the whales, all provided subjects for his brush and pencil. And Apol made good use of these opportunities. Wherever he was, at sea, on shore, on the watch—for he had to take his turn at the watch twice a day with the officers of the ship—he would be sketching and drawing, sometimes in water colours on the spot. Even when hunting for food he always had his sketch-book with him, and his zeal and industry not a little astonished his companions.

The ship encountered a good many fogs and much rain,



Near the Water Mill—Winter. By Louis Apol.

* Lodewyk Franciscus Hendrik Apol.



Rainy Weather. By Louis Apol.

which naturally interfered with painting, but, none the less, there were many grand opportunities of depicting imposing scenery. One of his best sketches was made when the *Hillem Barents* reached the Norwegian coast, and represents the majestic mountains covered with snow,—all but their bare steep sides,—a scene affording some good opportunities for contrasts between the bright white valleys and crests, and the dark colours of the rugged rocks. At Nova Zembla, owing to the fortunate circumstance of fine weather, Apol also did some good work. He made several sketches of the shore from the vessel at anchor, and on his return he worked the sketches up into a large water-colour, which was afterwards engraved on wood and published in the Report of the voyage. The scene was an imposing one. In the background were the snow-capped and covered mountains standing up into the deep blue sky, with enormous glaciers covering their sides and immense caverns, here and there, of transparent light-green ice. Nearer was a cascade of about fifty feet high and ten feet wide, falling down the face of a rugged inaccessible cliff. In the immediate foreground were the tracks of reindeer and polar bears. The awful silence and the

depressing sterility of those Arctic scenes linger long in the memory of those who have once seen them.

Another of his sketches represented five decayed wooden crosses on the island of Wrangel, where had apparently been a Russian settlement in the eighteenth century, for on the mouldering wood could be deciphered inscriptions in Russian and the figures 17—.

Russians still occasionally visit these regions for the whale-hunting and salmon-fishing which is carried on near the coasts of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. Apol sketched all he could: he drew the small Russian schooners, often with a woman

smoking a pipe at the helm; also the frail boats of the morse fishers—the greater number of these boats being lost in the ice every year. He visited the Russian settlement of Karmakuli, in Nova Zembla, and sketched, among other things, a Samoyede with his wife and child who were there. These people are a nomadic race of Mongolian type, and are said to have once been cannibals. Apol drew this family several times, as well as the reindeer-skin tent in which they lived, where the child was seen asleep in a small wooden



The Beech Wood—Winter. By Louis Apol.

trough tightly wrapped in a reindeer-skin so that it could not move. The settlement swarms with dogs of all kinds, and on the hill is a Russian chapel. Near the settlement is a place where thousands of penguins and other Arctic birds breed. The birds choose steep rocks near the sea, where they are safe from foxes. The dark colours of the bird-crowded rocks contrast well with glistening ice and white sea-foam, and Apol afterwards worked up from his rough notes excellent drawings and water-colours of those scenes. He had such effects to depict as were altogether after his own heart. There were the glowing lights of the aurora borealis colouring the sky orange and purple, with emerald here and there; the lunar rainbows on fine moon-lit nights, and the midnight sun himself hanging like a glowing ball over the horizon of utterly desolate ice-floes and snow-fields. Then there were also many mist effects which delighted him, such as are rarely seen in our lati-

tudes: a low-lying fog of a few feet deep showing the bright sky and sun above; and many of these scenes he has happily rendered.

He visited and sketched besides many of the small sheltered harbours on the Norwegian coast. Vardø, with its wooden church and spire visible from a great distance at sea, its unpaved streets and miserable houses, on the roofs of which the goats graze, and with its adjacent cod-fish drying-ground, was one of these. He also sketched Vardøhuus, with its earthen fortress, and Hammerfest, with its small secluded harbour, so surrounded by rocks that the water is never rougher than a ripple.

He brought back many sketches of the *Willem Barents* herself, leaving and entering the harbour of Ymuiden, or at anchor in the ice, also a sketch of the "crow's nest" at the top of the mast, and 'In Danger,' representing an incident when the ship had stranded against a cliff near Kruis Island, and could not get off. She did get off at last, however, but it was found that she had sustained so much damage that it was considered unwise to proceed upon the voyage. So the bow was turned, and on the 30th of September the *Willem Barents* arrived safely at the harbour of Ymuiden, in Holland.

Apol's studio is lighted by one large window at the side and



A Winter Evening. By Louis Apol.

another one overhead, giving him a strong out-door light. The room was constructed under his own direction, in the house in the Hague where he formerly lived, and to which he has returned since 1892. For the six years previous he lived in Gelderland, near the Rosendaal woods and the dark trees of Beekhuizen, where some of the paintings which illustrate this article were made, and many other paintings and sketches. Some represent the wood with the restless leaves and twigs, through which the light plays, dancing between the grey beeches and over the dark waters of the little brook. Others show that the painter has been struck by the fine silvery birch trunks rising from the snow-covered ground, overhung by the cold mysterious November fog. Again it is the narrow path with the slender trees on either side which leads to Rosendaal's little churchyard, or the sheepfold which formerly stood near it, but has since disappeared. When the glittering frost covered the trees with fantastic icicles and crystals, or the dying sunbeams incarnadined the heath, and the border of the thick wood stood out in clear-cut silhouette against the evening sky, then would Apol seize palette and brushes and—let us hope, well wrapped up—sally forth to record nature's moods of awe and gloom. Nor is it Gelderland alone which appeals to him. He is quite as devoted to the typical Dutch

landscapes with canals and windmills and rivers. It was near The Hague, where Apol was born on the 6th of September, 1850, that he made his first sketches from nature, and he has in later years painted the country near the Vecht, at Loenen and Harmelen. He made many sketches at the time of the great floods. His views of Nymegen, Dordrecht, Rotterdam and Vreeswyk are well known. One is in the National Gallery at Amsterdam, and represents Rheden's ferry in mid-winter, when there is but a small passage left in the ice in the river. So far back as 1875 the Dutch Government purchased one of Apol's pictures for the Dutch National Gallery. It is a view of a wood on a bitterly cold January day. On the left the greyish-green trunks of thick beeches rise into the air, the ground is covered by shrubs loaded with snow. The setting



The Sheefield. By Louis Apol.

sun colours the snowy sky purple, and sends through the trees a reddish-yellow light, which shines coldly on the ice of a lonely ditch. This picture is one of the best and most impressive which Apol has ever done, and is reproduced by us on p. 354.

There is another in the museum of The Hague with a similar theme which has been placed by chance over a winter landscape by Franciscus Hoppenbrouwers, who was a friend of Apol's father and the immediate cause of the boy's being allowed to devote himself to Art. Hoppenbrouwers, from whom Apol derived his second name, allowed the boy to come to his studio and copy his pictures. This went on for two years, when Hoppenbrouwers died, and Apol was next assisted by counsel from P. Stortenbeker, who was never tired of advising the young artist to study nature without ceasing. Stortenbeker was unsparing in his criticisms of his pupil's work, and, far from being discouraged, Apol tried to do his utmost to satisfy his exacting instructor. In following the bent of his own tastes Apol has wandered far from the art of Stortenbeker, but he is ever ready to admit the soundness of his old master's instructions and the value of his counsels.

There is another of Apol's pictures in the museum at The Hague besides the one mentioned above. The town of Dordrecht bought one in 1879 for its museum, Rotterdam has one, and many more are in private possession in different parts of Holland, especially in the north part of the country.

In foreign countries his art has also secured recognition. Many of his works, both oil and water-colour, have gone to England and America. He sent two sketches and four large canvases to the World's Fair at Chicago, all representing views in Holland. Apol sends most of his pictures to Munich for exhibition, where he finds both government and public appreciative. In 1889 he received the Bavarian Order of St. Michael, exactly twenty years after a picture of his was first publicly exhibited. That was in 1869 at The Hague, and

the little picture was purchased by a lady now well known as a painter of flowers, Madame Vogel-Rooseboom. This first success spurred him on to more diligent study, and when he exhibited, in 1872, a canvas representing a woman washing clothes at the water-side, he was awarded the gold medal by his native town. Silver medals from Amsterdam, Liège, Philadelphia, and Munich have followed in later years. His talent attracted the attention of the late King of the Netherlands, William III., who made him knight of the "Eikeykroon" in 1887, and gave him a civil list pension.

His zeal for his art is indefatigable. He seldom misses an opportunity to exhibit. At recent exhibi-

tions at The Hague he sent a view of a bit of sea-coast on a winter's evening, and also two water-colour sketches destined for America. He is at present engaged upon a large canvas representing a view on the road through the wood of The Hague to Leyden, which piece of country, together with the wood near Scheveningen, seems to possess a great attraction for him.

Apol scarcely ever puts any figures in his pictures. He prefers to paint inanimate nature, in autumn delicate and melancholy, in winter cold and desolate. In this respect he can in no way be said to have preserved the spirit of the old Dutch masters, who, it is true, loved winter scenes well enough, but preferred to represent the mirth and festivity of jolly skaters in the sunshine rather than the depressing and uncomfortable gloom of deserted frost-bound landscapes. It may be that our times are more melancholy, more introspective than those they lived in, and that the painter of today does but reflect the spirit of the age in which he finds himself.

ANNA C. CROISSET VAN DER KOP.



FIG. A.

No. 1. Gold Ring, Oriental, set with an engraved cornelian.

No. 2. Persian Ring of seventeenth or eighteenth century, with enamelled bezel. In the South Kensington Museum.

No. 3. Antique Silver Ring, with bezel of pierced work, representing St. George on horseback trampling on the Dragon. From Nuremberg.

No. 4. Necklace of Metal, cast and gilt, set with blue glass. Wallachian. In the South Kensington Museum.

HINTS FOR BUYERS OF GIFTS: PERSONAL JEWELLERY.

IT should be stated at the outset that it is not proposed in the present paper to treat of the large class of jewellery, such as crowns and sceptres, crosiers and pectoral crosses, papal and episcopal rings, cope-morses, badges of orders of knighthood, mayors' and other civic chains, etc., which, though all of them personal in the sense that they are worn or carried about the person, are yet of the nature of official and ceremonial insignia, and as such are usually of a certain prescribed form and dimension. Whereas the humbler rank of private ornaments admits of greater freedom and variety, and subjects them less to conventional restrictions than to the choice of the individual. Thus a criticism, in these pages, of the Crown jewels at the Tower would not be likely to bring about the remodelling of the regalia, desirable as such a reform might be. But the popular standard in jewellery may, it is hoped, be not wholly unaffected for good by the publication of some typical instances, in the design and manufacture of which sound principles and artistic taste are paramount.

During the eighteenth century, in the ornaments of the wealthier classes, the stone-cutter and stone-setter had practically supplanted the artist in precious metals; and, from that date, it is only in such peasant jewellery as has been unaffected by ever-changing and ever-deteriorating fashions, that we may look for any sound traditions of design among so-called civilised nations. The misplaced ingenuity with which diamonds and other precious stones are tortured by us into the

inane similitude of a garland of flowers or a spray of maiden-hair fern, is in striking contrast to the system which governs



FIG. B.

No. 1. Buddhist Ornament, the pendant of thin brass in relief.

No. 2. Kabyle Chain and Clasps of white metal, set with rough coral.

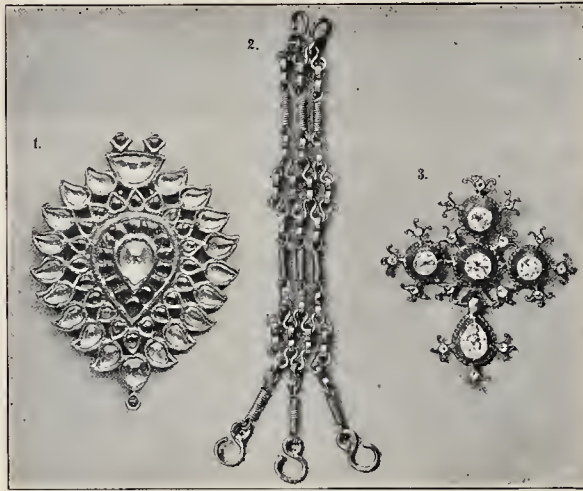


FIG. C.

No. 1. Antique Indian Pendant, gold, set with jewels. From Messrs. Procter & Co.

No. 2. English Eighteenth-century Chain of gilt metal in triple series of links.

No. 3. Pendant, set with five large and many small crystals. French work from Lower Normandy. Seventeenth century.

(The two last from the South Kensington Museum.)

the best traditional ornament. One feature, which may almost be said to be common to all artistic jewellery of every period throughout the world, is the simplicity of its ground-plan, or, at any rate, the uncompromising rigour with which a unit—in itself, perhaps, not so severe—is chosen to form the sum of an ornament by repetition. For example, the pear-shaped pendant (Fig. C, No. 1), handsome as it is, consists of an aggregate of its own form on a reduced scale. The pear-shape and the triangle are, it will be seen without much difficulty, the elements on which the two ornaments (Fig. B, Nos. 1 and 2) are based. The Norwegian and Swedish ornaments (Fig. D, Nos. 1 and 2), both circular in plan, are further adorned with circular pendants, in the one case rings, and in the other concave discs. To the last is added a device frequently to be met with in Swedish jewellery. It is conjectured to be the monogram of the name Maria, or the initials of the angelic salutation, *Ave Maria*. Pendant drops, whether globules, discs, rings, lozenges, triangles, crescents, pear or pine shapes, are extensively used in ancient and traditional jewellery of many countries, and might, with advantage, be adopted by ourselves. Being attached in such a way as to be stirred with the wearer's every movement, the scintillations of the play of light upon them has won for them among the Easterns a name which means, in Arabic, lightning. Even where the impression conveyed is that of sumptuousness, it will generally be found on analysis that the unit is comparatively simple, as in the Indian necklace (Fig. E), or even in the Wallachian chain (Fig. A, No. 4), which, rich as it appears, is composed only of two units alternating without any variation. This class of chain, consisting of separate plates linked or hinged together, was known in the England of Elizabeth as a carcanet. The Wallachian example, though distinctive enough, bears a certain family likeness to the beautiful old peasant jewellery of the mountain district of Krivoscie, in Dalmatia. Many specimens of this work, such as ear ornaments—bosses connected by chains under the chin—or frontlets adorned with peacocks

and a series of pendants all along the forehead, are just such as, allowing for difference in value of the materials employed in each case, might have been worn by the Empress Theodora herself. The Krivoscian peasant jewellery was usually made of base metal, gilt or plated, and set off at certain geometrical points with pastes of turquoise, or ruby colour, or with real stones of the commonest sorts, such as agate and cornelian. With its pure and unbroken Byzantine tradition, it continued to be produced until about half a century ago, when the Austrian Government, who finally acquired the territory in 1814, attempted to enforce the conscription; and the inhabitants, rather than submit, migrated in a body across the frontier, where they are now absorbed among the Montenegrins and other neighbouring Highlanders. With the close of their existence as a separate tribe, the industry of the people has unhappily ceased. Pieces of Krivoscian jewellery are still sold at different places on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, e.g. Spalato, Ragusa, and Cattaro, but they are being rapidly dispersed, and the supply must before long come to an end. The peasants themselves are taking to paltry baubles of faint Parisian gold, instead of the ornaments of their ancestors. At Spalato there is yet carried

on the manufacture of exquisite gold filigree work, for all the world like the old classic ornaments. The firm of Castellani, in Rome, have for years past been doing somewhat similar



FIG. D.

No. 1. Silver Brooch, Norwegian.

No. 2. Neck Ornament of silver gilt, seventeenth century, Swedish.

From the Torna district, in the province of Shave.

(Both in the South Kensington Museum.)

work; with this difference, however, that with them it is a conscious renaissance, and at Spalato a survival.

The demands of commercialism and the evil effects of bad French fashion are in danger of ruining the jewellery even of the far-away hill tribes of Kabylia. The native industry is fortunately not yet extinct; but specimens in the old style, like that shown (Fig. B, No. 2), are only made as required for native use or for others to order. That which passes for Kabyle jewellery and is exposed for sale in the shops of Algiers, for example, is mechanical, tame and finikin to a degree, and as corrupt and as unlike the original picturesque,



FIG. E.

Necklace of Pearls, Pale Coral, and Precious Stones.
Gold Bangle, decorated with coloured enamel and stones.
Indian work. From Messrs. Procter & Co.

spirited type as it could possibly be. Not but what in certain parts of France peasant jewellery is still, or was until recently made of considerable artistic merit, after the manner of the old cross (Fig. C, No. 3). It will be observed that the lower limb is hinged, a practical convenience which renders it less liable to get bent or snapped off in wear. From the seventeenth century onward there are to be distinguished divergent types of these crosses peculiar to several districts. The St. Lo type here shown is the best, as being a medium variety. In North France the prevailing type was of heavy bosses without any lighter work; while at Rouen and elsewhere the opposite extreme was followed, and, with a redundancy of light spray-work, the outline of the cross, in the absence of bosses, was altogether obscured. In England, in the eighteenth century, while the gold had depreciated to the extent of having the faint reddish tinge of cheap French stuff of to-day, excellent work was executed in cut and burnished steel ornaments. Of the same period is the fob chain (Fig. C, No. 2). It is both workmanlike in

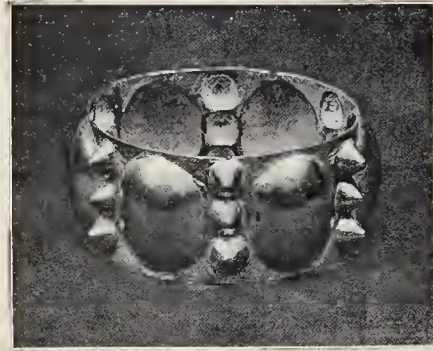


FIG. F.

Bracelet of hammered silver. Indian. From Messrs. Procter & Co.

execution and admirable for its purpose; far preferable to the water-silk ribbon which is often substituted for a metal chain. It may be remarked incidentally that the watch-chain from the waistcoat pocket and the fob should never be worn together by the same person. They represent each an alternative mode of carrying the watch at distinct periods; and no one, therefore, ought to wear at once two chains, any more than two hats or two pairs of boots, no matter how diverse in style they may be. The English jewellery (Fig. G) proves that it is possible at the present day, by following on the old lines, without any approach to servile imitation, to produce work full of character and beauty. One word in conclusion. It may be asked why no specimens of earrings are given? The object of this paper is practical. Various types of jewellery of different countries and different ages are offered, not only for the sake of illustrating the propositions contained in the text, but as furnishing beautiful and appropriate forms such as one might reasonably hope to see, though not exactly copied, at any rate adapted to our present needs. Whereas with earrings the case is otherwise. In the tiny compass of the modern earring there is no room for developing decorative design. In order to be an ornamental



FIG. G. Modern Ornaments designed by Mr. C. R. Ashbee, architect, and executed by the Guild of Handicraft.

- No. 1. Silver Brooch set with pale amethyst.
 - No. 2. Gold Brooch set with pearls, the property of Miss Ashbee.
 - No. 3. Silver Chatelaine.
- (The above are cast after the original wax models.)

Fig. 4. Silver Brooch, hand-wrought, and set with a pearl.

object it must have measurable proportions. So long as the present standard of taste compels it to approximate as nearly as possible to the size of a pin's head, without any promise of a change, it is vain to proffer suggestions of design that would not be used. Whenever the occasion comes, as come it may, we may rely upon it as certain, that examples of the earring, both many and artistic, are ready and waiting only the summons to appear.

The literature devoted to the subject of finger-rings is very interesting and not inconsiderable. For the ring, as the common property of both sexes, is more extensively worn, and therefore of more general interest, than any other form of personal jewellery; as also it is undoubtedly one of the oldest. An ornament in itself obvious and rational, the finger-ring does not require a utilitarian purpose to justify its existence. However, the practical Roman made it serve the purpose of a key for lifting latches or turning locks. Rings of this description were provided with a flat tongue projecting from the bezel or from the upper edge of the hoop, the tongue itself being pierced to correspond with the wards of the lock. Not that these were by any means the only rings used by the Romans. It was a practice common among them in early days, and later a party badge among the stern Republicans of the old régime, as a protest against the increasing luxury of the times, to wear a thumb-ring of solid bronze or iron; much after the form of the stone and metal scarab-rings of ancient Egypt, or of the jade rings of India. King Ethelwulf's gold ring, decorated with dark blue niello, found at Laverstock, Hants, and now preserved in the British Museum, is something akin to this class of ring, expanding as it does into a mitre shape at the back. Our modern rings in the form of a coiled snake are not without their Roman prototypes. Antique Roman intaglio and cameo rings are too well known to need any description.

Apart from further reasons, the use of the ring in marriage places this article of jewellery in a position of importance beyond any other, at any rate in the West. A different usage prevails, for instance, in the Holy Land, where there is placed upon the neck of the bride a chain of silver coins, to which is attached an extra coin, the equivalent in value of the rest. It is to this custom that the Parable of the lost piece of silver refers. The defect of one coin out of ten produces in the woman a distress which would be excessive but for the significant fact that the set is thereby broken; a calamity as bad as losing her wedding-ring to a faithful wife in other parts of the world. In this connection may be mentioned the very curious rings which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were used in Hebrew betrothals. These rings have, in place of the bezel, a device supposed to be a model of the Temple, conical or gabled, with dormers, turrets, and even revolving vanes attached. Projecting rings like these, though picturesque in appearance, must have been practically most inconvenient, and almost incompatible with the wearing of gloves. We know, however, that it was not unusual to place finger-rings outside the gloves; and again that gloves sometimes had the backs of the fingers slashed between the knuckles, to allow them to be drawn on over the rings, as well as to enable the rings themselves to be displayed. A familiar instance of this fashion may be cited in the gloves of the St. Agnes in the triptych painted by Lucas von Leyden, now in the Old Pinakothek, at Munich.

Although wedding rings at the present day are almost invariably in the form of a plain hoop, in former times they were frequently set with gems or otherwise ornamented. A well-known type for betrothals and marriages represents two hands clasped or holding a heart between them. These are called "Fede" rings and "Gimmals." Of the latter the distinguishing mark—from which in fact their name, a corruption of *gemelli*, twins, is derived—is the mechanism by which the hoop opens out into two or more component rings, fastened together on a pivot. Allied to this class of rings are motto rings, or posies, as they were commonly called. Nowadays hardly anything more suggestive than "AEI" or "Mizpah" occurs on such rings. But the few examples below, taken almost at random from ancient sources, illustrate the many possibilities for inscriptions, ornamental in themselves, and at the same time appropriate for wedding rings, souvenir rings, and other jewellery:—*Nul sans feyn; sans mal desyr; de boen cuer; in bone foy; loyalle na peur; troothe is fre; a friend at need all gould exceed; my worldly joy, all my trust, hert, thought, lyfe and lust; mon cor plesor* (my heart's desire); *let tiking last*; and, finally, from a memorial ring charged with a death's head (sixteenth century, English), *nosse te ypsum, and dye to lyve*.

Again there were numerous amulet rings and other trinkets upon which the sacred monogram and *Ave Maria*, besides other invocations and names of saints, are of constant occurrence. A fourteenth-century ring of gold set with a sapphire, from the Spitzer collection, is inscribed YEXVS, a singular variation of the Holy name. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries not a small number of rings, etc., in England and other countries bore the names of the Magi, Caspar or Jasper, Melchior and Balthasar. This is only what one might expect to find in Germany and round about Cologne, where the shrine of the Three Kings would not fail to attract to itself a considerable devotion. But in our own country, unless the explanation be afforded in the popular ceremonies of Twelfth Night, we must seek another reason. It seems indeed only natural that, in the period when, in consequence of the devastations of the Wars of the Roses and repeated visitations of pestilence, the roads, as we know, had fallen into a sad state of disrepair; when the bridges were ruinous and fords impassable from frequent floods; and when, worst of all, the ways were infested by robbers, so that travelling was attended with the utmost peril and difficulty, honest folk should be anxious to secure their own safety by placing themselves under the patronage of the illustrious Eastern pilgrims whose enterprise rendered them worthy protectors of the wayfarers of all succeeding ages. Some rings were so constructed as to form miniature caskets for relics, while others—these are said to have originated in Venice—were phials for containing poison. As an instance of the magical properties believed to attach to finger rings in the Middle Ages, it is worth remembering that in 1227 the Mennesinger Ulrich von Lichtenstein, before starting on his famous Venus ride, offered a charm ring which would insure the love of the object of their regard to as many as should enter the lists with him. It was only by the offer of so coveted a bribe that he could induce any one to adventure the unknighly proceeding of crossing spears with a lady. In the course of his progress Ulrich, in the character of the Queen of Love, met three hundred and seven antagonists and parted with as many gold rings.

AYMER VALLANCE.



Chicago from Lake Michigan.

CHICAGO AND THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

HISTORY makes us acquainted with several memorable revivals and creations, but probably none so marvellous as that presented to us in the history and present position of Chicago. Augustus found Rome of brick and left it of marble. London sprang from the ashes of its great fire, and Wren's black-spired churches tell us how little, after all, of even the London of the date was destroyed. In Paris, Napoleon III. opened up and improved the city on strict military principles—wide avenues where artillery or cavalry could operate, paved with crumbling asphalt, of which barricades could not be constructed. In these cases we are dealing with ancient and historic capitals. But in Chicago we have a place that has twice made its own history within the limits of the life of the writer of these words. The early history of Chicago is very striking. Up to 1832 the place had practically no existence as the scene of human activity. As "Fort Dearborn"—a name still retained by one of the main streets of the city—the site, or a small corner of it, was selected as the point where, early in this century, the United States should give "a demonstration of its strength to counteract the pernicious effects" of the tactics of this country amongst the Indians around the lakes. As early as 1673, Joliet, a French fur-trader, and Marquette, a Jesuit priest, traversed the district, and probably visited this extreme south-west corner of Lake Michigan, but, from the site of 1893.

Portage—whence, it is said, they bore their canoes across to the Great Lake—this may be doubted. The name Joliet is given to a town lying south-west of Chicago, but as both those explorers are variously commemorated throughout what now forms the states of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois, the name of this town does not prove the French trader to have visited so far south. The town, under the name as we know it, appears to date from 1830, when in August the Illinois and Michigan Canal Commissioners issued a plan of the new town, with a new name, "Chicago," after the river on which the town was to be built. Chicago is an Indian word of disputed meaning, but "god of thunder" may, perhaps, be accepted as readily as any other interpretation—preferable, at



"Victoria House," the British Headquarters of the World's Fair.

least, to the alternative of "Skunk's Hole." When, in 1832, Mr. F. W. Peck built the first business structure in the place destined to be a great centre of business, Chicago had probably under a hundred inhabitants. A government report of about that time described the place as consisting of "three families occupying log-cabins." In the following year, when harbour works were begun, and four churches and four taverns had been erected, the inhabitants were reckoned at three hundred and fifty, and when, in 1837, the place, in accordance with American usage, blossomed into a "city," it had grown to have four thousand inhabitants.

Out of such beginnings the city of Chicago sprang up. Upon the swampy foundation a large town rose, with little architectural promise, unhealthy, restless and unlovely. Then

it seems needful to say that the streets of Chicago measure over two thousand two hundred miles in all; that its inhabitants number a million and a quarter, that it has four hundred miles of street railways or tramways, that thirty-six railway lines converge on it, and that eighty thousand miles of railway radiate from it; that as a port it exceeds even New York in tonnage cleared, that its swing bridges are numberless, that its tramway and other tunnels beneath the river by which its three divisions of north, south, and west are connected are marvels of engineering as well as of enterprise. State Street, represented in the illustration below, is eighteen miles long, and our view necessarily gives but a slight idea of that great roadway. But taking the centre of the city, which is well marked by the centre of State Street, we find here the chief

architectural characteristics of the modern city, and catch a glimpse of the busy throng of the place which claims to dictate the price of bread for the whole world. The effect of the "skyscrapers," as the high houses are called, cannot be said to enhance the dignity or picturesque-ness of the scene. The city as seen from the lake forms the subject of the head-piece of this article. The pall of a busy industrial life is over the scene, and the almost complete level on which the city



State Street, Chicago.

came the incident of Mrs. O'Leary's cow and the kerosene lamp, on the evening of the 9th October, 1871, causing the memorable fire, which can best be chronicled, American fashion, as having cleared out four square miles of space—eighteen thousand buildings being destroyed—rendered one hundred thousand people homeless, and cost one hundred and ninety-two millions of dollars, or nearly £40,000,000 sterling. What looked at the time as a great calamity has been the making of Chicago, and a recent writer has characteristically compared the incident to getting the hair singed at a barber's shop, making it grow the faster. And Chicago has grown. Its site, with a series of twenty-eight magnificent parks as "lungs," covers one hundred and eighty square miles—a half more than London—and as the lake frontage is over twenty miles long, and the city extends back from the shore only from five to ten miles, there is an invigorating air from Lake Michigan to counteract the usual concomitants of a huge and busy city. At the risk of wearying our readers with figures,

stands deprives it of those elements of diversity which make up the exterior beauty of Constantinople or the interior wonder and beauty of Edinburgh. But a wealthy place which boasts five hundred churches can have no lack of spires, even if the "Auditorium" and the Women's Temperance Temple and other gigantic structures shown in the drawing did not give a break to the monotony of domestic and industrial "smoke stacks."

The Columbian Exposition of 1893, as it excels all former "World Fairs" in extent, also presents many novel, characteristic, and attractive features. Although situated seven miles from the business heart of the city, it is well within the municipal limits, and the means appointed for reaching it by rail, car, and water are numerous and complete. Jackson Park—a space of nearly six hundred acres in all—was two years ago only partly laid out, but the labours of those two years have been fruitful in great results. Added to the site of the Exposition is that delightful *neuvus* between Jackson and



The Administration Buildings of the World's Fair, Chicago.



The Polar Bear in the grounds of the World's Fair.

Washington Parks, which, with that seeking after archaic terms which distinguishes a new community, rejoices in the quaint title of "Midway Plaisance," and which furnishes eighty acres more. The more distant park, available, but not to be strictly used, as a part of the Exposition, adds three hundred and seventy acres. Of the one thousand acres of ground thus at command, about one hundred and fifty acres in all are enclosed within the roofs and walls of the main buildings, while innumerable special and subsidiary structures add largely to the covered space. At the southern end, where a T-shaped pier of two thousand three hundred feet in length—the cross-head being as long—projects into Lake Michigan, a large harbour for lesser craft is provided, protected outside and on the north with breakwaters to guard against the squally storms which sometimes rise on the lake.

Although details of the show be wearisome, the Exposition will not of itself fatigue the visitor. The grounds, with their marvellous conjunction of water and woodland, and the group-

ing of the main buildings, make up a series of ever new and delightful surprises. In one of our illustrations we show the British headquarters, with a peep at the U.S. war vessel in the creek behind. In the Administration buildings, which we also illustrate, a fine architectural effect is produced. The design of this structure was supplied by Mr. Richard M. Hunt, President of the American Institute of Architects, and although the selection of a New York man for this central building gave rise to some local jealousy, the result amply justifies the choice. The gilded dome, 264 feet in height, forms a conspicuous element in the general view, whether by day or night, and the co-

pious use of sculpture in the decoration of the design gives grace and lightness to the result. The style is French Renaissance, affording opportunity for very ornate treatment. All the sculpture decorating the exterior of this building is by Karl Ritter, a native of Vienna, who, in the course of a few years' residence in the States, has taken a high place in American art.

Of native sculpture the Exposition has a goodly display, and we illustrate from the hand of Mr. A. Phemister Proctor, one of a number of figures of American animals which are placed for ornament on the bridges in the grounds. His 'Polar Bear' is a powerful and realistic work, and has been, so to speak, taken from life, Mr. Proctor having some renown as a hunter as well as a sculptor. The tailpiece of the present article shows the view of the Exposition grounds looking northwards over the Lagoon, giving the general aspect of the main water-way leading from the grand basin in front of the Administration buildings.



The Grand Canal, looking north—the chief water-way in the Exposition.



Wall paper Frieze, designed by W. S. Black. Executed by Jeffrey & Co.

SOME BRITISH INDUSTRIES AT CHICAGO.

THE fear of the M'Kinley tariff, and a suspicion, not unwarranted by experience, that the bold buccaneers of transatlantic commerce may pounce down upon the unprotected Britisher's designs, go far to account for what promises to be a very poor show of British Industrial Art at Chicago.

Pottery will perhaps be fairly well represented, and one hears of at least one display of furniture which should do us credit. Another exhibit that should be interesting is Messrs. Hampton & Sons' reproduction of the famous banquetting hall at Hatfield. Their invitation to inspect the work reached us unfortunately too late to be of use, so that we are not in a position to speak of the execution of the carving, but there is nothing in the original which English wood-carvers of to-day are not perfectly competent to copy, and the Marquis of Salisbury appears to have given every facility for doing it as it should be done. The idea of the reproduction was at all events a very happy thought on the part of the exhibitors. They send us, by the way, their voluminous catalogue for review, which marks in one respect a new departure in trade catalogues, inasmuch as the illustrations are photo-process reproductions from furniture in stock.

In the art of clock-making Messrs. Smith & Sons, of Clerkenwell, may very possibly be at the top of the tree. Of the art displayed in the clock-cases they are sending to Chicago there is nothing to be said. Mr. Smith himself summed up the matter very tersely, when he explained, "What the public wants, is a clock for eight pounds which looks worth ten—what art means, is a clock for ten pounds that looks worth eight." Among the more enterprising exhibitors at Chicago seem to be the paperstainers, of whom two leading London firms are well represented. Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.'s exhibit illustrates, one may say, the whole scope of contemporary paperstaining, and goes even beyond it, for it includes some panels in repoussé copper, tinted with iridescent lacquer, which, although presumably too costly and not in any case quite the thing to employ

1893.

as a wall covering, ought to be useful in the hands of the decorator. The wall-papers proper of this firm include machine and block-printed papers of the ordinary kinds, coloured flock papers (which it is to be hoped are going out of use), raised flocks—which do not quite deserve the neglect into which they have fallen—printing in lacquer upon a metal ground, printing in transparent water colour upon talc—(a departure quite in the right direction)—and embossed "leather" paper, as it is called. Foremost among the designers upon whom they rely is Mr. Walter Crane, who is represented by several of his happiest designs, such as the 'Peacock Garden,' and the 'Golden Age,' and by a new scheme of decoration, which is



Doyley, design by Walter Crane. Woven in silk by John Wilson & Son.



Staircase Decoration, designed by Owen Davis.
Executed by Wm. Woollams & Co.

called 'the Trio.' It tells a story, as is usual with Mr. Crane, and we illustrate it on the opposite page:—

"Life's House to deck come Graces three,
Music, Painting, Poetry,"

is the inscription to be read on the opened book at the base of the pilasters which form an important feature in the design, and above are child figures of Music, Painting, and Poetry, enshrined in somewhat Gothic ornament of Mr. Crane's own style. The wall-filling between the pilasters is comparatively subdued in effect. In the frieze, which is perhaps the most interesting part of the design, the *motif* of the pilasters finds an echo. The quasi-Gothic ornament springs here in graceful lines from lyre-shaped vases, and arches canopy-like over the only living creatures the designer has this time introduced—the singing birds; admirably as he has conventionalised them, he yet makes them sing with all their might; and it is no mere play upon the words to say that they are always in tune with the ornament. I am glad to be able to illustrate this frieze, because it is rather different from what we are accustomed to expect from Mr. Crane; it relies more upon ornament for its interest, yet it is very distinctly the artist's own.

A very characteristic example of Mr. Crane's figure design is sent to me by Messrs. John Wilson & Son, of Bond Street, one of a series of six doyleys designed for that firm, very much in the spirit of his 'Flora's Feast'; they are woven in coloured silks, so as to come within the reach of modest purses. That sleepy figure on the previous page, with the cap resolving itself into a poppy-flower, is taken from the artist's drawing, which the weaver has copied with remarkable fidelity.

Another important frieze, forming the headpiece to this article, is by Mr. W. S. Black, a name new to me in connection with wall-paper, though I have recollection of some very excellent designs of his for lithography before he left his native city of Edinburgh. As to the propriety of repeating the same figures at regular intervals in a frieze, there is certainly room for dispute; but the inconsistency is reduced to a minimum when the figures lose themselves, as it were, in the ornament. The treatment of the figures is admirable. The design is about as unaggressive, as retiring, as safe, in short, as a printed figure frieze could well be, and it has moreover distinction of style.

It would be tedious to discuss at length designs not illustrated. But I may just mention among the productions of Messrs. Jeffrey & Co. some very cleverly constructed designs by Mr. W. H. Batley; a quasi-Persian pattern by Mr. Mawson; a frieze by Mr. C. F. Voysey, in which a flight of birds is made to take a very satisfactory wreath form; a clever and very beautiful rendering of the picotee by Mr. W. G. Muckley, a wonderful bit of printing, only too much lifelike to please me in a wall-paper; and a vine pattern designed by Mr. Heywood Sumner. This last design is so schemed as to be complete within itself, so that it need never be cut abruptly short, as wall-paper patterns mostly are, by the cornice above and the surbase below; and it is drawn in a severe and even archaic manner which gives it a piquancy of its own, but will not recommend it to the lovers of the pretty-pretty. There is a certain novelty in its execution also; it is printed in gold on a white satin ground, and the gold is then lacquered with pale tints of green and yellow.

If I mention that Messrs. Jeffrey & Co. exhibit also some of my own designs, it is only to let my readers know that I am on the friendliest terms with the firm, so that any of them who may not believe in the possibility of fair speaking under such circumstances, may, according to their scepticism, discount what I say.



Wall-paper Frieze, designed by Walter Crane. Executed by Jeffrey & Co.

Messrs. William Woollams & Co. exhibit practically the same variety of productions as Messrs. Jeffrey & Co. They have not such an important show of embossed papers, but on the other hand they have some real leathers, and some of those patent embossed flock papers which are a speciality of theirs. Another novelty which they show is a paper with a deep *blue bronze* ground—a daring experiment in colour, which, with the conditions of lighting under which it was shown, was much more subdued in effect than one would have anticipated. One entire side of Messrs. W. Woollams & Co.'s Chicago stand is taken up by a staircase decoration designed by Mr. Owen Davis, of which we give an illustration opposite. It is an article of faith with Mr. Davis (as with many others), that there is no such thing as originality, but I think, for all that, I could detect in this design the hand that did it. It is betrayed by the discretion he has shown in the choice of details more or less familiar, in the cunning with which he has re-arranged them, in the precision with which he has drawn them, and in here and there a shape which (although, perhaps, in the eyes of the artist it would be a crime to which he would not confess) is not literally taken from the walls of Pompeii. There is a severity about this design very appropriate to its purpose, and which is especially welcome just now, when the tendency in design appears to be rather in the direction of incoherence.

The designs of Mr. G. F. Catchpole—another new name—are in a more modern manner: larger in style, but looser. The one here illustrated is exhibited as a frieze, printed in transparent colour on talc, in which form it is very satisfactory. The looseness there does not go too far, but it goes quite far enough—a little more and it would be lax. One could wish that the large acanthus leaf, which forms so prominent a feature in the design, were drawn with more appreciation of what is beautiful in line; but the masses are very skillfully planned, and altogether it makes a bold, free, and effective wall-pattern. These are not perhaps the most important designs shown, but they are those which seemed best to lend themselves to

reproduction in black and white. There are designs by Mr. T. W. Hay and others which show very great ability, especially in that just now rather popular style which is founded



Wall-paper, designed by G. F. Catchpole. Executed by W. Woollams & Co.



Pearl-work by Muddiman & Co.

capable designs are shown by the artists already mentioned, by Mr. A. Silver, Mr. H. Noble, and Mr. T. Godfrey. There is also a very bold design by Mr. C. F. A. Voysey, not unlike something he has done before, but firmly drawn and very broadly treated. It is printed in coloured flocks in which the tints are judiciously blended—"chamelion flocks" is the title by which the manufacturers desire the blending to be called; but the novelty is in the name only; blended flocks were already used at least as early as the Paris Exhibition of 1889, when the Artisan Reporter to the Mansion House Committee called attention to the blending of flocks by Messrs. Jeffrey & Co. as a new departure in printing; apparently it was the desire to get something like the iridescence of the plumage of the peacock in Mr. Crane's design which suggested the expedient.

It is the custom now to call any and everything by a fancy name—which may serve its purpose as a trade term, but which to the general public is meaningless if not misleading. One could mention any number of manufactures which appear to have been christened with a view rather to advertisement than to the description of the thing—but to do so would be to offend the manufacturers concerned. Why

upon Lyons silks of the eighteenth century, where the effect depends wholly upon the colour, and the actual forms of the detail are such that, I take it, the designer would not wish to have called to them the attention they would attract in monochrome. It is obvious that a very beautiful effect of colour might be produced upon the wall, by a design which would be anything but attractive as an illustration in black and white. There is in particular a frieze of acanthus foliage and flowers by Miss Louisa Aumonier, which would have lost all its freshness and charm in such reproduction. Other

cannot people call a thing by the straightforward name which defines it?

The firm of Messrs. T. H. and J. Muddiman have undertaken to show at the World's Fair that it is not necessary to send to Paris for trimmings and fringes in bead work, guipure, and passementerie, even of the most elaborate and costly kind. Manufacturers of goods like these are very especially the servants of fashion. They have to distribute their eggs, so to speak, in a great variety of baskets. One season it is chenille that is the rage, the next nothing is worn but beads, and ladies sparkle in the sun like beetles. To meet these changing wants the manufacturers have to produce of course a great variety of trimmings. That which for the moment appears to be most in favour is a kind of cut work in metal thread and Roman pearls, of which three designs are here illustrated, somewhat to their disadvantage, for their charm depends greatly upon the colour which we are unable to give. At other times the embroidery is in beads upon velvet, or it is a kind of Swiss lace in thread which is embroidered with beads and metal; even leather is applied, and little plaques of mother-of-pearl; there is no end to the devices employed.

Some of the designs shown by Messrs. Muddiman are delicate and pretty enough, but there is obviously scope for further development in this respect; and one cannot but think that, even in work of this kind, which is not meant to last for ever, the merit of the design should still be in proportion to the costliness of the manufacture. The higher the price of the thing, the less is there any excuse for cheapness in the design of it. A certain frivolity of design is, no doubt, what is desired in dress trimmings of this kind; but, even so, an artist must take his frivolity rather seriously if he is to do well, just as the writer of a farcical comedy must be himself in earnest about his tomfoolery if it is to amuse the public. If the West-end drapers want to tempt their customers into spending two or three pounds a yard for trimmings, they should not grudge at least as many pounds for the design to begin with; and if they were to supply their own design, and not leave it altogether to the manufacturers, whose designers are of course largely employed upon work which does not pretend to the highest



Pearl-work by Muddiman & Co.

artistic character, it is quite clear that we could produce in this country work that would do us the very highest credit.

LEWIS F. DAY.



When Sun is Set. By B. W. Leader, R.A.

PICTURES AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

BY far the best representative collection of pictures at the Chicago Exhibition comes from the British Isles. It is very remarkable that at a time when, speaking generally, the art of England is not considered of much account, the almost unanimous verdict of visitors to Chicago is that the British section is the most interesting and complete, and that in fact it is a remarkably good collection. Of course, such a verdict is comparative only and is given according to the pictures which are at the whole Exhibition, for it must be borne in mind that great difficulty has been experienced in sending really first-class pictures to Chicago. Most of the French painters refused to send their best works, but elected to be represented by such works as they had on sale in their studios. The Dutch painters acted in a similar way, as also did the artists of some of the other countries.

The British painters, urged on, it is hoped, by various articles in the press, such, for instance, as the one which appeared in the January number of this Journal, obtained the loan of some of their best pictures, and while in many cases they are represented by unsold or second-rate works (yet it must be borne in mind that it is the really best pictures which do not readily sell), the general level of the collection is very high, at least comparatively speaking, and as against other pictures at the World's Fair. Unfortunately, our best painters have not been represented in an adequate way. Mr. Orchardson sends his 'Portrait Group,' a picture of a lady and little child, first exhibited under the title of 'Baby,' which gives a very inadequate idea of the heights to which he frequently attains. Mr. Fildes is entirely unrepresented. On the other hand Mr. Alma Tadema sends his elaborate composition, 'A Dedication to Bacchus,' and a water-colour drawing, 'Calling the Worshippers,' of which we give a reproduction. The

latter is a very charming specimen of his art, and tells its own story unmistakably.

Sir John Millais exhibits his 'Ornithologist,' and one or two figure pictures, which maintain his reputation. Mr. Herkomer,



Grandpère. By Raffaelli.

with his 'Last Muster,' and 'Miss Grant,' is very judicious, sending two of his best paintings. By the new Royal Academician, Mr. Henry Moore, there are several brilliant specimens of sea pictures, which go a long way to justify the Academy in their recent election of this painter. J. W. North is not represented at all amongst water-colours, but has one fine landscape in oil.

Of the landscapes, probably the one which is most acceptable to the American public is Mr. B. W. Leader's 'When Sun is Set,' of which we give a reproduction. This is a favourite subject with this popular painter, and makes a very pretty picture. Mr. Clausen's 'Brown Eyes' and 'Ploughboy' are exactly the kind of pictures American collectors of the best kind like to see and possess, and there is no doubt this artist will follow up many recent successes which he has had in America. Mr. G. F. Watts has never been very thoroughly understood on the other side of the Atlantic, except by a few of the best critics, and this although he has had an exhibition of his pictures in New York. His portrait of Mr. Walter Crane, and his picture of 'Love and Life,' are works which will stand the test of many years. Mr. Marcus Stone's 'Gambler's Wife,' very well known from the largely sold plate, is one of the strongest pieces of colour that this artist has achieved. J. M. Swan has a reputation in America much beyond what he has in England, and many of his best works are to be found hung in the chief collections of the United States. Two gems from this artist's brush are hung in the "retrospective" section of the World's Fair.

It is well to state here that, besides the collection of pic-

tures lent by the artists, a considerable number of pictures have been lent for exhibition by American collectors. This retrospective collection will be, indeed, one of the great features of the exposition. Many collectors in Europe were quite willing to lend their best pictures, by deceased painters, to help to form a collection of masterpieces which would show to the American public, and to the world, the great works of deceased masters; but a practical difficulty was encountered when no one could be found to undertake the expense, to send and guarantee the insurance, of the pictures. Like the British Government, several governments gave large sums to pay the expenses of sending the works of living painters, but it was not found to be anyone's business to collect and exhibit the works of the painters of bygone days. The insurance also was so enormous (a picture of £1,000 costing £80 for insurance alone, besides expenses of carriage), that an extravagant sum would have been required to gather together anything like a representative collection. Certain American connoisseurs, under the guidance of Miss Hallowell, resolved to see what could be done on the American continent itself, and as it is well known that a great proportion of the finest pictures has been for many years crossing the Atlantic, it was believed that a very fine collection could be brought together.

It may also be mentioned that the artists of American nationality living in Europe, sent examples of their art to a distinct department of the exposition. In England this department was under the management of Mr. Abbey, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. McLure Hamilton, and after surmounting many serious difficulties, they have been able to send a



Jeunes Filles allant à la Communion. By Jules Breton.

representative number of works of art. Mr. Boggs' 'Brooklyn Bridge' is a composition of a new character to this painter, and, as will be seen, it is a remarkable composition. In this section are to be found the works of Mr. Whistler, several full-length portraits of superb quality, and some smaller works, which, however, only give a glimpse of what this artist has done.

Although many lady artists exhibit in the same galleries as the men, there is a small special collection of pictures and works in modelling in the women's section which ought not to be overlooked. Mrs. Allingham sends a charming English drawing, the three Misses Montalba are particularly strong, and Miss Alice Grant exhibits a remarkably successful portrait of a child. The vestibule is decorated with designs or cartoons by ladies, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Swinerton, and others, of which we hope to give an account a little later. In this connection, however, it may be said that in the collection of pictures from Holland about half are by women artists. Queen Victoria and Princess Louise, Princess Christian, and Princess Beatrice sent works to the Exhibition, but up to the end of May they were not exposed for inspection.

Amongst the French painters, although their works are much better appreciated in America than the British, the idea of sending to Chicago was never very popular. Very few pictures except unsold ones have been sent. Among the best is Jules Breton's 'Jeunes Filles allant à la Communion,' of which our reproduction gives a very good representation. The Impressionists of France are also represented to a certain extent, of which one of the most attractive pictures is Raffaëlli's 'Grand-père.' There are also portraits by L. Doucet, François Flameng, and Yvon, together with 'A Garden Party' by Machard, a clever picture, 'At the Louvre,' by Henry Cain, and the celebrated painting, by Gérôme, of 'The Sphinx' (reproduced in THE ART JOURNAL for 1887, p. 353). Julien Dupré's 'In the Valley' and Veyrassat's 'Last Load of Hay' are very telling compositions, and altogether the French Exhibit is a good second to the works exhibited in the British Department.

Amongst the Dutch painters there is an example of Mesdag, the usual 'Frugal Meal,' by Blommers, some examples by De Haas and Mauve, and a particularly good example of Klinkenberg, of which we give a reproduction. There is also 'A Sandy Road,' by Ter Meulen, 'Flowers,' by Rosenboom,

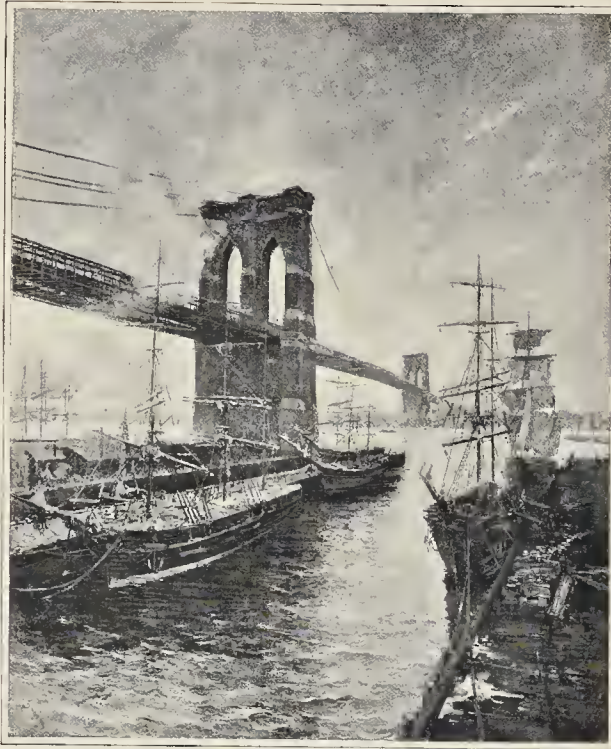


Calling the Worshippers. By L. Alma Tadema, R.A.

'An Autumn Sunset,' by Apol, and other representations of the serious Dutch School.

Josef Israëls, as the acknowledged chief of the Dutch painters, makes a strong exhibit. 'Alone in the World,' a widower in a cottage where the wife has just died; 'Sweet Home' and 'Fisherwomen at Zandvoort' are also known pictures by the master. The latter represents the patient Dutch wives seated in their "creels," waiting the return of the fishing boats. Of the three Maris brothers, Matthew, who lives in London, does not contribute, but both James and William are fully represented. With some justice James Maris is reckoned by various connoisseurs—especially the Scottish collectors—as the most artistic painter in Holland, not even excepting Josef Israëls. His canals and windmills are well known to all the art world, and doubtless this painter will now be better appreciated in America. Up to the present James Maris's pictures are seldom found in great collections out of Britain, and he is almost unknown, and is certainly as yet unacknowledged, in France; but the lover of a good artistic picture painted with consummate power and the fullest knowledge, cannot find much to equal, and almost nothing to excel, a good example of the work of this master.

The collection of German paintings numbers nearly 700 works of Art in all, and for the first time the German National Galleries have lent examples of their finest pictures. Berlin, Munich, Dusseldorf, Carlsruhe, Weimar and Dresden are the chief contributors to the exhibition, and a tasteful building adds considerably to the attractiveness of this department.



Brooklyn Bridge. By J. Boggs.

Max Liebermann, whose works will form the text for an article, | sidered worthy of the attention they really deserve.



Dutch Canal. By Klinkenberg.

by an eminent German critic, in our next number, sends a fine picture, 'A Street in Holland.' F. Von Uhde, the well-known painter of 'Suffer Little Children,' is represented by a large work, 'The Angels appearing to the Shepherds,' and another called 'Christmas.' Knaus, famous in America because several of his pictures are in public museums, is fortunate in having his new picture, belonging to the Gallery at Berlin, of 'A Duel behind a Fence,' exhibited.

The general impression of the Art Section of the Chicago Exhibition on the American public, will probably create a demand for certain of the best examples of English painting. Up to the present the American collector has steadily avoided buying pictures by British artists; with the exception, perhaps, of the works of Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Herkomer, and Mr. Orchardson. Of the younger men very few examples indeed exist in the best American collections. For the last twenty years American collectors have been acquiring works of the Barbizon school, and within the last year or two they have turned their attention to the older English school. It is an easy transition from the landscapes of Constable, Cox, and Gainsborough. Living men, however, are scarcely represented, and painters of fine-tone landscapes, such as J. W. North in England, and William MacTaggart in Scotland, have not hitherto been con-



*Chair, having embossed cow-hide seat, worked by H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
Two Stools, the seats similarly worked, by T.R.H. The Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales.*

ART IN THE WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

WERE it not that it is a satisfaction to have a woman's building at all, one would be somewhat disappointed at seeing the structure specially appointed to represent women at the World's Fair. It is, perhaps, not altogether because it is not, in itself, of considerable importance—the stunted look which it has probably depends chiefly upon the inevitable comparison. Both as regards size and as regards cost—neither of which matters could architect or committee control—this building cannot compare with the majority of the others on the ground. Amidst huge and magnificent edifices on which money has been lavished, it is not surprising that the Woman's Building, costing the State in all only \$138,000 (£27,600), and, being but 398 feet long by 198 feet wide, should appear unimportant at first sight. More money was expended in several cases on the decoration of the principal doorway of a great building than the whole Woman's Building cost.

The architect, Miss Sophia Hayden, of Boston, is a young lady of about twenty-five years old. She had studied her art for four years in the Boston Institute of Technology, and had been for some time in the office of an architect, but had never been personally entrusted with the execution of any considerable work. She obtained this commission in open competition, a prize of \$1,000 (£200) having been offered for the best design. The execution of it was also committed to her charge. She supervised the builder's work, and in every respect acted as the architect of the building should do, from its inception to its completion.

The entire scheme of internal decoration is very plain, ivory and gold being the only colourings employed. This is not at all a disadvantage for an exhibition room, since the pictures which decorate the walls, and the embroideries which are shown in the centre cases, are the better displayed by the plainness of their surroundings. The internal decoration was

designed and carried out by Mrs. Candace Wheeler, her leading thought being a radiation of light from the centre.



A Baby. From the Painting by Miss Alice Grant.



Venice. From the picture by Miss Clara Montalba.

At each end of the central court, and filling in the arch of the roof, or tympanum, is a large wall picture. Mural decoration is not within the competence even of every good artist; but the singular failure of one of these frescoes can hardly be accounted for on any reasonable theory. The subject is supposed to be 'Modern Woman.' The artist is Miss Cassatt, and this is one of the few things in the building which has been paid for; the majority of the works of Art which decorate here and there, as well as all the furnishings of the rooms on the first floor, besides the exhibits, being voluntary contributions from women moved by the great idea of doing something to raise their sex in the general estimation. The garish and primitive character of the colouring of this fresco cannot properly be appreciated from description, and it is hardly possible to convey an idea of what the composition is. The central panel, considerably the larger of the three, shows "Modern Woman" engaged in no more characteristic an occupation than gathering apples off trees. Now, we are all too sadly aware that Eve herself gathered apples, and there is nothing whatever modern about this group of young women, who are nearly all in pink frocks, and standing upon the most vivid green grass. One of the side panels displays the "Modern Woman" doing a skirt dance; one girl is seated upon the ground and plays a banjo, while another young woman holds her accordion-plaited heliotrope skirt quite up to her nose, her head languishing on one side, and the high kick evidently just about to be given.

Eve, perhaps, did not dance a skirt dance, but her early successors, the degraded women in the Orient, as certainly were required to perform some such evolutions for the diversion of their masters; and the development of modern woman has every tendency opposed to such displays. But the third panel is the most curious. There we see an objectionable female nude figure, her back cut off on one side in a most ludicrous manner by a sleek thick tail of black hair, reaching to the waist; her hands are stuck out, grasping what at first appears to be the end of one cord of a giant stride, and as the young woman is soaring in the sky without wings, and her legs are "flying all abroad," she bears the appearance of being engaged in that gymnastic exercise. Further consideration, however, leads to the conclusion that this handle is the flag-end of a trumpet, and this appears to be the intention, for far below her are three hideous girls, running and vainly reaching up after the flying phantom, and one gathers the idea that this is "Modern Woman" in the useless pursuit of fame. To complete the sarcasm, the artist has placed behind the stretching, running girls four cackling geese stretching their necks and running too, and distinctly expressing derision. Miss Cassatt is evidently a joker, and has been "taking a rise" out of the enthusiastic ladies who have employed her.

Fortunately, at the other end the mural decoration of the tympanum is of a more superior order. The artist is Mrs. MacMonnies, and the subject 'Primitive Woman.' This painter has the true spirit of mural decoration. The central group of the composition is five women carrying antique water jars from the spring, on their heads and hips, accompanied by one or two nude children. A woman carrying two infant children forms part of this group, and to the left, another bathes an infant in a spring. On the right side, Agriculture is represented by a woman sowing seeds, and in the left panel the curly, red-bearded patriarch, clad in his skins, is handing over the fruits of his hunting to other women.

The principal entrance vestibule is decorated on the one hand by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, a native-born American, and Mrs. Swynerton, English. These pictures were painted on canvas



A Sussex Cottage. From the Drawing by Mrs. Allingham.

in London, and sent over to be applied to the walls. It is probable that the ladies were not aware how low, and with how small a possible distance from view, their work was to be



Jacques and Jean. From the Painting by Marie Bashkirtseff.

placed, for in each case its appearance would be greatly improved if it could be viewed at a more considerable distance. The vestibule, however, is but forty feet wide, and the pictures are only raised above the floor the depth of a series of marble panels some three feet long.

Mrs. Merritt's central subject, 'Needlework,' is treated very charmingly, and our illustration overleaf is a rough indication of the subject sketched by the artist. When looked at from the opposite side of the vestibule no fault whatever can be found with this painting, which is an admirable piece of work. Mrs. Merritt has painted this fresco by Keim's "New Process," a method of work which is proving of great value to artists.

Mrs. Swynnerton, on the other side of the same vestibule chooses for her central subject 'Florence Nightingale in the Crimea,' as typical of charity.

Turning now from the building to the contents.—The central hall is devoted to the display of works of Art, the walls to pictures by women artists, and the centre to cases of embroideries of the finest character. The latter we may defer to another occasion, and confine this article to the walls.

In every department of the great show, except the general Fine Art exhibit, England is far behind other great countries. This observation applies to the pictures in this section by British women. It should be clearly explained, to begin with, that many of our best women artists exhibit in the general Fine Art section, in that open competition of work without regard to sex which all good workers desire and prefer. This special Woman's Building display is an extra matter, and one the importance of which was perhaps not appreciated. At all events, this gallery contains only eleven works all told, excluding the pictures by royal ladies, which

are not open to criticism, and which have not been allowed to be illustrated. They consist of six small sketches of scenery by her Majesty: a snow scene from a window at Balmoral, a second winter view from another room at the same palace, a view at Aix-les-Bains; two pictures of dogs, one drawn in a railway carriage, and a portrait of her Majesty's Indian secretary, all by the same royal hands. Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice each send a landscape.

By far the most important picture is Miss Henrietta Rae's 'Eurydice caught back to Hades,' of which we give an illustration. It is the only specimen of the nude in the room, and it is marked out by many important distinguishing points. This clever lady, also known as Mrs. Normand, has never surpassed this piece of work.

Lady Butler's 'To the Front' is another of the largest of the English pictures. It is a somewhat stagey and affected composition. Stronger workmanship by far is seen in the modest subject, 'A Baby,' by Miss Alice Grant: he is not a beauty perhaps, but, as our reproduction shows, the picture is admirable, and Miss Grant will no doubt be more widely heard of in time to come. Three of the Misses Montalba contribute pictures. Miss Clara gives a Venetian picture, a view of Browning's old palace on a fête day, full of life and colour, very difficult to render in black and white, as will be seen from the block.



Eurydice caught back to Hades.
From the Painting by Miss Henrietta Rae (Mrs. Normand).



A Street in Venice. By Frau Begas.

Mrs. Allingham's 'Sussex Cottage,' another of our illustrations, is a characteristic example of her sweet style.

That the French women would make a good display was to be expected. The most popular picture here is a relic of the brief and strange life of Marie Bashkirtseff, which we reproduce. 'Jacques et Jean' are two delightful small Parisian boys, walking along the dull stones of a quay on a grey winter morning.

Germany's exhibit is a surprise, it is so good, varied, serious and well-trained work, though lacking in imagination. The most imposing picture is Hermine Von Preuschen's 'Elaine.' Fraulein Marie von Kendell sends a charming

Swiss landscape, and Frau Begas a street in Venice, here illustrated, with the lights well managed. The Spanish women's fifty-four pictures do not supply one deserving special note.

Sculpture is sparingly represented, but the only two notable women workers in this art are American, and one of them Anne Whitney, is well represented by a Puck, sitting on an arum lily, which forms a fountain in the centre of the main hall, and by a noble bronze of 'Ericson' in coat of mail. Miss Whitney has also executed a beautiful bust of Harriet Beecher Stowe, which is placed in the upstairs room devoted to the library. Miss Harriet Hosmer is, strange to say, not represented by any work.

Of Art work of a different description the book covers are the most notable exhibition. The English work in this direction, especially Miss Prideaux', is the finest of any; worked leather, vellum and embroidery covers being all good. Cloth covers designed by women are shown in considerable number by leading American publishers. Wood-carving is almost a British monopoly in this section. Lady Tankerville's fine buffet and dresser in Flemish style, to be illustrated later, and Miss Elont's seventeenth-century dresser are massive and fine pieces of work. Great attention is attracted also to the articles illustrated in our head-piece—the cut and embossed cowhide chair-seat, worked by the Princess of Wales, and having her home name, "Alix," inscribed in one corner; and the stools in similar style, but of less finished execution, by the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales. The work of the Princess of Wales would bear professional competition, but it has been withdrawn from public exhibition because it was gradually being taken away in pieces by curio hunters.

FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.



Needlework. Sketch of the Decoration of the Vestibule of the Women's Building. By Mrs. A. Lea Merrill.



Suite of Gold-lacquered Furniture. The Japan Lacquering Co., Osaka.

ARTISTIC FURNITURE AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

WHEN one reaches the centre of the Manufacturers' Building where the four great nations, Great Britain, the United States, France, and Germany meet, one is at once struck with the fact, that, whereas the three last mentioned have each made a determined effort to create an impression by the beauty of an imposing façade, Great Britain, notwithstanding the undoubted merit of her manufactures exhibited, has neglected to make any attempt to impress the crowds of casual observers with her claims to greatness, and consequently these claims will be ignored by nine out of ten of them. It is regrettable that this should be the case, and this supineness places our exhibitors at a considerable disadvantage.

Beginning with our hosts, the United States of America, it may seem a hard thing to say, but one comes inevitably to the conclusion, that but little of the furniture displayed here by her can, by the greatest stretch of imagination, be classed as "artistic." Good general effect has in many instances been produced, but the influence of the machine is felt at every turn, and although the innumerable devices to secure comfort are worthy of the highest praise

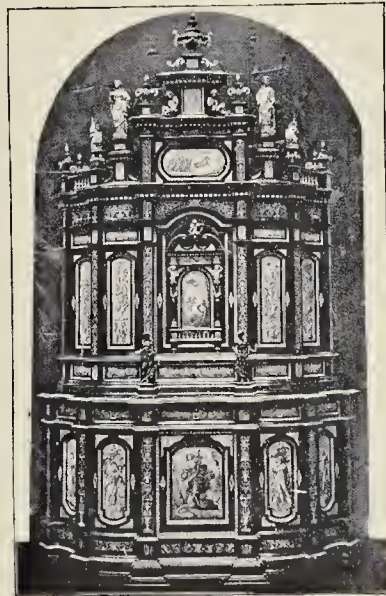
1893.

from the utilitarian point of view, the artistic designing and embellishment of household furniture seems to be given almost no consideration.

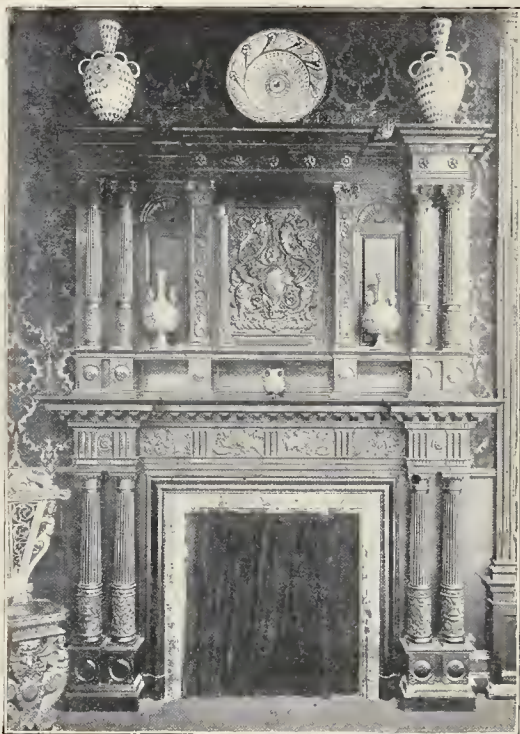
Great Britain has by no means a representative collection. Her exhibits in the furniture groups are few, and with three or four notable exceptions, unattractive. The firms represented, which in a measure redeem our reputation for excellence in the design and workmanship of modern furniture, deserve all praise for their resolution not to let our display be altogether lacking in these characteristics. Messrs. Gregory & Co., London, have a display of furniture divided into two rooms: one in the Italian style, the other devoted to Chippendale and marquetric.

The Italian room includes a sixteenth-century Holbein sideboard of Italian walnut, with richly-carved panels and doors in high relief. Every part of this repays the closest examination. Designed to accompany this is a fine Italian walnut mantel and overpiece of a similar school of workmanship, manufactured from a sixteenth-century design; the details of the carving are excellent, the panel in the centre of the

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Ebony Cabinet inlaid with Ivory. Pogliani & Co., Milan.



Italian Walnut Mantel and Overpiece. By Gregory & Co., London.

overmantel with griffins, grotesque masks and infant Bacchus figures (see above), being remarkably rich and highly-finished examples of English carving. The exhibit of Messrs. Collinson and Lock comprises many specimens of cabinets and tables of rosewood inlaid with ivory, and with gracefully designed panels of ornament of the Italian Renaissance style. The cabinets are worthy of close examination, but with all their enterprise this firm prefers not to give facilities to have their exhibit illustrated.

France makes by far the finest exhibition of artistic manufactures. Her display is the most comprehensive and certainly the most artistic. She easily distances all competitors in the race for public appreciation of furniture at Chicago. Dainty, varied, and refined in design, and exquisite in finish, the displays of many of the French firms arouse enthusiasm in the Art lover.

The first room is occupied by the French Government exhibit, and contains productions from Sèvres, fine Gobelins tapestries, and a few specimens of Beauvais furniture. Than this room there is nothing finer in the whole Exhibition. On the right hand are three superb vases; on each side of this room hang magnificent Gobelins tapestries.

Of the private firms exhibiting furniture in this section that of Messrs. Alavoine et Cie., Paris, occupies the most conspicuous locality in the section, and the merit of this exhibit fully deserves such a place. One cabinet in the style of the Renaissance is a challenge to all other firms showing carved woodwork. It is of French walnut carved on a ground of boxwood, and is supported on each side by onyx columns

with chiselled bronze capitals. The careful labour bestowed upon the piece deserves all credit. None but an artist could have laboured so earnestly and patiently to obtain a result of such quiet completeness.

The bedchamber shown by this firm, and illustrated opposite, is, in many respects, in direct contrast to the character of the exhibit just mentioned. The style is Louis Sixteenth. The bedstead is in gilt wood, blue satin panels embroidered with poppies and dog-roses. The two "bouts de lit" are in yellow silk, richly embroidered with dainty floral designs; the cabinets in the same style, with Japanese lacquer panelling. The whole is set off by a background formed by an alcove of delicate blue silk. The panelling of the walls is of a pale creamy white. The consoles are carved and painted in the same colour.

In noticing the French furniture section one must not neglect the superb exhibit of Messrs. Beurdeley et Cie. Here one finds nothing but what is in good taste, and one or two examples shown are masterpieces. Notably a bookcase, in the style of Louis Sixteenth. It was made by order of the Empress Eugénie for the Château of St. Cloud, burnt in 1871. The workmanship throughout is perfection, and one should notice the exquisite chiselling of the bronzes.

One must not leave this section without remarking the beautiful exhibits of Messrs. Hamot, Poirier and Remon, P. Sormani, and Messrs. A. Damon and Colin, all of Paris. Particularly let us call attention to the cabinet in the form of a sedan chair, which is beautifully carved, with the panels painted in oils.

In concluding these fragmentary notes of the French furniture section, the statement may be reiterated that their display is far finer in all artistic qualities than that of any other nation represented at Chicago.

Germany has an immense and varied exhibit of furniture. The greater part shows robust feeling for Art in manufacture, but lacks finish and delicacy of treatment. The different parts of the Empire vie one with another to make a display calculated to impress America with a proper idea of their workmen's powers as skilful designers and carvers.

The Bavarian Art Industry Society has done much to encourage the development of their national industries, and their display here is a very large one, including meritorious examples in many styles. Some of the departures made are scarcely happy ones; the German taste in the matter of furniture being successful only within comparatively narrow limits, but being, nevertheless, within such limits extremely interesting. The Nuremberg firms have shown many



Writing Chair of the King of Bavaria



Bedchamber in Louis XVI. style. Alavoine & Co., Paris.

exhibits of fine furniture, the ruling idea being to exhibit complete rooms furnished in different characteristic styles.

The subject selected here for illustration is an example of interior decoration, which seems to be more satisfactory than anything else of its kind shown in this section. It has pictorial possibilities not possessed by most of the other exhibits; and though by no means to be compared with either the French or English furniture as regards finish of workmanship, it possesses, nevertheless, a characteristic charm of its own which is worth recording. It is by Simon Schneller, of Munich.

Perhaps the most important and imposing feature of

the Bavarian exhibit is that of the reproduction of a reception hall of the sixteenth century, which stands facing the reproduction of Messrs. Hampton & Sons, of the Banqueting Hall at Hatfield House. Naturally to British eyes the latter is more interesting, but in many respects the former has features of great interest. Some of the chairs are particularly good. The ceiling is heavily and elaborately carved and gilded, and the painted panels are from designs by Professors Seitz and Von Miller, of Munich, the subjects being the three elements, "Water," "Air," and "Fire."

On the west side of this reception-room we have a most gorgeous reproduction of the drawing-room in the Royal Castle of Herrenchiemsee in Southern Bavaria. It requires a taste for the extremely ornate to take pleasure in such profusion of ornament (the decoration in this case being a scheme in blue and gold), and to the writer's eye so much gold is oppressive; nevertheless, the King's writing-chair, which occupies the central place in the room, and is illustrated on the previous page, is a fine example of its kind, and is interesting as of Bavarian workmanship throughout. The embroidered upholstery of this chair is remarkably rich in effect.

Belgium makes an effort to prove that in the matter of furniture-making at least she is not one of the "minor European nations." Her exhibit is on the whole meritorious but not diverse. It shows a tendency to cling to old designs, novelty as a rule, being absent.

Italy.—The exhibits in this section are so terribly cramped



Furnished Interior. Simon Schneller, Munich.



West Entrance, Chicago Exhibition.

for space, and the light is so poor, that it is impossible to see, with accuracy, what is the quality of the furniture here shown. Nevertheless, it is obvious that there is much good work mixed with much that is very poor. The copying direct from antiquated forms is here carried to its extreme limit.

Messrs. Pogliani & Co., of Milan, make the most ambitious showing, and many of these exhibits are very highly meritorious. The best example of inlaid ivory in ebony is an immense cabinet of the style of the sixteenth century, most elaborate in detail. The ivory panelling is richly engraved and the cabinet is surmounted by bronze figures in the round. This example, which we illustrate on a previous page, is purely Italian in style.

It is interesting to compare this work with the less excellent inlaid ivory work of Messrs. Collinson and Lock in the British section. Messrs. Pogliani also exhibit a fine carved walnut chair in the style of the seventeenth century.

Austria.—The examples of Austrian furniture are very few. One display, however, arrests the attention. It is that made by Messrs. Sandor Jaray, furniture-makers to the Imperial Court of Austria. The Princess Metternich Salon contains a complete suite of furniture in the Louis XV. style, heavily gilded.

Japan.—To every one the Japanese section is interesting,

and to those with any sort of feeling for Art it is a feast of beautiful things. Lacquer, ivory, silk, gold, silver, bronze, iron, pottery, wood, every conceivable medium is used by this marvellous race to express their feeling for the beautiful.

In their display of furniture there are examples which in many respects shame the vast majority of the European and American manufacturers. Patient, painstaking, and withal deft and dainty in their handling of every medium they select, the results of their labours are so beautiful that

one dreads to see them handled or touched, and yet this furniture is meant to be used and is admirably adapted for permanence.

The inlaid decoration of the suite of furniture illustrated in the head-piece of this article, is of a pattern of cherry blossom formed by many delicately tinted pieces of mother-of-pearl. These blossoms are distributed most daintily, and there is such a quality of artistic reserve about the whole thing that one feels the artisan and the artist are one and the same.

The shape of the woodwork in this furniture is worthy of special notice. It is taken from a Japanese ecclesiastical form, the tracery being of the same shape as that of the roofs or domes of many of the older Japanese temples. Thus the designers have introduced into their furniture a form essentially Japanese and non-European.

In concluding these notes on the artistic furniture at the World's Columbian Exposition, let me say candidly that true originality is very rare amongst the objects exhibited.

There is an immense amount of meritorious work largely devoted to the reproduction of antique forms. Why is there so little that is original in design here, and in which direction have we to look for new departures, to the Old World or the New?



View of the Chicago Exhibition from the Lake. Drawn by H. E. Butler.

ART METAL-WORK AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

IF, after studying the artistic furniture shown at this Exhibition, one comes to the conclusion that there are two nations far ahead of the rest in the race, namely, the French and the Japanese, one finds this opinion more than confirmed when leisure is taken to study other branches of artistic manufactures shown there; and this supremacy is nowhere more strongly marked than in the case of the Art metal-work of the Exposition. Of the European nations none can compare in artistic strength with the exhibitors of the French Republic.

The United States, which, in the furniture section, is very limited in the number of her artistic exhibits, has here a superb display, easily distancing, in some departments of Art metal-work, any other nation. Her silversmiths' and goldsmiths' work is astonishingly good, and it is one of the greatest pleasures here offered to the visitor, to

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admire the displays of one or two of her principal exhibitors. The first important exhibit which arrests the attention

entering the exhibit shown by the Gorham Manufacturing Company is the immense solid silver statue of Columbus, designed and modelled by Bartholdi, sculptor of the famous colossal figure of 'Liberty Enlightening the World,' in New York Harbour. The figure of Columbus, of which we here give an engraving, is considerably over life-size. There is life and vigour implied in every line, and the effect is one of some beauty. Combined with this fact is the significance attaching to its probably being the largest figure ever cast in silver. Thirty thousand ounces of sterling silver was used in the casting. The finish is such as to preserve the vigour and spirit of the sculptor's model rather than as a specimen of the chaser's art. The metal is finished in the oxidized form,



Columbus. By Bartholdi. Engraved by C. Dietrich.



Tea-Kettle. The Gorham Manufacturing Company.



The Magnolia Vase. Tiffany & Co.

thus allowing much more expression in effect of light and shade than would have been the case had the higher polish been adopted.

The examples of silver repoussé work shown by this firm are remarkably fine, notably a tea-service designed by George Wilkinson, of which one piece is illustrated above. It is one of the most delicately executed exhibits in the whole collection.

Passing to the exhibit of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of New York, one finds a display more varied in expression and original in design, more distinctive and individual, than the work of any other firm in the Art metal group. And above all we must note the distinctively American characteristics of many of the exhibits here.

The very uncommon 'Magnolia Vase' shown in our illustration is a revelation of what may be achieved by adopting some of the forms suggested by the pottery found among the relics of the ancient cliff dwellers of the New Mexican Pueblos. The decorations are chased in relief-work, and some treated in enamelling. Around the base or foot of the vase are four large pieces of opal matrix representing the earth, out

of which springs a lattice-work of cactus leaves chased in high relief. These are divided into sections by perfectly wrought representations of the flower "golden-rod," pure gold being used to produce the natural colour. The roots of the flower terminate in scrolls encircling the opals.

Judging by the productions exhibited, one may well be in doubt whether our much-boasted European pre-eminence in these things is to last much longer, and whether, after all, we shall not in the near future be compelled to regard the firms of New York as at least our equals, if not our superiors, in the production of high-class gold and silver work.

To leave these two superb displays and to walk over to the British sections in search of our representative firms is a shock to one's national pride to which it is difficult to reconcile one's self. If it were not for a single notable exception the Art metal-workers of Great Britain would be absolutely unrepresented.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, have, fortunately for our reputation, made a determined and most spirited effort, with results in great



Incense-Burner, or Koro. Exhibited by G. Sawata, Tokio, Japan.



Festgabe presented by the Grand Duke Frederick of Baden to William II., Emperor of Germany.

measure gratifying to the British visitor. The gold and enamel caskets presented respectively to the Emperor of Germany and to Mr. Gladstone, on the occasion of their receiving the Freedom of the City of London; the Shakespearian Gold Casket; the Columbian Shield; and Exposition Clock—the three last-named made for this exposition—are fine examples of high-class gold and silversmiths' work.

If it is a disappointment to the average Englishman to find how poorly his country is represented here, it must be with a feeling of triumph that a Frenchman looks upon his country's display, and in no department is that triumph more absolute and complete than in that of artistic metal-work.

Much of what is shown here is already familiar to European Art-lovers, and has been brought here presumably to introduce to the American public unable to travel the wonderful but not necessarily novel work of the French metal-workers.

The works of such men as Falguière, Barrias, and Aubé are surely a sufficient refutation of the charges of adversely disposed critics, and Art-lovers are greatly indebted to such firms as that of Messrs. Thiébaud Frères for the facility to study in their own homes faithful reproductions and reductions from the works of such excellent artists.

Messrs. Lablanc Barbedienne are so well known to all lovers of artistic metal-work that it seems presumptuous to write remarks commendatory

with regard to their exhibit, but one cannot but be carried away with enthusiasm by their superb display. Perhaps no other firm could at any given time transport so many gems of Art manufacture to the New World as we find collected here under the name of this famous worker in Art-metal.

Groups reproduced from the masterpieces of Barye in the Louvre, 'Theseus,' 'Strength,' and 'Order'; such reproductions of the modern school as 'La Terre,' by Boucher, which we reproduce, which won the Médaille d'Honneur at the Salon of '91; exquisite bronze and cloisonné work, mirrors and cabinets by Constant Sevin, unrivalled in marvellous design and finish, are all here displayed—a perfect feast of wonderful work for the appreciative.

The ponderous and massive gates guarding the entrance to the German exhibit, and the colossal group of 'Germania,' armed and armoured, surmounting the whole section, are alike highly suggestive of the powerful and warlike people they represent.

The immense gates mentioned are the work of the Brothers Arnbrüster, of Frankfort-on-Main, and are wrought throughout by hand; an undertaking the magnitude of which may be realised by study in the measurements of the principal pieces. The central and main entrance-gate is thirty-six and a half feet in height and twenty feet wide. This is flanked on each side by gates twenty-six and a half feet in height by thirteen feet in width. They together form a most imposing and effective entrance to the exhibit.

The 'Festgabe,' here illustrated, was presented by the Grand Duke Frederick of Baden on the occasion of the birthday of his Majesty, the Emperor William II. It was designed at the Grand-ducal School for the Education of Artisans. The enamelled panels are by the iron-workers at Guggenau. The iron-



La Terre. By Boucher. Messrs. Barbedienne.

work, which is very German, is by F. K. Bühler's son at Offenburg.

The group of 'Germania,' by Professor Begas, of Berlin, is a superb example of copper work, which fitly crowns the showing of the German exhibitors. It has been enlarged by the copper workers to a size half as large again as the original model. The effect of the greenish tint of the copper in the colour scheme of the whole section is very fine, and the whole effect as seen from the floor of the building is majestic and imposing.

The lamp in wrought iron here illustrated is one of many fine designs shown by R. Kirsch, of Munich, who has recently designed and executed the iron-work for the electric lamps in the streets of the city of Oxford.

The Art metal exhibits in the Austrian section are extremely few in number, but very fine in quality; and it is much to be regretted that, notwithstanding that every effort has been made, it has not been possible to obtain illustrative material to do justice to their beauty.

The firm of Dziezinski and Hanausch, of Vienna, present many beautiful designs admirably executed. The candelabra, of which we here show an illustration, was designed by Carl Freiherrn von Hasenauer, of Vienna, and was the design accepted from amongst those of many other competitors for the honour of executing the lamps for the lobby and loggia of the Imperial Royal Court Theatre of Vienna. It is a remarkably fine composition.

Let us now, in concluding these remarks, devote a few words to the wonderful work of the Japanese. In this section there are so many beautiful things that it is impossible, in an

article necessarily brief, to devote adequate space to the praise of the work of this wonderful people.

The Tokio and Nagoya exhibits are full of beautiful objects, and from these are selected for illustration but one—an incense-burner, or *kōrō*, made by S. Izumi, and exhibited by G. Sawata, of Tokio. This is one of the finest bronzes exhibited. It is of simple design, but is beautifully balanced in composition, and admirable in handling. The turtles occupying the rocks at the base of the vase are wonderfully life-like; the sea-dragons twining upwards form supports to the body of the incense-burner, which is decorated by reliefs suggesting the movement of water, and the character of the different fishes swimming therein, as only the Japanese can suggest such things in metal. The whole is surmounted by a fine grotesque figure representing the sea god, whose flowing locks carry out the idea of the sway and play of water amongst them in a marvellous manner.

The base is of green bronze, and this colour helps the subject, in this case, admirably. It is of a fine period of Japanese art, being about three hundred years old.

In the case of their metal work, even more than in that of furniture, the characteristic Japanese work is suffering from European influences; but in this exposition we have fine examples of purely Japanese modern work. One vase shown at the entrance of this exhibit is a wonderful example of inlaying in silver and gold on bronze. It is by Kahei Shimozeki.

The Japanese Central Association have, perhaps, a stronger exhibit of modern cloisonnés than those shown in any other department of this section. One example of *transparent* cloisonné is a marvellous piece. In this the silver thread shows both on the outer and inner side of the vase, the pale blue enamel being quite transparent.



Candelabra, designed by C. Freiherrn von Hasenauer.
Executed by Dziezinski & Hanausch, Vienna.



Wrought-iron Lamp. R. Kirsch, Munich.



French Alençon Point Lace Fan. By Lefebvre, France.

THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION. LACE AND OTHER PERSONAL DECORATION.

IT is a common observation that all exhibitions are the same, but the contrary seems to me to be the truth. The three great exhibitions that I have had the good fortune to see—the last two Paris Expositions and the present “World’s Fair”—have each been distinctly different, and in the matter of personal decoration this has been especially noticeable.

At Paris, in 1889, the jewellers of that city made a remarkable display. At Chicago the French ornaments are nearly all of the “imitation” class that is so mischievous to the true gem-worker’s art. The characteristic fault of Americans, the fault which will prevent their doing any considerable artistic work till time and culture have rectified the matter—the delusion, to wit, that bigness and expensiveness are the chief things to be desired—is fully shown in their taste in personal ornament. So long as mere size and flash is considered in preference to aught else, so long will the display of the jewellers who find it necessary to

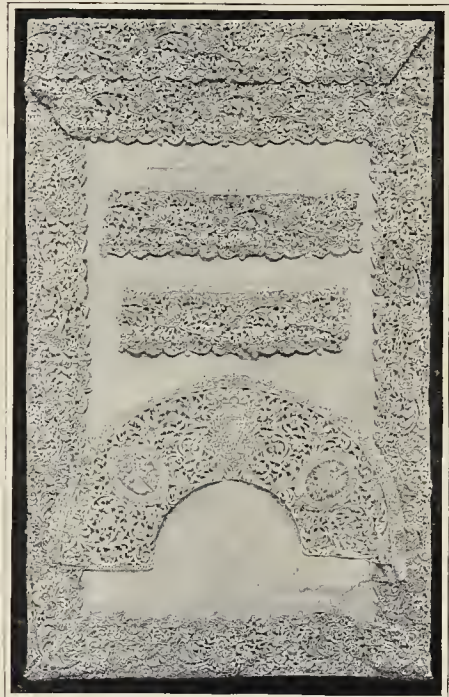
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cater for such a taste be little worthy of notice from the Art point of view.

Some of the best jewellery in the exhibition is shown by the only English firm of goldsmiths competing, viz., the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths’ Company, of Regent Street,



Carved Fan. The Countess Tankerville, England.



Part of Lace Dress, belonging to the ex-Empress Frederick of Germany.

who show some very original and interesting work. Black pearls, those stones that are fascinating to a refined taste largely because of the absence of mere glare from them, while they have both sheen and depth, are used in several designs. One of the most noticeable of the large black pearls is set as a pendant. The large rounded pearl is surrounded by diamonds, and set on a double trefoil connected by a large single brilliant. Uncommon effects are produced with the opal matrix, the curious colours and odd shapes in which this is available being cleverly utilised. The particular colours serve admirably in one design of a butterfly, seen with open wings, but not, as usual, from the back, but as though the wings were viewed in profile, as when the insect has just alighted on a bush. The body is in small brilliants, and it is a most effective ornament. The long-continued rage for diamonds, and nothing else, on the evening dress of ladies is yielding, in London society, to a more correct view of the possibilities of decoration in this respect. The popularity of turquoises mixed with diamonds is great at present, and the effect is charming with a suitable gown for the blue stone. A necklace in this combination shown at the same stand has a series of large turquoises set round with diamonds, these several portions being connected by swags of small brilliants in a very artistic design. A set of diamond trefoil designs mounted on a band of the blue stones is satisfactory.

Lace is the sort of personal ornament that is best represented in the exhibition. Probably there was never such a fine display before as may now be seen in the cases in the centre of the Woman's Building. The Queen of Italy has

done the Chicago people the rare honour, never before granted by a sovereign to a foreign country, of sending over the crown laces for exhibition. A fine show they make, comprising every variety of lace known, and including a specially fine set of old Venetian rose point. Another curious specimen in the Queen's case is a flounce some fifteen inches wide; the design represents every sort of warlike instrument, arranged as in a stand of arms. Guns, pikes, swords, and pistols really combine into a not inartistic whole, but the design seems singularly inappropriate for the flimsy fabric. This lace is of the thinnest kind, too—point-de-gaze. The royal exhibit is arranged in a great glass case, some twelve feet high, surmounted by a gold crown, beneath which the filmy fabrics are arranged in a sort of cataract, with little wax Cupids suspended here and there to gather the edges of the most beautiful specimens into their arms so as to show off the various designs.

There is some charming Honiton lace, and coarser pillow-laces from Bucks and various other parts of England; but this latter can never compete with machine-made lace, the resemblance being so close in all points except price. The Irish lace, on the other hand, both the Limerick and the "point," is true "real" lace.

Though the Irish laces are very good, they cannot for one moment compare with the Continental product. Amidst the embarrassment of riches of the ancient and modern Belgian, French, and Spanish laces, it is difficult to choose for illustration, but doubtless ladies will look with interest at the specimens here selected. The American ladies are generous buyers of old lace, Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. Vanderbilt, and



Embroidered Bed Spread, Germany.

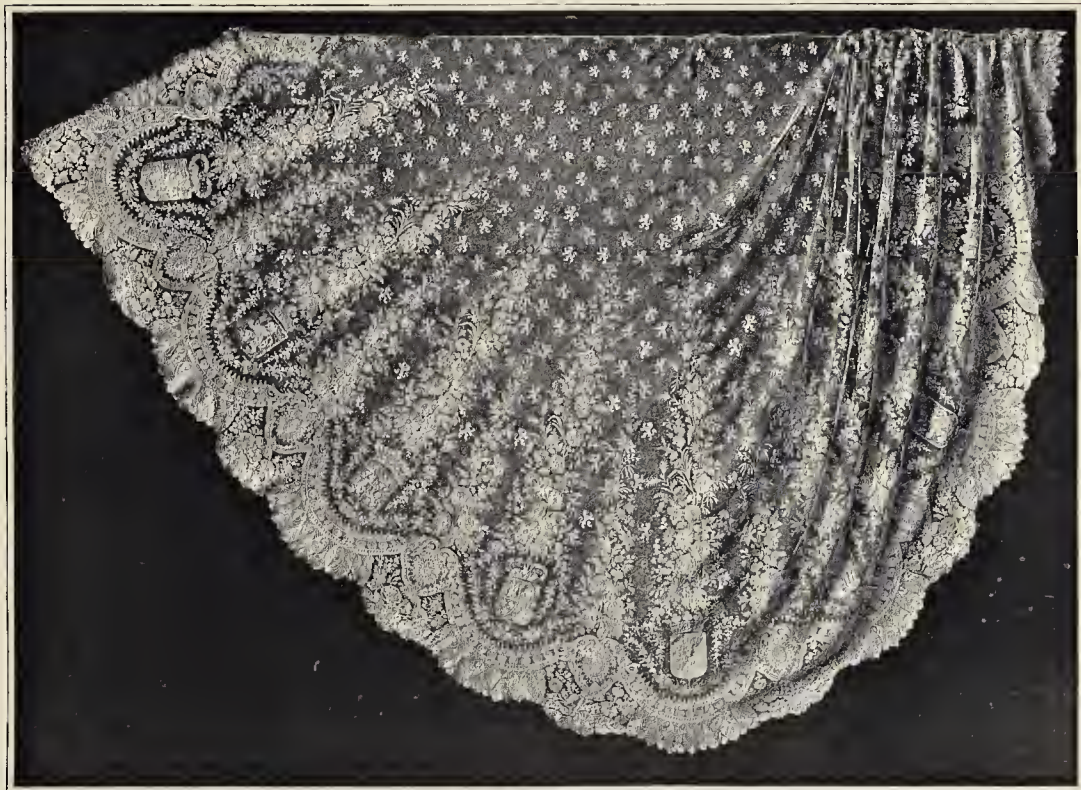
others having magnificent collections. But in the busy new country, where there is serious work for all industrious hands, lace-making has not yet found a footing as an industry, with the exception to be presently noted. Hence the specimens shown by America should more correctly have been named under the headings of the older world laces.

A similar observation would be in place as regards Germany. Patient workers though the German women are, and skilled in the art of needle-work in the form of embroidery—as, for



Genuine Spanish Lace. The Misses Hermine and Anne Markl, Austria.

example, in the elaborately embroidered "bed spread," which we illustrate—they have not managed to found a school of lace-making. Some extremely beautiful lace has been lent by the Empress Frederick for exhibition in the German section of the Woman's Building at Chicago, but it is always the product of some other country than that over which for a brief time the illustrious owner reigned. Our illustration shows a portion of flouncing in fine Duchesse point (Brussels work) made for her Imperial Majesty; and also a fan, in the

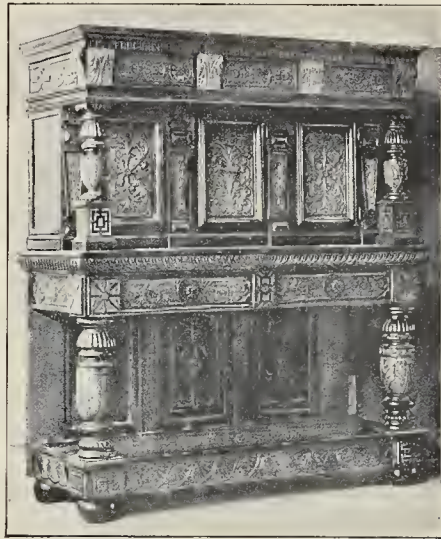


"The Queen's Robe"—Brussels Dress, appliqué on real net. The property of H.M. the Queen of the Belgians.

same block, in the design of which occurs the British royal coat-of-arms. It is "charged with the escutcheon of Saxony," and bears also the Prussian eagle, facts which indicate that it was made for the Queen's eldest daughter, who bears the Saxon coat by right of her father, and the English one by right of her mother, and the Prussian badge as a royal wife.

Coats-of-arms are not uncommonly introduced into lace designs. The splendid specimen of Brussels appliqué, "The Queen's Robe," lent by the Queen of the Belgians, is much admired. The design contains a dozen separate escutcheons, all true to heraldry, and the delicate elaboration on so small a scale makes them seem suitable to their situation, though the general design of the shield that they edge is a floral one.

Indeed, so delicate is the workmanship of fine lace that the introduction of stern details into the design is pleasing as a matter of contrast. In the fan of fine Point d'Alençon, shown



Flemish Buffet. The Countess Tankerville.

by the Maison Lefebvre, of Paris, Cupid's bow and sheaf of arrows appear very effectively amidst the flowers and speak of love.

Our other illustration is a beautifully executed wheel of genuine Point d'Espagne, sent from Vienna by the Misses H. and A. Markl. This is a somewhat heavy lace, but it is one of the oldest forms of the handiwork devoted to personal decoration. It is a curious fact that so many different stitches should have been elaborated in the course of the centuries during which lace has been made, and that yet each district has kept, on the whole, to precisely the class of stitch that it has originated, or, at any rate, for which it has become famous.

In the Fair every sort of lace-work is shown, beginning with a fragment from an Egyptian tomb. From this period onward it is very interesting to trace both the evolution and the persistence of the various stitches.

Aid is given in doing so by what forms an interesting adjunct to the lace exhibit—viz., a set of enlarged photographic representations of the details of lace-work. So exquisitely fine is such needlework that it is difficult to realise in any other way what it actually is, very often. Point d'Alençon, for instance, is really all done in the ordinary button-hole stitch, but "with a difference"; and so exquisitely fine is the flax thread that is worked with, and consequently the stitches that are made, that the women who execute this lace have to sit while employed on it in dark cellars, with artificial light, so that the thread may be kept moist and not break so easily as if dry. Such fine details can be studied in enlarged photographic pictures to perfection.

It is curious to see specimens of lace-making by Indian women. The Red Indians are in some states of the Union taken under the protection of the Government, and taught in special schools. The girls are proving apt pupils of lace-making. Their work is the most servile and mechanical imitation of their pattern; and resembles machine-lace in its showing a faultless regularity, that is less pleasing than the little inequalities of the true artistic workwomen of the traditional lace-making countries. It is singular enough that individuality should be perceptible in such apparently merely copied matter, but it unquestionably is so.

The rough and crude character of the ornamentation of the person that the Indians design for themselves is well known, and it is not a distant step to the less civilised races of the older world. There is a stand of Icelandic female ornaments—heavy silver bracelets and head-ornaments being specially in evidence—that are almost barbaric, but very interesting to examine. Lady Tankerville's beautifully carved ivory fan sticks are a distinct adjunct to dress. The fan is a splendid article altogether. The same lady's buffet, mentioned in my previous paper, is also here depicted. A clock, reproduced from the original in the Palace of Versailles, by Beurdeley & Co., Paris, is also illustrated above.



Clock by Caffery. From the Palace of Versailles. Beurdeley & Co., Paris.



The Palace of Arts, Chicago Exhibition.

GLASS AND CERAMICS AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

STAINED GLASS.

ONE hears so much, in England, of the doctrine that it is only by working on the lines followed by the workers of the best periods of antique glass-making, that good results can be attained, that it gives an Englishman a sensation, bracing almost as a cold plunge, to meet at once, in the American section, works based upon a precisely opposite theory.

Such novelty and originality are, of course, by no means necessarily an advance upon the old ideas, in matters such as that of which we are now treating; but one cannot urge too much the desirability of untrammelled exploration in this as in any other artistic field.

In the case of the Tiffany Glass and Decoration exhibit, the unbiassed observer cannot but be struck with the great success which appears to be attending the efforts of this enterprising firm. The conventional limits at one time placed upon the work of the artist in coloured glass are, by this company, simply ignored. New methods are tried, all that is deemed desirable in the old being retained, and the results shown are singularly beautiful.

One peculiarity of the work displayed is the almost complete absence of heavy braces or supports and of the heavy leads of the old system. In the older glass the effects of light and shade in drapery had to be obtained by separate and distinct pieces of glass, each surrounded by its own band of lead. In the Tiffany glass this drawback to pictorial perfection has been obviated by using glass so constructed and moulded while in the liquid state, that the effect of light and shade is produced by the different thicknesses, and therefore density, of the glass. Many beautiful results are obtained in this way, notably in drapery and in skies.

In all cases the actual painting of the surface of the glass is confined to the parts representing flesh. The necessary "leading" of the window is confined within very restricted limits, and it will not be found that a worse decorative effect is produced.

The British stained glass is entirely different, and is confined to the specimens shown by but a few firms, and those represented (in some cases by very fine work) have been, for some mysterious reason known only, it is to be presumed, by our Commissioners, allotted space utterly unsuitable for

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their display, and it has been unnoticed by the vast majority of visitors. The work, for instance, of Mr. Henry Holiday, of London, a particularly beautiful window, representing 'The Nativity,' is placed in an out-of-the-way part of the Gallery, in a wretched light, in which no sort of justice can possibly be done to it.

In the German Building at the north end of the grounds, and near our own Victoria House, we find the stained-glass windows, five in number, of Messrs. Mayer & Co., of Munich



Vase. By A. B. Daniell & Son.

and London; these are placed to great advantage in a good light, and among suitable surroundings; part of the German building being formed into ecclesiastical shape. The central and most important window is to be placed in the Chapel of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, to the memory of the officers and men who lost their lives in the memorable Samoan hurricane. The central circular panel shows 'Christ stilling the Tempest,' and above and below are representations of the United States vessel, before and after the memorable disaster.

GLASSWARE.

The exhibitors of fine cut glass and engraved and sculptured glass are few in number. There is much inferior work, and but very little calculated to interest the artist or Art lover.

The exhibit of Messrs. J. & L. Lobmeyr, of Vienna, occupying the most conspicuous place, and being deservedly so placed, is certainly the most meritorious; the fine engraving and sculpturing of this glass is superior to anything surrounding it.

There is little that is new or interesting in the way of cut glass, except in the exhibit of the Libbey Glass Company, of Toledo, Ohio, who have an admirable display of fine cut table glass in the United States Section, and who, moreover, are showing their process of manufacture in their own building in the "Midway Plaisance." The specimens shown in the Manufactures Building are remarkable for the accuracy and depth of the cutting, and are masterpieces of mechanical skill. Some of the pieces are very large, one slender vase being certainly five feet in height, and requiring, therefore, extreme skill in handling when cutting,

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

The "Rookwood" pottery exhibit, one of the best in the Exposition, and admirable, can be visited again and again by the student of things artistic, and again and again will he feel the pleasure to be derived from contemplating work which, though quiet and unobtrusive in character, contains all the best elements of truly artistic workmanship applied to the simplest forms.

Messrs. Brown-Westhead, Moore & Co., the Coalport China Company, Doulton & Co., and the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company, unite at the angle of the British section to form a group of potters and porcelain makers whose productions challenge the makers of such things the world over; and in this group, and *only* in this group, does England show her true position amongst the artistic manufacturers of the world.

The exhibit of the Doulton Potteries has already been described in *THE ART JOURNAL*, at pages 110 to 112.

The "place of honour" in the British section of the Manufactures Building is deservedly occupied by the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company, and it is indeed to attempt the impossible to try to give an adequate idea of the extreme beauty of this exhibit in the limited space at our disposal. It is only by the exercise of the most rigid self-restraint that one can leave without remark many examples shown here.

The Jardinière is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, having for its

chief ornament embossments in high relief, clasping the form and making a base from which the handles spring. The flat or unembossed portion of the piece is decorated with a delicately-



Pierced Vase. By the Worcester Royal Porcelain Co.



Jardinière. By the Worcester Royal Porcelain Co.

worked scroll pattern, which is finished in rich colours, having an outline of raised gold, cloissonné style. The handles and relief work are richly treated in bronzes to which the appearance of age is given by treatment of colour over the metal. The groundwork of this piece, which we illustrate, is the well-known Worcester ivory porcelain.

The Pierced Vase is an elaborate specimen of potter's ware. The piece is as delicate as lace, and shows to perfection the refinement of the material. The whole of the piercing is performed with a finely-pointed and sharpened steel tool upon the vase when in the clay state, the greatest possible care and accuracy being absolutely necessary to perform the work well. This, with the great care required in the burning of such pieces, renders their manufacture difficult in the extreme; so much so that few potters, even including the Japanese, can excel or even equal them in technical perfection. This piece, also illustrated, is finished with delicate turquoise and chased gold.

Messrs. A. B. Daniell & Son show some splendid examples of the work of Mr. Solon in pâte-sur-pâte Minton ware vases.

In the magnificent Vase which we reproduce, much poetical imagination and technical skill are combined. Mr. Solon himself thus describes it:—

"Nymphs are bound to the rock of Wisdom, at the foot of Minerva's altar. Cupids approach from all sides unfettering the captives, and destroying the goddess' emblems."

One of the most beautiful collections in the whole exhibition is that of the Royal Porcelain Company of Copenhagen. To the visitor unacquainted with the porcelain maker's art, just as much as to the trained expert, this most chaste and delicate ware appeals with a directness and force quite irresistible. It is so distinctive, so individual, so simply and truly decorative, that no one, to be an Art-lover in any sense, can be otherwise than enthusiastic over its beauty.

From an exclusively ceramic point of view, says M. Garnier, the director of Sèvres, nothing is more simple than these

porcelains which have excited so much admiration; a little blue, a few touches of green, occasionally an indication of red, slender threads of gold in relief—that is all. The blue is delicate, one might even say *distingué*, the green and the red are softly harmonious, the material is exquisite, and these simple means are employed with a complete understanding of decoration, and, in certain cases, with an audacity quite astonishing. The decoration of some of these works are studies from nature, very truthful and spontaneous, and specially interesting to the Art-worker.

The equally happy landscape decorations of Messrs. Mortensen & Liisberg, showing in the case of the former artist's work a boat "sailing into the picture," the "wake" of which has a marvellous quality of movement, and in the case of the work of Mr. Liisberg, 'Swans in a coming Storm,' and 'Geese in a Country Road,' two landscapes of wonderful atmospheric effect.

All of these are admirable in every respect, and veritable triumphs of decorative effect and technical achievement.

As a whole the exhibit of the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Company must be placed among the very finest porcelain in the Exhibition.

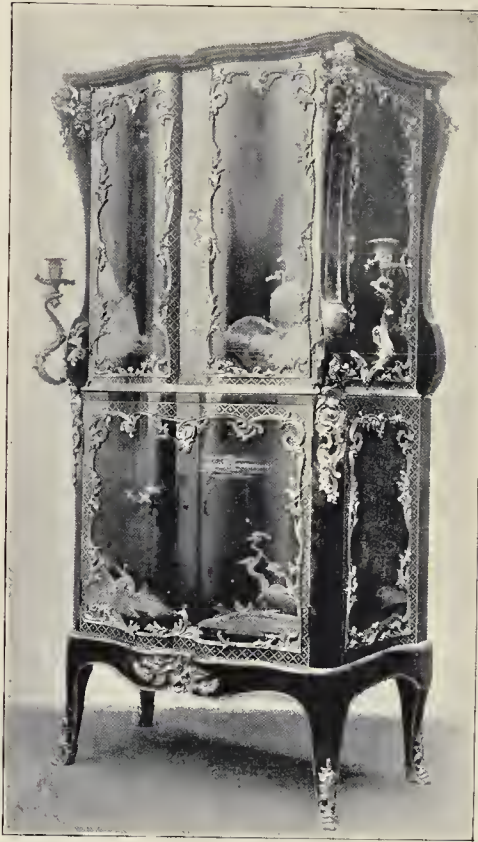
The wonderful glaze of these pieces is attained at a very great heat. To the

enthusiastic potter there is nothing more interesting here than the marvellous accidental colour results in some of the smaller pieces. Here, once again, one feels the invigorating influence derived from contemplating original work, always within the proper limits which experience has shown the potter and decorator of pottery can find his best expression. Original in the right sense is everything shown here. But it has not been found possible to reproduce the works satisfactorily in black and white. The charm depends on the colours, and the forms are simple in the extreme.

To go direct from the severe decorative work shown by the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Company to the florid and highly ornate work of the Royal Berlin Porcelain Manu-



Statue of the Republic at the World's Fair, Chicago.
Engraved by C. Dietrich from a Drawing by H. E. Butler.



Cabinet in Ormolu and Lacquer. By Beurdeley, Paris.

facturers, is to learn an object lesson worth years of theoretical teaching. Surely no greater contrast can be imagined than the displays made by these two great factories. The

Berlin display is, of course, in many ways, a great one. Rich and varied in a degree unapproached by any other here, showing examples in which perfection of modelling, moulding, and painting are displayed; but wanting in that beautiful decorative attribute which is essentially the highest quality at which the maker of pottery or porcelain can aim.

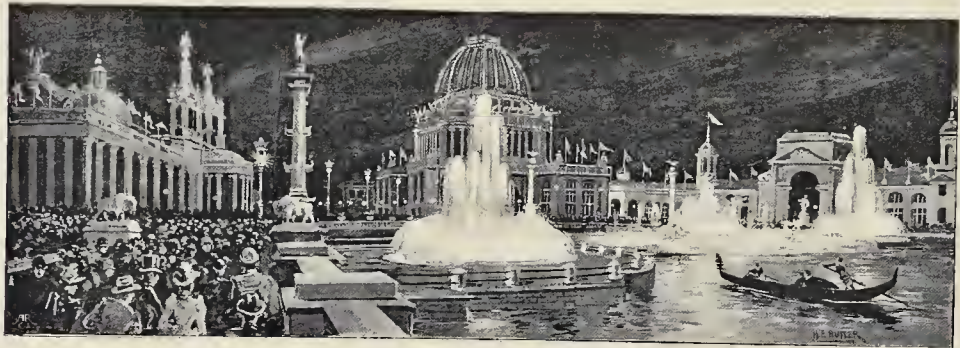
Nevertheless, there are an enormous number of very beautiful things exhibited. The Aurora Vase, the wonderful Porcelain Bath with decorated tile background of figures designed in a cool tone most suitable for a bath, many examples of that deep rich blue the secret of firing which is held by the Royal Berlin Company; these are but a few of the admirable things exhibited.

Space forbids us to more than mention the Majolica shown in the Italian section by Messrs. Molarni & Co., of Pesaro, the Pottery of Cantagalli, of Florence, reproductions after della Robbia, the Plaques of Gubbio ware after Raphael, the magnificent Fireplace, decorated after frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli in the Palazzo Riccardi in Florence, and the Vase decorated with copies from Lucca Signorelli.

The Belgian section contains fine pieces of pottery in Rouen style, and some fine Blue Boch ware.

The Cabinet, in ormolu and lacquer, illustrated on this page, which really belongs to the furniture article, is from the atelier of Messrs. Beurdeley & Co., Paris, who have sent various excellent decorative pieces to the World's Fair.

The student of what is desirable in modern artistic manufactures found in the World's Columbian Exposition an opportunity to learn as great and useful a lesson as that afforded by any International Exhibition yet held. It is, indeed, worthy of note that so splendid a collection of European, American, and Asiatic Art products can be collected in any one place at a given time, only to be scattered in a few months to the places whence they have come. Surely it behoved the people of the great Western country to make the most of such an opportunity while it was yet within their power; and in scarcely less degree was it incumbent on the visitors from the East to take their lesson from the people of the West, and learn what may be done by the inhabitants of a city, in the first half century of its existence, towards educating, not only its own people, but the whole nation to which it belongs.



The World's Fair, Chicago. The Fountains by Night. From a Drawing by H. E. Butler.

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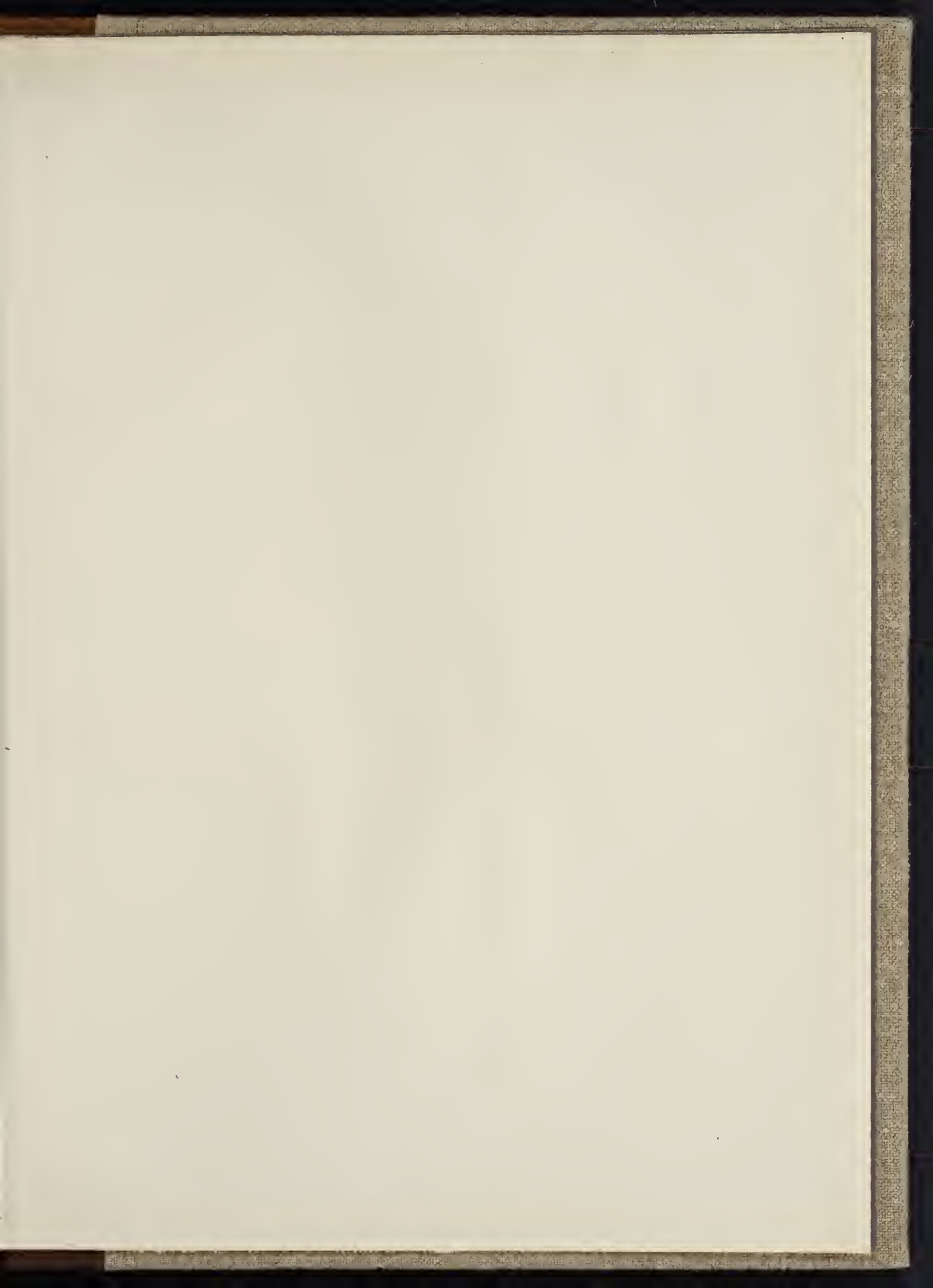
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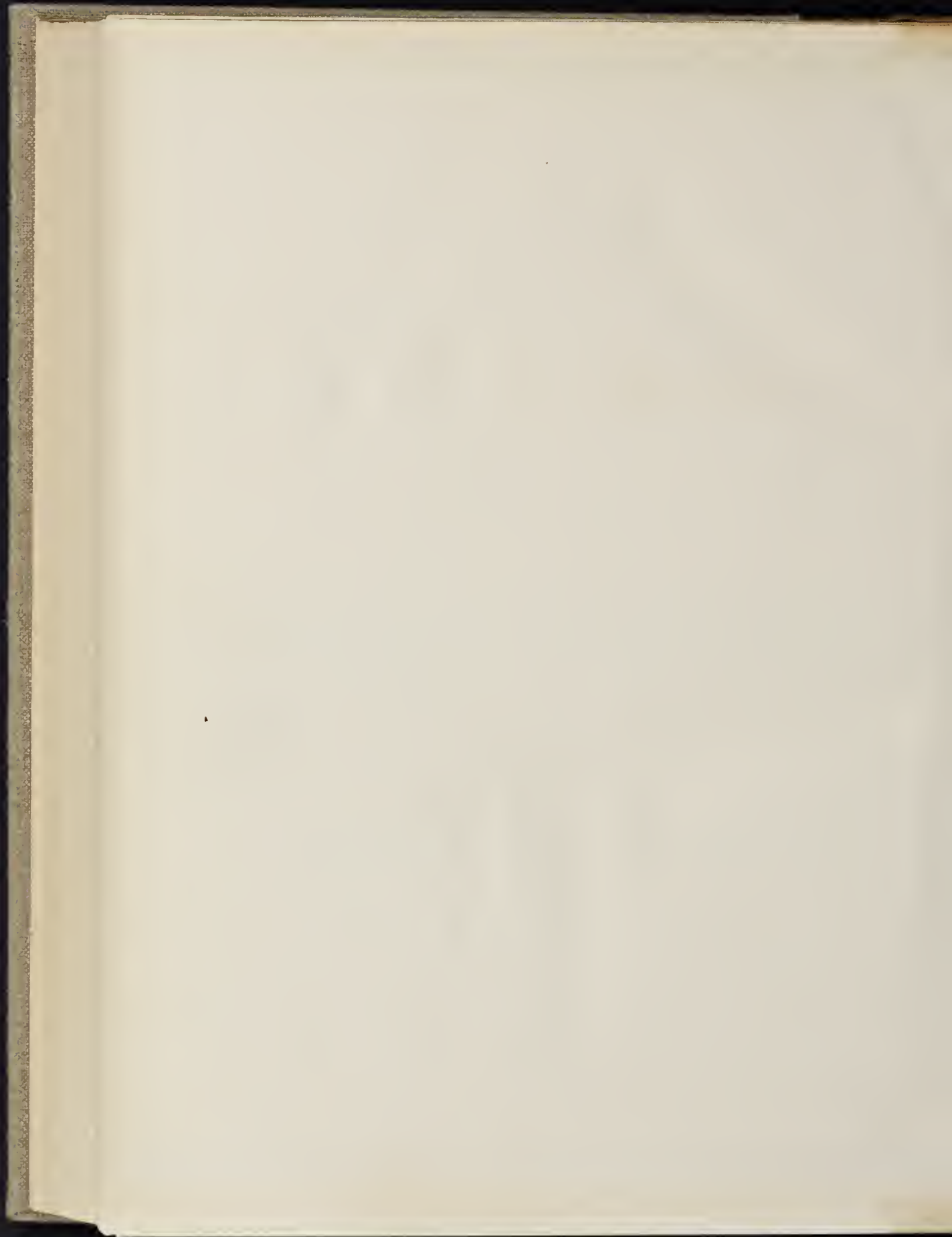
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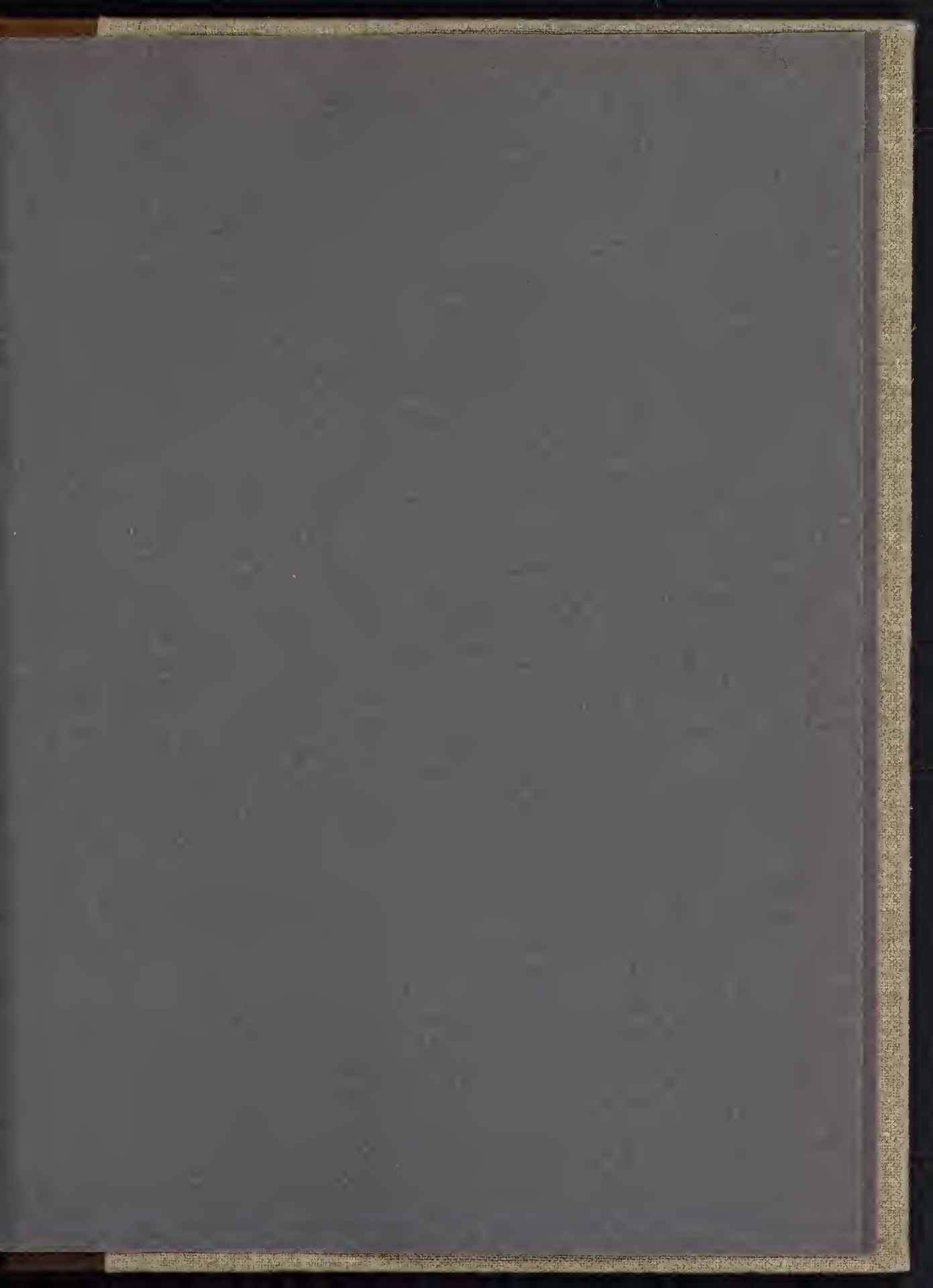
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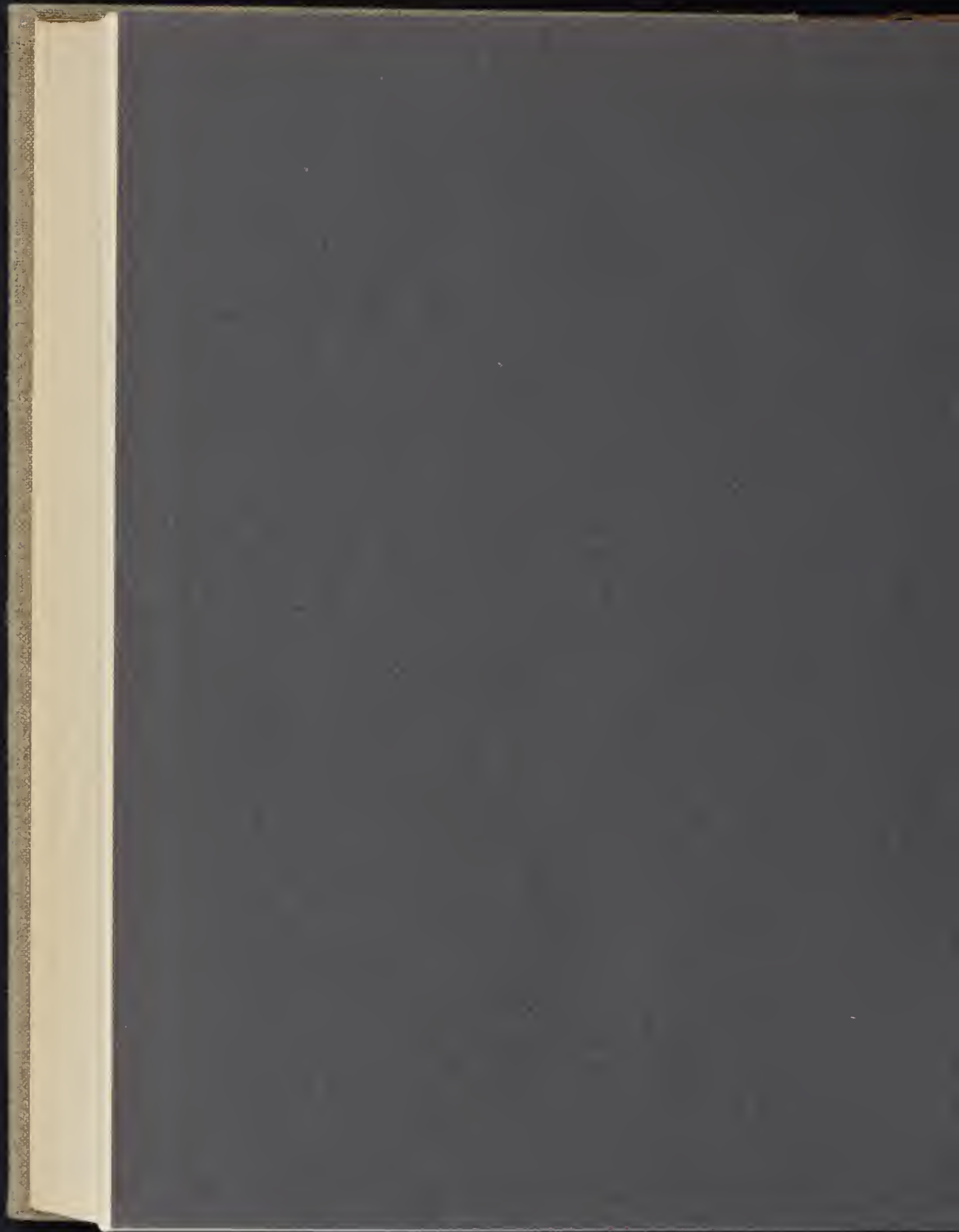
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