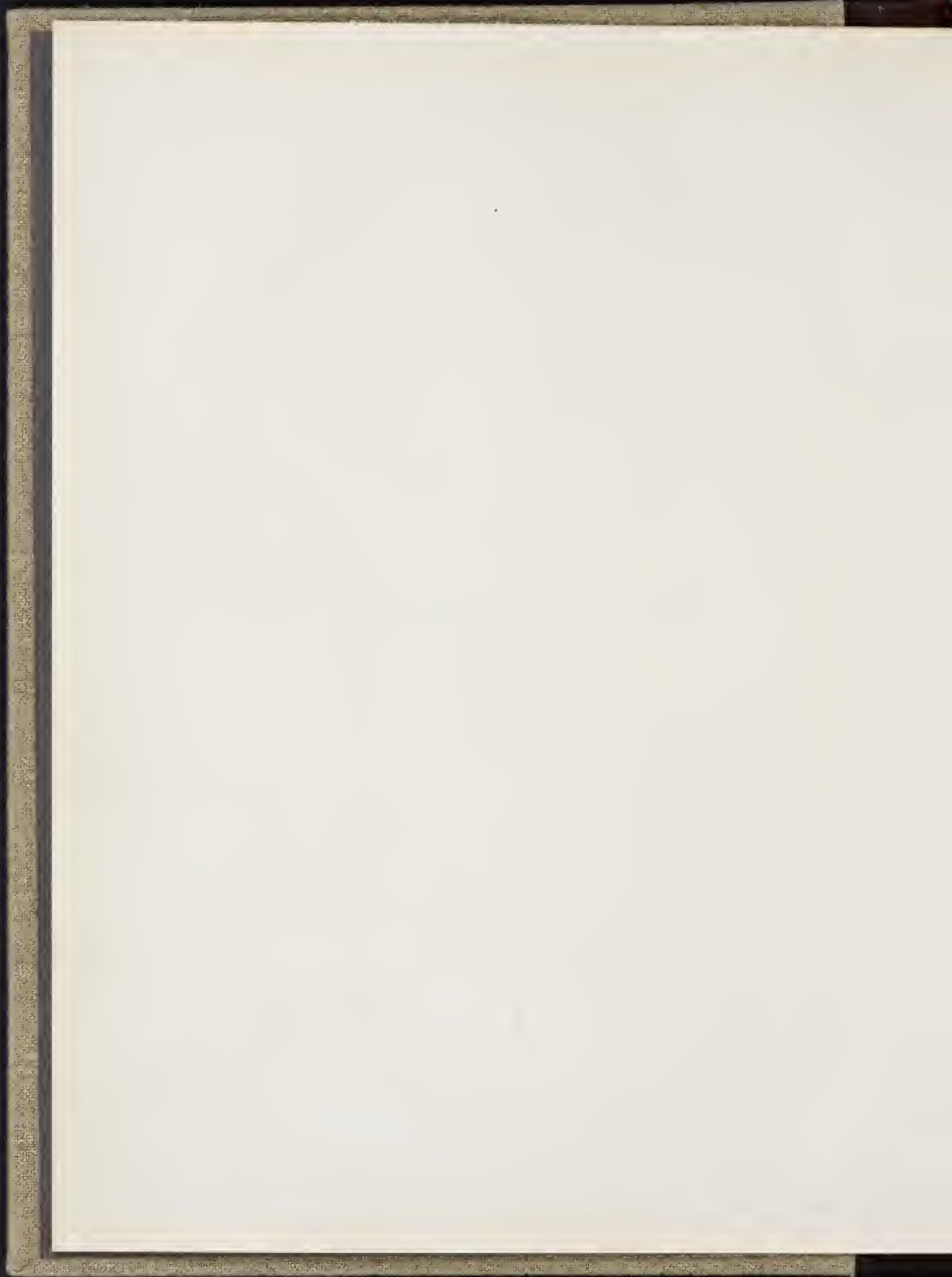
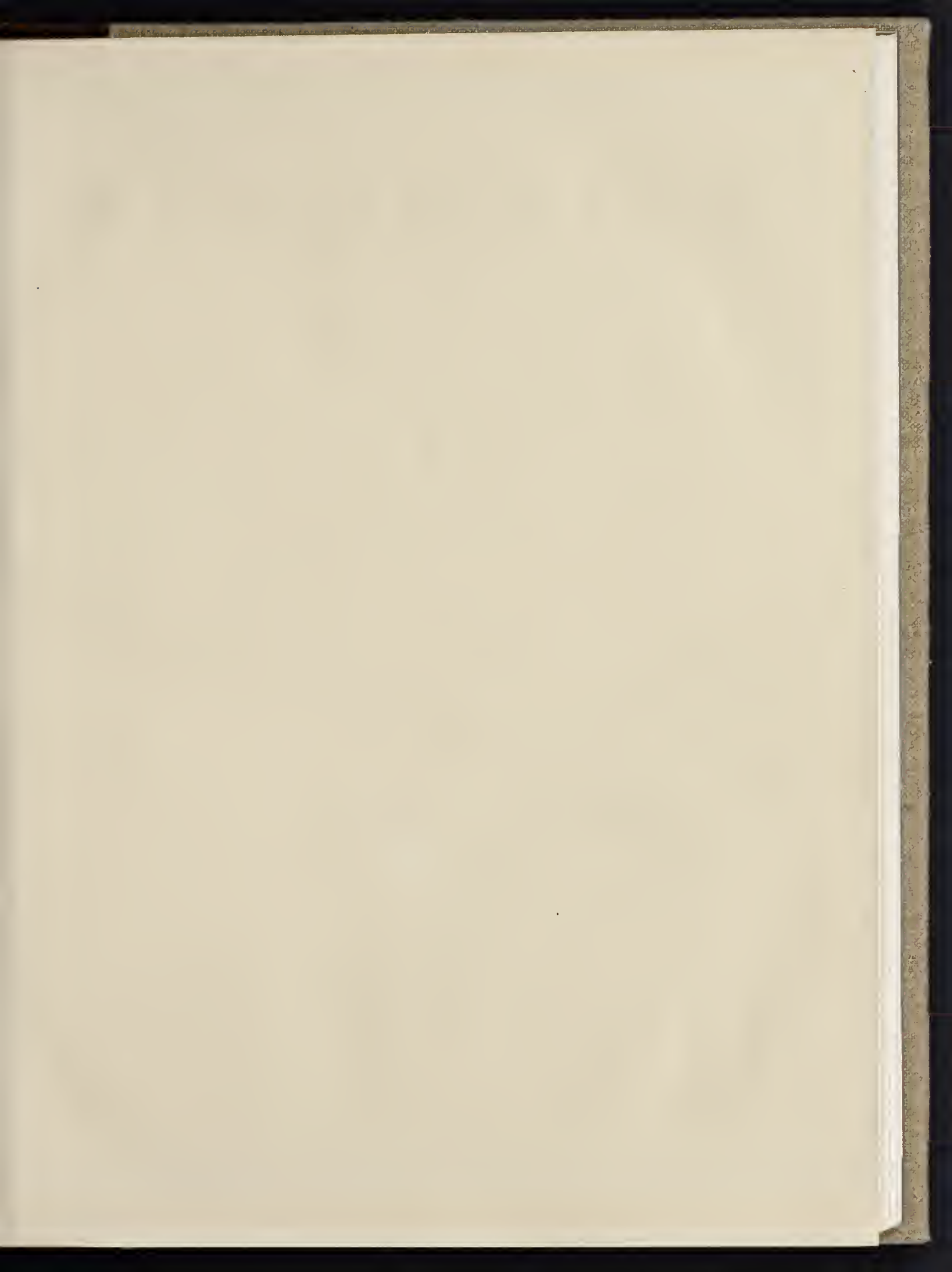


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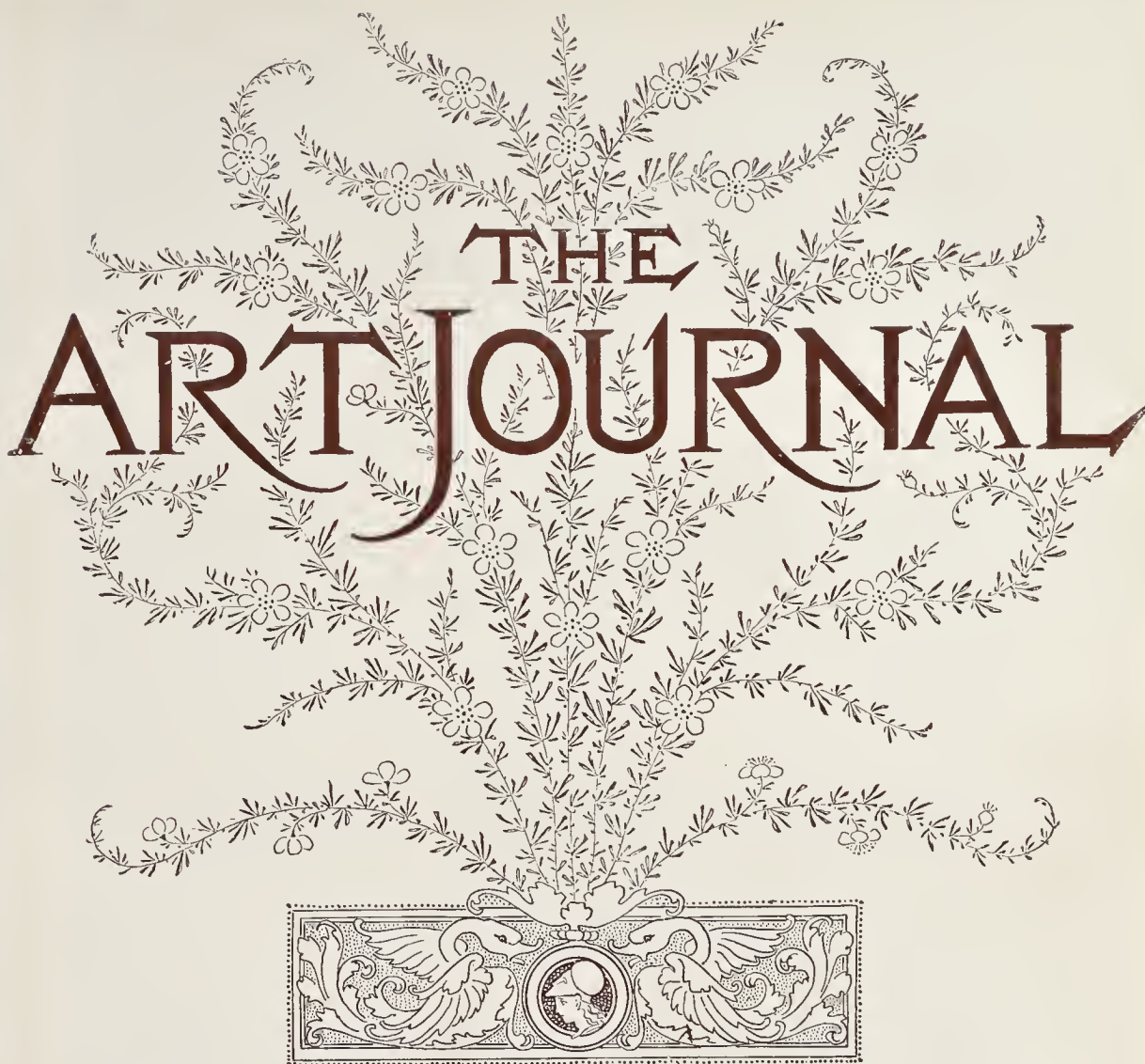
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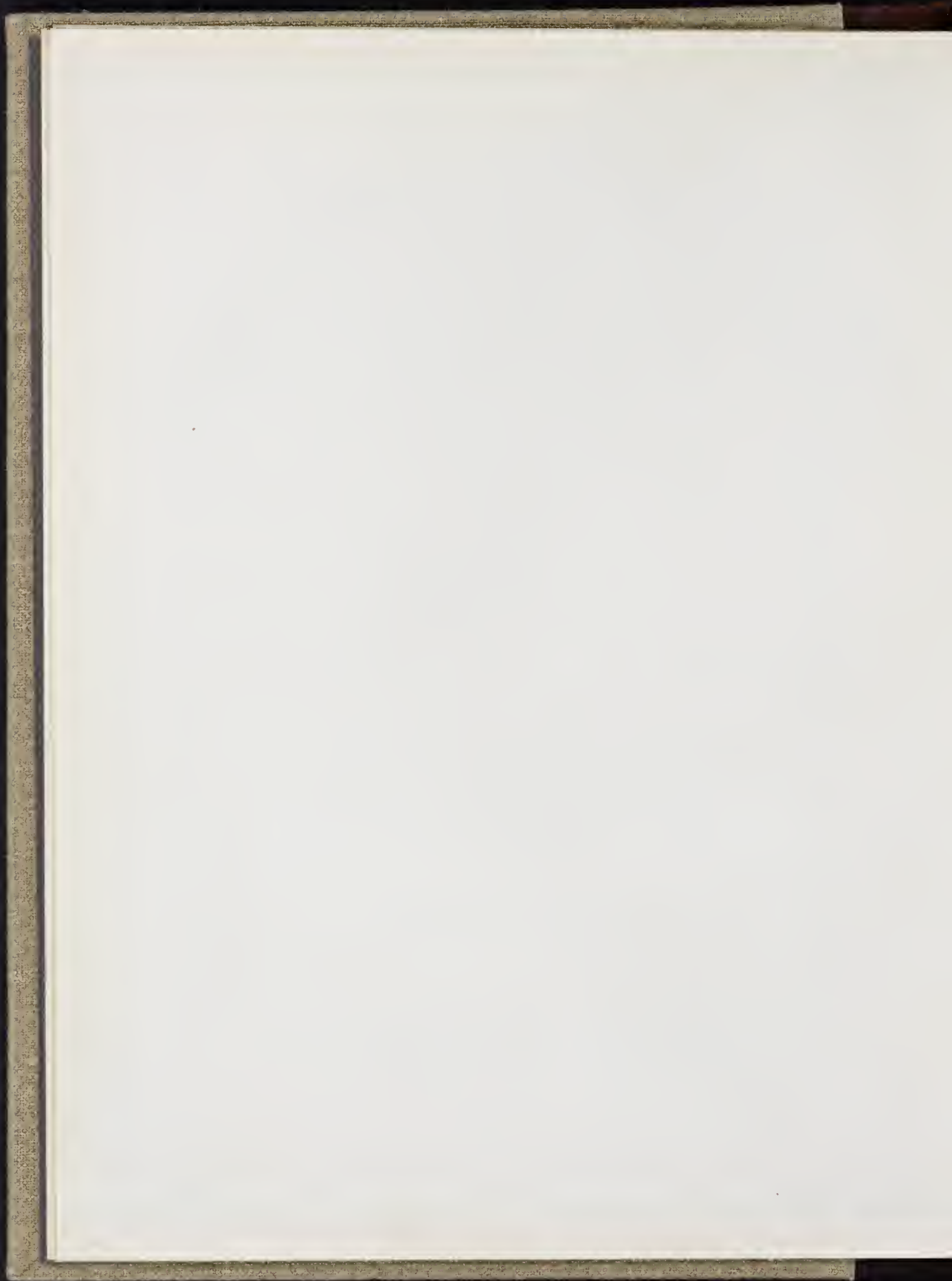


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THE ART JOURNAL, 1896.

THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.

INTRODUCTORY.

BETWEEN the present moment and that golden time, some half a century ago, when Dr. Waagen made his famous art-pilgrimages through Great Britain, and noted down the results of his critical studies in works which even now, under the altered conditions of connoisseurship, remain a monument of industry and intel-

and painting in Greece, but with a far greater knowledge of his subject to begin with; those wonderful groups of old masters brought together by the high-born *dilettanti* of England, chiefly in the eighteenth and the earlier years of the nineteenth century; were then, for the most part, intact, and the world could show nothing to equal them



"When Sun is Set."

By B. W. Leader, A.R.A.

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ligent appreciation, there is a great change. The famous collections which he then saw and described, as carefully as did Pausanias the marvels of architecture, sculpture,
JANUARY, 1896.

as a whole—not even the private galleries of Rome and Vienna. When, in 1857, the owners of the English collections temporarily combined their forces, and con-

stituted the Fine Arts Exhibition of Manchester, the result was a display not only exceptional but altogether unique, one which even the most renowned of the great public galleries could hardly be said to equal.

Such a result it would be impossible to attain nowadays, although the remarkable exhibitions of paintings by the Old Masters which year after year have followed upon each other at the Royal Academy, more than suffice to prove that the artistic resources of Great Britain are still immense. Still, even in these last it is impossible not to note with dismay the falling off, both in quantity and quality, of examples by the great Italian masters both of the earlier and the more mature Renaissance. Berlin takes our Italian pictures of the *Quattrocento* and the *Cinquecento*, and our Rembrandts, too, when they are not snapped up by the millionaire collectors of Paris and the United States. The American collectors, whose taste has up to the present time lain in the direction of the finer French and German art of the present century, have at last become enamoured of the English schools, and are carrying off some of the best and the most expensive examples obtainable of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Turner, Bonington, and Constable. An example of this was furnished at the last winter exhibition of the Royal Academy, when a whole series of fine English works was contributed by Mr. Pierpoint Morgan, who has since, it is believed, conveyed them to the other side.

In Paris, too, those great collectors, the members of the Rothschild family, have set the example of an *engouement* for fine English art of the last century, and in this they are now being followed—to our glory, but also to our loss—by not a few fashionable amateurs of the French capital.

With us the great Hamilton Palace Collection has become a memory only, while the famous Marlborough Rubenses have been scattered abroad and absorbed chiefly by Paris and Berlin.

The Dudley Collection has been resolved into its component parts, which have gone to swell the galleries of

Berlin, Dresden, and Cologne, and many an English and foreign collection besides.

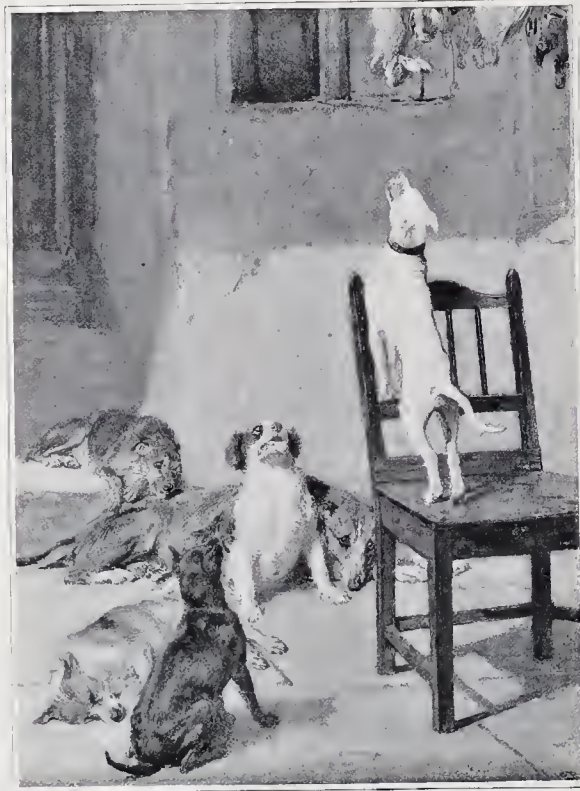
One of the choicest, though not one of the largest, of all the English private galleries—that of the Earl of Northbrook—has entered upon a gradual process of disintegration; but, luckily, its choicest treasures—the Sebastiano del Piombo, the Mantegna, the Antonello da Messina, the Pisanello,

have been ceded to the National Gallery.

It is true that in this short enumeration, which might be indefinitely increased, we have looked only at the black side of things, and that there still remain to us such glories of the land as the wonderful Hertford House Collection; the not less wonderful Bridgewater House Collection, with its Raphaels and its unsur-

passed Titians; the Dorchester House Collection; Lord Cowper's exquisite examples at Panshanger of the Italian schools at their highest; the Grosvenor House Gallery; the Castle Howard Gallery; the respective collections of the Duke of Sutherland and the Duke of Wellington; the Longford Castle Collection, shorn only of three famous canvases which have passed into the National Gallery; and the collection of Lord Darnley at Cobham. The future looks uncertain, however, for some of the great representative private galleries in which the English nation may almost be said to have a part. Oppressive and unfair death duties and agricultural troubles may force many an owner, against his will, to give up even his most treasured possessions, and the onlooker will deeply deplore such a result, and yet will feel himself unable to blame those who may be fatally driven towards it.

Quite by themselves, for obvious reasons, stand the great collections of the Rothschild family in England—those of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, and Lord Rothschild. Consisting almost exclusively of the finest works of the English and French masters of the eighteenth century, and of well-chosen



"Thou art so near and yet so far!"
By Britton Riviere, R.A.

examples of the Dutch masters of the seventeenth, they go on steadily increasing, and absorbing from all quarters fine paintings coming under these heads. These last are, however, just the galleries in which the general public is least interested, because a fine work engulfed in one of them is practically lost to the outside world, so little is it likely to be seen again in public, and so little accessible are the galleries themselves in comparison with some of those above cited.

Since the middle of this century some collections of an entirely distinct and peculiar class have grown up in England, combining Italian Art, chiefly of the *Quattrocento*, with the English pre-Raphaelite Art which, since the days of the famous pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, has come to maturity under its shadow, resembling its prototype sometimes closely enough in externals, but in its later developments absolutely divergent from it as regards essential character. It is hardly necessary to cite as the two typical collections of this special type those of the late Mr. William Graham and the late Mr. Leyland, both of them now, unfortunately, things of the past.

rule, paintings which, in some way or another, stood very definitely apart from the current art of their own day—the works mainly of Mr. Watts, of Frederick Walker, of George Mason, of Mr. Whistler, of Albert Moore. Some collections belonging to this group still survive, and notably that of Mr. Constantine Ionides, by no means one of the largest, but one of the most representative of its class. Unlike almost any other similar series in England, it can show, at one and the same time, Italian masters from Orcagna to Tiepolo, English art of the first and second pre-Raphaelite schools, Dutch masters of the seventeenth century in some few fine examples, French art, represented by Corot, Millet, and the Barbizon school, and in a more extreme phase by M. Degas.

Another collection of the same, or nearly the same, representative type, is that of Mr. Joseph Ruston, of Lincoln, of which, through the unstinted generosity of its owner, the frequenters of London picture-galleries are well able to form an opinion for themselves. It includes Italian and Netherlandish pictures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Flemish and Dutch art of the seven-



Engraved by R. Paterson.

The Morning of the Year.

By J. W. North, A.R.A

Into these, and other galleries of the same class, paintings more genuinely modern, less archaistic in tendency, were no doubt from time to time admitted, but they were, as a

teenth, and unsurpassed groups of paintings by Rossetti, Mr. Watts, and Sir E. Burne-Jones.

Not less familiar to the public should be the interesting

gallery of Mr. R. S. Benson, which is also of comparatively recent growth, and consists chiefly of Venetian and North Italian pictures of the fifteenth and sixteenth

works of the eighteenth century, as these have detached themselves, by a seemingly inevitable process of disintegration, from the collections of former generations. This

spirited amateur is also among the few who have turned the tables on our encroaching foreign rivals among the collectors, by competing for, and carrying off, prizes in the great Paris sales.

Of Mr. Henry Tate's large and, in some respects, representative collection of modern English painters, nothing further need be said in this Journal, where, during 1894, it has been studied and appreciated in great detail. A gathering of pictures absolutely unique of its kind in England, and only to be paralleled—if, indeed, it is paralleled—by a few of the finest collections of New York and Boston, U.S., is that of Mr. James Staats Forbes, which comprises an astonishingly complete and varied series of the great French landscapists forming the Barbizon School—Jean François Millet, Corot, Troyon, Rousseau, Diaz, Daubigny, and the lesser luminaries—besides works by the modern Dutch painters who originally derived inspiration from them, to say nothing of other masters of note, such as the veteran, Professor Knans, and that most brilliant executant, M. Carolus-Duran.

Similar collections of modern pictures of the foreign schools, less numerous but hardly less remarkable

in their way, have been brought together by Mr. James Donald, by Mr. Alexander Young, and by some other North British connoisseurs, who in their readiness to appreciate the finer qualities displayed by the great French landscapists of the century, have shown a more delicate connoisseurship and a more decided initiative than their brother collectors born south of the Tweed.

The collection of Mr. George McCulloch, of which some account is now to be given, differs in some respects from almost all the galleries which have been touched upon in the preceding remarks. But first it must be borne in mind that it is still, notwithstanding its magnitude, to be looked upon as a collection in the very process of formation, and to be judged accordingly. It will, no doubt, in the immediate future, be made to illustrate not a few modern schools and masters as yet unrepresented in it, and it will also, perhaps, leave behind it as not sufficiently



A Venetian Fête.
By Eugène de Blaas.

centuries, supplemented by some of the best-known productions of Sir E. Burne-Jones, and by a famous work of Sir J. E. Millais's early time.

The two greatest of the still-growing private galleries devoted exclusively to the Old Masters are those of Mr. Ludwig Mond and Sir Francis Cook. The latter, it need hardly be said, includes, besides its great series of the Italian Quattrocentists and Cinquecentists, examples of Spanish, Netherlandish, French, and English painters, while the former is entirely devoted to Italian art, of which, as recent exhibitions both at the Royal Academy and the New Gallery have proved, it can boast a few famous and many representative examples.

A great collection of quite another type, which has grown up entirely within the last few years, at the touch, as it were, of the enchanter's wand, is that of Lord Iveagh, who, luckily for England, has been willing and able to acquire a vast series of the most renowned English

distinctive to mate on equal terms with its choicest treasures, some examples which, though they may attain to a highly respectable level of achievement, are not interesting enough to invite detailed criticism or discussion. The distinctiveness of the McCulloch collection lies chiefly in the circumstance that it opens its doors with a large and generous impartiality to the productions of modern Britain and modern France alike, not going far behind the present generation of artists in either case, but representing very fairly both the moderate and the advanced schools which may be classed as of to-day, though not yet those which to the general public still constitute, in their disregard of conventionality and tradition, the art of to-morrow. Another peculiarity which serves to distinguish the group of works under discussion, is that the canvases which have been chosen to take their place in it, are not as a rule cabinet specimens, but paintings of important dimensions such as it is often the custom to describe as "gallery pictures," because they are destined to find their way

Stanhope Forbes' 'Forging the Anchor,' Mr. Peter Graham's 'Caledonia, Stern and Wild,' Mr. Watts' 'Fata Morgana,' Mr. Frank Dicksee's 'The Last of the Vikings,' Mr. Hitchcock's 'Maternité,' Mr. David Murray's 'Hampshire,' Mr. Alma Tadema's 'The Sculptor's Gallery,' M. Dagnan-Bouveret's 'Dans la Forêt,' and M. Roybet's 'Propos Galants,' with all of which the visitor to the recent exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the Salon of the Champs-Élysées, and the Salon of the Champ de Mars will probably be familiar.

Among many other home-grown artists represented, may be mentioned Mr. Frank Bramley, Mr. Vicat Cole, Mr. J. W. North, Mr. J. M. Swan, Mr. Clausen, Mr. H. B. W. Davis, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Gow, Mr. Arthur Hacker, Sir J. E. Millais, the late Henry Moore and Albert Moore, Mr. Briton Rivière, Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. Waterhouse, and last but not least, Mr. J. McNeill Whistler. The foreign contingent comprises, besides the distinguished artists whose names have just been given, M. Gérôme, Bastien-Lepage, Herr



Engraved by R. Paterson.

Abingdon.

By Vicat Cole, R.A.

into public galleries rather than into private collections.

Such works — to select almost at random — are Sir Frederic Leighton's 'Garden of the Hesperides,' Mr.

Munkacsy, Herr Carl Heffner, Señor Pradilla, Herr van Haanen, Señor Villegas, M. de Blaas, Herr Holmberg, Herr Bauernfeind, and a few others.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

. For notes on these Illustrations see page 20.



Entrance to Cataract.

From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

THE FIRST CATARACT.

WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

WE found room in the same boat as had carried us over to Philæ on the previous day. The lateen yard is firmly fixed to the mast forward as high as a man's head, and fastened at the stern to the woodwork of the daïs. The pilot, an old grey-bearded fellow attired in a blue gown, is perched at the end of the poop holding the rudder. The crew, apart from the pilot, comprise eight oarsmen, a singer, and a boy.

Our men have grasped the oars; thrice they have shouted, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" adding, by way of termination, "Thank you; very good!" This, it seems, is considered necessary since the British occupation.

Urchins on the shore become hoarse clamouring for bagsheesh. Some of them, casting their garments to the ground, have leapt into the water, others, carrying their clothing on their heads in bundles or folded up and fastened to their shoulders, have followed them, and there they all are, escorting the boat, swimming with one hand, begging with the other.

The boatmen may drive them off, threaten them with their oars, they continue following the craft all the same, impeding the rowing, sometimes clinging to the gunwale and pleading for charity with wonderful perseverance; so give them a few small bits of money.

We graze the northern point of Bigeh. Opposite, advances the spur of the Arabian chain. These two formidable promontories guard the entrance to the cataract.

The wild, rugged mass of Bigeh, a huge downfall of rocks arrested in fantastical equilibrium, towers up sinister and black, reflecting in the water the sombre tints of its granite and the weird profiles of its crests.

Enormous monoliths, quaintly shaped with tormented lines, cleft in every sense as if they had been exposed to intolerable heat, tower up threatening, slashed with large crevices similar to dismantled bastions broken in by blows from a battering-ram.

A furious medley of rocks descends from their base in giddy confusion to the Nile. Some that have rolled into the river show only their round polished heads, others cast on sand banks are deeply embedded there in attitudes of crouching monsters.

The harsh, reddish Arabian chain suddenly lowers and becomes a steep cliff connected with the Nile by a heap of rocks forming a gigantic causeway penetrating deep into the river. In clefts at the foot of the cliff, in spots free from stone, a few palms, mimosas, lentisks, find poor nourishment.

Before us, between the yellow low sands of Libya and the bristling crests of the Arabian spurs, the Nile expands peaceful and immense, presenting the warm whiteness of liquid silver beneath the sparkling sun. Numerous islets rise dull and heavy from the dazzling surface, along with thousands of rocks looking like blocks of coal or tar. Capes, strips of land, advance from all parts between the narrow and peculiarly-shaped bays with shores of sand or granite. Isthmuses extend between the rocks and islets.

The Nile twists and turns through all these obstacles with blinding brightness and apparent solutions of continuity conveying to it the appearance of a prodigious reptile that has been cut into pieces, and the fragments of which would seem to be endeavouring to reunite.

Amidst this chaos, where the cold brightness of the

waters brings out the powerful masses of granite and basalt in strong relief, appear the white spots of eupolas, masts of vessels, slender lateen yards, bits of sails, clusters of palm trees, milk worts, mimosas; but all this very small, very vague, hardly perceptible.

The current is already making itself felt, the boat glides along more rapidly. The singer, accompanying himself on his darabouk, has struck up a Nubian song with lively rhythm, and the boatmen gaily take up the chorus together. The pilot is motionless and silent in the stern.

There, beyond a cape, on our right, is a palm and sycamore grove. Among the trees one catches a glimpse of a line of white houses, the little town of Mahatta. A green hand forms a border at the top of a broad stretch of sand sloping gently towards the river, where boats from Nubia, loaded with ebony, gum, ivory, are resting at anchor.

The current becomes stronger; we advance more rapidly. The channel is broad; the rocks encumbering it, being at some distance apart, are avoided without much difficulty.

From time to time we pass a fishing boat, an old merchant dahabieh, all to pieces, ascending towards the south.

Behind us appears Philæ looking very white against the grey background of the desert, and appearing extremely small, shut in as it is by the lofty silhouette of Bigeh on one side and the steep, wild Arabian shore on the other.

On our left, beyond a line of breakers, extends the

of sorgho. A little farther back, near a group of trees standing beside some huge basaltic rocks, one catches a glimpse of four or five hovels. Boats lie alongside the shore.

The current becomes stronger every minute; the craft now glides along swiftly, and one hears a dull murmur coming from the north. We are within a few hundred yards only of the great fall, and it is its roar that reaches us abated and indistinct.

The boatmen bend to their oars, and a turn of the rudder by the pilot brings us within call of the Libyan shore. We land amidst a swelling crowd of half-naked natives.

They fall upon us as upon a prey, and no longer leave us. They pull us by the arms, cling to our garments, offer us scarabees, statuettes, antlers from Ammon, bead necklaces. They implore our pity with deafening cries. They dub us with all imaginable titles; each of us becomes successively, or at the same time, Lord, Count, Duke, Marquess. They affirm we are millionaires, swear they are starving, and arrive at the conclusion that we should give them something.

An old Arab in rags and tatters, short, broken-down, wrinkled, as shrivelled up as a mummy, has advanced and placed himself at our head. He leans with one hand on a long staff; in the other he holds a whip with a short handle and two leathern thongs which serves him to correct the troublesome. This is the guide and Sheikh of the cataract, and all these people bawling around us are of his tribe and mostly his relatives.



Village of Mahatta.
From a Drawing by Geo. Moutbard.

golden sheet of Libyan sand with its chaplet of blackish crests piercing the radiant firmament.

On the right, at the summit of a sandy slope, stands an Arab gourbi with walls of planks covered with branches

We follow an ascending pathway bordered with white stones and running close to the top of the bank. The dull rolling of the waters becomes emphasized every minute.

The old mummy walks before us with short, even steps without ever turning his head, which is bowed frightfully low. The thongs of the whip trail on the ground, and at each stride his staff rises and falls with regular automatic motion, burying itself deeply in the fine sand. He goes straight before him, his head buried in his shoulders—poor narrow, thin shoulders, with bones stretching out the tanned, strained skin that one catches a glimpse of through the rents in his filthy burnous. He mumbles something in a frail tremulous voice that issues like a breath from his chest. He advances absorbed in himself, with a vague look, and in his fixed and glassy eye seem to pass visions of some distant world.

And whirling around this decrepitude, this human ruin, this wreck of life returning slowly to nothingness, are a band of bronzy children and adults in sculpture-like form, bursting with life, exuberant with strength: his sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons, all full of respect and submission for the sire, for the old Sheikh of the cataract.

Here we are at the top of the lofty, steep cliff formed of gigantic granite rocks.

Below us breaks forth the frightful riot of the cataract.

Before us expands a spectacle of sublime horror, recalling the morrows of antediluvian cataclysms.

In the middle of the desert a huge, savage-looking circus expands indefinitely between two desolate chains of hills. In this grandiose amphitheatre formidable groupings of rocks have formed; heaps of basalt, sandstone, or granite with dark, polished smooth sides cover the ground as far as one can see, conveying the illusion of an innumerable herd of monstrous stone animals.

Into this mournful immensity, between the pale gold dust of the Libyan sands and the dull grey summits of the Arabian mountains, beneath a sky that is almost black



The Old Sheikh of the Cataract.

From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

through the intensity of its blue, where shines a white sun shedding a strong light, the exasperated, howling waters rush with inconceivable impetuosity and power.

Cutting a way through the solid masses of rock, sometimes covering them, they roll along, dashing together, foaming, whirling madly round with great eddies between the multitude of aggregates of stone. Here they scale the low ridges with a heartrending moan; there, imprisoned between the two lofty ramparts of a canon opening in the granite, they glide in sinister silence exercising frightful pressure on the hard smooth sides. From the abyss rises the angry roar of the elements contending together.

It is the implacable and incessant conflict that has been going on for thousands of years and will last thousands of years—the struggle of liquid against solid, of water attacking stone, gnawing into the beds of rocks, wearing out their sides, filing their tops, shaking them to their foundations by the catapult-like strokes of its mass launched forward with pitiless fury.

And it will be thus until the stone, broken, uprooted, disappears and makes way for the river, unless after some convulsion of the globe, the waters of the upland, forced to follow another course, give back this frightful chaos of upheaved rocks to the sands, transforming the arena into a valley of death, making Egypt what it was formerly—a desert.



Young Arab playing with a Snake.

From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

erect, graceful, holding the fatal lamp and chain, charms most of us by the girlish slenderness of her form and contours not yet fully grown to the fulness of womanhood; her diffident and almost timid action, and the reserve of her attitude. Her compact hair is adorned with a coronet, shaped into Psyche's own emblem—a butterfly. Again, this statue is not quite so exhaustive and firm as that of other nudités of girlish brides which are before us. Alfred Boucher's life-size marble of the virgin lying supine, and called 'Le Repos,' is represented by the block before the reader. The statue excels in the exquisite *abandon* of the attitude, the arm resting on the pillow and above the sleeper's head, the very fingers and palms being relaxed in her restfulness; she seems to breathe softly between the slight parting of her lips, and so complete is the charming veracity of the design that we seem to see her bust slowly suspire. The surface of this figure is so choicely and completely wrought after the life that what is called its *morbidezza* is worthy of Woolner's extreme accomplishments in that way, reproducing the Phidias-like beauty of the skin's texture and elasticity.



Pompeian Treasure Trove.
By H. A. Moulin.

The 'Persée et la Gorgone' of Marqueste shows the hero grasping the shrieking nymph by her hair of snakes, crushing her body into the ground with his foot, and about to smite off her evil-boding head. A noble passion pervades this somewhat over-classic, but thoroughly learned, group, where, of course, the antique types and treatment which obtain in it are rightly manifested.

'Les Gracques' of M. Guillaume, is a group of half-length figures of the brothers, such as might have adorned their tomb, and in the act of clasping each other's hands upon the famous scroll which recorded how the public lands (not, as in our day, those which were in private hands) were to be divided. The resolute, remorseless lips, the eyes filled with a noble intention (as of a sort of heroic insanity) of the faces, bespeak the sculptor's profound sympathy with his subject, by means of which he made 'Les Gracques' look so heroic, and yet did not miss that soupçon of the theme's humour which seems to suggest that not the Gracchi, but others, were to be the martyrs of their schemes for the benefit of mankind. The shallowness of their "one-ideaedness"



Mercury finding the Caduceus.
By Idzac.

appears in the stony eyes of these wonderfully modelled faces, so grand, grave, and austere as they are.

From these emblems of one of the most stupendous of Rome's disasters the student will turn with that interest which its beauty, bewitching horror, and researchful charm demand to the wonderful group by M. Puech, of which a small memorandum serves as the initial of this essay. 'La Sirène,' a life-size group in white marble, gives, with terrible intensity, so much of a moral enforcing the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil," as sculpture that is not didactic can offer. Here, with unchallengeable fire of genius and consummated skill, M. Puech has represented the fierce and ardent monster of the rocks, waves, and sands—where many a goodly soul has gone to wreck—shaped to the hips like a beautiful woman, winged like a gigantic sea-swan, and tailed like an obscene creature of the ocean caves. Fired with a woman's passion for the youth, who, half-unwilling and full of fear, she has seized upon the shore where he came to bathe—she, with him aloft upon her shoulders, plunges into the surges which, even now, curl about his feet. He, boy-like, and with his face presageful of destruction, his wide-open eyes dilated, his hair lifting, and his lips parting with his quickened breath, stares before him, while sense of his peril grows stronger and he hardly heeds her blandishments. He is no longer moved by her caresses and her kisses, that assure him of the power of her wings to bear him to the place of Love she spoke about, before he gave his lithe body to her grasp. The boy's face and shrinking air are a tragic poem; the Siren's face is a satyrical one, and the group, as a whole, is a sardonic one.

If I were asked to name that which—taking its design, technique, and pathos into consideration—seems to me the finest of modern French sculptures, the answer would be in favour of M. Puech's masterpiece of beautiful Art, which has been turned into an initial cut for this occasion. Next to this I should place M. Idrac's 'Mercure invente le Caducée,' the subject of another block now before the reader, representing the rather more than life-size statue of the stalwart god as, stooping to the ground, he thrusts his wonder-working rod between the curling bodies of two snakes that were fighting, and made thus the sceptre of his power as Zeus's harbinger, and the guiding staff with which he conducted souls to Hades, called the dead to life, and lulled to sleep the ever-watchful Cerberus and dragons more vigilant than that of the Hesperides. Seeing the creatures fighting among the herbage, the god threw himself upon the earth, and half-laughing as he did so, put the sceptre between the belligerents, and immortalised them both. The masculine type M. Idrac adopted for his Hermes differs greatly from that which John of Bologna selected for his famous

statue of Jove's harbinger. Beautiful as the latter is, the former is the finer and greater. The energy of M. Idrac's conception of his subject is as vigorous and original as its execution in the marble is learned and strong. The composition of this difficult figure is of the highest value and merit; in this respect 'Mercure' approaches 'La Sirène' of Puech; its execution need not be commended to learned eyes, while its style belongs to the highest order. By the same artist the Luxembourg contains the life-size 'Salambo,' a naked virgin, gracefully ardent and confident in the magic of her beauty, round whose warm and voluptuous form the heavy, cold, and polished serpent slowly slides, while she allows him to glide from limb to limb, athwart her back, upon her breast, between her guiding fingers, and moving over her arms, to reach at last her lips, where his tongue plays like a lambent flame.

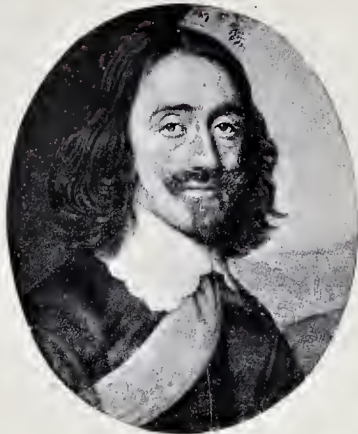
Not more space is left to me than suffices to commend to readers the originals of the two remaining reproductions from life-size bronze statues of very remarkable beauty, spirit, and fine execution. One of these is M. Moulin's 'Une Trouvaille à Pompéi,' the nude figure of a youth who, digging in the ruins of the Roman city, has found a fine antique statuette, and because of his luck dances for joy. M. Moulin's work, a capital example of what toretic art should be, explains itself. The last of the blocks to be named reproduces Mr. Jules Salmson's 'La Dévideuse (the Silk Winder), such being the occupation of the maiden who sits in a chair of Greek device, and diligently winds a silken thread upon a reel of ivory.

If further time and space were available I should not fail to praise M. Longepied's grand composition, 'L'Immortalité'; M. Deleplanche's 'L'Aurore,' a grandiose but noble nudity; M. Puech's 'La Muse d'André Chénier' tenderly kissing the dead poet's brow; M. Dubois's 'Chanteur Florentin du XV^e Siècle,' and 'St. Jean-Baptiste enfant'; M. Injalbert's 'Hippomène' in bronze, a boy running with the apple, his prize, in his hand, and looking back as he does so; M. St. Marceaux's 'Génie gardant le Secret de la Tombe'; M. Croissy's charming group of infants sleeping in a chair, which is called 'Le Nid'; M. Carlier's 'Gilliat saisi par la Pieuvre,' a diver seized by an enormous octopus, a group before which a spectator's breath is apt to stop while he wonders whether or not the man will cut himself free from the manifold arms of the monster. The odds are against our fellow creature. In addition I should write fully on M. Léon Gérôme's 'Tanagra,' which is in coloured marble; M. Fremiet's 'Pan et Ours'; M. Coutan's 'Éros'; M. Crauck's 'La Jeunesse et l'Amour'; Chapu's 'Mercure invente le Caducée,' and half a dozen more fine things which attest the merits of the great school they illustrate, as well as the skill, learning, and labours of the artists who produced them.

F. G. STEPHENS.



Tailpiece. By T. Runciman.



Charles I.
By John Hoshins. (No. 21.)



Sir John King.
By Alexander Cooper. (No. 22.)

MINIATURE PAINTING IN ENGLAND.—III.*



Charles I.
By Petilot. (No. 23.)

IN Nicholas Hilliard, or Hilliard, we have the first English-born miniature painter who rose to eminence, or whose reputation, at any rate, has endured to our own day. He is said to have been born in 1547, and was the son of Richard Hilliard, of Exeter, high sheriff of that city and county, 1560—a portrait of whom, by the way, was sold at Strawberry Hill for four-and-a-half guineas. His mother was Laurence, daughter of John Wall, goldsmith, of London;

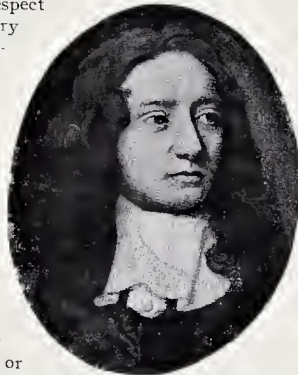
a fact which no doubt accounts for Nicholas being brought up to the business of goldsmith and jeweller, an occupation closely connected with the early history of the art of limning; and we commonly find a liberal use of gold made in Hilliard's miniatures in heightening the effect of the dresses and the ornaments with which they are studded.

He seems to have acquired proficiency at an unusually early age. Thus a miniature was exhibited at Kensington in 1865—a portrait of himself by his own hand. This is signed N. H., and dated 1550. It was formerly at Colworth, and is now, I believe, in the possession of Mrs. Hogge. One meets with frequent instances of precocity of genius in the annals of Art, but to suppose that this portrait was painted when the artist was three years old is, of course, absurd, and there is clearly a mistake somewhere. By the way, Walpole mentions the Earl of Oxford having a portrait of Hilliard done by the artist himself when he was thirteen.

The Duke of Buccleuch exhibited at the "Old Masters," 1879, a miniature described as a "portrait of the painter

(N. Hilliard) born 1547. Inscribed *AN̄O D̄NI 1573. Ætatis sue 37.*" Here there is an obvious discrepancy of ten years.

Hilliard's rise must have been a rapid one. We find him in high favour with Elizabeth. Pilkington says he owed his introduction to the Queen to the interest of Raleigh, but I have not met with any evidence for this assertion. He engraved the Great Seal in 1587, and he was appointed goldsmith, carver, and portrait-painter to the Virgin Queen to make pictures of "her body and person in small compasse in lymnyng only." It is commonly said he was enjoined to paint her Majesty without shadows. This injunction, if true, may be regarded as a characteristic instance of feminine vanity rather than as a sufficient reason to account for the flatness of treatment for which he is sometimes blamed. James I. granted him a patent to this effect: "Whereas our well-loved servant, Nicholas Hilliard, gentleman, our principal drawer of small portraits, and embosser of our medals in gold, in respect of his extraordinary skill in drawing, graving, and imprinting, etc., we have granted unto him our special licence for twelve years to invent, make, grave, and imprint any pictures of our image, or our royal family, with power to take a constable and search for any pictures, plates, or works, printed, sold, or set up."



Samuel Cooper.
By himself, signed S. C. 1657.
(No. 24.)

Walpole has remarked, concerning Hilliard's manner

* Continued from page 132.

of painting, "although he copied the neatness of his model (Holbein), he was far from attaining that nature and force which that great master impressed on his most minute works. Hilliard," he adds, "arrived at no strength of colouring; his faces are pale, and void of any variety of tints; the features, jewels, and ornaments expressed by lines as slender as a hair. The exact dress of the times he curiously delineated; but he seldom attempted beyond a head. Yet his performances were greatly valued."

That he was highly esteemed by his contemporaries is clear from Dr. Donne's lines,—

"A hand or eye
By Hilliard drawn, is worth a historye
By a worse painter made."

In Heydock's translation of "Lomazzo on Painting,"

published in 1598, we are

told that "limning was

much used in former

times in Church

books, as also in

drawing by the

life in small models

of late

years by some

of our countrymen,

as

Shoote, Betts,

etc.; but brought

to the rare perfection

we now see by the

most ingenious,

painful, and

skilful master,

Nicholas Hilliard."

And the same

author speaks

of his being

much admired

by strangers as

well as natives.

As regards Wal-

pole's criticism upon

the paleness of the

faces in Hilliard's work,

I venture to assert, having

examined a good many exam-

ples, that the flatness complained

of is attributable to the carnations

having flown; indeed, the flesh

tints are often so faded as to make

the features almost past recogni-

tion; whilst, on the other hand,

the draperies and ornaments, being

painted in opaque

colours, are remarkably perfect.

Blaise Vigenere says he used a brush

composed of hairs

from a squirrel's tail. He commonly

worked on vellum. His works are

generally signed "N. H.,"

and nearly always have a motto and

date written round the edge in

Latin, and abbreviated.

In the Loan Collection of Miniatures

shown at the

South Kensington Museum in 1865,

were between thirty

and forty examples attributed to

Hilliard. Amongst

these was one on vellum, belonging

to the Duke of

Buccleuch, of Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, brother of Jane Seymour, and uncle of Edward VI., beheaded on Tower Hill, 1552. Round the portrait is inscribed EDUARDE, DVKE OF SOMERSET+ ANNO DOMINI +1560, N. H. (connected). Here we have a case of a signature which would make Hilliard only thirteen when he painted this miniature. The same remark applies to a portrait formerly owned by Mr. Magniac, of Darnley, Earl of Lennox, which bears the following inscription: "COMES LIXOX, ANO DNI, 1560, ETATIS SUE 18"; Lady des Vœux has a miniature of Elizabeth in her twenty-fifth year, dated 1564.

These instances, it correct, strengthen one's doubts as to the accuracy of the generally received date of the painter's birth.

As might be expected,

there were several portraits

of Elizabeth in

the Kensington collection

(no less than seven),

proving that, if she

had neither taste nor feeling

for Art, she had no

objection to a multiplication

of portraits of herself,

concerning which Wal-

pole remarks

"There is not a single

one to be called beautiful.

They are totally composed

of hands and necklaces.

A pale Roman nose,

a head of hair loaded with

crowns and powdered

with diamonds, a vast

ruff, a vaster farthingale,

and a bushel of pearls,

are the features by which

everyone knows them at once."

The "pale Roman nose" is

well shown in the profile

portrait of Elizabeth, of which

we gave an illustration on page

101. This is from a fine miniature

belonging to Canon Harcourt

Vernon.

In the splendid exhibition at

Burlington House in the

winter of 1879, amongst the

treasures shown by the Duke

of Buccleuch, was the celebrated

Hilliard mentioned by

Granger, and well known from

the engraving by R. White,

representing George Clifford,

Earl of Cumberland, champion

to Queen Elizabeth. The earl

is dressed as for a tournament;

he wears an enormous flapped

hat, with a glove, the emblem

of his office, fixed on the

front; indeed, it is full of

curious details which we cannot

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George Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
By Samuel Cooper. (No. 25.)

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to describe. Part of a group of remarkable miniatures,

from the same superb collection, was another portrait of Elizabeth, which has at any rate a good pedigree. It is mentioned in the catalogue of the limnings belonging to Charles I., and is therein said to have been "done by old Hilliard, bought by the King of young Hilliard," and was described as having a picture-box hanging at her right breast.

There is another portrait of Queen Elizabeth spoken of by Walpole as one of Hilliard's most capital performances; it was a whole length of her in her robes sitting on her throne. This was also in Charles's collection, and included in the catalogue by the Keeper of the King's Cabinet.* A copy of this list was discovered, says Walpole, some years ago in Moorfields. It fell into the hands of Sir John Stanley, who permitted copies to be made, from one of which Vertue obtained a transcript. But the whereabouts of these miniatures remained unknown until quite recently, when one day some of them were brought into a London print-shop by a picture-frame maker, who, having bought them with other things, offered them for sale. An examination of the backs of the portraits disclosed the crowned C R, and no doubt as to their identification exists.

They were purchased by the late Duke of Buccleuch at a moderate price, and were shown at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1879.

Fourteen Hilliards are specified in the above-named catalogue, including a view of the Spanish Armada. Four of these, portraits and copies of older pictures, are now at Windsor, and were once attached to a gold and enamelled jewel, the work on which, it is surmised, was probably also Hilliard's, he being, as we have seen, the court goldsmith; the portraits are those of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, and Edward VI. The latter Van der Doort describes as

* Abraham Van der Doort—by the way his end was a pitiful one. A miniature of the parable of the lost sheep by Gibson was entrusted to his care by the king. The keeper hid it so carefully that when wanted it could not be found, and Van der Doort hanged himself in despair.

1896.

"meanly done" "upon a round card." *Bric-à-brac* collectors are not likely to soon forget the portrait of James I. sold at Christie's on the dispersal of the Hamilton Palace collection, of which mention has been already made.

There are extant several miniatures of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart attributed to Hilliard. One formerly belonged to Lord Wilmington, from whom it passed to Horace Walpole, and was sold at Strawberry Hill for eight guineas, and the Duke of Buccleuch has one representing her as a girl "with a baby face." Lord Derby has a portrait of Drake in his forty-second year. Lord Fitzhardinge has a portrait of Edmund Spenser.

E. W. Harcourt possesses the Lady Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke—"Sidney's Sister"; she it was to whom the *Arcadia* was dedicated: this interesting

miniature, of which an illustration was given at p. 138, came from Penhurst, where

is, or was, an admirable likeness of the painter himself in his thirtieth year which is engraved in Dallaway's edition of Walpole's anecdotes.

Lord Wharcliffe possesses a portrait of James I. in oils on card, and of his consort, Anne of Denmark; and Mrs. Naylor Leyland owns a portrait ascribed to Hilliard, which has, at any rate, a most circumstantial history. It is of

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and was given by her to one of her maids of honour on her marriage, from whom it descended to her grandson, the second and last Earl of Middleton; he gave it to his god-daughter, Elizabeth Dickson, daughter of the Steward of the Household of James II., grandmother of the late Charles Scarisbrick, to whom the portrait descended from him to his daughter, the present possessor.

But probably no miniature attributed to Hilliard is more beautiful or more interesting in itself than one in the Buccleuch collection, shown in the Academy Winter Exhibition in 1879. It is a portrait, in good condition, delicately wrought, of Alicia Brandon, whose features are delightful from their vivacity and ingenuousness. This lady was the daughter of John Brandon, Chamberlain of



James, Duke of Monmouth.
By Samuel Cooper. (No. 26.)

the City of London, and Nicholas Hilliard married and painted her, as we see from the inscription, which runs— "Alicia Brandon, Nicolai Hilliard, qui propria manu depinxit, Uxor prima. Año Dñi 1578. Ætatis Suae 22." N. II. (connected).

The picture is circular in form, and has a rose-turned case of logwood with an ivory circular rim. I believe it was bought a few years ago by a jeweller in what is called a "job lot" of old gold and silver, and for a small sum.

Hilliard had an only son, Lawrence, who followed his father's profession. Lawrence had several children (Dallaway mentions four), and was living in 1634. He enjoyed

Holbein's salary, by the way), and the rest of his effects to his son Lawrence, his sole executor.

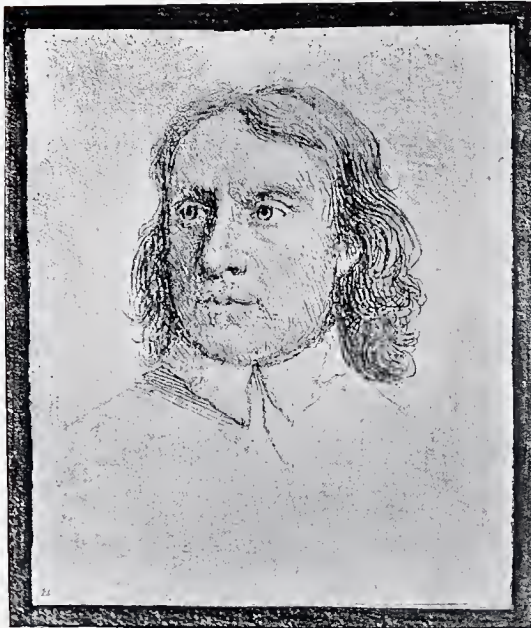
J. J. FOSTER.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 21.—CHARLES I., by John Hoskies, in Her Majesty's collection.

No. 22.—SIR JOHN KING, by Alexander Cooper, in Her Majesty's collection.

No. 23.—CHARLES I., by Petitot, in the collection of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.



Oliver Cromwell.
Pencil Study by Samuel Cooper. (No. 27.)

the patent granted by James to Nicholas until its expiration. It is surmised that this privilege was a source of considerable emolument to the Hilliards, and gave them control over the engravers and printsellers of the period, to whom licenses were granted. Simon de Passe was employed by them in engraving small plates of the heads of the Royal Family. There is a warrant of the council extant dated 1624, ordering the payment of £42 to Lawrence Hilliard for five pictures by him drawn.

The elder Hilliard died on the 6th of January, 1619, and was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

He left to his sister, Anne Avery, twenty pounds of thirty that was due as his pension (the same amount as



Oliver Cromwell.
By Samuel Cooper. (No. 28.)

No. 24.—SAMUEL COOPER, by himself, signed S. C., 1657, from the Dyce collection, South Kensington Museum.

No. 25.—GEORGE MONK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, by Samuel Cooper, in Her Majesty's collection.

No. 26.—JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH, by Samuel Cooper, in Her Majesty's collection.

No. 27.—OLIVER CROMWELL, an interesting example of the pencil study from which Samuel Cooper was accustomed to paint his miniatures, from the Stafford House collection.

No. 28.—OLIVER CROMWELL, by Samuel Cooper, in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH ART.

BY A YOUNG ART CRITIC.*



Initial by T. Runciman.

N the abundant output of works of Art, and in the crowd of personalities worthy of interest, if not of admiration, which will mark the general history of Art of the last twenty-five years of the century, to try and extricate from this mass of matter what direction French Art is taking, this is my task, a task of which nobody who is at all cognizant of the state of things in France will deny the difficulty. It is, however, the object which I have in view. Who can say if I shall succeed? But I wish, at least, if I fail that my readers will pardon my daring. For the subject is as obscure, as closely knit, and as full of mystery as those out-of-the-way corners of a deserted park, where the works of nature expand in full liberty in an entanglement and confusion of branches and flowers which makes penetration impossible.

If we give a general glance at the movement of French Art since 1870, we shall be struck by its incoherence and its disorder. A kind of folly or delirium has taken possession of the majority of our artists, a folly that one might call the rage for novelty. "A novelty! a novelty!" this has been the cry; but it is no rallying cry, for the exaggerated passion for individual liberty could not permit allegiance to any flag. Something new must be produced each day at no matter what cost, even at a sacrifice of all law, all method, and even of all conviction. To obtain this result, to put in practice this formula, which in Art has no meaning, and never will have any meaning, because the means of artistic expression are strictly limited by the work of preceding ages as much as by the possibilities of Art itself; to obtain this result, I say, all the follies, all the eccentricities which overstrung brains could conceive, have been indulged in. A blast of mental aberration has devastated the fair fields where wisdom, peace, loyalty, and freedom flourished—the glorious patrimony of French Art. Excess has followed excess, and all the characteristics of the race have been dispersed. Evil theorists have done their work, a work as fatal as it is accursed, and when the much-hoped-for dawn of a real return to reason breaks, it will be long ere its traces have disappeared.

Must we be astonished that things are so? Does the responsibility devolve only on the artist? Alas, no; and one can only reproach them with having blindly submitted to the powerful impulse of their age. If the famous theory of the "milieu" of our great essayist, H. Taine, can be used as a criterion in such a matter, it will be impossible for us not to feel a sort of pity for all these wanderings, and instead of accusing we should be obliged to pardon.

The spirit of democracy pushed to an extreme in contemporary France, this is the unique cause of a falling off in our Art; a falling off which we must certainly believe to be only temporary, and in spite of which the

* We are permitted by the writer of this article to state that, although his opinions may to some appear retrograde, he remains firmly convinced of the correctness of the conclusions at which he has arrived.—Eo. A. J.

works and names of a brilliant band of artists, faithful to tradition, shine in their radiance as they march towards the future, unbending and sturdy custodians of the spirit of the race. This state of democracy has overthrown and reduced to ruins every worship of former times, every belief and every faith in a higher ideal. Do not the rudimentary brains, which compose the crowd, think that France before the Revolution lived in pure and simple barbarism, that all science, Art, and influence abroad, in fact everything, dates from the bloody day when the head of Louis XVI. fell beneath the axe of the guillotine? The manuals of civil instruction, which the Third Republic has scattered in the schools, make a clear sweep of all the heroic and religious past of France, ridicule all its legends of poetry and piety, and preach the lowest, meanest, and most absolute materialism. What is required is to flatter the instincts of the masses, to satisfy all the lower appetites that man has within him. Demoralization has done its work; there are no longer any moral or ideal limits to the violence of the materialistic forces and to the craving for immediate and coarse enjoyment. The noisy sophisms of hungry politicians, of public-house philosophers, and of election meeting thinkers, suffice to give all the truth the people require. Are their sufferings and misery less than formerly? No, certainly not. But what does it matter, provided that the vanity or the thirst for power of their governors are satisfied? They have the reply ready to close the complaining mouths of the poor, proving to him that he is the master, the only master, since he has his place at the illusory banquet of universal suffrage. Let him be satisfied with that.

But from the lower classes let us rise to the upper classes. Certainly the level of secondary education in France is to-day very high. It creates men gilded with confident knowledge, with deep acquaintance with intellectual things, and of wide reading.

It makes marvellous implements of work, solid, resistant, rough-tempered for mighty tasks. Assuredly one must give to one's time the praises which it deserves, but you see these superior beings bereft of beliefs, of doctrine and of faith, and fired with no ideal. They do not believe in anything because they have probed everything to the bottom. The infinite and eternal poetry of the universe, where from century to century men have gone to sweeten the bitterness of life, no longer exists for them. Alas! it is so. You may call me pessimist, you may accuse me of viewing darkly this state of things, but such is nevertheless the truth. This is the appearance to the impartial observer of the age of transition through which we are passing. Does it only contain and only produce what is evil? Certainly not. Beautiful and noble individualities are daily budding, and it is sweet to seek rest and refreshment in their intellectual intercourse, as in some shady glade after the dust and heat of a summer's afternoon. But this is the rarest exception, and in a democracy such as ours every minority has fatally the worst of it. It is the majority, which I have just tried to depict in a few strokes, which is triumphantly imposing its supremacy.

This, then, is the atmosphere to which the work of Art, whatever it is, must adapt itself, so as to be in touch

with that spirit of the crowd before which every modern artist is obliged to bow, since there is no aristocracy to adopt and keep him alive, and let him work in independence. What then will be the work, be it painting, sculpture, or architecture, produced under such conditions? If, under the skies of Greece, the worship of the beautiful created the most beautiful and purest forms during several ages, it was because life then opened up in an expansive and incomparable beauty. The cathedrals and all the Art of the Middle Ages, so mysterious and so powerful in its creations, were impelled towards the divinity in accents of prayer, and in the ardour of a simple and lofty faith gave expression to all the sufferings and all the hopes of mankind. If Greek Art, as well as Gothic Art, which are and always will be the two grandest manifestations of human thought, were vivified by the enthusiasm and the unconscious approbation of their contemporaries, it is because every one could find in them the reflection of their own thought, of their own beliefs, of their own desires of the hereafter; it is because the Gothic spire as well as the Greek temple symbolised to perfection the very souls of those who contemplated them. The social institutions, the individual and collective morals, the legends, the superstitions, the life special to the age, were all manifested there under logical and adequate symbols.

What then will be the Art of our time to be in conformity with the spirit of the age? It will be basely subjected to the narrow laws, to the demands of the instincts and coarse appetites which to-day have sway almost everywhere in our old world; in short, a materialistic art, and these two words, so different and so opposed one to the other, I am obliged to link together in spite of myself. Yes, it is a materialistic art; an art without an outlook given up to the satisfaction of the moment, without any depth, without mystery, without ideal. Yes, our age will have created this metaphysical blasphemy: Art without ideal, Art without beauty. Shall we say that beauty is dead, that the ideal, slain by science, no longer exists? Ah, no; only a little effort on the part of a few true and brave men would be necessary to restore the worship of that beauty and of that ideal, whose death has made the world so desert. Instead of that, modern democracy has set up the rule of the unbeautiful; it has wished Art to become common property, and it will require a long time to efface the fatal effects of the regrettable error. Will, indeed, the effort ever be successful? One can well doubt it when one sees to what aberrations, to what a total absence of æsthetic commonsense, we have come, thanks to certain artists brought into prominence by a careless criticism, eager to flatter the tastes of the masses, and to certain Art amateurs who pride themselves on favouring new departures.

I wish now to speak of the fatal influence of the Impressionist school, but before doing so I must ask pardon for particularising, for reducing such a lofty discussion to so mean a point; but in doing so my thoughts will be more easily understood. Certainly it is time to have done with such folly, and to open the eyes; the trifling seems to have lasted long enough. For fifteen years they persist in trying to impose upon us as works of Art the incoherent crotchets of bunglers who are incapable of understanding the meaning of things, and still more incapable of interpreting them artistically. It is simple nothingness that these false connoisseurs and these false artists rush after, and pay the price of gold for, in these chalky canvases. There is nothing in them; neither conception of life, nor form of Art, nor harmony, nor knowledge of colour; all is chaos, and what a chaos! After five centuries of

painting, after the noble inheritance of beauty, of charm, of refinement, of heroism, which spreads from Van Eyck to Delacroix, from Rubens to Corot, from Velasquez to Ingres, through that noble league of artists composed of the Botticellis, the Raphaels, the Memlings, the Rembrandts, the Dürers, the Holbeins, the Claude Lorraines, the Watteaus, the Reynoldses, the Laurences, the Constables, in short, through all the countless phalanx of those whose names and works fill our museums; after all this, I say, to catch the eye and the mind of the end of the nineteenth century, they have returned to barbarism. There have been found writers ready to despise the past and blaspheme the art of all time so far as to proclaim the genius of a Pissaro, of a Gauguin, of a Cézanne, only to quote the least contested. They even wish to hold sacred the mistakes of Claude Monet, an artist who formerly had his bright days—I refer to that series of the Cathedral of Rouen—and yet one must bow one's head unless one wishes to be considered behind the times. Have we not recently seen critics pour their scorn on a master of the value of Puvlis de Chavannes in order to glorify some abortive dauber or other?

Such is the state of things. Do you understand now why sometimes restraint is no longer possible, and why a feeling of revolt seizes one, in spite of oneself? In truth, is it not a lamentable thing to see this tradition of French art disappear day by day, a tradition so beautiful and so pure, which receives the homage of so many glorious names throughout the universe? Ask one of these apprentice hands what he thinks of a master such as Claude Lorrain, or Lancret, or Chardin, and he will shrug the shoulders in disgust. Monsieur Pissaro actually one day told one of my friends, whom I will not name, that the drawing of Cézanne reminded him (and no doubt surpassed) that of Paul Veronese!

Our great school of landscape painters, the school, I mean, of Rousseau, of Dupré, of Diaz, of Corot, is dead. Those who continue it, those who are faithful to it, like Monsieur Cazin, for example, although not unknown, are far from reaping the glory which they deserve.

Yes, I repeat it, a spirit of anarchy prevails in the movement of Art in France, an impulse to destroy, a particular kind of madness which wishes to abolish everything. Nothing of the past must be allowed to exist. But it is the impotence of our time which shows itself in this way. Not having the power to create, the man of to-day takes vengeance on the work of the past. A strange form of madness, is it not?

Ah, how sad it is to think of those treasures of French Art wasted and ruined, and which yet contain such fertile riches. How terrible it is, too, to think of tomorrow. Yes, what will it be, the Art of to-morrow, since such is the Art of to-day? Rising generations, brought up to scorn the ideal, and in the worship of a kind of scientific dogma which borrows nothing from science but its name, will they feel the need for any Art at all? Perhaps not. The meaning of this sacred word is being lost from day to day. Surely those future ages are to be pitied when man will no longer know the comfort of those pure and infinite joys of which Art is so generously lavish. Religions disappear, why not Art also? Then, on the ruins of the whole world, there will be no refuge for the souls in quest of the Ideal. Revolutions, alas! are not to be averted—and sure enough the next one will burn the cathedrals, the museums, the libraries, and all that represents the past and mystery.

Everything has been wrung from the heart of man, everything which in his hours of struggle strengthened and beautified him. Under pretext of instructing him he

has been led towards science, which is called the light. He is blinded and terrified by it; too feeble, indeed, to support its glare, while the beacons which were his guides in the past, and whose kindly, sweet light he loved to see shining in his night of happy ignorance, have all been eclipsed and quenched by the burning focus which has been lighted. You have wished to understand everything. You have tried to get at the very heart of the world, that miraculous statue of gold and precious stones—to know its secret, to study its beatings, and to understand by what marvellous blood it was animated. Well, do you now know anything of the eternal? Have you acquired any absolute knowledge of the laws of the universe? Not at all, and the savants of hardly ten years have been left far behind in the never-ceasing struggle in which you are engaged. How is it that you are not seized with dizziness, standing as you do on the pinnacle of your pride and overlooking this terrible abyss? You, at least, thanks to your intellectual superiority, can check this dizziness, and it would not matter much if you could not; but what of the others, what of the countless feeble flock of poor simple souls and rudimentary minds which compose the great mass of humanity? Is it no concern of yours to see them attracted and struggling towards the powerful whirlpool, where they are soon to be thrown, mutilated and quivering, with their skulls crushed to dust? No; no impulse of pity moves you; you remain hard and cold, as if performing some austere duty. But do you not see that it is from too much knowledge that this people is expiring? To-day the moral misery is greater than the physical misery. Decoyed by your promises of happiness, the masses follow you with confidence, with loyalty and even with servility. So be it; but the day they see that your words have deceived them, and, when their eyes are opened to your lies, they find that all the paradises, whose golden gates you swore to open to all, are but illusions—oh! on that day, since there will be nothing to restrain them, neither fear nor hope of a hereafter, nor religion, nor faith, you will see them, let loose like a thousand-headed monster, bound upon and destroy the old world once and for ever. The brute in mankind will be roused, men will become barbarians like their primitive brothers, and force will fatally triumph over mind. What shall arrest their fury for destruction? Nothing; for they have destroyed in them every notion of right and of wrong. The materialistic conception of the world such as is in vogue to-day has rooted out the belief in a future immortality from their simple minds. What bounds will you oppose to the unbridled, demoniacal rage of a humanity bereft of the ideal, and reduced to a state of bestiality? How can one refrain from casting a glance of regret and sadness at those beautiful ages of faith and of Art, when the simple prayer of docile and faithful hearts rising to heaven found expression even in stone and aerial spires; when Art and faith were but one, and were the refuge, the end, the never-failing hope and shelter, for consolation and repose; when from the very depths of misery the eyes of man could see the fixed star of future happiness; when the wounded heart found healing peace in the silence of the cathedrals, still murmuring the echo of the hymns. The barbarism of the Middle Ages, this is the epithet with which the destroyers of the past, the innovators of the social future scornfully characterize the most fertile age

of Art. Ah! what pity one should feel for the disorder of modern minds in quest of happiness, and peering through the grim and wind-tossed forest of ideas and forms for some glade of rest, of confidence, of light, and of beauty.

But there is hope for us: the life of peoples, like the human heart, has its failings; the collective life is subject to the same laws as the individual life. It may be that a man may be born of a creative force so prodigious, of a will so superhuman, that his word may restore the worship of the ideal, will bring the true light to troubled brains, and will give calmness and serenity to minds and spirits who have lost the way to moral rest. But who would listen if such a one came? Could he silence the hum of the world so that his great sweet voice could be heard?

In France they are going to celebrate the end of the nineteenth century and the commencement of the twentieth by a great fair in the form of a Universal Exhibition. The general opinion of thoughtful and conscientious minds is opposed to the project, or, I should say, to the decision of the Government. This opposition is easily explained. In fact, one could wish to see the end of one century and the dawn of another celebrated by some fête more grave and more contemplative. Yes; it is in contemplation that I should like to see this great event celebrated. I would wish France to apply to the past a kind of examination of conscience, and use its results to prepare for the future. What strength, what new vitality, would be derived from it! The mind of the race would gain fresh consciousness of its value and of its destiny. But such an examination supposes a humility and a clear-sightedness of which communities as well as individuals are rarely capable, and we must regret it. For truly it would be an admirable and fertile training.

Instead of that, what is going to happen? This Universal Exhibition of 1900 will be still more than those of 1878 and 1889—progress demands it—an excuse for coarse rejoicings, for a popular outbreak of light-headedness; this is easily seen. As for Art itself, it can happily occupy only a secondary place in such fêtes, and yet can one deny that it always leaves them impaired? Art, that mysterious and profound essence, requires more contemplation for its free expansion, for its normal expansion; a time of confusion like our own, can only produce an art of confusion, without any true direction, without durable fertility, without moral value. It is this that I have tried to show.

But do not accuse me of want of patriotism; the love of truth alone has impelled me to clearly state my entire thoughts on this serious subject. But how can one love Art, how can one make of Art the sole passion of one's life without deploring the errors which we see around us? To seek for the causes of these aberrations, and maybe to find them, is this not also to indicate their remedy?

Once more—and I wish to insist upon it in conclusion—I am far from denying the radiant and incontestable grandeur of some masters of contemporary French Art, whose names and works deserve all admiration; but treating the subject from a general point of view, and seeking to penetrate it as deeply as possible, I should be false to truth if I had not said what I have said. My one wish is that I may have been deceived, been really mistaken, and readily will I give place to whoever will prove it to me.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE ART OF ENGRAVING.

AN idea is firmly rooted in the minds of many people that engraving is a "mechanical" art. This is far from being the case. The mechanism of mezzotint engraving, at least, is immensely easier than the proper use of oil paint, for the "perfection" of the skilled mechanic can be achieved with deplorable ease. The difficulty lies in departing from this perfection, and in varying the textures by the use of the scraper, so as to artistically translate the subject.

That engraving was worthy of recognition was decided by the Academy almost at its inception, and associate engravers were elected with the title of A.E.R.A. This rule was broken through in the case of Samuel Cousins, who refused to accept anything but full honours. It was pointed out to him that this would require a change in the construction of the Academy, but Cousins stood to his guns and the change was made. We owe it to him that, since 1855, it has been in the power of the Academy to elect four engravers, with the reservation that not more than two should be Academicians.

For some time things went on smoothly enough. But the engraver academicians died and their places have not been filled.

If there were no engravers of sufficient artistic power to merit election one could easily understand this. But that such engravers do exist is shown by at least some of the members of the Academy (and those by no means the least), who have either proposed or seconded engravers for election.

In not electing any of these engravers, the Academy has, as a body, not only deliberately slighted the opinion of some of its greatest painters, and the artistic capacity of the best of our living engravers, but the art of engraving, which, in my opinion, is a much more serious matter.

It is possible that the introduction of photogravure and its acceptance in certain high quarters may have had something to do with this. But the Academy should remember that if a photographic likeness of a picture is all that is required, much the same argument might apply to photographic likenesses of persons or places.

What really lies at the root of the question is the fact that too many painters know nothing, and care less, about black and white art. I was speaking to a painter the other day who imagined he was making an axiomatic statement when he said that if photography could translate different colours into their actual tones, nothing more could be desired. If this were so, engraving would be a good deal easier than it is. But it is this same translation of colour into black and white which is at once the difficulty and the charm of engraving. Blue and red, for instance, sometimes tell as light and sometimes as dark in tone. There is no rule, and there can be no rule, for the treatment of any colour; and no mere machine can possibly render the varying values of different colours, as it can only be done by thought and artistic perception. Yet this is only one of the hundred points which makes

engraving an art, and removes it from the mere reproduction of the copyist.

Another matter in which engravers have been badly treated by the Academy is the space allowed for their works in its exhibition. We have been removed to another and a worse room, and English mezzotint engravers have been presented with the smallest wall of the smallest room in Burlington House, with sometimes only a part of that wall allotted to them.

At the Engravers' Dinner, some two years ago, the late Mr. Hamerton, as chairman, was asked to point this out to the Academy. At the next exhibition mezzotint engravers were represented by something under half a dozen examples. I trust, for the honour of the Academy as gentlemen, that the facts are not connected. Every allowance must be made for the difficult task a Hanging Committee has to perform in the selection of its exhibits, but when the best engravers are conspicuous solely by their absence, the presumption is that the incompetency is not with the engravers. Pages might easily be filled with the mistakes that have been made; it is even whispered that a photogravure has adorned the sacred walls, but it is sufficient for the present purpose to point out the cure, which is to elect experts and place the matter in their hands. This is not only natural, but it was the use and wont of the Academy itself, so long as they possessed an engraver pure and simple. There are certainly engravers in the Academy now, but they have been elected, not as engravers, but as painters. Never since its foundation in 1768 has the Academy possessed so many eminent painters who could also engrave. It is all the more extraordinary that the same epoch should see the severance of the connection which has so long existed between the Academy and English engravers.

That so little has been said about this publicly may perhaps be due to two causes. An engraver of sufficient standing to merit election might be doing an unwise thing in pointing out the faults of the body to which he wishes to belong; but there is a stronger deterrent still in the fear that his action in doing so might be put down to a wish for personal advertisement, a trick of the times which, thank goodness, our engravers have not yet learnt.

But though anonymity might be a shield against such an imputation, I personally prefer to take my sins, whether of un wisdom or too much worldly wisdom, entirely on my own shoulders.

In conclusion I can only say that I have endeavoured to state the case as little in the form of an impeachment as is possible, and that I have absolutely no private feeling against the Academy or any member thereof. I do not write against the men individually, but as a body. Nor do I take up the cudgels for engravers, but for engraving. I claim adequate recognition for the art I love, and I would be neglecting what I owe to it if I did not say, and say plainly, that the Academy, in slighting the art which is more purely English than any other, is culpably neglecting its duty.

ROBERT S. CLOUSTON.

EXHIBITIONS.

THERE are few Art societies which maintain in their exhibitions so steady a level of merit as that which seems habitually to distinguish the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Its periodical shows at the gallery in Pall Mall East boast always a very large percentage of notable drawings—notable, that is to say, for their qualities of serious effort and sound execution, and for a kind of decorous avoidance of anything merely tentative or eccentric. This summer there is, perhaps, a perceptible raising of the general standard of the exhibition, because there is on the gallery walls a better show than usual of first-rate work. Fewer drawings which are simply conventional, and a larger number of careful records of exactly observed nature than the society has of late been able to bring together, are to be discovered in the collection, so that it gains appreciably by a double improvement. Possibly this is in great measure to be ascribed to the fact that many of the stronger members have done themselves especial justice, while the weaker ones have been discreet.

Mr. W. J. Wainwright, for instance, has not for some time contributed so important and so sound an example of his skill as he gives in 'The Jester.' It is a remarkable piece of strong brushwork and vigorous colour, as well as a vivid realisation of quaint character. Mr. Poynter, too, is seen at his best in his small half-length of 'The Dancer,' which we illustrate, one of those dainty studies of classic detail which he treats with so much individuality. The rose-crowned maiden in her cream and purple draperies, relieved against a background of dark trees, is of the type usual with the artist; and the painting of her attractive face and of the many accessories by which she is surrounded is marked by the minuteness of handling to which he always inclines. Another consistent worker is Mr. J. M. Swan, who in the 'Jaguar and Macaw' gives us a motive and treatment both of which are pleasantly reminiscent of many of the pictures which he has shown before. Professor Herkomer's diploma drawing, 'The Rift in the Clouds,' is rugged and impressive, both in design and manner; and Mr. Lionel Smythe's 'Fille du Pays' is unambitious, perhaps, but remarkably good both in colour and in execution. Mr. H. S. Hopwood, a new Associate of the society, justifies his election by contributing a large and important drawing with the title 'Embers,' two old people croning over a fire.

But in all the exhibition there is nothing to surpass Mr. F. A. Abbey's delightful piece of character painting which he calls 'An Attention.' It is one of those studies of many years ago, in the management of which he has no rival. In colour, brushwork, light and shade, and general realisation of its subject, it is altogether admirable, an artistic achievement of a very notable kind. Some thoroughly good work is also contributed by Mr. C. Napier Hemy, whose 'Wreckers' deserves notice on account of the painting of the sea; by Mr. David Murray in a well-harmonised study of 'Drowsy Autumn'; by Mr. C. B. Phillip and Mr. W. Eyre Walker, respectively, in 'The Braes of Glen Falloch' and 'Flooded Fields'; and by Mr. Matthew Hale in his delicate grey and green version of 'A Glen in Ross-shire.'

Mr. G. Haité's exhibition at the St. George's Gallery recently was worthy of note, not only on account of the work which it contained, but, as well, because it represented a particular phase of artistic practice. The drawings of which it consisted were one and all sketches done from memory to illustrate subjects set at the weekly meetings of the Langham Sketching Club. They appeared in the gallery in exactly the condition to which

the artist had brought them during the two working hours to which the club gatherings are limited. He had made no attempt to give to any of them subsequent elaboration, preferring that they should strictly represent his method of working from recollections of nature; and certainly they could boast of remarkable individuality, both of view and interpretation.

His drawings were for the most part colour arrangements or studies of atmospheric effects. They reproduced in many cases places which are well known, bits of Venice, Holland, and Germany, and spots famous for their picturesqueness among lovers of English scenery; but even these easily recognised subjects were made the motives for technical experiments, many of which had been carried through with distinct success. As illustrations

of the manner in which accurate observation can be turned to account as a means of storing up impressions these drawings had very great value; and they were altogether attractive as instances of clever workmanship and sensitive colour expression. The fact that the collection represented only one side of the practice of an artist whose success in many branches of Art has been



The Dancer.
By E. J. Poynter, R.A.

very great, added very considerably to the interest of the exhibition.

At the Dutch Gallery, Mr. Van Wisselingh brought together last month a small collection of pictures and drawings of particular merit by past and present artists of the Impressionist and Romantic schools. Hardly any of the forty-seven works which were hung in the gallery deserved anything less than sincere appreciation, and many of them were of unusual importance. Of the landscapes by Corot three at least were quite admirable; and Diaz, Monticelli, Rousseau, Bonvin, Harpignies, and Couture were represented by adequate examples; while Manet's 'La Jetée de Boulogne' illustrated excellently the limitations and the qualities of his method, repelling by its deliberate archaicism and

intentional ugliness, fascinating by its charm of brush-work and subtle observation of relations of tone and exquisite colour gradations.

Among the works by living men, the most memorable were Mr. Mark Fisher's vividly expressed landscape, 'Sheep and Blossom,' with its brilliant rendering of strong sunlight and luminous atmosphere; Mr. W. Estall's 'Pastoral'; Mr. Arthur Tomson's delightful 'Cats,' full of natural action and movement; M. Carolus Duran's curiously sombre little rustic figure, 'La Concierge'; Mr. Arthur Lemon's 'Upland Pastures'; and Mr. Whistler's pastel of a Venetian doorway, in the treatment of which his power of representing an infinity of detail with a minimum of labour was specially well seen.

OBITUARY.

MR. ALFRED W. HUNT, who died in London on May 3rd, was one of the finest landscape painters in water colours the English school possesses, and his death removes one of the most ardent disciples of Turner. He was born in Liverpool in 1831, and graduated at Oxford in 1852. His connection with the Royal Water Colour Society began in 1846, and at the exhibition of that body he was always a prominent contributor. His finest efforts in water colour equal the best work since Turner, and if Mr. Hunt had not the virility of his master, he rivalled him in delicacy of aerial perspective. Hunt painted occasionally in oil, but never quite seriously, and for this reason he was never acceptable to the Royal Academy for Academic recognition. Mr. Hunt was until recently the vice-president of the Royal Water Colour Society, and there is no doubt that his removal from this office to make room for Mr. Herkomer was a bitter surprise. As an artist, Hunt's works are likely to live long, for he threw his whole soul into his drawings, and almost without exception they are fine pieces of art.

After a long illness the death of Mrs. Whistler took place in Hampstead at the beginning of May. Of an

artistic family, and the widow of Mr. E. W. Godwin, the celebrated architect, Mrs. Whistler had the warmest, fullest sympathy with Mr. Whistler's works, and her influence was ever exercised in a helpful direction. The pictures, full of powerful colouring and of masculine strength, recently painted by Mr. Whistler have been largely the outcome of this happy union. Following Mrs. Whistler's wish, the artist will remain in London, at least for the present, to complete the pictures and portraits he has begun since he left Paris about a year ago.

Mr. Edward Armytage, one of the retired Royal Academicians, died at the end of May at the age of seventy-nine. His historical works and wall paintings made his name well known. He was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1867 and in 1872 a full member. For several years he occupied the position of lecturer on painting to the Academy students, and he instituted the Armytage prize for an historical sketch, in the competition for which he took the liveliest interest to the end. His colouring was his great point, but in composition and drawing he was always able to hold his own.

'THE SWIMMER'S POOL.'

FROM THE PICTURE PAINTED BY HENRY S. TUKE.

THE height of a hot summer is an appropriate time to publish such a cooling picture as is presented to us by Mr. H. S. Tuke's 'Swimmer's Pool,' which was one of the Academy successes of recent years.

Mr. Tuke has painted one of the pools, probably on the Cornish Coast, where the youths, past ducking themselves from the safe and sandy shore, now venture out in a boat to the deep pool where diving and swimming are the chief delight on a sunny afternoon.

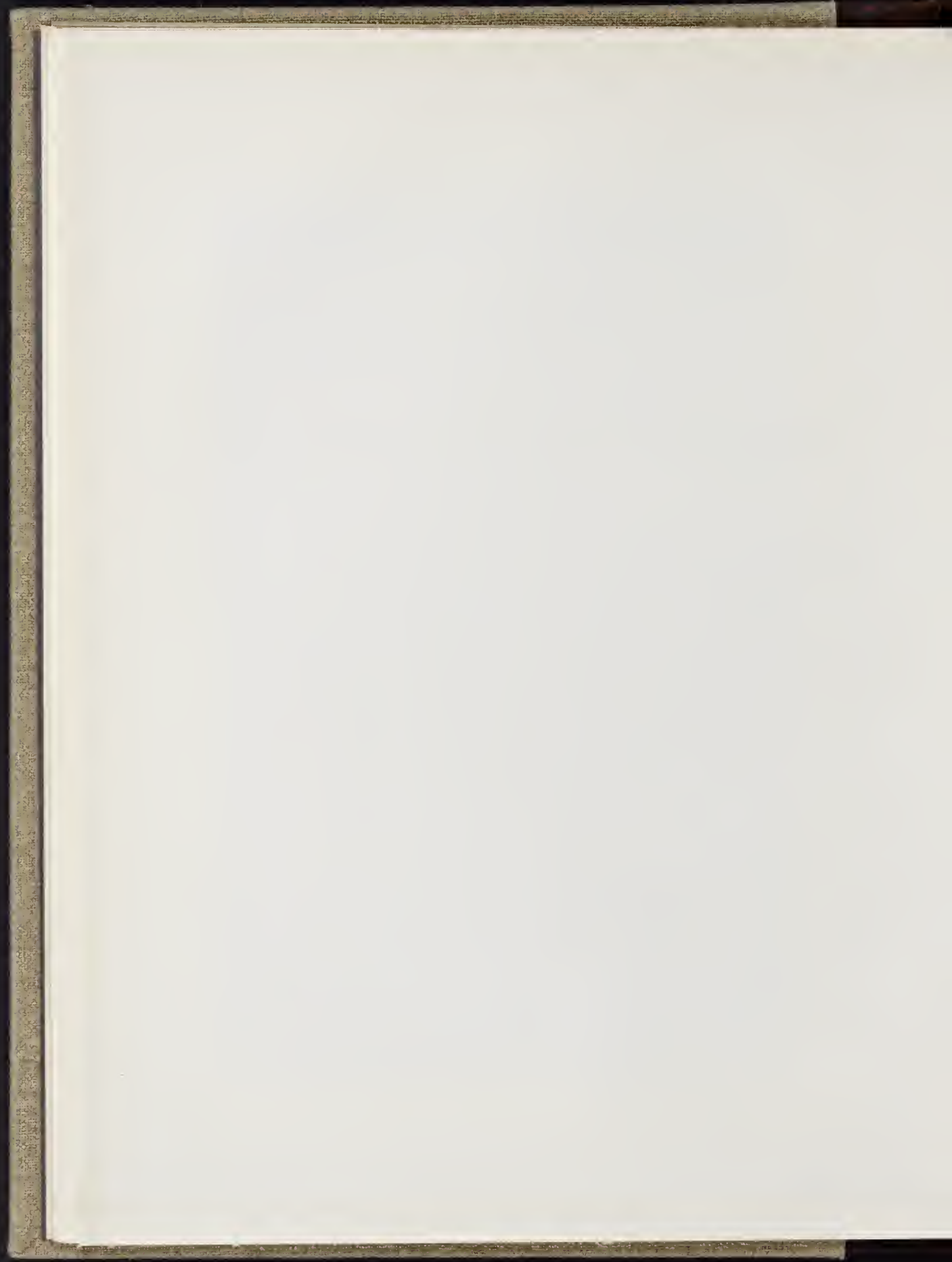
Needless it is to point out the well-balanced composi-

tion, the careful draughtsmanship, the cunning arrangement of light and shade. These, with a becoming modesty of situation, render Mr. Tuke's picture in every way a successful work. Doubtless, like every other artist, he experienced the difficulty of controlling the subtleties of Art, and sometimes he works more successfully than at others, but he is marked for Academic rank sooner or later, and his pictures will be a source of strength to any body to which he may belong.



Henry S. Tuke

THE SWIMMERS' POOL.
FROM THE PAINTING BY H. S. TUKE.
In the Collection of Geo. McCulloch, Esq.



MERLIN AND NIMUË.

BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES. AN ADDITION TO THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

WHEN, nearly fifty years ago, a group of enthusiasts, moved by scorn of the obsolete traditions which weighed down early Victorian art, agreed to form the association which has become historical as the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, few people could have foreseen how great an influence it was destined to exercise upon the theories and practices of the British School. It is, however, hardly too much to say that from this seemingly small beginning has sprung a great deal of what is good in the art of the present day. Certainly to the example of the Brotherhood, we owe the development of many of the men to whom to-day we look for the satisfaction of our highest æsthetic cravings.

One of the most gifted and popular of these upholders of pre-Raphaelite conviction is Sir Edward Burne-Jones. His admirable art sense is the outcome of the closest study of those principles which were put forward fifty years ago as protests against the prevailing adherence to unworthy conventions.

He had, however, no direct connection with the Brotherhood. It was not till this society had ceased in its activity as a distinct organization that, by the advice of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, he commenced the serious practice of Art. The atmosphere of pre-Raphaelitism was congenial to him, and in it he flourished and grew up to æsthetic maturity; but it was a particular branch of the movement that influenced him most strongly. At first he was distinctly a follower of Rossetti, whose gorgeous colour feeling and poetic ima-

gination appealed to both the sensuous and the intellectual sides of his nature.

The effect of his reverence of Rossetti is well shown in his 'Merlin and Nimuë,' the water-colour drawing which, after being for many years one of the gems of the famous collection formed by the late Mr. James Leathart, has just been acquired for the South Kensington Museum. The date of its production is 1861, some four or five years only after the artist's first introduction to Rossetti, and in colour and sentiment it very clearly reflects the spirit of the elder painter. It is especially sumptuous in colour, a solemn and weighty arrangement of rich tones.

Nimuë wears a robe of scarlet, with sleeves of deep golden brown; Merlin is glowing crimson; and both figures are set in a landscape, of which the prevailing notes are deep purplish blue and warm brown. The enchantress has a face of a scornful type, with features strongly reminiscent of Rossetti's haughty maidens, and both the expression she wears and the pose of her stately figure recall his robust and full-blooded art. Merlin is cast in a less vigorous mould, and his more æsthetic features have the charac-



Merlin and Nimuë.
By Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

ter which has so often been seen in Sir Edward Burne-Jones's later works.

The story is from *Morte d'Arthur*, and represents how, by subtilty, Nimuë "caused Merlin to pass under a heaving stone into a grave, so that he never came out for all the craft he could do."

PASSING EVENTS.

THE illness of Sir John Millais, P.R.A., has hung like a cloud over artistic circles during the month. The sadness of the situation has sent a thrill through every breast, and many have been the upward breathings that the strong constitution of the President would pull him through. The Royal Academy is passing through trying times, and most lively regrets for the calmness of previous years are freely expressed.

Since the opening of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, a certain revulsion, on the part of the younger men, has taken place towards the memory of Lord Leighton. Almost without mercy the more advanced sections of the artistic world are unrepresented in this year's Exhibition, and it is recalled that although himself in his work totally opposed to Impressionism, Lord Leighton always took time to examine the work of young men, and no exhibition, however far removed from popularity, passed without a visit from the late President.

There are at present no engravers in the Royal Academy, and an agitation is taking place to promote the claims of such artists to recognition. Up to within a few years ago there were always several engravers in the Academy, Mr. Cousins, Mr. Lumb Stocks, Mr. Stacpoole, and others, but their places have been filled by figure painters. At present there are a number of artists on copper, Mr. David Law, Mr. C. O. Murray, Mr. J. B. Pratt, Mr. R. S. Clouston, Mr. Scott Bridgewater, Mr. Gerald Robinson, amongst the rest, all of whom are capable, clever artists, producing every year plates equal to those published in the past. Mr. Clouston sets forth the case for the engravers in our pages, and his claim to recognition by the Academy seems reasonable and timely.

The Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition was this year, almost for the first time since its rival was inaugurated, better than the collection in the Glasgow Institute. There is no doubt that the stimulus given to good Art by the Scottish Artists' Society has aroused the Scottish Academy to greater efforts. Meanwhile, considerable dissatisfaction exists as to the accommodation of the Scottish Academy in the same building as the Scottish National Gallery. It is pointed out that the interior of the Royal Institution adjacent might be far better employed by the Royal Scottish Academy than it is at present, with a heterogeneous collection and drawing schools. The officials in charge of these matters in Scotland are happily at present very capable men, and if a real grievance could be proved there is no doubt it would soon be redressed.

The extraordinary success, in Paris, of Mr. J. H. Lorimer, one of the younger Edinburgh painters, is the theme of great remark in his native city, where hitherto he has been almost without honour from his own country. The critics of Scotland up to the present have not observed any special quality in his work, while the *Débats* and other chief papers in Paris have complete accounts of

his career. This is eminently characteristic of Edinburgh, where "far away fowls" alone "have fine feathers." Mr. Lorimer's 'Grandmother's Birthday' is now hung in a good place in the Luxembourg; his portrait of a Scottish laird, at present in the Salon, has been purchased by the French Government for the same collection; and his 'Mariage de Convenance—The Eleventh Hour' has been honoured with a medal. All these pictures were illustrated in our pages last November.

The following are the Subscriptions received by "THE ART JOURNAL" on behalf of the "ARTISTS' ORPHAN FUND."

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The above-mentioned sums have been paid over to Mr. P. Easall, Secretary to the Artists' Annuity Fund, in accordance with the arrangements made at page 122.



Mosaic in *Sta. Sophia, Constantinople.*
From "*Geschichte der Christlichen Kunst.*"

NEW BOOKS ON ART.

GESCHICHTE DER CHRISTLICHEN KUNST.—Von Franz Xaver Kraus. Erster Band. Die Hellenistisch-Römische Kunst der alten Christen. Die Byzantinische Kunst Anfänge der Kunst bei den Völkern des Nordens. Zweite Abtheilung (Freiburg im Breisgau, 1896). The second volume of the first part of Dr. Kraus's *History of Christian Art* has just been published by the enterprising firm of Herder, which has already given the world a long series of valuable works, from the pen of the eminent professors attached to the University of Freiburg. Like its predecessor, the present volume is richly illustrated and forms an important contribution to the study of Christian archaeology. The first chapter continues the history of early Christian architecture, and describes the ancient basilicas of the Eastern and Western Church. In the following book we have full accounts of the glorious mosaics of Rome and Ravenna, in which the grace and beauty of classic art are combined with the deeper feeling of the new faith, while two separate chapters are devoted to the arts and crafts of the period, the lamps, bronzes, and ivories, the hangings and vessels used by the first Christians in their worship. The learned professor has made an exhaustive study of the subject and corrects the statements of De Rossi and Father Garrucci, by the help of the recent researches made by Signor Lanciani and others. The latter, and perhaps the most valuable portion of Dr. Kraus's work, is devoted to the history of Byzantine art, that favourite bone of contention among our modern antiquarians. The theories of the Russian historian, Kondakoff, of the French writer, Bayet, and above all the opinions expressed by that able scholar, Joseph Strzygowski, whose forthcoming work on Byzantine monuments is expected to throw new and important light on the subject, are all carefully examined.

We are taught to look at Byzantine art no longer as an effete and lifeless thing, but as a vigorous and independent growth, which began with the foundation of Constantinople, and reached its highest development in the age of Justinian. The glories of Santa Sophia, the splendours of its vast dome enriched with countless marbles and mosaics, and lighted with six thousand golden candelabra, are described in glowing language. "No higher or more complete expression of the artistic ideals of this age and country could be attained. *Hagia Sophia* had but one rival in the West, that temple which was reared in a kindred style some five hundred years later, on a ground steeped in Byzantine influences—St. Mark's of Venice." (P. 556.) Unfortunately little is left of these splendours. The Crusaders, who took Constantinople in 1204, plundered the shrines of the Saints, and rifled the tombs of the Cæsars, and the work of destruction was completed by the Turks when they became masters of the city in 1453. Then the countless churches which once adorned the capital of the East were ruthlessly destroyed, the glittering mosaics and precious marbles which lined the interior of *Sta. Sophia* were torn from the walls or buried under whitewash, and the magnificent sanctuary, which had been one of the wonders of the world, was transformed into a Turkish mosque. We give a plate of one of the few remaining mosaics, which is still to be seen over the doorway of the ancient *Narthex*, a representation of Christ enthroned between medallions of the Blessed Virgin and the Archangel Michael, while a Cæsar, clad in the imperial purple and with a nimbus about his brow, is seen kneeling at His feet. The work, however, belongs to a comparatively late period, and gives no adequate idea of Byzantine art in its best days.

Scotland never produced a finer artist, in the best sense of the word, than George Paul Chalmers, who was found, on 28th February, 1878, done to death at the foot of an outside staircase in Edinburgh. Mr. Edward Pinnington, in his volume entitled "GEORGE PAUL CHALMERS, R.S.A." (T. and R. Annan, Glasgow), has done ample justice to every possible phase of his art, and if we feel a little sympathy with the people of Montrose, who, as our author informs us, "think Chalmers is over-estimated," it is not because of the real position of Chalmers as an artist, but because Mr. Pinnington has risked much in collecting every possible fragment of information about one he frankly states he worships as a god. The merit of the author's work, however, fully compensates for the length of the volume, and therein it is certain is said the last word on Chalmers and his work. When Mr. Pinnington, who, we understand, is an American at present settled in Scotland, has had further experience of condensation and also a subject he has known personally, it is likely he will prove one of the most competent of living artistic biographers. He writes with sympathy and knowledge, and he will, we hope, very soon be heard of again. It seems ungracious to mention any omissions in such a work, but we feel it is curious that no mention is made of the exquisite etching by Paul Rajon of Chalmers' portrait of a Glasgow lady. Proofs of it are very scarce, however, and many even of Chalmers' most intimate friends never saw an impression. The illustrations for Mr. Pinnington's book, by Messrs. Annan, form the finest series of reproductions yet executed in Scotland, and they reflect the highest credit on those concerned.

The "HANDBOOK OF GREEK SCULPTURE," Part I. (Macmillan), compiled by Mr. Ernest Gardner, is a model of succinct and accurate arrangement, and, in its way, is a very strong recommendation of the British School at Athens, of which Mr. Gardner was, until recently, Director. The mass of lore on this most attractive branch of Art is indeed bewildering, and the need of a handbook which would have for its plan the careful distinguishing between the different schools and periods, has for a long time been felt. As Mr. Gardner points out, his principle of compilation has permitted him to treat of only such questions as are finally settled, consequently discussions concerning, for example, such contentious topics as the reliefs of the Treasury of the Athenians, and of the Treasury of the Siphinians, are wisely excluded. The student will find in the Introduction a lucid and handy guide to the sources, both literary and monumental, of our present knowledge of Greek sculpture. It is an apt parallel to liken the work of Pausanias to a Murray's or a Baedeker's guide book; and to dub Lucian as the "most trustworthy art critic of antiquity," is exactly the way of impressing on the general reader a fact to be remembered. Very clear, too, is the account of the materials and processes used, particularly in connection with the application of colour to sculpture. The forthcoming supplement will take the student to the period of Græco-Roman sculpture, and, if the promise of the present volume is sustained, it will complete a work of great usefulness, creditable to the able compiler, and worthy of its magnificent subject.

Mr. Frank Preston Stearns, in his preface to "THE MIDSUMMER OF ITALIAN ART" (Putnam), frankly states that his best excuse for publishing his book is that he had always wished to write it. The explanation is somewhat tautologous. The perusal of the volume unfortu-

nately leads to the conclusion that the author's satisfaction in his "strenuous efforts of personal ambition" will not be generally shared. His methods of dealing with Fra Angelico, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Correggio are quite his own, and there is a vein of pointless and desultory flippancy running through the book which would be very aggravating if not occasionally relieved by some really comical bathos. Having, for instance, stated that Leonardo must indeed have possessed strong nerves to work upon his terrifying "Head of Medusa," and that the sight of it is fearful, he naïvely executes a *volte face* by gratuitously informing us that he has met her modern counterpart "in society at Mount Desert." Then, too, one of the apostles in "The Last Supper" reminds him of "a Protestant clergyman of superior quality," and he winds up a rambling article, in which the Gulf Stream, Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Shakspeare, Madame de Maintenon, and Napoleon are irritatingly pressed into service, by expressing his wonderment as to the fate of Leonardo's mother. One is left with the awful feeling that the author is not going to rest until he finds out. As a specimen of Mr. Stearns' critical methods it is only necessary to quote his remark concerning Correggio's "Io": "It is much in 'Io's favour that she is greatly admired by her own sex. A great many photographs of her are sold to ladies; very few to men." What can Signor Ricci say to this?

Amongst minor works recently published, the following are to be noted:—"ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY PICTURES, 1896," a series of most excellent reproductions from the exhibition by Stevenson and Ogilvie, Edinburgh.—"A HISTORY OF FEMININE COSTUME," by Liberty (Simpkin), with valuable notes on old costumes, together with examples of the ever-charming Liberty costumes.—A second edition of Mr. Strange's "ALPHABETS" (Bell), for the use of students.—A small portfolio of Corean Art Objects with German text by E. Zimmermann (Griese, Hamburg), being good examples of a little-known art.—And a brochure on John Leland, the first English Antiquary, from a work hitherto unpublished (A. Cooper, 68, Charing Cross Road).—Messrs. G. Rowney's Sketching Case, combining colour box, palette, sketching block and case, is thoroughly practical, alike for the student and amateur.

'Saskia,' from Rembrandt's celebrated picture at Dresden, has been etched in important size by Prof. William Unger, and it is issued in various states by the Gesellschaft für Vervielfältigende Kunst, Vienna. The etching possesses all the artistic charm of Unger's work and deserves the greatest consideration from lovers of Rembrandt.

Etchings of Public Schools have formed happy souvenirs to most public school men, and the series issued by Messrs. Beynon, of Cheltenham, will be welcome not only because of their associations, but also because of the artistic care which has been bestowed on their production. Uppingham School is represented by eight choice etchings by Mr. C. O. Murray, Marlborough by nine by Mr. E. J. Burrow, and Dover College by five plates by Miss E. Piper, whose work has been much noticed at the Painter-Etchers' exhibitions.—The "GREY FRIAR" is a serial publication, or chronicle, in black and white, by Carthusians (Stedman of Godalming). The text and illustrations reach a high level, many of the contributions being of real artistic value. These show the excellent effect of the care, so lovingly bestowed by the Rev. W. Gerald Davies, on his pupils and followers.

LONDON PARKS



Hyde Park Corner.
From a Drawing by Clough Bromley.

HYDE PARK.

A FEW simple facts about the central park system of London will serve for introduction. To the west of Whitehall stretches St. James's Park, to the north-west of it is the Green Park, and if, at the north-west corner of this, you cross the beginning of Piccadilly you find yourself in Hyde Park. Along with Kensington Gardens, now merely its western continuation, it forms an oblong about a mile and a half in length and three-quarters of a mile broad. Round the edges it is fairly well planted with trees, whilst in the middle there is a large open space. Walks and drives intersect it in various directions, and an artificial river, the Serpentine to wit, beginning at the north point of its union with Kensington Gardens, runs through it in a south-east direction. Though not gated as liberally as Thebes it is still easy enough of access. It has nine principal entrances, whereof the one at the north-east through the Marble Arch and the one on the south-east from Hyde Park Corner are chief, and there are many wickets and posterns. Its most important road is Rotten Row (a quaint corruption of *Route du Roi*, the learned assure us), which runs east and west on the south side.

The Park, as it is fondly called by Londoners, is not tended overmuch; beds of flowers are planted on its

borders, and roads and trees and grass are looked after by an efficient staff; but nature as far as possible is left to herself to maintain an arduous struggle with London smoke and gas and fog; there is nothing of that prim and artificial regularity which is so striking a feature of the great parks of Paris. And the statues? Alas! statuemaking is an art to which, as a people, we have not yet attained. A note of the ridiculous runs through all our efforts, whether they be cheap and small or huge and costly. In the best there is a lack of felicity; that most are commonplace is the least of their faults; and then that sooty atmosphere of ours! how aged and disreputable it makes the newest and freshest stone structure! "A cycle of Cathay" will leave a monument bright and clean, a year of London will make it serve, whatever be its original purpose, for the counterfeit presentment of incarnate soot and grease.

Well for Hyde Park that it holds but three monuments. First, there is the statue of Byron; he is scribbling something or other on a roll of paper, his eye the while in a fine frenzy rolling; a fatuous leer is on his far from expressive countenance; he has no hat, but he is well trousered—and how hard to present what in art are in truth unmentionables! No one calls this a success. Across the path is the huge classical figure which an inscription tells you was erected by the women of England to the Iron Duke and his companions. What men deserved better of their country? What victories were greater than theirs? We overthrew the greatest warrior of modern times. A perverse fate dooms to ridicule our attempts to commemorate the victory. This statue is after one of a group at Rome, conjectured to be Castor and Pollux. "The Pope gave the casts," Mr. Ashton tells us, "the Ordnance Office found the metal from captured French cannon, the Government gave the site, and yet it cost £10,000 before it was erected." The architect added a sword and shield that it might go one better than



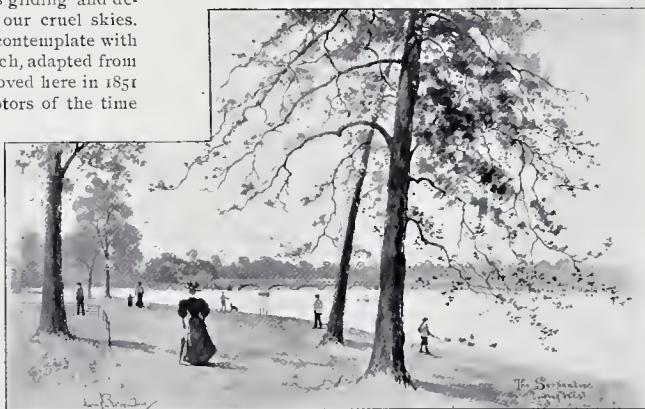
In St. James's Park.
From a Drawing by Clough Bromley.

the original. Some call it Ajax defying the gods, others Achilles (apparently) defying things in general; but a fit descriptive epithet is still to seek. It was "the first public nude statue" in England, and they that planned it never knew or never realised the truth of Heine's saying, that Napoleon is the only modern whom art permits us to sculpture undraped. But perhaps it was not meant for the Iron Duke; let us hope not. It was placed there in 1822, and the wits of the time had many more or less clever things to say about it. Even to-day it is not easy to ignore, for it stands close by Hyde Park Corner. To the south of Kensington Gardens is the Albert Memorial, a huge and complicated pile, costing over £120,000. (Why is one forced to estimate English sculpture by its cost?) It is "a colossal statue of the Prince placed beneath a vast and magnificent shrine or tabernacle." To discuss it in detail were to show bad taste; it is in many respects a splendid work, and under an Indian sun might form a lasting and fitting memorial to the fame of Albert the Good; but its gilding and delicate tracery are like to fare ill under our cruel skies. One art structure in the Park we can contemplate with entire satisfaction: this is the Marble Arch, adapted from that of Constantine at Rome, and removed here in 1851 from Buckingham Palace. The best sculptors of the time carved it from Carrara marble, and the most cunning artificers laboured at its metal gates. Arch and gates are alike admirable.

The parks were long ago called by Lord Chatham "the lungs of London," Hyde Park is so in a twofold sense. It keeps a great extent untouched by houses, and it is the only practical free space for thousands whose walks abroad are confined to its limits. The floating population is of wondrous variety: Piccadilly and Seven Dials, or whatever there be of higher or lower, claim it as their very own. In all cosmopolitan

London, this city of extremes and contrasts, you shall discover none so great as here. The resort of wealth and fashion during the day, it is not less the haunt of vice and wretchedness in the night watches; to describe fully its various scenes were to write a miniature history of London, yet a rapid survey twice round the clock must serve our turn.

The Park Gates are thrown open at five in the morning, summer and winter, and well-nigh the first who enter are the early bathers in the Serpentine; a pleasant enough dip is theirs in summer time, but an eccentric few keep it up all the year round, ay, though the ice must be smashed with a hatchet, and the snow is dancing madly under a bitter wind. To condemn a man to these untimely ablutions might seem cruel punishment, and yet some inveterate Mark Tapleys unblushingly call it "pastime," nay, trace thereto their robust state of health, though one fancies they are strong not because, but in spite thereof. The bathing, pleasant or unpleasant, is over before eight o'clock; and now some members, of what an ingenious journalist has called the liver brigade, are cantering gaily in Rotten Row. The odd name has a simple explanation: a number of London's public men, lawyers, politicians, and so forth, whose avocations are sedentary, are wont to take horse exercise in the early morning, to the advantage of themselves and those for whom they work. Then come the cyclists, free to use the carriage drive parallel to Rotten Row till noon arrives, and one of the prettiest sights in all London is to see our pretty well-bred English girls sitting erect on their bicycles. In the later forenoon those who have more leisure, both men and women, ride in the Row. A carriage drive runs parallel with it, and there, of an afternoon in the season, you may see all that is most wealthy and *chic* in the wealthiest city in the world. Splendid equipages, the finest and most perfectly groomed horses to be found anywhere, the handsomest and best-dressed women in England move past in endless procession. Impressive by its choiceness, the spectacle is still more so by its mass, its abundance, the sense of overwhelming opulence it conveys. But the day wanes, the last carriage and the last horseman go home, and the place bustles with a more popular life. Not that a cheaper element is wanting at any time. The nursemaid with her child and her soldier wheels her perambulator through the Park in every



The Serpentine, looking West.
From a Drawing by Clough Bromley.

direction, and poor folk, out of work and out at elbows, find its benches a convenient lounge. A tribe of industrious do-nothings capture a stray sixpence by serving in some way or other the wants of the more fortunate. But at evening the populace takes complete possession. Thither repair tired workers to inhale an air comparatively fresh, and for centuries the Park has been a place for sweethearting. Time was when the long stretch of

grass lay silent in the night, for it was not yet enclosed with walls of hewn stone, miles in thickness, and the nightingale sang in Kensington Gardens, and though the highwayman prowled it was only what he did over all the land, and the spice of danger quickened the pulse of romance. The turf was green and the leaves fresh such as they never are to-day, and the hreath of a crowded city hurried not the soft moonlight. Truly an Arcadian time! And yet the love-making still goes on maugre those changed conditions. But it is not always fog, and the inconstant moon is still constant to the Park, and grass and trees of a kind are still stock properties of the place, and everything is relative and the amorous couples seem not to heed the change one whit. What of more vicious lurks in the Park during those evening hours is known to all who live in great cities, and will not be touched on here. And so the hands creep round the dial, and as midnight booms out from London's many steeples the gates are shut, and the place presumed clear of its last loiterer. Not so, for straggle night-fowl remain to roost therein. The Park is now the home of those who have no home. Here be many who put up at the ancient hostelry of *La belle étoile*.

During these uncanny hours it is given over to a motley crowd of both sexes, 'broken men' as the expressive old Scots phrase ran, human shot rubbish, the débris of our civilisation. Some slumber uneasily on the benches, others flit restlessly under the trees. Some, of good repute afterwards, have in the strain and stress of their fortunes slept in Hyde Park. On a hot stifling August night those commoners of air are to be envied their spacious bedroom; but in the colder part of the year! One turns away with a shudder. But the night hours go by and as the clocks strike five the gates are thrown open, our vagrants creep forth to try the chances of another day, anon the hatters enter, and the circle is complete!

Sunday brings a change

in the routine of the Park; it is the great place for meetings:—the Salvation Army, the Church Army, Temperance men, Labour men, Secularists, Socialists, Anarchists, every body of faddists the city holds come forth to spout therein. From the din that arises you read a new meaning into "the lung of London" saying, the Park on that day is like "an idiot's tale," it is "full of sound and fury"; but let the timorous be comforted, it signifies nothing. Each lecturer has a few chosen adherents, but the crowd moves on from one to the other with good-humoured indifference; the police, instead of



View in Hyde Park.
From a Drawing by Clough Bromley.

rushing in with drawn swords as they do abroad, stolidly contemplate the frantic gestures of the orators and turn a deaf ear to words that ought to set the Thames on fire, but hopelessly fail in exciting the least commotion. The orator goes home much comforted, and on Monday is transformed into a hardworking and capable artificer. Truly, here is the safety-valve of London. From time to time those smaller ebullitions are swallowed up by a great demonstration. From various parts thousands assemble and march on the Park to the accompaniment of strident brass bands and hammers, "whose hue, angry and brave, Makes the rash gazer turn his eye," and there is much speechifying at the Reformer's tree and else-

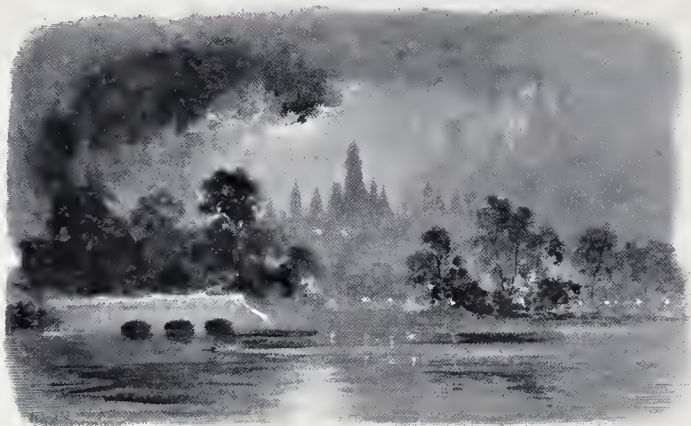


Rotten Row.
From a Drawing by Clough Bromley.

where, and then—why, of course, they all march back again.

I have but scant space left wherein to tell of the Hyde Park of other days. Once it formed the Manor of Hyde and was held by the monastery of St. Peter in Westminster. In 1536 Henry VIII. seized it for the Crown, and a famous time he and his successors had hunting the deer through its spacious glades. The Commonwealth sold it in 1652, but the Crown resumed possession at the Restoration. In Charles II.'s time it was already celebrated for its drives and promenades, and if you know your Pepys, you will recall many entertaining details of its then condition. It was a great place for duels, the most famous of which was that between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton on the 15th November, 1712; the principals were both killed, and the seconds, who it seems fought on their own account, were tried and convicted of manslaughter, for which they "prayed their clergy" and so practically escaped scot-free. The Park has been the scene of many rejoicings and merry-makings. Its most famous event of

modern times was the Great Exhibition of 1851; which stood immediately east of the Albert Memorial. Rashly supposed to inaugurate or continue an era of universal



The Serpentine at Night.
From a Drawing by Clough Bromley.

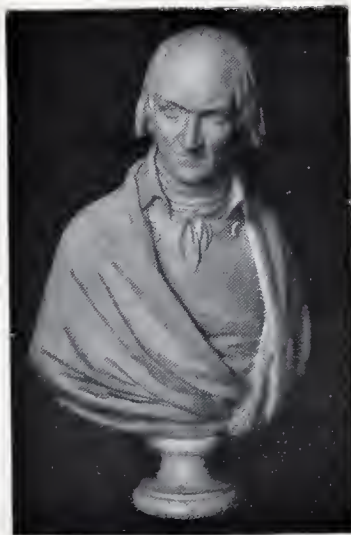
peace, it was immediately followed by the Crimean War, but it was the parent of an era of exhibitions which at an interval of well-nigh half a century shows no symptoms of decay.

FRANCIS WATT.

BUSTS OF HOUDON, RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT VERSAILLES.

THE collection of the Palace of Versailles has recently been enriched by three busts by Houdon, discovered there by Mons. de Nolhac, the distinguished and learned poet, to whom the ancient royal residence is entrusted. The busts are those of Voltaire, Diderot, and the economist Duquesnoy, and are considered some of the most beautiful works of the famous sculptor.

Houdon lived amongst his models in the highest social and literary society which has ever existed. He knew their ideas as well as he knew their appearances and their words like their clean-shaven faces, and he has represented them as he knew them—actually alive. The portraits which he has left us are so true and so studied that we recognise at once a generation which is no more, but yet from which we spring.



Duquesnoy.
By Houdon.

The great artist has chosen this form of bust in preference to the modern man, for the man with the prevailing intellectual faculties is not an ideal model for a sculptor. The ancients lived their lives through their whole being, their strong points were equally distributed and their faces showed always the same calmness, except when moved by great emotions. There is only noticeable on the faces the great diversities of life, that is to say passion, age, habit, and race. The modern individual on the other hand, especially those who live in our large towns, amongst the struggles of public and private life, disfigures, in the course of his existence, the natural features of his being. The artist who wishes to thoroughly understand the image of this kind of man must first master the primitive type, the solid form of the skull and the natural

form of the muscles, then he must study that agitated life and that uneasiness of the over-active mind that modulates incessantly the face in these too-civilized times. Each thought marks its passage by a wrinkle, each habit and each social restriction is imprinted in the living flesh. The contraction of the mouth, the frowning of the brow, the expansion of the eyes, end by forming permanent features. The lips foretell the sentence to be uttered, the look becomes accustomed to follow only what specially interests the brain which it obeys. Thus is created from year to year the physiognomy of a man, thus a second formation is added to the natural features.

We can read, therefore, in the wrinkles of the cheek, in the fire of the eyes, and in the closing of the teeth, the innermost thoughts. We can see the fixed idea, the agitation, the expression of vice or wisdom, the sign of a social condition, and the remarkable images which are imprinted in a man by his profession or habit of will.

Houdon, in the most interesting of his busts, has successfully produced the charm of the physiognomy of the thinker and the writer. This kind of man, in whom life has concentrated itself, and, as it were, retired into the brain, seems to have attracted him.

There is Voltaire. It is an amiable and terrible face. An eternal smile, half disguising a dead man's face, a smile that nothing has changed, which remains like an historical epoch, as an ancient weapon, as a statue found in a tomb or as the image of an Egyptian queen.

This old man, with his witty and withered features, has shaken the religion of a nation, has seen the idols of many centuries fall, has conquered by his genius the right to say what he thought, and has made use of this power to write the most sceptical, the most dangerous yet often the most generous pages. He prepared a revolution which would have made him tremble had he ever seen it. Houdon has studied him with passion. He has made his statue and a great number of busts. Each time he made "a Voltaire" it was more and more emaciated, more and more sarcastic, and covered more and more by the old-fashioned wig that the chisel of the sculptor has carefully worked in the marble.

The same love of his model shines out in the marvellous bust of the noble and pure Diderot. An universal intelligence beams



Voltaire. By Houdon.

on this strong and thin face. That large forehead, those small and piercing eyes, that expressive mouth form the mask of one of the most limpid and deep minds that has ever existed. Diderot knew everything, found a way to bring everything to perfection, sciences, arts, and society. His works, which are considerable, and treat on all branches of knowledge, give us but one part of his thoughts. The remainder has been dispersed in the conversation of the drawing-room, and the Café de la Régence. He had always a crowd of listeners round him. One never tired of stealing ideas from him, and he did not mind; he allowed less fortunate writers to use his material in their books. Such was his genial charity. He was a philosopher, one of those men who enjoys himself differently from other men.

Lastly, we have a very obscure personage, a secondary actor in the great Revolutionary Drama. This long bust with bended head, staring eyes and thin lips is the portrait of Deputy Duquesnoy. He is an apparent image of severity, politics, and cruelty, which cannot be forgotten. That physiognomy reminds one of Louis XI. It has all the signs of hidden ambition and political endurance. He was a friend of Robespierre and was formerly a priest like Sieyès, Talleyrand or Fouché. But he did not succeed. He remained faithful to his friend and to the doctrines of the Reign of Terror. After Robespierre's tragic death, he wished to bear rule, and sought for power to recommence an ill-omened rule. But the time had gone by, and he was driven to suicide to avoid the scaffold in 1795.

His bust is certainly one of the most beautiful to be seen. It is carved out of a long block of marble and shows in the features of the face as well as in the attitude of the body, the character of the whole man. The work of the eyes is extraordinary, it suggests the very colour of them: one fancies them grey and cold, with a small pupil.

I remained for a long time before this bust and these eyes. I looked at it from all directions. The few words which history tells us of this man passed through my mind, and I felt the pleasure and the passion of Houdon when he tried to bring to his imagination and reproduce in the marble the obscure, severe, and unfortunate Duquesnoy.

PAUL VALÉRY.



Diderot. By Houdon.



Ferretting.

SPORT IN ART.

IT is impossible to visit a collection of modern pictures without being struck with the singular absence of human or of animal interest which the landscapes exhibit. This is as true of the Summer Exhibition at Burlington House as of any other. Year after year the changes are rung on phases of scenery crystallized by time. The treatment may vary, and does; the technical skill is of differing merit, but the subjects at least are constant. Moor succeeds to moor, river to river, cornfield to cornfield, with wearying repetition. If artists worked for artists alone—if the appeal was only from their work to the verdict of their own craft—this might be of little moment. The choice of a subject might go for little, the way it was treated for almost all. Subtle contrasts of light and shadow, harmony, balance, proportion, the painfulness of labour hid-

den in directness of effect—all these would be faithfully recognised and would be worthily repaid. But the artist

works for a wider field, for a public that knows little of methods, but knows what it wants. Call it if you will a rude tribunal, it at least has the power of life and death. Slight it, it will kill with coldness; please it, it will pour its treasures at your feet. It is vain to cite a Burne-Jones or a Robert Browning as instances to the contrary, for truth is never so obscure but it will somewhere find a following. Discount as we may Carlyle's sweeping dictum, Art that is only intellectual is caviare to the crowd. And this is a serious matter, for even artists have to live. The complaint that artists cannot sell their landscapes is growing in frequency. How comes this? It may be because there is nothing left to be done that has not



Shooting Rabbits to Ferret.

been done already. It may be—and it is with some such feeling that one comes away from an old gallery—that when the sun has been painted with the daring of Turner, the trees with the fidelity of Constable, the sky with the purity of Claude, there is no room for more—that nothing now can satisfy us short of the illimitable which stretches from our meadows to beyond the sun. For any truth there be in this, there is more behind.

Ours, we are often told, is an age concerned with facts, a material age, an age in which the ideal, the mystic, in a word, imagination, finds no place. A new interest in humanity, in the human being, this is the feature of our day. This then makes clear to some extent why portraits sell where landscapes fail to please.

"Man's origin," "man's destiny," are terms which in these last few decades have acquired a new significance. When the instruments of science in the hands of a great teacher had laid bare half the truth, man looked at nature with a sudden and wistful interest. That now became the cyosure of many which before had been the mistress of a few. Gilbert White was possibly a harmless maniac to many of his day. But now magazines have their natural-history articles, country districts their fields-club, country towns their museums.

On these general grounds then, we would venture to counsel artists that it is wise to move with the times. If Art is the handmaid of science, then English Art of our day has a great opportunity. As the portrait painter, whether he would choose to do so or not, is putting on record the dress and manners of his day, so the other may record its thought, and so faithfully, that the future may put its finger on the period of which we are the pioneers, and say, "Here was the dawn of the new revelation!"

All this on general grounds. Now for the *argumentum ad hominem*.

Since we have referred above to Burlington House, we will take its Summer Exhibition in illustration of what we mean. Every summer brings up to London, in spite of themselves, a large class of persons whose whole interests lie in country things. The force of fashion impels them to the Academy. The Academy bores them. A few pictures indeed come home to them; just those in which there are touches of country life, of sport, of natural history. But as often as not, even these irritate, because of the inaccuracies with which they teem. Here

then is our point. Let our despairing artist condescend to paint for these. Let him put into his country scene the things that belong to it of right, that are indeed its unique distinction, and he at once appeals to a double field. He must not think this a descent—undignified—he need not sink his aspirations:—

"Who means the sky
Aims higher far than he that means a tree."

But he must be truthful. The dignity of painting, as of all work, lies in truth. Rosa Bonheur's pictures are attractive because they are true. It is something to have



A Flight of Birds.

a picture of an animal that is anatomically correct. But the creature is painted to little purpose if it is placed somewhere where it never is, or made to do something that it never does in nature.

Any military painting may serve to please the civilian, but a soldier will tell you that in nine out of ten such pictures there is sure to be some glaring inaccuracy which spoils the whole. One man's sword belt is wrongly put on, another man carries his rifle as he neither would nor could carry it, or the formation is quite the worst possible

under the circumstances. Here the soldier is the competent critic. "The best judge of the dinner," says Aristotle somewhere, "is he who eats it, not the cook." The artist cannot compel the judge, and the countryman, though not of necessity a very observant man, from sheer force of habit and association knows instinctively when there is something wrong. And it is astonishing how much there is that is wrong when such scenes are attempted. It would be ungracious to particularise individual pictures, it will be sufficient to indicate generally what we mean.

Let us take, for example, a hunting scene.

We have in our mind's eye a picture which has attained a certain degree of popularity; it is called 'Drawing the Covert.' The huntsman is represented riding gaily along at the head of his hounds, and as he goes he lustily blows his horn; charmed by its strains, the hounds follow in close formation *at his horse's heels*. Such a picture would have been named with more appropriateness 'The Pied Piper.' Or take a shooting scene. A favourite subject is duck-shooting with dogs; preferably spaniels. In the latter half of August, while the flappers are still unsophisticated, it is of course possible, since the reeds are then thick and high, to get close to your birds before they will rise, but in the winter, as every sportsman knows, unless the nature of the ground is extremely favourable, it takes no small skill in stalking to get within shot at all. Very patiently the gunner must go to work, creeping along on hands and knees, taking advantage of the smallest bit of cover, the slightest depressions in the ground that will serve to hide him ever so little from his quarry; his dog, probably a retriever, has dropped to a sign of the hand, and lies waiting further orders, betraying a world of excitement in his raised head,

his cocked ears, and the intensity of interest with which he is watching his master's every movement. But now there has come a point at which concealment is no longer possible. The ground, absolutely smooth and bare, falls gradually to the water's edge, five-and-forty yards away. What reeds there were are dead and rotten, and ten yards out in the clear water the ducks are feeding, so far all unconscious of their danger. But the slightest movement now, and up will go their heads, and in another second they will be on the wing. Is it worth while to chance a shot? Scarcely—the distance is too great; the only thing for our sportsman to do under the circumstances is to spring to his feet, and run at full speed towards the water. By these means he will gain a clear and probably a successful advantage before the ducks are well under way. A winter scene, in which any part of this drama was being enacted in the foreground, would appeal to sportsmen of a genuine school; not so our acquaintance of the old picture shops, in which a bounding spaniel races open-mouthed from his master's feet, who, standing at the water's edge, knocks over his couple at a ten yards' rise.

The painting, then, must be true to nature, true to fact. It must at least be possible; it should be probable. Many paintings are neither. A popular engraving by Landseer represents a fox inspecting a steel trap baited by a dead rabbit. Here the subject is not only redeemed, it receives all its point from the title, 'Not caught yet.' No, he is not caught yet, and what is more he never will be caught with that trap, for it was set by a duffer. It is not only that the wind has obviously blown the leaves off the stage and left the teeth exposed, it is more, the trap is baited. A French painter would possibly have called it 'The fox-trap,' and have spoiled his picture. Landseer knew better than that. A fox is not to be caught with a baited trap; or, if caught, it is in spite of the bait and not because of it.

And here we may stop to remark that as one seldom sees a fox properly stuffed, so one seldom sees one properly painted. The faults in both cases are the same. Foxes are painted, as they are stuffed, too fat. A wild fox, in the pride of his speedy strength, is one of the most beautiful things in life. For all his thick coat, there is a suggestion of nervous energy in the lines and curves of his frame that is unsurpassed by nature. As he canters jauntily away in the first few moments of his flight, he seems literally to tread on air, he moves so wondrously lightly. It is the very poetry of motion. And as he stretches away across the open, he never seems to hurry; but that long swinging stride is marvellously fitted for the work it has to do. Many of our paintings convey the cunning, but few the pluck—the strong heart and endurance, of the fox. Landseer, in a large proportion of his pictures, emphasised the intellectual and the moral side—if we may use the term—of animal nature. But unless we are greatly mistaken, it is not by these



Gone to Ground

that he will live, but, rather, by such pictures as 'The Sleeping Bloodhound.' Those are clever paintings, but these have the truth as well as the breadth and dignity that belongs to genius. And so we trust we shall not be held presumptuous if we venture to say to artists, "Do not go out of your way to lend unnatural emphasis to any point, whether of form, of habit, or of action, for the sake of producing an effect. Let the thing painted be what it may, drop it simply into its every-day place in nature; it will win recognition by the stamp of truth." At the same time, if a moral must be pointed, there are moods enough—humorous, pathetic, tragic—in every-day nature on all sides.

The improved methods of recent photography have gone a long way towards dealing a death-blow at conventionalism in treatment of nature in Art. We now know, for instance, that the galloping horse assumes other positions than those with which it is credited in the pictures. If an artist had the courage to depict any of the intermediate stages of movement revealed by the camera, it is not at all certain that any hanging committee would admit the picture, or that any one would buy it if they did. At the same time, it is just as well to have found out what a horse really does with his legs when he gallops. And the same may be said of the flight of birds, of which we give an illustration. The conventional position given to the wings of flying birds by European painters is an upward angle of, say, forty-five. No doubt some position approximating to this is attained by the wings of some birds in normal flight. Of this the jay is an example. But it is not by any means universal, as may sometimes be detected by the eye alone. If a pewit has dropped behind his companions of the flock he betakes himself to a special form of flight in his efforts to overtake them. He proceeds by curious jerks or shoots which we can only compare to the movements of a creature well known to keepers of aquaria as the "water boatman." It may then be clearly seen that the downward stroke commences at a point no higher than the level of his back. It is interesting to notice that in Japanese Art the opposite obtains; here custom has seized upon another view—it is the lowest point of the downward stroke which is the favorite position.

Regarded from the standpoint of the artist, photography is open to this objection, namely, that it emphasises unduly differences in the relative apparent size of the various objects in the converging planes of perspective. This does not matter where, as in buildings, the lines of architecture are continuous and parallel. But in other cases it gives a sense of disproportion. The eye, with its wonderful power of accommodation to distances, is unable to appreciate loss of size for small distances. Thus the artist draws the head of his subject on the



Between two runs.

same scale as the head, in whatever position it may be. But if the sitter for a photograph places his hands on his knees they will appear in the print to be exaggerated out of all proportion.

The group of hounds which we have given above may serve to illustrate this point. It is engraved from an instantaneous photograph. Large as the foremost hounds are, they are not so large as to spoil the general harmony of the picture, because they are led gradually up to by those behind. The scene is taken in the interval between two runs. The hounds are in the road outside the gate, and the huntsman is inside having some refreshment. Under these circumstances it is necessary to keep hounds together and under strict control for fear they should get into mischief. The whips have charge of them now, and the faces of some of the hounds admirably reflect the tone of voice in which they were last addressed. The hound that is sitting half on the bank and half on the road, on the right, has in his face a charming expression of penitence.

Our other engraving may be called 'Gone to Ground,' or, perhaps 'Gone for a Terrier,' because the scene has evidently reached that stage of the proceedings. At first the hounds, young hounds especially, are all excitement—those nearest scratching at the hole and the others baying round. But no sooner are they sure that they can do nothing without the spade or the terrier than they gradually slacken off and wait the turn of events. In the picture in question some of the hounds are already beginning to lose interest in the proceedings.



The Temple of Fame.
By W. M. Palin.

A DECORATIVE ACHIEVEMENT.



Oratory.
By W. M. Palin.

THE Academic Hall of the University of Edinburgh, which owes its existence to the princely munificence of Mr. William MacEwan, M.P., is now within a few months of formal opening. Nearly eight years have been occupied in its erection, and the cost, estimated originally at £60,000, has come out little short of £100,000. In THE ART JOURNAL, for 1894, p. 126, will be found an article upon the building itself, accompanied by an illustration

strong and telling composition, feeling for vivid yet harmonious colour—it was necessary that he should possess a thorough knowledge of the Cinquecento, and should be able to work loyally and harmoniously in its spirit, and, above all, make it a living power in his hands, not a mere lifeless piece of imitative classicism. Truly, for the right man it was a grand opportunity, one which might well kindle his enthusiasm and stimulate him to put forth his highest efforts. In works



Fine Arts.
By W. M. Palin.

of the exterior, and in the present notice we propose to describe the scheme of its internal decoration.

It will easily be imagined that the question of the decoration of their Hall occupied much anxious consideration on the part of the donor and trustees. To have entrusted it to an incompetent or inexperienced man would have simply stultified the whole undertaking. In a building in the Early Renaissance style, more, perhaps, than in any other order of architecture, the internal decorative scheme is the consideration to which the whole building leads up, the jewel of which the fabric itself is the casket. It was a work demanding a specialist of a high order, one that it is not always easy to find. In addition to the equipment of a first-class decorative artist—high powers of imaginative creation, real dignity of execution,



Original Cartoon for Oratory.
By W. M. Palin.

of this kind there is always a large amount of accident. The right man may exist and may go down to his grave without an opportunity of showing the capabilities that are in him; while, on the other hand, the opportunity may come along and the man not be forthcoming to fill it. It is to fortunate chance as much as to anything else that we owe the possession of some of the highest expressions of the genius of Raphael. Had he not lived under two of the most ambitious and indefatigable of the great building Popes, Julius II. and Leo III., who found him work that afforded full scope for his superb genius, we might never have known him except as a painter of altarpieces and easel pictures and a few early frescoes. And there are painful instances where splendid opportunities for great

decorative artists have arisen, and have been spoilt by the incompetence or unsuitability of the men who have essayed to grapple with them.

It would have been a thousand pities had such been the case with the MacEwan Hall. There are many men who could have produced a fine series of paintings which might have filled the various panels of the building more or less satisfactorily, giving the final result of so many separate easel pictures permanently, instead of temporarily, attached to the walls. There need be no hesitation in saying that there are very few who possess the decorative instincts to grapple with such a building as a whole, to build up a scheme of decoration in which every detail shall have been conceived and executed in the fullest harmony and relation with the complete result; a result, be it well understood, which cannot be seen and tested until that anxious time comes, after years of arduous work, when the scaffolding is taken down and for the first time the final effect of the whole realised.

In the end the donor and trustees of the Hall applied to the Science and Art Department, to ask whether they could recommend a competent man to execute their requirements, and they unhesitatingly advised that the commission should be offered to Mr. William Mainwaring Palin, upon the completed result of whose three years' labours everybody concerned in the commission deserves to be warmly congratulated. It was perhaps an experiment—such things always must be to some extent—but any natural anxiety that may have been felt at the beginning was soon dispelled as Mr. Palin got to work, and various extensions to the work originally stipulated for with him were made from time to time, so that the eighteen months which it was first arranged for him to spend in Edinburgh have expanded to practically double that time, and "in the MacEwan Hall," as has been elsewhere said, "the University of Edinburgh has been provided with an academic building not equalled by any other University in the United Kingdom," a happy result to which Mr. Palin has very largely contributed.

The artist's qualifications for the decoration of a Renaissance building are of a kind rather uncommon. His tastes early led him to study classic decoration, es-

pecially that of Raphael, and, after some years' training in Paris, he was selected by Mr. Armstrong, the enlightened Art Director of the Science and Art Department, to go to Rome to make copies of Raphael's tapestries in the Sistine Chapel and the frescoes of the Vatican,

which copies are now in the South Kensington Museum. For two years he remained in Rome, studying day by day the work of the great master, steeping himself in his style, though not fortunately sinking

into a mere copyist. He is one of many younger artists in whom the late Lord Leighton took a keen interest, and he never omitted to visit his protégé, either in Rome or Edinburgh, when passing through the city where he was at work.

The very last time that Lord Leighton visited Mr. Palin at Edinburgh, in the latter part of 1895, the fatigue of climbing the building to view the work in progress brought on one of those terrible attacks which eventually carried him off, and Mr. Palin spent twenty minutes of most awful suspense while Sir Frederic (as he then was), slowly recovered in his studio. The decorative work was one which appealed peculiarly to the late President, as any one can understand from the illustrations accompanying this article; and Mr. Palin is only one of many rising men who lost by the death of Lord Leighton a friend to whom they owed many deeds of kindness and words of encouragement.

When the writer visited the MacEwan Hall recently, the scaffolding had not been wholly removed, but it was possible to see almost all the decorative scheme. The hall is semi-circular in shape, with the flat side to the west, in the centre of which is a flattened apse corresponding to the proscenium in an ordinary theatre, in which are placed the platform and organ loft. The internal diameter of the building is 106 feet, and from floor to dome light the distance is 90 feet. The platform opening is 25 feet wide. The most important panel is naturally that on the top

of the platform opening. It measures 100 feet across, narrowing towards the apex. It is the culmination of the work, and the subject represents the Temple of Fame, with eighty to ninety figures on a scale of 9 feet high. We reproduce it as head-piece to this article. The apex of the composition is the three goddesses representing Science, Art, and Literature, which we re-



Literature.

By W. M. Palin.



Fame.

By W. M. Palin.

produce on the opposite page; the central deity has a quill in one hand, and upon her knee is the book of fame. In admirably arranged groups upon the steps on either hand are students and philosophers conversing and ascending. The background are the temple and colonnade, arranged in downward curve, to take off the flatness of the side and carry out the idea of the circular building. The next most important paintings are the two panels, each 24 feet by 13 feet, on either side of the platform opening, and we give reproductions of both. That on page 235 represents 'Faune,' a seated female figure with trumpet and laurel wreath, with groups of men ranged upon each side, presenting a kneeling aspirant. The panel on this page renders Minerva as the tutelary deity of the University, seated upon a marble throne in the grove of Academia, receiving the gift of the building. On either side are groups of men in classic robes, and amongst them—the figure with the hands crossed upon the breast on the right side of the composition—the artist introduces an excellent likeness of Mr. MacEwan, just as Raphael introduced the portrait of Pope Julius II. in the 'Chamber of the Signature' at the Vatican. Above each of these panels is a lunette in monochrome, both of which we reproduce.

The roof of the building is divided by the ribs into fifteen compartments, the upper parts of which are decorated with panels filled with ornament in white and gold. In the lower portion of each is a female figure, double life-size, painted upon a ground of gold mosaic. Thirteen of these are named, and represent Astronomy, Mathematics, Poetry, History, Divinity, Philosophy, Medicine, Oratory, Jurisprudence, Fine Arts, Music, Biology, and Physics. All are in action and hold appropriate implements. We reproduce Fine Arts and Oratory, and there are several more of these superbly drawn and happily executed figures that we should have liked to give. Mr. Palin's original cartoons for these panels are exceedingly strong and interesting drawings, and we reproduce that for 'Oratory' to enable the reader to compare the study with the finished work. Happily little of the directness or the freshness of the poses in the studies from the living models has been lost in their final execution in double life-size.

In the present Royal Academy Exhibition Mr. Palin

exhibits two finished studies, in reduced size, of portions of his work, which will give the visitor an excellent idea of the work he has executed. The effect of the interior of the building is that of a mass of rich and luscious colour, the artist, with commendable sagacity, having

varied his methods in dealing with the work according to the position that it was intended to occupy. For example,

the panels in the roof, seen upon the easels in the artist's studio, struck one as crude and even a little garish. But,

in position, with go feet of the somewhat greyish northern atmosphere as a screen between them and the spectator, the effect was wholly harmonious and delightful, and in perfect keeping with the work which one viewed at shorter range.

Indeed, it is only

so that the artist could have got this desirable result. As may be inferred from what I have just said, these panels were painted upon canvas in the artist's studio without the building, and afterwards affixed to the walls and roof.

Around the inner edge of the dome of the building is a wide blue band with the following motto in golden letters: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her and she shall bring thee honour." Upon the walls of the clerestory, also decorated in blue and gold, are the names of distinguished University men.

Space forbids us to describe the rich ornamental detail which covers the building and binds the whole decoration together into completeness. It has been executed under Mr. Palin's superintendence and from his designs, the friezes being especially fine. Unquestionably the opening of the MacEwan Hall will mark an important addition to the long list of sights in the Scottish capital, and can hardly fail to be appreciated by its cultured citizens.

While this article is being prepared, it is announced that Mr. A. Usher, another well-known citizen of Edinburgh, has offered to build a

Town Hall for the city, and has given £100,000 for this purpose. Such a sum ought to provide a splendid building. With Dr. Rowand Anderson, the accomplished architect of the MacEwan Hall, for the Building, and Mr. Palin for the interior Decoration, another equally important result may be expected.

H. W. BROMHEAD.



Rhetoric.
By W. M. Palin.



Minerva.
By W. M. Palin.



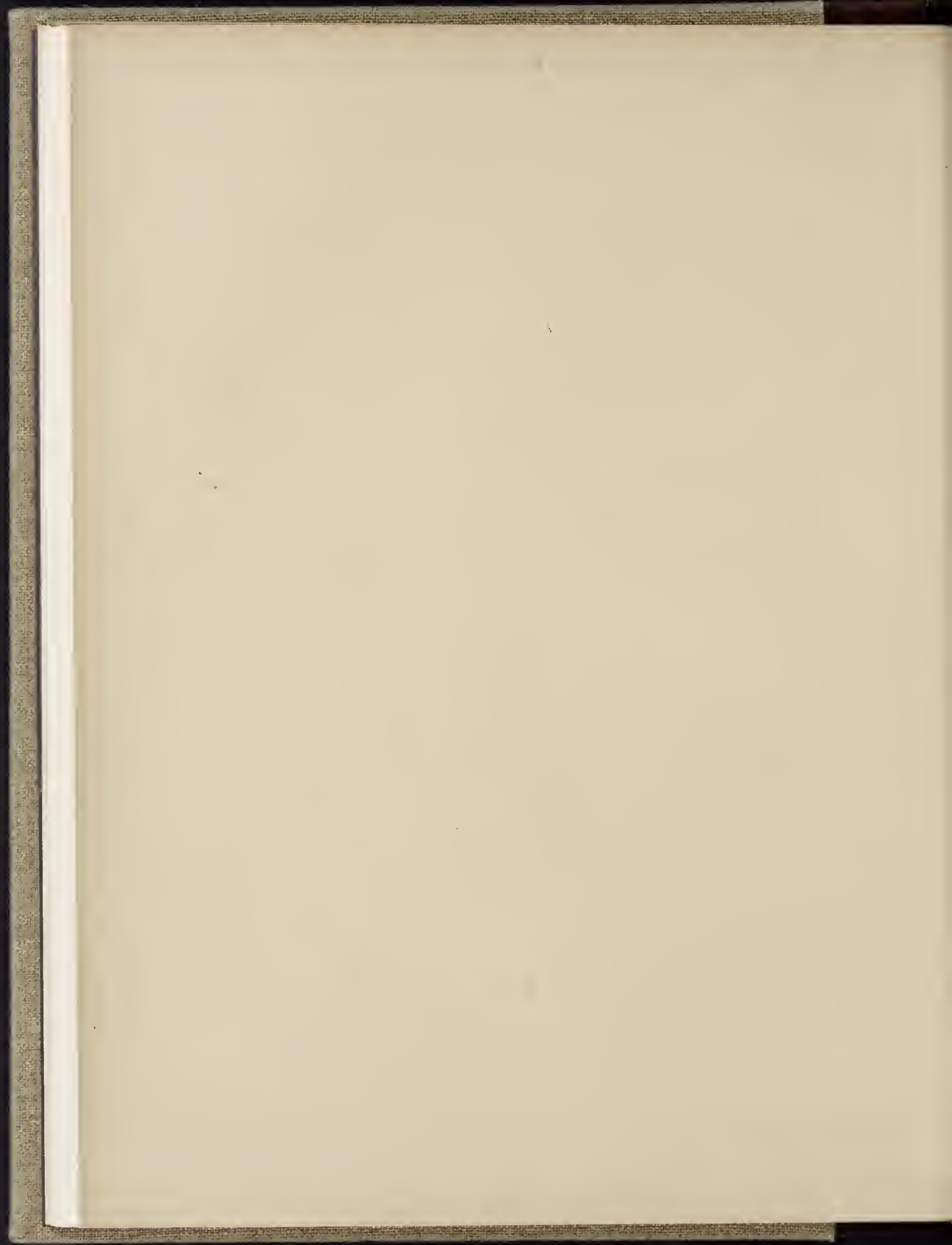




Queen Wang's Journey to Scotland

1817, 1818

1817, 1818





Original Cartoon for Science, Art, and Literature.
By W. M. Palin. (See opposite.)

WILLIAM WYNNE RYLAND AND BLAKE.

HAVING once on a time contributed the article "Bartolozzi" to the "Dictionary of National Biography," I may perhaps be allowed to say something of a hardly less talented artist whose work exhibits the closest resemblance to that of his contemporary, and who was in his day as highly esteemed.

It should be easy to find readers of so short an article amongst lovers of Blake. (I have shortened it purposely, because it would be idle to linger over Ryland's inferior work.)

The story of Blake's introduction to Ryland is cited by his biographer as supplying "a singular instance, if not of absolute prophetic gift or second sight, at all events of natural intuition into character and power of forecasting the future," and it is thought that the portrait here reproduced will add something to its interest.

Blake was fourteen years of age at the time to which we refer, and there was an idea of binding him apprentice to Ryland, who stood then at the head of his profession as an engraver and was of blameless repute as a man. Blake raised an objection, however, to the effect that he disliked the idea of working under a man who would probably live to be hanged. The negotiation fell through, and the boy was bound to Basire. Though even then he was infinitely greater than either of these masters, it is probable that the general character of his work was determined by this decision. I may be asked to decide for my readers what might have been if Blake, instead of doing nothing but hack work in line for Basire, had during that same time been made familiar with all the technical resources of his art, under the direction of so versatile a master as Ryland? Such questions are easier to ask than to answer. The space I command allows me to say no more in reply than that Blake would not in that case have been Blake as we know him.

That Ryland was completely a master of the engraver's art will be acknowledged by all who have more than a passing acquaintance with his work. The plates he engraved for a "Collection of Prints in imitation of Drawings," produced under the direction of Chas. Rogers, F.S.A., show him at his best. More than seventy of these, if I rightly remember, are by Ryland alone. The collection was published in two sumptuous folios, in 1778. Mr. Horace Walpole, one of the fortunate few to whom the work was presented, expressed himself "surprised and confounded" by the magnificence of the gift. A "unique copy" is preserved in Plymouth—in the Cottonian Library—and is mentioned as "particularly

valuable, from its containing duplicate sets of the plates." It was there that I became acquainted with it, and I venture to transcribe in this place a few detached notes that I have made of its contents.

The engravers employed in the work exerted themselves to the utmost of their ability. Its production was a labour of love to him who fathered it, and to the artists engaged upon it. (Mr. Rogers, I may mention, was the most distinguished amateur of his day.) It is only by work produced under such kindly conditions that such men should be judged. They availed themselves of every known method of engraving, employing one or another as the manner of the originals suggested. Thus, when confronted with a chalk drawing, we find Ryland ready with a "soft-ground" etching. The portrait by Reynolds of Chas. Rogers himself is perfectly rendered in mezzotint. To such tasks as these under such masters the men of the eighteenth century betook themselves gladly. How many big books have been filled with accounts of what went to the making of Art before the beginning of "Process"!

I may remark, before leaving this part of my subject, that the collection formed by Mr. Rogers passed, at the time of his death in 1783, into the hands of a brother-in-law—one William Cotton, and from him to his son, William Cotton, who sold a portion of this "extensive collection" by auction. The sale commenced on the 18th of March, 1799, and lasted, according to one account, for thirty days. Twenty-one seems the likelier number, but in either case the word "extensive" applies. The part which remained unsold passed, at his death in 1816, into the hands of his son—a third William Cotton—and by him was given to Plymouth, in the year 1850, having been considerably augmented in the interval between the two dates.

It will appear from this digression, that I write with a twofold object. I care, in fact, very little for Ryland, and very much for my native place. I propose, with the Editor's permission, to make the shamefully neglected treasures of Art in Plymouth the subject of a further communication.

Let us return now to Ryland and Blake. We may look long at the portrait before us and yet fail to see what Blake saw. It may be laid down as a rule, that seers are careless of facts. Blake's "idea" of the man Ryland, if he had transferred it to canvas, would probably have looked more like his immortal "ghost of a flea," than like the hero of this paper.

In the newspaper accounts of the day there is material

for a more detailed portrait than Blake would have bothered about, and, on the other hand, for one more insistent on damaging facts than the one we republish. What follows is a copy of an advertisement which was printed in evident haste and distributed as a broad-sheet. (I find it lying loose in a volume of Northcote's Reynolds, in this same Cottonian Library.)

"*Forgery.*—Whereas William Ryland stands charged before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor on suspicion of feloniously and falsely making, forging, and counterfeiting an acceptance to two bills of exchange for payment of £7,114, and for publishing the same as true, well knowing them to have been so falsely made and counterfeited, with intent to cheat and defraud the limited East India Company—

"Whosoever will apprehend or cause the said William Wynne Ryland to be apprehended and delivered up to Justice, shall receive a reward of £300, to be paid by Peter Mitchell, Esq., Secretary of the said Company, immediately after his being apprehended and delivered up to a magistrate.

"The said William Wynne Ryland is an engraver, and formerly kept a print shop in Cornhill, London, in partnership with Mr. Bryer, deceased. He has a house at Knightsbridge, which he left on Tuesday, the 1st of April last, and was seen in London that day about eleven or twelve o'clock. He is about fifty years of age, about 5 feet 9 inches high, wears a wig, with a club or cue, and his own hair turned over in front; a black complexion, thin face with strong lines; his common countenance very grave, but while he speaks rather smiling, shows his teeth, and has great affability in his manner.

"2nd April, 1783."

I may be excused for making haste to the end of so unpleasant a matter. Ryland was arrested, convicted, and hanged, and thus was Blake's prediction confirmed. Those who want the whole story will find a sufficiently full account of the trial in the *European Magazine* of that year. They may also be referred to a small book printed in London for J. Ryall, of No. 17, Lombard Street. They will smile if they read only the title. "Authentic

memoirs of William Wynne Ryland, containing a succinct account of the life and work of that great but unfortunate artist, with moderate but impartial conjectures of what might probably be the cause of his deviating from the

line of Prudence and Integrity." The cause is not far to seek. To the cost of a wife and six daughters we must add the expense of a mistress, whose constant demands on his purse are on record, and of whom the writer of these memoirs remarks that only one such an addition to a household might be held to account for much.

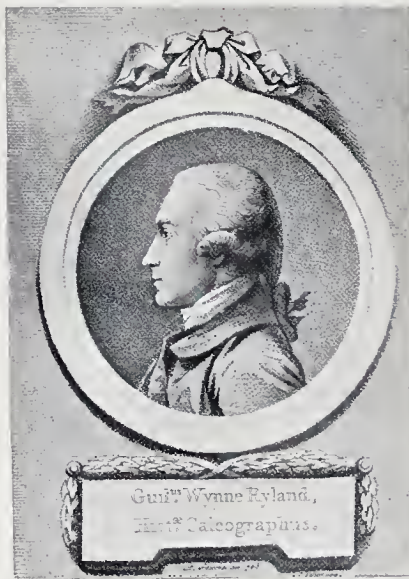
I have been rebuked more than once for not having cultivated a more picturesque style. The author of these "Memoirs" had the advantage of me in this respect, as will appear from the extract from his work with which I conclude. It is therein recorded of Ryland that—

"He took a young woman by the consent of her parents from the country, to be a companion to his wife and assist him in the management and care of the children. This young lady, whose name we are not possessed of, was esteemed a most agreeable person; her face was remarkably beauti-

ful. Such charms could not fail to make an impression on the heart of this delineator of perfection. He soon made overtures to her which were accompanied by something so prevailing that she soon agreed to his amorous advances, which in a short time began to be so visible that her removal was thought necessary. An apartment was provided for her in the most superb style, and by her he had one child if not more. This lady he was often with; he supported her in the most expensive manner, and she lived up to all his extravagance. One of these sort of connections was sufficient to help off with no inconsiderable sum annually."

There is a print called 'Domestic Felicity' from a drawing by Ryland himself, in which this lady appears. The contributors to this scene of bliss are all of one sex. They are similarly occupied and are not to be distinguished from each other, excepting only a small child who sprawls on the floor. The husband has absented himself, as he well might, being such a hypocrite. One wonders how Hogarth would have treated the subject.

ERNEST RADFORD.



GIBRALTAR.

THE Rock of Gibraltar is one of the places of which every one reads, but it is seldom that correct representations of its main features are obtainable. The

illustrations accompanying these notes are taken from a remarkable series of paintings in oil by an eminent marine painter, long settled in London. Artistically, they

interest from the successful impression given of the local colours, and they also interest because of their fidelity as portraits of the places.

Mr. L. Holst, the painter of these pictures, began his career as an artist in his native country, Denmark. His great love for the sea made him leave *terra firma* at the age of twenty, when he and his paint-box crossed the Atlantic for the first time. Mr. Holst visited New York, Boston and Chicago; and after a year's stay at Chicago—where two years later he was made an Associate of the newly-formed Academy—he proceeded to San Francisco, where he painted his large pic-

ture remained till the great fire, which swept away nearly all his studies and pictures. After this our artist set course for Europe.

Mr. Holst made his first appearance in this country with his 'Derelict' in the Royal Academy, 1878, and since then he has exhibited such pictures as 'An Atlantic Roll,' 'Icebound,' and 'Europa Point, Gibraltar.' At Elsinore Mr. Holst spent his summer holidays, and kept a studio which was frequently visited by his great patron, the late Emperor of Russia, who, with all the royal guests

from Fredensborg Castle, spent many an hour, and purchased some of Mr. Holst's most important pictures. For



Europa Point, Gibraltar.
By L. Holst.



Gibraltar from the Bay.
By L. Holst.

ture of 'The Golden Gate.' After some years of roving life along the Pacific coast and the Gulf of Mexico, Mr. Holst returned to Chicago, where he opened a studio, and

our Royal people Mr. Holst has executed two pictures, 'A Sunset in the Harbour of Copenhagen'—which is now at Sandringham—for the Princess, and a striking

picture 'The Osborne leaving Gudvangen in Norway,' which was painted for the Prince, and is now at Marlborough House.

Mr. Holst is very original in his art, and there is a simplicity and honest desire in all he does which appeals to the heart. This conveys to the spectator an idea of the feeling and mood of nature at the time the study was taken, and consequently, although his pictures are all on or close to the ocean, he renders such a great variety, and is always fighting hard against the common enemy of all true Art, conventionalism.

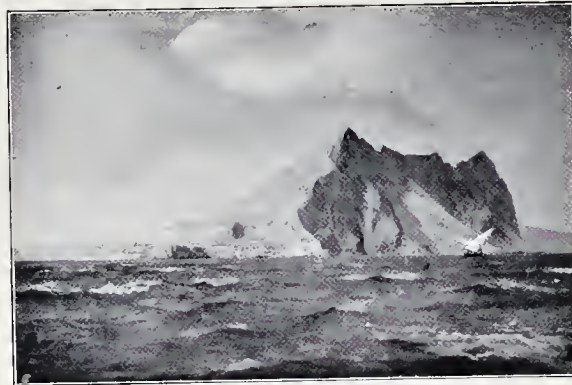
Since the death of the Emperor of Russia, Mr. Holst has given up Denmark and settled for good in London, and has taken a studio in South Kensington.

The view, 'Gibraltar from the Bay,' is taken from the place where the floating batteries were anchored during the great siege of 1779-83, and gives a full view of the whole town and all the fortifications. The bold, sheer rock on the left is the "North Front," where the galleries are situated. The old Moorish Tower is seen a little to

the glorious southern sun is lighting up the whole panorama, and showing the details of the picturesque, gently sloping western side of the rock, with all the zigzag paths leading to the top, where the signal station is visible. A fresh breeze from the southwest is blowing, and a Spanish felucca is making its way towards Algeciras.

'Gibraltar from the Mediterranean' is seldom painted, as, in order to get a good study of it, a powerful steam launch is required, the current running too quickly for any

rowing boat to keep stationary long enough to allow of a careful execution of all the details. On the left we have the bold promontory of "Europa Point," with the lighthouse upon it, and the terrace where the Governor's cottage is built. Then comes an almost sheer wall of rock, nearly 1,400 feet high, and inaccessible from the sea. In the middle is the great sand slope over Catalan Bay, and, to the right, the huge pile of rock known as the "North Front." Beyond, in the distance, are seen the Spanish mountains.



Gibraltar from the Mediterranean.
By L. Holst.



A Breezy Day off Gibraltar.
By L. Holst.

the right, over the entrance to the town, and, farther to the right, the "New Mole" and "Europa Point."

The artist has made his study in the afternoon, when

'A Breezy Day off Gibraltar,' is very similar in position, but the effect obtained is entirely different, and a comparison of these two pictures explains much of Mr.

Holst's variety in the delineation of water. Amongst all the places in the world, it would, perhaps, be difficult to find any more picturesque or more attractive to the artist than the little hamlet of "Catalan Bay." It was probably founded by the Phœnicians, or by the Carthaginians, in pre-Christian times, and now consists of only about a hundred cottages.

In the morning, when the bay is bathed in sunlight, the beach presents a lively scene. The fishermen are busy with their boats and nets, and the women with the washing and drying of clothes. Hundreds of white or coloured garments flutter in the breeze, for nearly all the washing from the town of Gibraltar is done at Catalan Bay.

Some of the houses are provided with nice little gardens, luxuriant with olives, oranges, grapes, and bananas, which are frequently harried by the apes (*Macacus Inuus*), which the despoiled owners are not allowed to harm.

Immediately above the little village, great "screes" slope up, to a height of nearly a thousand feet, seeming to hold out a perpetual menace of complete annihilation to the settlement, which, should a slip occur at any

moment, must be buried beneath masses of earth. Yet higher, rising from and above the slope, its summit partly hidden in the clouds, towers the great limestone rock. Beyond the Straits, the coast of Morocco is dimly visible.

Sheer out of the bluish-green Mediterranean stands 'Europa Point,' with its lighthouse. The sea churns around its base, and, meeting the back wash, forms a fine transparent breaker, ready to spend its fury in a deluge of spray and froth over the rocks. In the distance is visible the long coast-line of Morocco, between Ceuta and Tangiers, with Ape Hill in the middle, rendered conspicuous by the clouds always hanging over it.

Gibraltar, with all its beautiful rocky points, its straits, its bays, and its more open seas, the fine white beach at Catalan Bay, and the old Mole, with the many picturesque Spanish boats, either at rest or skimming over the waters, offers a wide field of work for a marine painter, and will yield to a conscientious student of nature many difficulties to be surmounted, many pleasures to be enjoyed, and much valuable material for any number of striking pictures.



Catalan Bay, Gibraltar. By L. Holst.

ART THEMES FROM HINDUISM.

PART I.

TO those who read with appreciation the beautiful myths of the ancient Greeks, it is naturally a source of much pleasure to be able to look upon good pictures and sculptures presenting the artist's conception of the striking scenes and characters which the old literature describes. But when we turn to Hindu mythology, which in many respects fully equals in beauty and interest the myths of Greece, we are deprived of this additional pleasure. The native pictorial art of the Hindus is unworthy of the name; and for some reason European artists have rarely turned their attention to those immortal characters and scenes, which not only still live in the minds of millions of British subjects in India, but are rapidly becoming familiar to English readers as well. No doubt it is often an idle task to suggest subjects to a true artist, who will paint, of course, whatever moves him. Yet I cannot help thinking that many an artist would find

himself deeply interested in some of the touches in Hindu mythological literature, if his attention were specially drawn towards them: the more so, possibly, because of the close connection between the myths and legends of Greece and of India, and the ethnological relationship of the Hindu, the Greek, and the Englishman.

It is true that Hinduism—using the word to cover the whole field of Hindu religion and legend—is a terrible mixture of good and bad. So, too, in a lesser degree, is Greek mythology, which contains not a little of inartistic extravagance. The Hindu mind, in some of its flights, has risen to conceptions which are only too grand and lofty to be carved in marble or painted on canvas. And, again, it has sunk to depths of puerility and degradation, which would simply disgrace the artist whose taste could sink so low. There are also two or three distinct phases which Hinduism has passed through in the course of some

three thousand years. But the net result is, that in the hymns and epics and mythological dramas of the Hindus, artists of very various inclinations may find situations and characters which stir their feelings or gratify their æsthetic sense. The discrepancies and contradictions of the Hindu writings are not of the same importance to the artist that they are to the man of science. Many outlandish descriptions, grotesque attributes, and ridiculous statements, with which the imagination of later writers has done its best to spoil a beautiful conception or thrilling episode, may very well be ignored by the painter or sculptor. Still more is it necessary to ignore the absurd conventionalities of native pictorial art, which have probably done much to repel European artists. It is painful sometimes to witness the way in which native draughtsmen and image-makers, even though now and again they get a decent profile, can outrage the deities and heroes of their choicest legends; and it has been with the utmost difficulty that I have obtained illustrations from native sources worthy to appear in THE ART JOURNAL. When I had almost despaired of obtaining anything presentable, I was referred in a fortunate moment to Raja Ravi Varma, who is one of the extremely few Hindus who have not only studied European art, but utilised their knowledge of it to attempt becoming representations of the scenes from their own mythology. The Raja, while modestly disclaiming on behalf of his paintings all pretence to artistic merit from a European point of view, is most anxious to awaken the interest of European artists in Indian legendary and mythological subjects. The illustrations in this article and the one to follow, with the exception of 'Siva destroying Kama,' are from paintings by Raja Ravi Varma, and my cordial thanks are due to him for his great kindness in affording facilities for reproducing his exceedingly interesting pictures. The 'Siva destroying Kama,' which is much inferior, is also from a native source, though betraying a marked European influence.

But though the European artist, if he cares to take up the subject, must look for little inspiration save in rare instances from Hindu pictorial or plastic art, Hinduism has perhaps one advantage over Greek mythology, in that to this day it remains a living creed. And what is more, the Hindus of the present time are probably much the same in appearance and customs, except as regards the seclusion in which women are kept, as their forefathers ages ago, from among whom the old heroes and heroines sprang, or in whose image, if imaginary, they were conceived. As to complexion, the Hindus of Aryan descent, and particularly the Brahmans, are often but little darker than the natives of Southern Europe. Not improbably, in the time of the Vedas, when the Aryans first entered India, they were a shade or two fairer than at present. The Vedas speak with contempt of the "black-skinned" aborigines. Both Brahmans and Rajputs closely resemble in features the European type, with fine profile, well-set

eyes, and a bright, intelligent expression. The Brahman is the man of refinement, tall and slim, with high forehead and well-modelled lips and nose. The Rajputs are the bronzy, large-limbed, leisure-loving warrior caste. Beautiful women are too jealously hidden away in India to be often *en évidence*; but the typical Hindu beauty should be marked by bright and beautiful eyes like those of the fawn, neck delicate and shaped like the conch-shell, nose straight and lovely, mouth like the opening lotus-bud, skin soft and dusky but not too dark, hands and feet small, and gait like the motion of the swan. The Brahman ladies have been spoken of as the handsomest women in Asia.

In touching briefly on some of the noteworthy features in Hindu mythology, I shall take little account of different versions, or inartistic additions. One of the most pleasing creations of Hindu fiction, as well as one that corresponds most strikingly to the Greek and Roman counterpart, is Kama, the god of love. But the Indian God, in respect of his weapons and attendants, has new and peculiar charms, unknown to Eros and Cupid. Kama is a beautiful flower-decked boy, with a fond and "fair-limbed" consort, Rati. His bow is a spray of flowers, and with flowers are his arrows tipped. As he wanders through perfumed glades, wounding the hearts of men and gods, he is accompanied by his timid bride, by the cuckoo and the humming-bee, by gentle breezes and spring personified. Once upon a time, Siva, the dread destroyer, sat beneath a tree leading the hermit's life of austerity, and severely absorbed in devout meditation. The gods instigated Kama to excite his amorous proclivities. But on stealing up to the spot, poor little Kama's courage failed him at the sight of the stern deity, and he dropped his bow and arrows. Then, as Uma, in all her womanly charms, approached Siva, the love-god's courage revived and he delivered his shaft. Its influence was not unfelt, though Siva, with an effort, smothered his rising amorous passion. Turning with angry eyes to see whence the disturbance had come, he shot forth a flame

which reduced the love-god to ashes. Afterwards, through the entreaties of Kama's beloved consort, he was re-born as the beautiful, high-minded Pradyumna. Another account runs that Siva, when wounded by Kama's darts, wandered perturbed from place to place, and the wives of the saints in the forests forsook their homes and followed him, inasmuch that their husbands poured curses on his head.

Kama is chiefly a character of later Sanskrit literature. The early Hindu deities, as we find them in the Vedas,

representing the forces of nature, are sometimes too vague and impersonal for pictorial representation. And yet, on the other hand, they are frequently addressed in the most familiar style as thoroughly anthropomorphic beings. Some of these primitive conceptions of the Hindu pantheon are beautiful and sublime in a high degree. Agni, the personification of fire, a very ancient



Siva destroying Kama, the god of love.
From a native print.

and important object of worship, is represented, with sufficiently anthropomorphic, as a ruddy, handsome young man with golden hair. Often he is a messenger between heaven and earth. He is prayed to deal mercifully with his worshipper on the funeral pyre, burning the body with its load of guilt, and bearing the soul aloft to luminous realms of bliss. His purity and power of purifying cause him to be likened unto a loved, irreproachable wife.

Another very ancient but rather variable Vedic deity was Varuna, corresponding in name to the Greek Ouranos. At one period Varuna was the encompassing sky personified, said to behold all things in heaven and earth. In many passages he appears as a highly moral being of great elevation; and sometimes the idea seems to be suggested of an unseen, almighty power, maker and upholder of all the universe. But as embodied in visible and anthropomorphic form, he sits on his throne, clothed in golden armour, and dwells in a palace supported on a thousand columns, while his messengers stand round to do his bidding. Afterwards, Varuna's greatness declined, and he became the god of the ocean, with a sea-mouster for his vehicle.

But perhaps the most characteristic of all the Vedic gods is Indra, the mighty ruler of the firmament, the personification of the atmospheric phenomena, with possibly some deified hero incorporated into his personality. He is wielder of the "far-whirling thunderbolt," and conqueror of the demon, Vritra, who holds back the fructifying rains. His martial feats are particularly dwelt on; but there is less of the spiritual and ethical about him than there is about Varuna. Indra, the terrible warrior but gracious friend, possessed of inscrutable wisdom, is young and handsome and ever joyous, with golden locks and fair or ruddy complexion, delighting in exhilarating draughts of the alcoholic soma-juice. In his hand he carries a golden whip, as he drives across the heavens in his fiery, golden car, drawn by two tawny, long-maned coursers. The numerous epithets applied to Indra, and the various aspects in which he is shown to us, afford the painter who is bold enough to undertake the representation of him, an almost unlimited field for the play of his fancy. Thus Indra is the "undecaying," the "ever-youthful," "lord of the virtuous," the kingly and warlike deity, "renowned as mighty in battle," "the bold, the wild, the great, . . . the manly hero with the goodly thunderbolt," "the strong one who gives us women, whose help never fails," "the friend, the father, the best of fathers." And again: thou that "thunderest and gatherest the clouds," "be gracious to us! be to us like a father!" "be thou the friend, the protector, of all who desire thy friendship!" And further: he "rouses his strength in a moment, like the whirlwind

rushing along with thundering clouds;" "he kills Vritra, he conquers booty, he gives wealth, the wealthy, the generous;" "when Indra is serious in his anger, then all that is firm trembles and fears him;" his impetuosity is likened to the "rushing of waters down a precipice"; he rides upon the "radiant summit of the clouds"; and when in battle, clad in his armour, he is said to shine like the peak of a mountain seen from afar.

Although Indra became a sort of king over the lesser gods, he was ultimately lowered from the high position he once took in the Hindu pantheon, and was reckoned subordinate to some other deities. But the poets have delighted to enlarge on the beauty of Swarga, his paradise, situated on Mount Meru, the Hindu Olympus; on the charms of his nymphs and his heavenly choristers; on the splendour of his capital city, and the fabulous beauty of his garden.

The Vedic attendants on Indra, known as the Maruts, are the gods of the storm, who tear in pieces the forest, "terrible as wild beasts," "like headlong charioteers."

Some of the most beautiful conceptions and expressions of the Rig-veda have reference to the dawn, under the name of "Ushas"

(Greek "Eos"). Although in one aspect Ushas is simply the dawn itself as a phenomenon of the heavens, she is yet as much a conscious being and beautiful female, susceptible to human emotions, as any immortal heroine of ancient mythology. In fact, she is one of the most pleasing mythical characters ever conceived. Loving and bright, and ever fair and young, untouched by the hand of age, morning after morning she visits the dwellings of men, and rouses every one to his work. Neither the great nor the small does Ushas despise, but comes "like a young wife," smiling and shining upon us. She is described as lovely to behold, the joy of all who behold her, restorer of consciousness, the "active maiden," wakening all creatures to cheerfulness. Truthful and full of gentleness, "endowed with an excellent intellect," she is dear to men, and loved of all the gods. She rides in a golden car, which is drawn by ruddy kine or by white horses, and rays of light are her banner.

But the beautiful dawn quickly gives place to the full light of day. And so Ushas is driven away or destroyed by Indra, the god of the bright firmament: a fine conception, which likewise appears in other mythologies. The mighty Indra, who, in the morning, honours the dawn, afterwards attacks the goddess, and breaks her car in pieces; and poor Ushas runs away, leaving her broken car behind, fearing that Indra will strike her. We also read that Indra actually did strike her, displaying his prowess, though hardly his gallantry, by slaying the gentle goddess, daughter of the sky.

Professor Max Müller feels confident that under the



Reconciliation of Radha and Krishna.
By Raja Ravi Varma. (See page 245.)

name of Urvasi also the dawn was originally signified, and, under that of Pururavas, the sun. The story of the loves of these two characters, in its most ancient form, is briefly as follows. Urvasi, a kind of nymph or fairy, falls in love with Pururavas, a mortal, but bids him never to let her see him without his royal garments on. So they live happily together. But the nymphs or fairies wanted Urvasi back among them, and began to take away her ewe and two lambs, that were tied at night to her couch. Then Urvasi cried out that her darling pets were being taken from her, as if she lived in a land where there was no hero. Up sprang Pururavas, too full of chivalrous ardour to wait while he put on his clothes. At that moment the fairies sent a flash of lightning, and Urvasi saw her husband nude before her, as though it were daylight. She disappeared from sight, and Pururavas was left bitterly grieving and bewailing his lost love. Eventually, however, they meet again, and, after a touching and pathetic appeal from Pururavas, he himself is received into the fairy throng.

The original simple myth of the loves of Urvasi and Pururavas is developed, in the beautiful play of *Vikramorvasi*, by Kalidasa, into a long and pleasing story of quite a different character, with many forcible scenes in it suitable for pictorial representation. King Pururavas having rescued the nymph Urvasi from a demon, the two become deeply enamoured of each other. But Urvasi is recalled by the gods to heaven; and we have then a striking scene in the celestial abode, where a play is being acted before Indra. Urvasi is called upon to take the part of the goddess of beauty, who selects Vishnu for a husband. Now it happens that a certain name for Vishnu used on the occasion begins in the same way as the name Pururavas; and in one place Urvasi, whose heart is pining for her earthly lover, instead of saying, "I love Vishnu," says, forgetting herself, "I love Pururavas." The author of the play is so indignant at the slip, that he pours a curse on her head. But after the performance, Indra, who sees the disconsolate nymph standing aside overflowing with shame, calls her to him, and speaking kindly to her, grants her permission to descend to the royal mortal with whom her thoughts are so occupied.

Another forcible scene is presented in the palace. King Pururavas has a Queen, for whom he has not lost respect, although his passion for the heavenly nymph has wrought mischief between them. Just as Urvasi is descending from heaven, and before she has made herself visible to the King, the Queen, who had previously marched out of the royal presence indignant, like a river swollen by the rains, enters again. She has come to propitiate her husband by a self-sacrificing vow; and the King is struck with her appearance. Divested of all her jewels and ornaments, she is chastely robed in white, her tresses decked with flowers alone, and her

haughty mien abandoned for meek devotion. She has come, in fact, to attest the depth of her devotion to his Majesty by voluntarily resigning her claim to the first place in her lord's regard, and vowing that, whoever the nymph by whom he is captivated, she will henceforth treat her with kindness. When the Queen has performed her vow, and, declining to remain longer, has withdrawn, Urvasi reveals herself.

Later, owing to a touch of jealousy, because the King glances at a nymph of air gambolling on the sandy shore of a stream, Urvasi transgresses a certain rule, and suffers the inexorable penalty of being transformed into a slender vine. Some of what follows is exceedingly touching and beautiful. The King can find his love nowhere, and is distracted with grief. Scene, a wild forest with rocks and waterfalls, and a storm gathering. The lightning flashes, and the drops of rain begin to fall. Enter the King, with his dress disordered and a look of insanity written in his face. He takes the drops of rain that strike him for arrows, and rushes frantically after a cloud, which he takes to be a demon who has carried off his bride. Then he perceives his mistake, and pauses and soliloquises. In the bright flowers besprinkled with glistening drops, he sees, as it were, the eyes of his loved one glistening with tears. He asks of the cuckoo and the swans whether they have seen his love. But no tidings of her can he gather from them, nor yet from the murmuring bees, or the elephant reclining with his mate under the kadamba tree. But eventually all comes right, and the play ends happily.

The great importance of Vishnu in the Hindu pantheon has been mainly a growth of post-Vedic times. He is a bright and friendly deity, who asks no offerings but flowers; and his worship has much in it of refinement and gracefulness. His face, in the native representations, has sometimes a slightly Grecian mould. But the importance of Vishnu lies largely in his incarnations; and as Krishna, the "dark" one, he is ever reappearing in Indian art. The circumstances of the birth of Krishna are suggestive in some respects of the birth of Christ. Krishna himself is frequently represented with a nimbus. But the after-career of the amorous Hindu hero, who is probably not wholly mythical, has little in it in common with that of the martyr of Calvary. Krishna, though sometimes the saint or the sage, is far more commonly the mighty hero in battle and overcomer of demons, or the principal figure in many a



King Nala forsaking Damayanti.
By Raja Ravi Varma. (See page 245.)

pastoral scene. As he grew up a handsome youth, he became the darling of the gopis or milkmaids, and his romps and frolics with them are a specially favourite theme among Hindu artists. He is often playing on a flute. On one occasion, while the gopis were bathing, he climbed up into a tree with their clothes, which he refused to restore till the bashful maidens came in a state of

nudity to beg them from him. He married six or eight of their number.

While the pranks, the dances, the amours of Krishna with the milkmaids might furnish the painter with a pretty, though possibly not edifying, subject, on the other hand as lofty a theme as can well be imagined is furnished by the same incidents, when interpreted in a mystical and spiritual sense. In the poem, the "Gita Govinda," as Sir Edwin Arnold and others understand it, the gopis typify the illusory, worldly pleasures of sense, on which Krishna, in temporary forgetfulness of his divine origin, wastes his affections. Meanwhile, Radha, his first and favourite wife, spirit of intellectual and moral beauty, embodiment of heavenly charms in earthly mould, while tenderly pitying his waywardness, watches for the earliest symptom of returning attentions to her.

Krishna is one of the great heroes of the "Mahabharata." Many are the stirring episodes and touching scenes described in this voluminous epic. But a bare mention of two or three must suffice. The main story is the long and desperate feud between two families, cousins to each other, of the famous Lunar race—the five Pandavas on the one side, the hundred Kauravas on the other. The Pandavas had been banished through jealousy from the court of their uncle, the father of the Kauravas. A neighbouring prince, King Drupada, proclaimed a *svayamvara* (i.e. literally, "own choice")—a sort of tournament or competition in martial and athletic exercises—whereat his daughter, Draupadi, would select a husband. Draupadi, in splendid apparel, made her appearance, and the huge bow, with which the suitors were to compete in archery, was brought. But the Kauravas, though they strained every nerve to bend it, only made themselves the laughing-stock of the crowd. Then Arjuna, the "bright one," young and powerful, one of the five Pandava brothers, stepped forward, and breathing a prayer to heaven, and fixing his whole mind on the beautiful Draupadi, grasped the mighty bow, and sent his arrows straight into the mark.

After this the Pandavas were recalled from exile. But the Kauravas enticed the eldest of the Pandava brothers, Yudhishtira, the "firm in battle," to a gambling match, at which he lost all that he had. He staked all that his brothers possessed, and lost. He staked himself, his brothers, the beautiful Draupadi, and lost all as slaves to the Kauravas. Duhsasana, one of the Kaurava fraternity, caught hold of the lady, and dragged her forward by the hair; whereupon Bhima, the "terrible," of the Pandavas,

vowed that for that insult he would drink Duhsasana's blood. Duryodhana, another of the Kauravas, forced Draupadi to sit on his lap, and Bhima vowed that he would break Duryodhana's thigh-bone. Thirteen years later, in the desperate eighteen-day battle, where deities and heroes engage one another in mortal combat, Bhima meets Duhsasana, stuns him with a blow of his mace, seizes hold of him by the waist, and, whirling him round his head, dashes him to the ground, shouting at the same time, "This day I fulfil my vow against the man who insulted Draupadi!"

On the field of this tremendous battle, all of the hundred Kauravas perished, and all on the other side save the five Pandavas themselves. In the highly pathetic supplementary part of the "Mahabharata," the latter days of the victors are clouded by misfortune and disaster, till at last the five brothers give up the concerns of life, and, accompanied by their wife and their dog, wander forth in search of Mount Meru and the heaven of Indra. One by one they fall by the way, till finally Yudhishtira and his dog are all who arrive in the flesh at the gate of heaven. Yudhishtira stontly refuses to enter the abodes of bliss unless Draupadi and his brothers are to be there too—nay, unless his faithful dog also shall bear him company.

Apart from the main story, there are numerous striking scenes and episodes in the Mahabharata, such as the victimising of Draupadi by Kichak's stratagem, and many more, which are well worthy of appreciative study. A very interesting episode is the story of Nala and Damayanti. But it is too long to give in full. Damayanti was the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Bhima, king of Vidarbha, and Nala was the handsome, brave, and virtuous king of Nishadha; who, however, was addicted to gambling. Without being personally acquainted, they fell in love with each other on the mere strength of what they had heard of each other's merits and charms. They came together and were married, but Nala ruined himself at dice, and had to give up his kingdom and wander forth with his wife into the forest, where he suffered extreme hardships, his only garment being carried off by a bird. Hoping that Damayanti, if abandoned, would return to her father's court, instead of following her husband in his exile, he took advantage of an opportunity while she was sleeping, and, dividing her only garment, left her. In the end they were restored to their kingdom.

ERNEST M. BOWDEN.



Tailpiece. By Miss E. M. Dobbin.



*Group of Dead Game and Foliage.
Designed and Carved in Lime-tree Wood by John Hutchison, R.S.A.*

HOSPITALFIELD: A PROPOSED COLLEGE FOR ARTISTS.



*Group of Flowers in a Vase.
Designed and carved by
John Hutchison, R.S.A.*

THE mansion of Hospitalfield, near Arbroath, affords special attractions for three classes of the community. To the student of history it is notable as the site of the ancient *Hospitium*, erected in the thirteenth century for the accommodation of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, in the Abbey of Arbroath, to whose memory that structure was dedicated. The reader of modern literature cannot fail to take an interest in the place that was the prototype of Monkbarrow, in Scott's "Antiquary"; and artists in every part

of the kingdom will be pleased to learn something about the magnificent mansion which its late proprietor bequeathed as a retreat, where they might peacefully study the artistic profession with which he was so long connected. There is an air of romance surrounding this dwelling—a romance that began centuries ago, when cowed monks and devout pilgrims were its sole inhabitants, and that has been perpetuated by the somewhat romantic bequest of its last proprietor.

When the Abbey of Arbroath was founded by William the Lion in 1178, it was intended to be one of the most extensive ecclesiastical structures in Scotland. It included an Infirmarium for sick monks, and an Hospitium for guests and pilgrims. As the fame of the Abbey increased, and the devotion to the memory of the murdered Archbishop of Canterbury became widely spread, it was found that the Hospitium in the Abbey buildings was too small for the myriads of pilgrims that flocked

to the shrine, and a new Hospitium was erected about a mile distant from the Abbey. The precise date of this erection has not been recorded, but it must have been early in the thirteenth century. In course of time, the Hospitium was extended so as to include an Infirmarium; and a separate chapel was built in connection with it, and dedicated to St. John Baptist. That chapel occupied the site of the present mansion, and the only relic of it is a doorway, which has been built into the existing house for preservation. The lands known as Hospitalfield were set apart for the support of this establishment, and contributed certain rents to maintain the Almonry Chapel at the Abbey, dedicated to S. Michael Archangel. During the rule of the famous Bernard de Lintot, fifteenth Abbot of Arbroath, and Lord High Chancellor to King



Patrick Allan-Fraser, H.R.S.A., of Hospitalfield.



*Hospitalfield. Main Entrance.
From a Drawing by D. Small.*

Robert Bruce, the revenues had increased so much that he found it necessary to have new barns erected for the storing of his grain. Accordingly, in 1325, he granted a lease of the lands of Hospitalfield to Reginald of Dunbranan and Hugh Macpeesis, stipulating that, during their first year of occupancy, they should build a barn and a byre, each forty feet long, and that these structures should become the property of the Abbey when the lease had expired. The lower walls of the barn are still extant, and are shown on the left of the accompanying picture, the modern saloon having been built above them. It was probably this fact that suggested the name of "Monkbarns" to Sir Walter Scott, applied to the residence of Jonathan Oldbuck, the antiquary.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Hospitalfield acquired great importance, as it was the chosen retreat of several of the ecclesiastics who were Abbots of Arbroath. The last of these functionaries was David Beaton, afterwards the famous Cardinal. He held the office from 1524 till his death in 1546, and it was here that Marion, daughter of Lord Ogilvy of Airlie, kept house for him, and became the mother of his family. Exercising his power as Abbot, he conferred upon her the mansion and estate of Hospitalfield, and she was proprietrix of the place when she died in 1575, at a very advanced age. After passing through the hands of several proprietors, Hospitalfield was acquired by James Fraser, Protestant pastor of Arbroath, in 1656. His direct descendant, Major John Fraser, of Hospitalfield, who was born in 1759, died in 1809, leaving an only daughter and heiress,

Elizabeth Fraser. She was married in 1843 to Patrick Allan, a young artist in Arbroath, who had been commissioned to paint the portraits of herself and her mother, and with whom she had fallen in love. He assumed the additional name of Fraser, and was the Patrick Allan-Fraser, H.R.S.A., to whom Hospitalfield last belonged. He died without issue on 17th August, 1890, his wife having long predeceased him.

Patrick Allan-Fraser was in many respects a remarkable man. He had early exhibited artistic ability, and became a pupil of Robert Scott Lauder at Edinburgh, having thus a master who has exercised more influence upon Scottish Art than any of his contemporaries. It is sufficient to mention the names of Orchardson, Pettie, Peter Graham, Robert Herdman, Tom Graham, and Hugh Cameron, all students under Scott Lauder, to prove the title of that teacher to remembrance. Allan-Fraser made such rapid progress that he was advised to study in London, Paris, and Rome; and he thus made the acquaintance of many artists whose names are now familiar. John Phillip was for years his close companion, while he formed lasting friendships with W. P. Frith, E. M. Ward, Augustus Egg, and others who afterwards attained to eminence. In the collection of pictures which he left there are unique proofs of the esteem in which he was held. He commissioned the artists named (and many others) to paint portraits of themselves, leaving them free to choose their own setting. Thus John Phillip is represented standing with sketch-book in hand in the market-place of Seville; while W. P. Frith has drawn his

own portrait in a London street. There are also several interesting portraits of artists of note painted by Mr. Allan-Fraser, which have never been reproduced.

Pictorial art was only one department in which Mr.

Allan-Fraser's artistic abilities were exercised.

He was a born constructor. He had studied picturesque architecture in France and Italy, and gave expression to his ideas in the reconstruction of his own mansion. The designs for the building as it now is were entirely his own devising; and he transformed the severely simple house into a splendid Scottish baronial pile, preserving the features of the French chateau and the Italian palazzo from the corrupted forms in which they appear in

early Scottish baronial structures. The imposing central tower, the picture saloon, with its three lofty bow-windows, and the corner towers and balconies, differ entirely in style from the degraded form of baronial architecture prevalent in Scotland early in this century. Mr. Allan-Fraser's architectural taste was further displayed in the designing and erection of a Mortuary Chapel in Arbroath Cemetery, which is literally "a romance in stone and lime," and is decorated with some of the finest stone-carving that has been produced in this country during recent years.

The main entrance to Hospitalfield is through the old doorway of the Chapel of St. John Baptist. A broad staircase, lighted from the roof, gives access to the principal rooms. One of the largest among the paintings is the splendid picture of 'The Trial of Effie Deans,' by R. Scott Lauder, which is reckoned one of that artist's most important works. There are also pictures by John Pettie, D. O. Hill, James Cassie, Arthur Perigal, and other well-known artists; the principal old picture being a portrait by Moroni (1520-1578), which Mr. Allan-Fraser acquired when he was residing in Rome. The saloon or drawing-room occupies the whole of the wing that was built upon the old "Monkbarns," and is about fifty feet long, one end terminating in a spacious oriel window. The lofty roof is composed entirely of cedar-wood, and is supported by massive hammer-beam rafters unenclosed. These rafters rest upon corbelled brackets, embellished with carved wood busts of winged

figures, each bearing a shield emblazoned in true heraldic colours with the arms of the families connected with the Frasers of Hospitalfield. The spandrels are filled in with carved medallion-portraits of eminent artists of ancient and modern times. These were executed by John

Hutchison, R.S.A., as well as several beautiful groups of dead game and foliage, in panels which decorate the saloon. They were early works by this eminent sculptor, and were designed and carved by him entirely with his own hand, while he was studying as a sculptor in Edinburgh. Mr. Hutchison, after completing these works, was, by the advice and assistance of Mr. Allan-Fraser, enabled to continue his studies in Italy, and has since attained an eminent position

as a sculptor. The pictures in the saloon and in the picture gallery connected with it include works by Scott Lauder, John Pettie, Keeley Halswelle, Charles Lees, Sir William Fettes Douglas, and Alexander Fraser. One of the interesting pictures is a portrait by James Eckford Lauder of T. Crawford, the sculptor, father of the well-known novelist, F. Marion Crawford, with whom Mr. Allan-Fraser was acquainted while in Rome. There are also about twenty pictures by Mr. Allan-Fraser, which show his progress in Art, one of them being the *genre* subject that brought him the honour of being elected an Hon. Royal Scottish Academician.

By his will, Mr. Allan-Fraser left all his property in the hands of trustees, directing that, at a fitting time, the mansion of Hospitalfield should be endowed as a retreat for Art-students, his purpose being to make it a place of residence for artists, who might study together under competent masters. It would thus form an Art-college that might have great influence in moulding the history of Scottish Art. Hitherto it has not been possible to realise his estate, which was invested in the Perthshire property of Blackcraig, where he had a country residence. In the meantime, however, the trustees have arranged to open the picture gallery and saloon to the public free on certain days during the summer months, and many visitors have availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing what is, in some respects, a unique collection, placed within a mansion that strangely combines remote historical associations with architectural beauty.

A. H. MILLAR.



Hospitalfield Drawing room.
From a Drawing by D. Small.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PICTURESQUE.
FROM A DRAWING BY A. S. BOYD.

'QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.'

MR. A. C. GOW'S picture, admirably etched by Mr. C. O. Murray, depicts one of the most pathetic incidents of a picturesque life, that of the beautiful and ill-fated Queen of Scots. But a few days have elapsed since the romantic flight from Loch Leven, the disastrous battle of Langside, and the desperate ride to Sanquhar and Dundrennan accompanied by a few—a very few—faithful adherents.

On the morning of the 16th May, 1568, Mary had three courses before her—to remain in Scotland, to fly to France, or to seek an asylum with her jealous kinswoman reigning in England. Choosing the last, she resolved to put herself under the protection of Elizabeth, and she rode to the shore of a little creek, which long after received the name of Port Mary. There the rock from which she is said, by a tradition probably incorrect, to have stepped into the fishing boat, is still shown. Hill Burton holds it doubtful whether she was advised for or against the step, though Scott ("Tales of a Grandfather," c. xxxii.) adds the picturesque touch that her wiser attendants "kneeled and entreated in vain."

But her companions were few and probably of little influence, although the ever-faithful Lord Herries was amongst their number. Dr. Robert Chambers, in his "Picture of Scotland," gives the following account of the scenery of Port Mary: "The scene is appropriately wild and sublime, and the contemplative stranger, who visits it in the stillness of evening, is apt to imagine that the waves fall here with a more mournful dash upon the shore, and that the cadence of the autumn wind is more low and melancholy than elsewhere; as if nature's self were conscious of, and lamented, the unhappy event she had seen take place upon the spot." This touch of sadness has been well realised by the artist, and is strongly expressed in the etching, while the disquietude of the small guard in the background is in keeping with doubt as to the wisdom of the fugitive Queen in dreaming that safety lay that way. Lord Herries and the youthful hero of Loch Leven are nearest to her in her day of peril, and the seaman pointing to the ebb-tide gives a suggestion of the fall in Mary's fortunes.

T. A. C.

PASSING EVENTS.

IT is impossible ever to foretell what may happen at South Kensington Museum, but the appointment of Mr. Purdon Clarke as Director seems to indicate a change of policy for the better. The régime of Professor Middleton unfortunately meant very little to the outside public, and the most important change—Sunday opening—was rather forced on the officials than otherwise. Mr. Purdon Clarke has a great opportunity. With the finest collection of Art objects in the world under his care—for neither the Louvre, nor the Hôtel Cluny, nor the two combined, approach the artistic wealth of the South Kensington Museum—he ought constantly to study the granting of facilities to the public, and there are already indications that we shall see some important changes before the end of the year.

Something, however, is also required from the public who go to the Museum. For example, very few know, and still fewer act on the knowledge, that the gentlemen in charge of the various departments in the Museum are at all times ready to assist the earnest student, or even the ordinary amateur, in obtaining information on any point connected with the history or development of Art coming under their view. Publishers of illustrated books, Art Editors of magazines and newspapers, besides writers on the Arts and Crafts of home and foreign countries, artists wishing to secure accuracy in pictorial details, together with the teacher and the learner, all are welcomed and helped in an unostentatious but gratifying way. This of course is extremely useful to any one not having the time necessary to search throughout the vast and often unique treasures of the Museum.

In this connection something may be said about the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, which held its annual

conversazione at the South Kensington Museum recently. It is impossible in these pages to chronicle the many subjects constantly discussed at the weekly meetings of the Society of Arts held during the winter months; but all who are interested in Art should make themselves acquainted with these lectures, and attend those dealing with what is interesting to them.

Exhibitions of works of Art are so numerous in all parts of the world that it is difficult to keep account of them. There is a new one, however, which deserves to be better known in this country. This is the Carnegie Art Galleries in Pittsburg, U.S.A., which bids fair to be one of the largest collections in the world—not, indeed, just yet, for it is only in its second year, but certainly within the next twenty years. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has built a spacious fire-proof gallery at a cost of £200,000. In addition, he has endowed it with a yearly income of nearly £10,000 for the purchase of modern pictures. A certain proportion is devoted to the acquisition of pictures by purely American artists, but a large amount still remains to spend yearly on foreign arts.

The Council of the Royal Academy has very wisely decided not to hold the usual Soirée this year. As one of the chief members of the Council has written to the Editor: "We are standing by the death-bed of our most illustrious and beloved brother. He may go from us at any moment—in spite of misleading reports of improvement—and it would be impossible to give a party."

The purchase by the Fine Art Society of all the sketches by Lord Leighton for his figure pictures and decorative works, is evidence of the remarkable enterprise of the directors of this Art Gallery. These studies will form their principal exhibition during the autumn.

THE UNDUE CLAIMS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



Drawing by T. Runciman.

N the state of chaos in which the law of copyright is—more especially on questions relating to Fine Arts—those most intimate with it will be most ready to affirm the difficulties of the situation. Indeed, so striking are some of its inconsistencies that it is fortunate for all concerned that the unscrupulous pirate is not well versed in the matter. But pending a newly-framed Act of Parliament

which shall pre-

serve some sense of logic and ordinary fair-dealing, there are questions arising almost daily which could not have been contemplated by those who drew up the various Acts now in force, for the simple reason that the conditions to which they ought to apply did not then exist. First and foremost among these comes the question of copyright in a photograph. Those actively engaged in editorial work know that if they have had no personal trouble in this matter, it is luck more than foresight which has shielded them. For instance, according to one precedent established of late, if a man's portrait be taken free of charge to the sitter, the copyright resides in the hands of the photographer. The hero may send his photograph for reproduction in a paper—only to find afterwards that blackmail has been levied and paid to avoid fighting an action at law. For one may reasonably call the absurd demands, blackmail. If the photograph in question were a really saleable portrait of a popular celebrity, then, indeed, a solid forfeit for the unwitting trespass might be demanded, without putting the claim outside the custom of ordinary business, even if to do so were a strain upon the unwritten law of courtesy that does not seek to profit by an accident. But when some obscure local photographer claims one hundred pounds for an innocent piracy of a print of which the copyright, did it clearly exist, would not fetch a couple of guineas in the open market, then, indeed, the sharp business deserves to be called by the peculiarly opprobrious epithet. Of late these attempts have been made successfully enough to embolden the perpetrators to loftier flights. In one such instance in America (if memory may be trusted) the court awarded a few dollars damages for each impression of a block that had been made from a pen-drawing (after the photograph in question), without the editor of the newspaper having the slightest knowledge of the illegality in which he had unwittingly participated. Ten shillings a copy—imposed as a fine on a big daily—represents a

sum which might buy one of the world's masterpieces twice over. Let us hope it was commuted for a comparatively small sum. But the damage in similar cases is often purely imaginary, so that while the rights of the photographer should be as zealously guarded as those of any owner of property, it is singularly unjust that by the terms of Acts of Parliament framed before his craft existed, he should be in a position to advance preposterous demands with some show of legality. For in the present state of things, the average man who has been trapped into technical illegality, through the ignorance of an artist, or the innocence of a contributor, hesitates before he undertakes to defend an action at law. If he be a good tactician, he employs a big firm of solicitors to answer the impudent request, and avows his determination to fight the case to the bitter end, with appeal after appeal. But a publisher who has quite innocently infringed another's right, does not care to bluster out of the difficulty. He would rather pay a reasonable forfeit for the damage done, and in most cases a reasonable forfeit would not exceed the cost of his solicitors' reply. For in numbers of these cases not merely is actual monetary damage unprovable, but no sentimental wrong is done. For who cares for the fame of a snap-shot made perhaps for fun; the photographer may have distributed copies without his name or address thereon, and long after, another who has had one sent him is perfectly unable to trace its source. Yet should he use it—if the block therefrom chances to meet the eye of the snapper—what shall save him from an attempt at blackmail—if its owner has tastes in that direction? The Berne Convention meet in Paris this year to reconsider many points of copyright, and the position of the photographer is sure to be one that will be discussed there. Some years ago the owners of certain copyright songs levied unexpected fees for their unauthorised performance. Curates—the mildest going—found that the tenor ballad they had murdered at a penny reading sent a ghost to haunt them which would not be laid without the payment of guineas. Later it was made obligatory to print upon each copy of the song a notice stating that the rights were reserved. Surely it would be imposing no unfair restraint on the photographer to insist that should he forbid reproduction a notice to that effect must be stamped upon the back of each photograph so reserved. If this notice necessitated a Government stamp at a trifling cost, a considerable sum might be added to the exchequer, and editors and others would know where they stood in the matter. No decent publisher ever copies a copyright illustration or engraving knowingly, nor would the photographer stand more chance of piracy than the illustrator, if the authorship of his wares were clearly stated, and his property (if any) duly guarded by a clear announcement on every print taken from the negative, which he often professes to value at such an extravagant rate. Some such safeguard is needed in the interests of all concerned. The photographer to-day is a little inclined to usurp the position of an artist. But statutes framed to protect the painter who is conventionally considered a genius too impractical to protect himself, might not be called to the aid of the photographer who is nothing if not practical, shrewd, and up-to-date.

RECENT LONDON EXHIBITIONS.

THE Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours is certainly well advised in having periodical exhibitions of studies and sketches by its members only. The show of work of this class, which was held during June and July, was in many respects one of the best that has been seen in the Institute Galleries for some time past. For one thing, it was of an agreeable size, and for another, it was very well hung, the contributions of the various artists being distributed in sets, with sufficient space to give a good effect allowed between the various groups. This policy in arranging gave the show a lighter and less crowded look than is ever apparent in the closely massed displays in which the wall space is shared between the members of the society and the outside artists. The drawings themselves gained greatly thereby, and the public had a better chance of finding and enjoying what were really the most noteworthy exhibits among the four hundred and twenty-six provided for inspection.

There was, on the whole, a very reasonable amount of capable figure work. Sir J. D. Linton was represented by a couple of ideal portraits of Shakespearean heroines, and a larger three-quarter length black-and-white drawing. The best of the three was his 'Bianca,' from *The Taming of the Shrew*, here illustrated, a cleverly managed study in low tones of golden brown and deep blue. It was scholarly in treatment and able in handling, and was, as well, a happy realisation of a fine type of facial expression. Mr. Walter Langley's two heads, 'A Philosopher' and 'An Old Soldier,' were preferable to his more laboured and less spontaneous drawing called 'Pensive Thoughts.' Mr. Arthur Burrington's 'Trust her not, She's fooling thee,' erred, perhaps, on the side of over-demonstrative brushwork, but it showed that he has, at least, unusual command over his materials, and the courage of somewhat strong convictions. Mr. H. M. Rheam's 'Siesta' had a certain decorative value, but was spoiled by the over-elaboration which is the vice of his method. He is apt in his effort after completeness to lose sight of the more attractive qualities of water-colour, and to make the general effect of his work subordinate to much less important details of surface finish. Among other figure

drawings worth noting were those in black-and-white by Miss G. Demain Hammond, Mr. Gordon Browne, and Mr. Percy Macquoid.

Among the landscapes were several delightful sketches by Mr. John Fulleylove, the cleverest and most attractive of which was the 'Temple of Theseus, Athens.' Mr. Claude Hayes and Mr. R. B. Nisbet were both specially well represented, the former by a group of very freely-handled notes of effects which had given him opportunities for securing particularly delicate colour modulations; and the latter by a dozen more vigorous landscapes pitched in rather a low key and possessing a fine atmospheric quality. Of all Mr. Nisbet's contributions the truest to nature and the most accurate in observation were 'A Summer Day' and 'An Autumn Day near Bolton Abbey.' Mr. F. G. Cotman's studies of pretty scenery would be excellent were they a shade less precise and tidy; as it is they have a tendency to look mechanical. His 'Little Falmouth,' however, was excellent as a rendering of grey weather, when the moisture in the still air defines and hardens every detail. Mr. Anonier's sunsets were distinctly good; and Mr. Hamilton Macalium's iridescent sea subjects had a pathetic



Bianca.
By Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I.

interest as practically the last exhibited works of an artist whose death leaves a very appreciable gap in the ranks of the present-day painters of out-of-door nature.

A new artistic body, which calls itself "The Cabinet Picture Society," opened recently its first exhibition at 175, New Bond Street. It has a long list of members, who are for the most part men of note in the Art world, and they proved themselves fully alive to the necessity of making a favourable impression at the outset of the Society's career. A quite considerable proportion of the one hundred and thirty-eight canvases brought together showed more than ordinary merit.

Some new terra-cotta panels by Mr. George Tinworth have been exhibited at Messrs. Doulton's show-rooms at Lambeth. These designs were, both in conception and execution, greatly in advance of the majority of the previous works by the artist.

A RECENT RELIGIOUS PAINTING IN FLORENCE.

A FEW days ago we made an expedition, in the Street of Fair Women, *Via delle belle donne*, to the studio where Holman Hunt painted his 'Shadow of the Cross.'

The tradition of religious painting seems to haunt the place, for the present occupant, Prof. Giacomo Martinetti, is, without exception, the most forcible and original among those of the Florentine artists whose bent lies in this direction. His conception of religious art is, however, in no way similar to that displayed in the 'Shadow of the Cross;' for he does not love allegory, but centres the interest of his spectators in the intense humanity latent in his subject.

The realistic, yet poetical form under which Prof. Martinetti presents the matter in hand, is very apparent in the picture he recently painted for St. Saviour's Church at Jerusalem. It is entitled, 'After the Crucifixion,' and represents the moment in which the three Marias and St. John, returning from Golgotha to their desolate house, abandon themselves unrestrainedly to the effects of the stunning blow they have received.

The composition of the picture is spontaneous; very simple in its draperies and accessories. We see just the corner of an Eastern house, bare and desolate, a fitting home for the hopeless yet resigned grief which lodges there. So deep is the trouble, that no one attempts to communicate with another. Each one faces it in his own way, and absorbed in his own feelings, forgets for the time being even those nearest and dearest to him.

The Madonna and the mother of St. John have sunk on to a stone bench. The Madonna sits in the midst. The face is still very beautiful, though somewhat set by the chilling tears that grief hath shaken into frost; her shoulders are slightly bent; her hands rest lifeless on her knees. The mother of St. John sits on the left of the Madonna and gazes at her abstractedly without seeing her. The type of face and figure chosen is here somewhat coarser. St. John stands on the left of the spectator; and crouched at his feet is Mary Magdalene, her face turned towards the wall.

The most daring figure in the picture is without doubt that of St. John. The feet, more hinted at than seen, are crossed as though to ease themselves of the weight of the body; the head is bent dejectedly, the eyes are half closed, the arm hangs like lead along the side. The

apostle, in the abandonment of utter weariness, has thrown himself against the wall for support.

Most unfortunately, however, Prof. Martinetti has so arranged matters that the figure of the saint does not seem to be supported by the wall, and therefore appears unstable. For the background is formed by a sunk panel over which a camel's skin is drawn, reaching to about the height of St. John's bent head; and as this camel-skin is too stiff to make folds it gives the impression of being stretched tightly across the recess; in which case it would, of course, form no adequate support for the weight of a powerfully-built man. The drapery of the cloak, too, thrown back over the shoulder, is a little heavy, even taking into consideration the thickness of the stuff; and it is so arranged as to swamp the neck.

These are, however, but slight defects in a daringly conceived and well-executed figure. The head and the hands are drawn in quite a masterly manner, and the shadows are finely balanced.

Martinetti's first idea was, it seems, to depict St. John as having thrown himself on to the ground. By making him a standing figure he has avoided the error in composition which would have arisen from the presence of two crouching figures side by side with the seated Marias; he has boldly broken the line of heads; he has obtained a fine mass of white to relieve the dark camel-skin; and he has shown his skill in contrasting that white with the opaquer white of the wall, to which it comes very near, and with that of the Magdalene's bodice and also with the Madonna's head-dress.

The draperies and the few accessories come from the East and add to the realistic effect of the picture. From the black background stand out the warm yellow of the dress of the older Mary, and the quiet faded blue of the Madonna's mantle, which, opening in front to allow the hands to come through, shows the vivid red of the dress beneath. On the floor are a goat-skin and an Arab mat.

'After the Crucifixion' is a religious picture con-

ceived in an essentially modern spirit. It is intensely human, and its realism is of that kind which seeks to represent, not the ugliest possible moment, but that which is fittest to express the artist's full intentions.

ISABELLA M. ANDERTON.



After the Crucifixion.
By Professor Martinetti.

NOTES ON DECORATIVE ART.

By LEWIS F. DAY.

CELESTIAL ART IN SAVILE ROW.

NO self-respecting potter would willingly miss the show of Chinese porcelain at the Burlington Fine Arts' Club. Of painted ware, the most interesting, technically, is the under-glaze work; and it is notable that even in choice examples, such as are here shown, the red degenerates in the fire into tints only by courtesy to be so described. The over-glaze painting is technically as well as artistically of less interest; but one cannot but be struck by the very unusual painting in black on white. This has every appearance of being preliminary only, the "key" painting destined to be filled in with green, yellow, and other palish tints. One such (378) is more than interesting. Rather more space is devoted to the "Famille Verte" and "Famille Rose" than those *genres* deserve. An exceptional specimen in which neither green nor rose, but blue, is the dominant note of colour (117), is extremely pleasing. Mr. Monkhouse's description of it, "an exquisite tangle of birds and blossoms," is as pretty as the vase itself. Other dainty specimens which might get overlooked are:—A cup for libations (86), with clever potting in the dragon handle; a cup and saucer (313) diapered with delicate pattern in white enamel, in gentlest contrast to the translucent white of the porcelain body; and a pair of elegantly shaped cups (311-312) with white ornament, veined with green, upon a blue ground, which maintain the reputation of comparatively modern work. Artists will differ from connoisseurs in attaching most value of all to objects decorated in simple glaze. It is clear that the exquisite colour of the glazes is often accidental—and then perhaps happiest! Why they should be christened "ruby," "peach," "lavender," "mustard," and so on, is a mystery to all but their sponsors. The curious in ceramics will notice the dull green glaze (189), the powerful "chicken-skin" red (204), the unusual brown (197), the triumphant but too Rose-du-Barry-like pink (199), the transparent white slip on brown (471), and, above all, the iridescent beetle's-wing green (518). This last is veritable *lustre*, with which one had not credited the Chinese. Much the same opalescence occurs on the dark copper-green leafage painted on a saucer (411), where it is obviously unintentional—in neither case, probably, was it developed in the kiln. One comes away wondering how much of the best colour in pottery is pure fluke?

OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE.

A loan exhibition of furniture has been organized at Bethnal Green Museum which the student should on no account fail to see. He has there an opportunity such as very seldom occurs of refreshing his memory on points of style, and, indeed, of surveying almost at a glance the course of later English Furniture Design. Her Majesty the Queen, the authorities at South Kensington, and numerous City Companies and owners of historic houses, have lent typical examples of cabinet work in their possession. These have been chosen mainly on account of undoubted authenticity and trust-

worthy evidence as to the period of their production, and they show very plainly (as doubtless was meant) the downward course of Art from the reign of James I. to that of George III. In much of the Georgian cabinet-making there is excellent workmanship; the mahogany is substantial and well-built, if somewhat ungainly; the satin-wood is delicate, if fragile-looking, and it has assumed with age a beautiful golden tone; but as a rule it is admirable only in proportion as it is modest. The simplest things are the most successful. Of the work of Chippendale and Sherraton, there is good and very bad. It can hardly be said that the chairs of either seen in numbers redound greatly to the credit of the much-vaunted maker; but it is something to have so many authentic specimens side by side and in their order. It would be optimistic to hope that, after this capital object lesson, amateurs will display less ignorance of the "styles" about which they talk so glibly—pessimistic, perhaps, to suggest that we shall only have more reproductions of designs, which to repeat is something of an insult to nineteenth-century invention.

SILKS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

How is it that, at this time of day, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody can manage to get together a collection of a hundred or more specimens of old embroidery, hrocades, and such-like, all more or less worthy of a place in some municipal, if not a national, collection? How is it that such things have not already found their way into museums?

A large proportion of the embroideries now on view at Wigmore Street belong to the seventeenth century. These, although, of course, of the rather florid and floral character proper to the period, are none the less effective in design and admirable in workmanship. This applies very especially to a crimson silk altar cloth (86), in which, intermingled with robust scollery in gold thread, are tulips, roses, and other natural flowers, closely and most delicately worked in coloured floss.

The sixteenth-century embroidery shown belongs, as a rule, to the latter half of the century; as, for example, another Italian altar frontal (39) worked in colours upon a dark greyish silver ground admirably in harmony with them. The finest in colour of the several fine frontals, however, is that panelled with medallions of kings and saints and little scenes from the life of the Virgin (85). This is considerably worn—one can hardly say the *worse* for wear, since it is in no slight degree to the loom of time we owe that glory of golden colour, vague enough to satisfy even the "impressionistic" soul.

Especially interesting, in a lighter way, are the coverlets worked obviously in Chinese settlements, for Portuguese merchants, with the result that, in one case (72), the sacred pheasant is most oddly associated with the armorial double-headed eagle. In another (109), a quilt of buff linen worked in madders bears a wonderful resemblance to the famous lustre red which is a triumph of the potter.

The damasks and Lyons silks are interesting, but less

so than the noble Italian velvet hangings (4, 5, 6, 12) of earlier date, and the striking Genoese curtain (8) of deep purple, almost black, upon a yellow ground. Of the many-coloured cut-pile stuffs the most pleasing (perhaps because the most characteristic) are the very unusual specimens of seventeenth-century Polish manufacture. Altogether this is a show worth seeing. The catalogue, it should be said, is compiled with a knowledge rarely conveyed in brochures of this kind.

A display of very different kind is offered at East India House, Regent Street. Messrs. Liberty and Co. are not manufacturers; but they exhibit a variety of silks manufactured for them in this country—rich Spitalfields brocades, figured silks from Yorkshire, and simpler ones from Leek. A variation upon the *chiné* silks, in vogue last season, occurs in the warp-printed satin brocades, in which one pattern is printed upon the warp and another woven upon it; so that you get, say, a simple pattern in blue, upon a white ground blurred by an under-pattern in *chiné*; or the woven pattern may be in the colour of the ground; in either case the soft effect of colour is pleasing. Vagueness of pattern seems still to be the vogue. The motif consists sometimes of an all-overish scrawl, not altogether without justification in dress fabrics, but lacking any interest of design—as do the multi-coloured *chiné* fabrics, which only occasionally happen upon a good colour combination. Some of the quite plain satin materials fall in singularly soft folds, and are dyed in colours refreshing to the eye, after the crude greens and purples which, one began to think, had ousted all delicate colour from the West-End shops. On the whole, however, it is more in texture than in colour that one notes advance in the silk industries.

ART IN THE CHURCH.

It is the ingrained habit of the clergy to turn for help in church decoration, not to an artist, but to a church furnisher. That is a misfortune alike for art and for the church; and in so far as the object of "The Clergy and Artists' Association" is, according to its prospectus, to "enable the clergy to approach the artist more directly," it has some sort of *raison d'être*. It may be doubted, however, whether the natural timidity of the churchman in matters of church decoration, is a thing so easily to be overcome as the promoters of this association appear to believe. They may well ask for subscriptions and donations to carry on this difficult work. That great part of the art we put into our churches is poor enough, no one will deny; but some of it, at least, is the work of men to whom no competent craftsmen would deny the title of artist; and there is a savour of youthful arrogance in the assumption of a monopoly of "cultivated talents" by a handful of men whose action in this very matter,

disinterested, however, lays itself open to the suspicion of turning, to quote their own words, "the supply of church decoration into a commercial pursuit." No doubt the Committee of Direction (who appear, as far as one can judge from the prospectus, to be the Association) are

thoroughly in earnest in their endeavour to bring the artist into direct relations with the clergy. No doubt the patron Bishops, of Peterboro', Rochester, and Stepney, desire to get better art in their churches. No doubt Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Holman Hunt sympathise in that most laudable desire. But the names of these distinguished artists among the list of patrons must be taken, it is to be feared, rather as proof of their artistic and ever hopeful temperament, than as promise of the practical success of the new venture.



A Poster.
By L. J. Rhead.

A MODERN MACE.

It is a satisfactory sign of the times that the Borough of Croydon should entrust to a craftsman like Mr. Gilbert Marks, the design and execution of its new mace. The result is a piece of silversmith's work of distinctive and workmanlike character, not the merely commonplace manufacture to which we are too much accustomed.

ANGLO-AMERICAN POSTER DESIGN.

Mr. Louis Rhead comes from America with a considerable reputation as a designer of posters; and an exhibition of his designs has been held by Messrs. Hare and Co., at St. Bride's Institute. It would be easy to find fault with his drawings, and to point sometimes to the obvious sources of his inspiration—he has founded himself very largely upon M. Grasset—but he is not to be denied one great and most uncommon merit: his posters are designed to advertise, and they do it most effectively. He has seized the idea of what a poster is—that it must seize hold of you; and he has no scruples about compelling your attention; he catches hold of you by telling contrasts of colour, crude perhaps, non-natural almost certainly (as when he gives his ladies scarlet, crimson or purple hair); but, with four simple printings in flat colour, he knows how to startle, and, further, many a time to please and interest. His lettering is the least satisfactory part of his design. He is happiest when he is most affectingly decorative.

THE POLYSCOPE.

Pattern design is one of those mysteries which the public seems incapable of comprehending, Schools of Art and Text-books notwithstanding. It seems still to be a popular superstition that designers find their inspiration in the kaleidoscope; and ingenious inventors still dream of a machine which shall turn out patterns more or less mechanically. It would not be fair to describe that as the purpose of the "Polyscope;" but the

instrument aims near enough at that to prejudice an artist against what might be of considerable use to him, provided he did not expect of it more than in the nature of things a machine can do.

The truth is Mr. Robert Basket has contrived a very clever instrument. He himself seems to have an idea that you have but to place within it a piece of ornament, a sprig of foliage, or what not, and, as you turn the handle, patterns are developed. In a sense that is so—wood shavings, for example, take very much the lines of wrought iron scrollery—but that is not the real use of the "Poly-scope," amusing and even fascinating as it is to watch the inexhaustible variety of strange and unexpected shapes which are thus evolved. A skilled designer (of perhaps a slightly mechanical turn of mind) might, by substituting for natural or other shapes, chosen at hap-hazard, shapes of his own careful devising, get out of the machine patterns which, but for it, would never have occurred to him; and, though there must always be an

element of "fluke" about such results, he might still claim them as his. But it would be more than dangerous for an artist to depend much upon anything of the kind, and to the student it would be fatal. Where the instrument is really useful is in showing at a glance the effect of any unit of design, four, five, ten, or more times repeated. Even there the repetition occurs on concentric lines: the instrument is useful, that is to say, for the proving of floor or ceiling patterns, and other geometric shapes, not of flowing or upward growing patterns,—though, it should be mentioned, there is a contrivance by which a border pattern (if designed to "turn over" in repetition) can be shown extended laterally.

Designers need scarcely be told that this invention will not make design easier by ever so little. In so far as it is not what the inventor fondly hoped it might be; but neither is it merely a delightful toy. In seeking the impossible, Mr. Basket has found, as it were by the way, a labour-saving machine of real use to the practical designer.

HOME ARTS, 1896, AT THE ALBERT HALL.

SATISFACTION seems to have been the note sounded by the recent Exhibition of the Home Arts on all sides. "Sales" are spoken of as "good," though the purpose of the Association is rather the showing of good work from which orders can be taken. Sandringham was, as usual, successful under the management of its businesslike Fraulein Noedel.

The embroidery judges were lavish in their gold and blue stars, which fell justly to the lot of the Langdale and Datchet stalls, whose design and execution are excellent, Aldborough also, a fresh venture, being well to the fore.

Marked signs of growth were visible in the use of a variety of woods by the stalls devoted to carving.

In the Ascott Industry was a quite remarkable chair, the beauty of its oak not destroyed by over-colouring, nor the design of its leather seat and back by over-ornamentation.

At the Abbots-Kerswell Pottery one learnt the difficulty of attaining this restraint. "The boys never know when to leave the paint"; but here the production of "china," which in daily use may "fall" unheeded when one recol-

lects its price, seems to be beginning, and the use of ancient rhymes carries one back to the times when Art toiled for use as well as ornament.

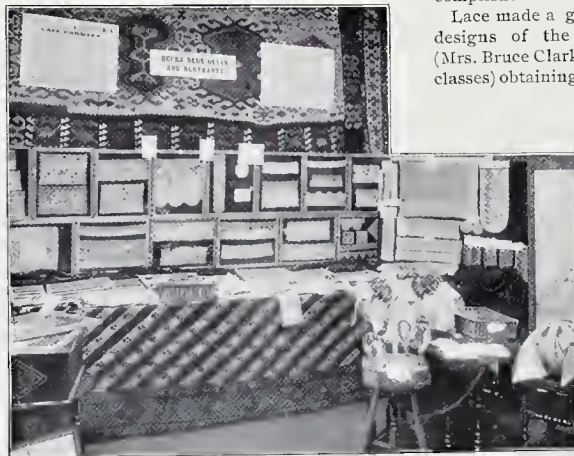
Much metal work was shown, the copper being specially fine—though it would be well to use a stouter gauge—more difficult of manipulation possibly, but much more lasting.

Miss Blount's enamels, in exquisite colouring and design, were deservedly admired, and are a marvellous proof of how much can be accomplished at home.

Lace made a good show, the numerous designs of the Bucks and Beds stall (Mrs. Bruce Clarke's and Miss Trevelyan's classes) obtaining six gold and fifteen blues, as against one gold and two blues gained by its solitary rival, awards for excellence in design and execution. We give an illustration of this stall, and a little later Mrs. Bruce Clarke will contribute an important article on "Modern Lace" to these pages.

Saturday was enlivened by the constant visits of the interested workers themselves, notably the

boys of the 1st Cadet Battalion (Royal West Surrey Regiment), whose wood-carving stall, under Mr. Fletcher's teaching, thoroughly carries out the intentions of the Home Arts.



Mrs. Bruce Clarke's and Miss Trevelyan's Lace Stall.



Playing a Fish.

SPORT IN ART.

FISHING.



ART in sport is much more common than sport in Art. The former is the outcome of a complete knowledge of woodcraft—the highest attainment of sportsmanship—grafted on to a nature imbued with sporting instincts. It is only the born artist who can ride with

the judgment and dash of a Fordham or an Archer; shoot with the quickness and accuracy of Lord de Grey, or get away with hounds like Tom Fiver or Lord Willoughby de Broke. These phases of Art are not to the general understanding artistic, but that is because they are not understood by men who are more accomplished as imitators of nature than as sharers in nature's scheme. The first artists were probably those who, having killed to live, desired to show their sweethearts or wives how it was done. The depicting of incidents in the chase has been attempted by almost every nation who has left records in stone to posterity. Sport was probably responsible for the earliest attempts at Art, but when Art became a profession of itself it does not seem to have paid the artists to make Sport their amusement as sportsmen of old made Art their lighter occupation. Consequently the glories of old Italian pictures are frequently marred by the most ridiculous and impossible caricatures of country life;

boats that, from their want of size, would not float with babies as passengers, are, on canvas, made to carry the apostles and the miraculous draught of fishes as well. Not that the apostles were either artists or sportsmen; they caught fish for a living, which is hardly sport as we understand the term, and caught them in the least artistic manner—with a net.

Angling has not been a very favourite subject of artists with the brush, except in China and Japan, until recent years, and even now it rarely forms the subject of a picture except in black and white, for book or newspaper illustration. In black and white sports of all kinds are about the most favourite subjects amongst buyers of illustrated newspapers; but there it stops, and few artists are able to put their designs into colour in a pleasing form, or if they are, they get very little encouragement at the exhibitions. Especially is this the case at Burlington House.

There are many painters who depict sporting scenes, but they are frequently told that this is not Art: this means that they do not do it artistically. An artist, unless he is of the very front rank, has to decide for himself whether he will please sportsmen, or whether he will attempt to satisfy all the canons of the professors of Art. If he is a sportsman himself, he will not sacrifice the points of his horse or hound to the foreshortening that beautiful design will possibly call for. Consequently, he will not find favour with the profession. He will be exceedingly likely to gain popularity amongst that rich section of society to which sport is second nature. Folks who live for sport are not always first-rate judges of pictorial design. They are akin to those first artist-sportsmen whose crude drawings were always broadsides—for two very good reasons; first, because you see more of your subject that way, and second, and important enough, because



A Cast from Dry Land.

they could not draw it any other way. Perhaps no artist has ever been gifted enough to show the points of a horse and place it facing the spectator. Rubens and Snyders stand out as the greatest of painters of sport. Landseer's animals were mostly in still life—Natural History pictures. Rosa Bonheur usually does not attempt sport. It is a pity she does not, for animals in action she can paint as well as anyone ever did them. "The Horse Fair" proved this years ago; and her last work, which represents a couple of horses fighting, is really savage in its brutal force.

But the rage of a wild boar has only been done on to canvas by Snyders. Now, in the nineteenth century, we do not understand his dogs or hounds. Fashion has changed the breeds so much; but we may accept them as true to his time, because his pig is true to all time. If a dozen hounds, mostly recklessly savage, and a wild boar mad with rage, as represented by Snyders, depict the most passionate form of sport, perhaps the most placid is that wherein the gentle angler plies his art. The worst of fishing pictures is that when you see the angler, you mostly cannot see the fish. This is so different in all other kinds of depicted sport. The fox-hunting curate, when challenged by the ball-going bishop, who declared he was never in the room with the dancers, replied that he was never in the field with the fox. However, neither his black coat, nor his position in the rear, is selected by painters of hunting subjects. Pink, hounds, and fox must all be brought into view together.

You may paint a man and a fish, but that is after the fish is caught. A lively salmon that takes the air may be depicted in the foreground with his tormentor in the middle distance, and very pretty such a picture can be made, but the fish under water and the man on the bank can hardly be satisfactorily managed on canvas; at any rate, we never saw it so managed. The reason is obvious, because in nature you cannot see the two together in the same field of vision. Rolfe was our

greatest and only fish painter, but he was dreadfully untrue to nature, and gave us aquaria-like views of fish instead of natural views. A fish in the water painted like it looks to the angler from the bank would not please. Refraction plays such games with a lusty trout that he compares in elongation with an eel out of his element. A short time ago two beautifully painted pictures of fish under water were shown to us. One was a trout just upon the point of taking a dry fly, and the other was a salmon boring downwards. They looked right in every way, and yet they were far too deep through them to represent what you really do see when looking down into the water. It is questionable whether greater accuracy to nature would have carried as much conviction with it. Certainly it would not have conveyed the idea of a fine fat trout. The picture has to be a compromise between the fishmonger's slab and the ghostly shadows, cigar-shaped, that the fisherman really sees in water. After all, a fish never looks so beautiful as when seen from below—as seen in an aquarium tank—the point of view from which Sir Edward Burne-Jones paints the surroundings of his Mermaids.

As it is next to impossible to get the fish and fishermen together on canvas, there are, it will be seen, limitations to the artistic treatment of the most artful of all sports. Consequently, he who would excite an interest in the angler on canvas must resort to one of two methods—he must either tell a story in the attitude or in the face of his subject; or else he must give beauty to his landscape, and break the stillness of the water with a falling line, or the splash or swirl of a fish. The first of these methods has been done, and done so well that imitation must fall flat. The picture was called 'Steady, Johnnie, steady.' There is a well-known engraving of it. An old ghillie so addresses a little boy who is playing his first fish; but title in a picture of this strength is superfluous. You see the



Salmon Fishing.

necessity for the remark; and the old man's lips and restraining hand express the words as much as sound itself could.

Johnnie is anxious, and he puts a bit too much strain on his fish. It is a supreme moment in his life; it will

possible sky tint, besides the bright foliage, brown banks, and purple hills.

In the illustrations selected, the designer has attempted a middle course. He has posed his men so that, although their faces tell us nothing, their attitudes do. Thus in



The Ford.

take a dozen years to make a man of him; but a sportsman he may be in ten minutes, when the gaff has done its work.

Landscape painters have made much use of the angler. They mostly prefer him as a bottom fisherman, for then they can peg down a boat of any colour they may wish for; and if the fisherman is not red enough in complexion, they can take liberties with his necktie, and give him fold after fold of hot vermillion, although it is the height of summer, and 100° in the shade, at least. This local colour can be made of great use, but too frequently it is the only spot of colour in a picture deadly dull. The landscape painter who has to rely upon his haberdasher for colour in his picture has much to learn. A river scene is generally full of colour by nature's laws. It is only those who have not learnt to see differences where they exist that paint a dull picture from a river bank. The water itself is very frequently rich in colour—either emerald green, or golden brown, as peat water; or muddy yellow, as it is after a spate. Even if it is crystal clear, the bottom is wet pebble—Millais' catch-word for rich Scotch colour. Reflections may be made to repeat every

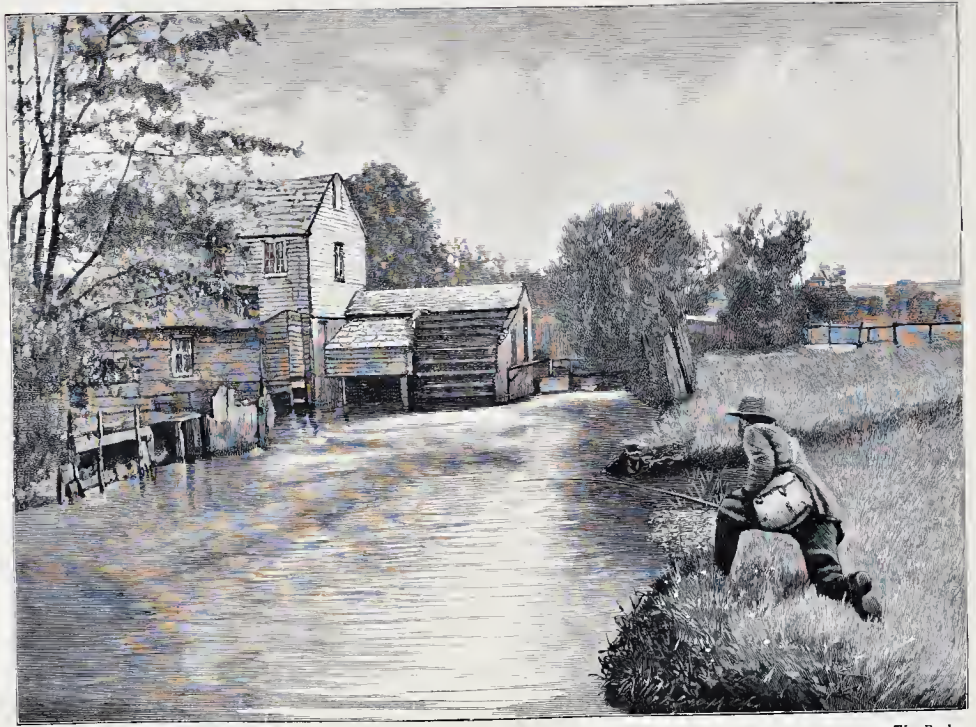
'A Cast from dry land' we have a fisherman doing all he knows to reach a fish with an all too small rod. He will probably have to wade in order to effect his object. The current is pretty strong here, and he has left his waders at home or he would not be attempting to make so much use of the assistance of the jutting-out rock upon which he stands. He is a fine bold figure against the sky; just the sort of dark figure behind which an evening sky could be placed with effect.

'Salmon Fishing,' the next illustration, is a picture of another character. Here the angler is in waders, and it is evident, by the absence of a fishing bag, that his attendant is not far off. He is working his fly down stream, having cast across, so that the current takes it over the lie of the fish, whose whereabouts he either knows of or suspects. The lighting and arrangement of this picture are very good. The dark green of the Scotch firs in the distance are brought for a background against the face and shoulder of the fisherman, while the arms and rod are shown up well against the reflection of the sky behind on the rough water. A bright sun on such a scene as this discloses all the colours that an artist

could desire, from the cold dark greens of the Scotch firs to the golden browns of the rocks at the bottom of the clear peat water. Yet neither of these pictures will be painted, for the very mercenary reason that, if they were, nobody would buy another fellow's portrait. It is a pity the sportsmen cannot rise above such considerations, as they do at the sales of Reynolds', Romney's, and Gainsborough's works. Human nature—meaning male human nature, as it occurs in the auction rooms, has, in its love of Art for Art's sake, a curious and inconsistent preference for paying high prices for the features of pretty women instead of brave men.

'The Ford' suggests fine fat trout under the willows on the further side, just where the fisherman has elected to cast his dry fly. It is a spot that Constable might have selected for a picture, and requires nothing but the creation of a cloudland to give it all sorts of artistic possibilities. This is just the spot where trout grow big, and also it is unfortunately just here that every fisherman tries

for the big trout, and makes him shy of all kind attentions. Lower down the stream we come to 'The Pool,' where the water is almost still, and where the sportsman becomes almost a poacher in his tricks before he can hope to fill his bag as our friend has hulled out his. He is on his knees now, in order that he may not be seen, and he fishes up stream for the same reason. When he gets his trout on he will have to be very careful, for those stakes on the side of the buildings will insure a certain break if once the fish manages to get amongst them. There are trout, and trout; and it is no moorland brook trout that we expect in such places as these. Four to the pound must he sought after in places like that from which 'Playing a Fish' is drawn; although here, too, bigger fellows sometimes do dwell, especially if they have been lucky enough to take to eating their brothers and sisters in their youth. Such a specimen is suggested here, not only by the angle of the rod, but by the excitement of the man with the basket to fill.



The Pool.

M. BARBET DE JOUY.



Initial.

By Miss E. M. Dobbin.

VERY biographical dictionary relates that M. Barbet de Jouy, who has recently died, was at one time Keeper of the Museum of Sovereigns and Art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance at the Louvre, that he became Keeper of the Paintings and Modern Sculpture, afterwards Governor of the National Museums, was made an officer of the Legion of Honour, and, finally, was elected Member of the Institute on March 6th, 1880. There will also be found mentioned among his works: "Gemmae et Joyaux de la Couronne," "Della Robbia," "Mosaiques Chrétiennes" of the basilicas and churches of Rome, "Studies for the Fonts of the Primatice," "Notes on Antiquities and Art of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance, and of Modern Times in the Museum of Sovereigns," and many others.

On the perusal of all these titles, every one will see in M. Barbet de Jouy an archæologist, a student, and a connoisseur of documents in the libraries and museums. No one will think of this man as a hero in the performance of his duties, a position he obtained because of his learning and knowledge. Yet, with more than sixty years between them, two men of artistic calling proved themselves to be also men of action in saving the Louvre from destruction. The first was Lebreton, permanent Secretary of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, who in 1815 personally disputed with Blücher as to his right to plunder the Louvre; the other was Barbet de Jouy, who, at the risk of his life, prevented the incendiaries of the Commune from destroying the museum which is the pride of the French nation.

Some time after the 18th March, when the Ecole de Rome, Beaux-Arts, and the Institute had been abolished, Courbet, who was already contemplating the destruction of the Tuileries and the Vendôme Column, complained that the Government of the Louvre had taken no action in support of the Commune. One Boudier, a workman, proposed to sell some pictures of the Louvre for the benefit of the Commune. Threats of incendiarism commenced to be made openly. Left at the Louvre, M. Barbet de Jouy, seeing that the struggle was about to begin, fortified himself in the museum, determined to resist every assault. When ordered to give up the Crown jewels, he replied by letter as follows:—

" . . . As trustee of the objects of art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, separated from my department against my wish and by *force majeure*, in the said capacity, I demand, for the reasons mentioned above, that all places containing the objects of my trust be officially sealed.

"I shall resist, under all circumstances, their being broken or removed from my presence without my consent.

"BARBET DE JOUY."

The reply was neat. It hit at those who pretended that they wished to act legally. But their more hasty friends used less formality, one informing M. Barbet de Jouy that the Rue de Lille, the street in which M. Barbet de Jouy resided, and where his family were awaiting him, had been fired. He simply replied, "I shall stay here," and remained at the Louvre. Meanwhile, not knowing that the men deputed by the Commune, who were installed at the Museum, were accomplices in this crime, four of the incendiaries of the Tuileries, then in flames, were seen to enter the gallery of the Salou, on the banks of the river, by the landing-stage. They stopped for a moment in front of 'Noces de Cana,' surprised at the dimensions of the frame, then went on, saying, "That will burn with the rest." Forty other confederates followed, who had placed inflammable matter in the museum, intending to destroy it. Seeing that measures had already been taken to quell the fire, they stopped and carried away the guardians.

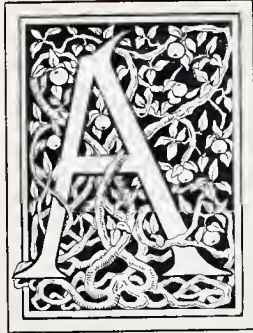
Feeling that the last moment had come, M. Barbet de Jouy had the quay grating closed. The Federals had to withdraw, resolving to return. But fortunately Heaven had decided otherwise. The struggle went on, and the troops from Versailles entered Paris. The men employed by the Commune were terrified at seeing the rising so quickly suppressed. A word from Barbet de Jouy and they were lost. But wishing to look upon them as misguided men, he aided them to fly, and even took upon his arm the wife of one, who was carrying a little girl, and escorted her out of the Louvre. Then he returned to his post.

Meanwhile, the Federals were defending themselves desperately, and the shells from Père la Chaise were falling about the Louvre. An officer of the Versailles troops requested M. Barbet de Jouy to have him conducted to the roof of the museum, in order to find out the best way to defend it. An employé volunteered to show him. "No, not you," said M. Barbet de Jouy, stopping him. "You have children, I have not; I will accompany monsieur," and he ascended to the roof of the Louvre which he had so recently saved.

All these facts remain in the memories of the friends of M. Barbet de Jouy, and are well known to many—to M. Darcel, and to M. le Comte de Laborde, permanent Secretary of the Academy des Beaux-Arts, who had himself energetically resisted the attempt by the Commune on the National Library. It seems fitting that these facts should be recalled at this time when Barbet de Jouy has been recently conveyed to his last resting-place. We would add that, while he lived, we could not relate them, for, with that characteristic modesty and that aspect of dryness, which his friends will readily recall, he always interrupted those who wished to speak with him of those cruel days which were the honour of his life.

From LE FIGARO.

CASADO DEL ALISAL.



Initial.
By Miss F. M. Dobbin.

S Leonardo da Vinci has said, in a work on the art of painting, the figures in a painting should, in the first moment that we look upon them, tell us what they think and say. Casado del Alisal in his works exemplified this doctrine, which he charmingly puts into practice in no ordinary degree, even when his subject belongs to the mystic or the legendary. El Senor Casado del Alisal was born in Valencia, where he received the

first principles of his art, in the year 1832. His parents being in affluent circumstances, the boy was enabled to have whatever advantages lay within reach at home, and afterwards permitted to continue his studies at Madrid, where he went at the age of sixteen, and where he had the good fortune to secure the guidance and friendship of the great Art critic, the kindly Don Pedro de Medraza, who is one of the most erudite and accomplished scholars of this century. Three distinguishing qualities possessed the young Casado del Alisal independently of the gift of genius. His faith in his art was unbounded; his absolute devotion and surrender of himself and his faculties to labour; and his exactness in all his dealings either connected with his career or social relations, qualities little tinged with "Bohemianism," which is entirely at variance with the "perpetual labour" question, at least as applied to painting.

At Madrid the boy painter soon achieved honourable distinction in his academic course, and as a consequence obtained the coveted place, "Pensionado," at the Spanish Academy at Rome, where in a few years he attained to the distinguished honour of President, and there his happiest days were spent. Casado also went part of each year to Naples, Venice, and Milan. The works of Casado are numerous; indeed, incredibly so when we take into account how soon he was interrupted by the disease which was carrying him to his grave, although no suffering ever prevented his devoting to his work the greater part of the day. The Church, the Senate, the Cortes, palaces, mansions, at home and abroad, rejoice in beautiful mementoes of his charming brush; but the grand gallery at Madrid possesses the masterpieces illustrated on the two following pages. As may be seen from these illustrations, the works of Casado were essentially historic, bordering often upon the mystic, but the record of the brightest scenes in his country's glory is in itself an idyll.

At Rome were painted the pictures we treat of in this paper, both of which were received with enthusiastic applause by the Art world in that Metropolis of the Arts, but the ovation accorded to the "Friar King" has seldom

been equalled. For some time before his death he was warned by his medical advisers that fatal consequences must follow such continual hard work, yet he found it impossible to exist away from his studio.

The last work of Casado was an Apotheosis of Shakespeare. He had been, as usual, labouring all day, and had just finished sketching the *poesie*, when, the pencil still between his fingers, he fell worn out to the ground. The last act of the Spanish painter consecrated one more tribute to our immortal Shakespeare.

The legend of the Friar King, also called the "Campana de Huesca," immortalised by Spanish tradition in her ballads, is now consecrated by Art in the magnificent painting of Casado del Alisal. In the "Annals of Catalonia," references which authenticate this strange story are to be found, and "Zurita," the Spanish historian, also alludes significantly to the tragedy, giving the names of the unhappy victims. We are told that Ramiro the Second, King of Arragon, had been a friar, but upon the death of his brother without heirs, he was permitted to leave the cloister and ascend the throne—and that being much wearied and angered at the contemptuous bearing of the nobles and the insolence with which his authority was received by these magnates who were powerful in the land in those feudal times (twelfth century), the king registered a frightful resolution, in accordance with the usages of the times, once and for ever to toll forth the law through the medium of a bell that should be forged in the rebellious blood that defied his "rights divine."

A proclamation was therefore issued to the effect that the king had determined to have fabricated a mighty bell, the tolling of which should resound through the length and breadth of his dominions, and which should summon to obedience in the same boom the Noble and the Vassal. The opening of parliament, then about to meet, was considered by his Majesty an opportune moment, for then would be assembled within the walls of the capital, "Huesca," many of Ramiro's bitterest enemies; and he had been informed of another half-hatched conspiracy against his throne—one of many hitherto frustrated by the new monarch.

A royal banquet to which all the leading nobles were invited came off the night before the "Cortes" met, and an hour before that which summoned those ill-omened statesmen to the feast, while yet attiring, in the gala suits befitting such entertainments, silently were seized fifteen of those considered the most formidable, and swiftly and stealthily conveyed to the vaults beneath the royal palace. Meanwhile his reverence the king entertained right royally his noble guests; the wine circled and the exhilaration was at its height when the king, suddenly standing up, demanded if his beloved friends and subjects seated at his table would care to go below into the vaults, as the big Bell of Huesca, which he, the king, had announced to be forthcoming, was now concluded and in working order. The king then leading the way, the entire company followed, and descending the steep subterranean stairs, were quickly introduced to a scene of horror freezing the marrow in their bones,

* "Campana de Huesca," "the big bell of Huesca."

and for one brief moment transfixing them to the spot.

There in a shocking circle lay the heads of their friends; in the centre was affixed to an iron ring the head of the unhappy archbishop, representing as it were the clapper of the bell. The slaughter had taken place while the royal party dined.

The monarch stood as represented in the accompanying illustration, while in a sepulchral tone he pronounces the "fiat." "This is the bell of 'Huesca' by which refractory subjects are called to order." A scene of dire confusion ensued; "Sauve qui peut" was the watchword, difficult of attainment, as those at the bottom of the stair vainly attempt to force a passage or outlet; those above not being fully cognisant, as beyond sight of the tragedy just enacted, and maddened to the most intense curiosity by the imprecations and ejaculations from below, thus impeding the escape of the terrified revellers downstairs. The king holds in leash a favourite bloodhound, which glares with instinctive hate at the enemies of his master—an animal which is not the least admirable of the master's creations in this painting.

This splendid work is proclaimed by unanimous criticism worthy of the tradition of the artist and of the modern school of Spanish painting. The distinguished and handsome figure of Ramiro in an arrogant yet noble attitude; the sarcastic yet threatening expression of his countenance; the strange and sombre dress adopted that night by the king; the torrent of haughty nobles who, in their careless progress down the narrow stairs, stop short, palsied, at the first sickening glimpse of the horrible apparition seen through a mist of blood, while upon those lips one sees, one almost hears, the ejaculations which in the agony of the moment burst forth; those superb dresses of the period—brocade, soft silk, tan leather, and resplendent coats of mail—in solemn contrast to the dark, heavy coldness of the vault, walled in by coarse, unhewn stone, the middle arch of which descends low, almost to the ground, and seems to clutch in its dark embrace the mangled trunks which lie at its feet; in a word, it is a work in which genius in all her moods and tenses may be conjugated, and is one more page in the annals of contemporary Spanish Art. The Madrid public, in proof of the high appreciation and admiration in which this painting is held amongst them, conferred upon its author a crown of gold, and the Spanish Government, interpreting aright the desire of this same public, conceded the Order of Isabel la Católica to Señor Casado. The Cortes also unanimously voted that a special Act of Parliament be passed by which they were enabled to acquire

for the grand Madrid Gallery this painting, in the sum of thirty-five thousand pesetas or francs. Thirty-five thousand being voted in the same Act for the purchase of the other grand masterpiece of the year, 'The Death of Lucrícia,' by Rosales.

The ruins of the dungeon still remain where, in the year 1157, this sanguinary episode took place. The vault lay beneath the Azuda, or grand banqueting hall, of which magnificent Arabian chamber but few mementoes remain of its former architectural grandeur; but the dread vault yet remains unchanged, even as the gaunt visitor it once sheltered—far away in the long vista of the centuries—the eternal visitor, death, which ennobles now with its calm impress the dismal scene.

Descending nowadays the narrow stone stair, one enters what was constructed for a Moorish dungeon. Narrow



The Friar King—The Bell of Huesca.
By Casado del Alisal.

and oval in form, the vaulted arches cross, in rude salient angles, buttresses which support the massive weight of the clumsy cornice, and struggling through grated loopholes on the outer side of the thick walls, enters through scratched chinks from within a filmy thread of some far-away substance that might have been light once. The walls are black, and the pavement a solid mass of dark sand, everlastingly damp and slippery, as if to keep fresh those dire blood-stains until the dread day of reckoning comes round. The large ring in the centre of the vault is the same from which the head of the hishop hung. That tradition is an historical unwritten law in many parts of Europe, is, as in Spain, an authenticated fact, recognised from time immemorial.

The legend we are about to relate, and which Casado del Alisal has so admirably illustrated in his other famous painting, given in reproduction in these pages, has been handed down by Spanish folk-lore, and is recorded in the history of the age. The events date back to the year 1301, and took place in the reign of Alfonso the Fourth, King

of Castille, who was, at that time, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and who is one of the actors in this drama.

Alfonso was little more than a child when, by the death of his father, he succeeded to the throne, and, naturally, was surrounded by parasites. Among these unprincipled courtiers the young Duke de Velasco held the envied position of favourite-in-chief to the king. Also at court, in virtue of some military appointment, dwelt the brave young knight, Carvajal, the handsomest and most winsome youth in Castille. Carvajal and Velasco both loved, and—worse luck—loved the same woman, and this woman was, as a matter of course, the loveliest maid in Castille. This "rose of the rose-bud" was named Eleonora, and Eleonora, as another matter of course, loved the handsomest of her adorers, Carvajal, and who, man-like, rejoiced in the preference, and, it is to be feared, gave indications of his contentments which enlightened his rival as to the fact that there was small hope for "his Grace," a fact that worthy soon discovered.

The jealous rage and deadly hate of the duke were now something terrible, and he swore vengeance upon his rival. A fête which occurred the next day and which should wind up with a revel in the evening, was seized upon by Velasco as a fitting opportunity to work out his nefarious scheme against the unhappy lover of Eleonora (Mahomet must have had some little experiences when his philosophy created a heaven in which there should be no women). The revel was at its height, the king and his wild followers had pledged deeply to the drowsy god, when the usual senseless vagaries of such scenes were suddenly checked by the voice of the king's favourite, who craved silence in which to address upon urgent matters "his lord the king." Then, in the presence of the assembled court, did this vile slanderer accuse the brave Carvajal as being the author of a foul crime, alleging that a knight had been murdered by Carvajal one night a short time before when returning to his home after a revel at the palace, and that the younger Carvajal accompanied his brother on that occasion. Sobered and horrified, the entire company evinced surprise and indignation at the unfounded charge, as they all knew full well that this "caballero" had legitimately fallen in a duel with Carvajal, an event quite "en règle" even in the Castilian code of to-day, and this, half-a-dozen centuries ago, merely signified an ordinary tilt-at-arms in which the event of life or death was an equal chance secondary in importance to the glory of prowess.

The king immediately issued a royal command that

the brothers should be seized and there and then tried upon the evidence of the accuser, Duke Velasco. As a natural sequence, they were found guilty and condemned to death, the sentence being that they should be flung from the battlements of a neighbouring fortress and so dashed to atoms upon the cliffs below, and this sentence was put into execution that same night. Upon being led out to execution, Carvajal turned back and faced the king—who with his court was present—and cried out in a loud voice, "Alfonso, King of Castille, we, the unjustly condemned brothers Carvajal, summon you, our murderer, to appear at the eternal bar of Divine Justice, there to answer to the living God for the crime you have committed this day against us, your unhappy

and innocent victims. We cite you to meet us there within thirty days from to-day"—words treated by his Majesty and his noble associates with contemptuous indifference. The

day after, however, when on the point of setting out against the Moors to continue the raid he was then engaged upon, a faintness seized his Majesty, and instead of prosecuting his victory of the week before, he requested that the army should retrace its steps to the old town or city of Jaen, where the court was held, and where he and his suite soon found themselves. Nothing serious was anticipated as the king seemed to have no disease, but he grew weaker as the days flew by. At length, however, on the thirtieth day from the execution, Alfonso was found dead upon a couch whither he had gone in search of a few moments' repose, the sleep of the night before having been terribly disturbed; indeed, it had been a night of horror in



"We cite you to meet us within thirty days."

By Casado del Alisal.

which the brothers had appeared to him, one of whom pointing upwards reminds him of the tryst where they awaited his royal presence.

This is the subject from which Casado has drawn the inspiration which has given the Art world a fine work, a subject fraught with meaning to which he has rendered immortal justice—a strong protestation of innocence against the stupid judgment of men. The subject, which embraces more of the fantastic than the real, must have been no easy task to the painter, who, nevertheless, rejoices in a perfect grasp of his idea, and to this unites a simple and unpretentious composition.

The nude is carefully studied in the figures of the brothers, and is one of the features in the works of Casado which always calls for special admiration; and the expression in the countenances of the victims though sad and severe is not vindictive.

DELIA HART.



*The Great Falls of the First Cataract.
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

The crowd surrounding us is noisy and gay. These worthy people torment us without truce or rest, soliciting bagsheesh.

From time to time the band, in response to a rough gesture of one of our number tired of their annoyance, scamper off a few paces in alarm, amidst sonorous laughter and comical horseplay, but an instant or so afterwards return and take possession of us once more.

Notwithstanding the absolute destitution of all these primitive people, brisk, supple, strong, with brilliant eyes and sharp teeth, they have so much good-humour, such robust health, that one cannot be angry with them for their naturally and quite inoffensive off-handed manner. And then in face of the plaintive, hang-dog expression left on the physiognomies of these disinherited souls by centuries of hard slavery, one willingly forgives their eagerness to gather up the crumbs of that civilisation which always passes beside them undisclosed, impassive, asking all of them, giving them nothing in return.

On our departure there was a general frolic, a mad stampede towards the river amidst a senseless outburst of yells, laughter, and recriminations. Dragging each other along they tumbled down the cliff, bounded amidst the waves, and five minutes afterwards the band, exhausted and breathless, rushed up, soliciting, in broken voices, a final almsgiving which was not refused, and we set out again on our way.

We had barely got on board our boat when there was an explosion of yells, cries, and supplications in an inconceivably high key, which for a moment resounded above the thunder of the cataract. Then an heroic struggle began between our boatmen, prevented from quitting the shore, and the natives. The latter up to their waists in water, held the boat by the sides, begging us in a lamentable manner for bagsheesh, which when once accorded, immediately produced another demand more harshly formulated.

Then oars came down on hands that would not leave go, fists fell heavily on the heads of the unyielding, cuffs were applied to youngsters who showed too much obstinacy; there were tears and laughter, deafening vociferations, and then we were able to get away.

Our craft, vigorously rowed, cut through the current, the rumble of the waters drowned the sound of voices and



*In the Middle of the Cataract.
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

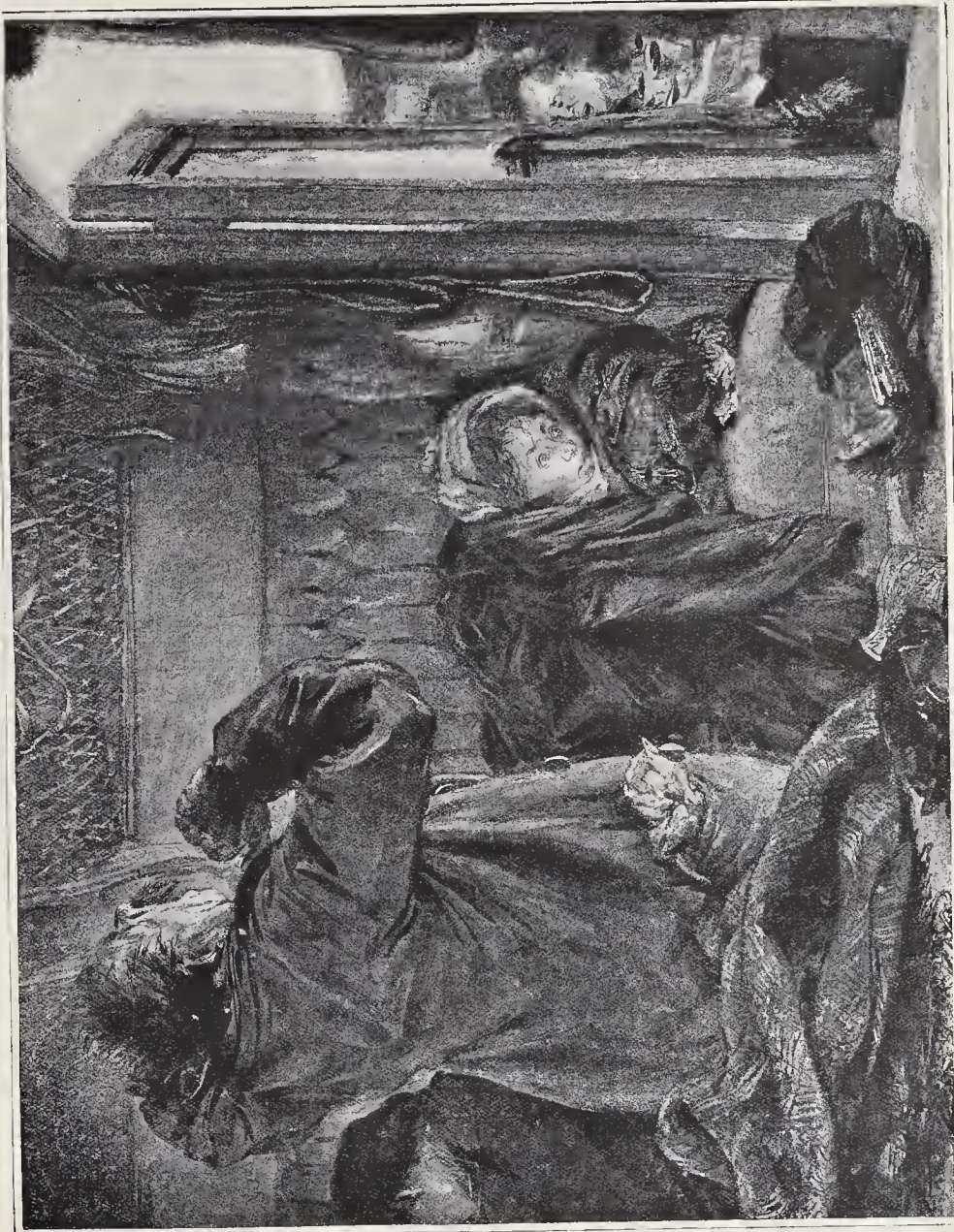
we approached the first rapid, on the right, above the great fall.

From where we were we could see, looking like a black spot on the Libyan sands, the sad comical silhouette of the Sheikh, who was continuing his way towards the shore, there to await the customers whom Allah in his mercy might send him, and to receive the foreigners' mite.

(To be continued.)

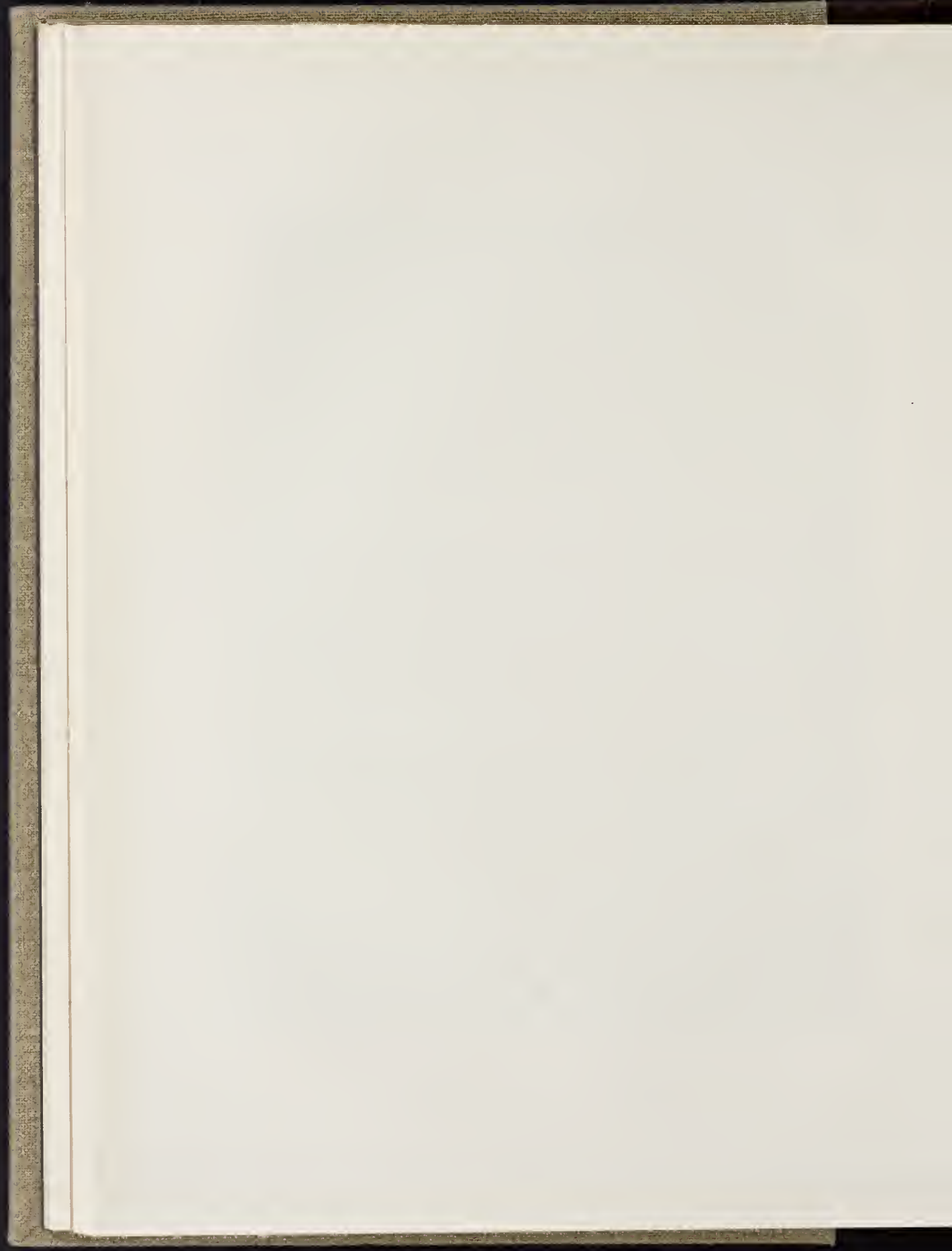
GEO. MONTBARD.





Ad. Menzel

"TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS."
BY ADOLPH MENZEL.





*On the Bure, Great Yarmouth.
By Frank Short.*

THE REVIVAL OF LITHOGRAPHY.

YES, it is certainly to some extent a revival of Lithography that we are to-day witnessing, though it may be that such revival takes place on lines that are somewhat fresh, and that certain of the older perfections of the art may be lost finally, or, at the least, may not yet be re-discovered. The symptom of the Revival which happens to be most visible to the general public is the institution at Mr. Duntthorne's Gallery of an Exhibition of original Lithographs, most of them quite recently executed. There is thus celebrated here in England, as well as in France, the Centenary of the invention of the method; in France the celebration takes the form of a far larger gathering, in the midst of which the English contributions—duplicates, many of them, of those at Mr. Duntthorne's—play not a very large, not perhaps a very important part.

But behind these exhibitions, as before them, comes the movement on which they have more or less been based; and men who are familiar with the later development of artistic work, know that not exactly alongside of the very real and admirable Revival of Etching, but closely following behind it, there has proceeded some renewal of interest in the art of drawing upon stone. I say, "drawing upon stone," since that is the operation to which the very name of the method keeps us close. But often, nowadays, it is not literally on stone. Without defending the change—and yet without the possibility of altogether violently accusing it, seeing the achievements which at least it has not forbidden—I may note perhaps, even at this early stage of my discourse, that as a matter-of-fact a transfer paper, and not the prepared stone, is, very frequently in our day, the substance actually drawn on.

Well, the renewal of interest in the art of Lithography—the stirring of curiosity amongst some artists, that zest for the experiment with an unfamiliar method—owes something to the Frenchmen of the present generation, and something, too, to Mr.

Whistler. I say "the present generation" in talking of the French, because Gavarni's "velvety quality" and the "fever and freedom of Daubigny"—to use a phrase employed to me by a distinguished English artist who has observed the achievements of others, and has himself refrained from touching a stone—were noticeable, and might have been influential, before the days of our present young men. The work of Fantin, I may take it, has been to them an example, and, yet later, the work of Whistler. The time may come perhaps, when I may have occasion to speak a little more in detail of those admirable



*The Modeller.
By C. H. Shannon.*



From *Limhouse Pier*.
By C. E. Holloway.

lithographs which M. Fantin Latour—that so delightful painter of flowers and of the poetic nude—has endowed us. We will keep just now to Mr. Whistler.

Mr. Whistler, in his early days, did no lithograph—none at least of which there is any record—and it is probable that in the 'Fifties, in which were produced some of his most accomplished and most original etching, he remained unaware of the charms and the possibilities of Lithography. Indeed, scarcely twenty years have passed over us—so far as I know—since this delightful master of so many arts began to draw upon stone—getting at once, let me be careful to point out, many at least of the finer qualities proper to the new medium, and invariably, with the instinct of the born artist, choosing for Lithography the themes Lithography is fitted to render.

Mr. Tom Way, who knows as much about Lithography as any one—and more perhaps than any one, save the artist himself, about the lithographs of Mr. Whistler—assures me that nearly a hundred drawings on the stone or transfer paper (for Mr. Whistler sometimes uses the one and sometimes uses the other) have been wrought by one whose reputation is secure as the master etcher of our generation. And, as I have already implied, the lithographs, speaking generally, do no discredit to the etcher of the Thames and of Venice. Certain readers of this Journal must remember, surely, at least a few of them. (Moreover, by the time that this is in the hands of the subscribers to THE ART JOURNAL, an exhibition of Mr. Whistler's lithographed work will be open to their view.) There was that most distinguished drawing that was published for a penny in *The Whirlwind*—the lady seated with a hat on, and one arm pendant. As in Mr. Whistler's little etching of that slightly-draped cross-kneed girl stooping over a baby, one enjoys the interpretive use of the etched line, so in this lithograph I speak of, one enjoys the suggestion of delicate tone on the

whole surface: the face being particularly beautiful by reason of the subtle way in which the draughtsman has suggested a different texture by means of the handling of his chalk. By means of the handling of his chalk, did I write, perhaps a little too confidently? One can't quite say, perhaps, how he did really get it. But he has got it somehow.

Then there was that admirable portfolio the Goupil house published, containing the 'Limhouse,' if I remember rightly, and a 'Nocturne: Battersea' wholly exquisite. Again there is the 'Battersea Bridge' of 1878, which, good though it is, does not really stand comparison with the master's etchings of the same or of very similar themes. Then there is the very rare subject which people not unlearned in lithography are wont—when the opportunity is given them to know it—to account almost if not quite the Whistlerian masterpiece in the method—a drawing tenderly washed. It is called 'Early Morning, Battersea,' and is, of course, a vision of the River. It is faint faint; of gradations the most delicate, of contrasts the least striking—a gleam of silver and white.

Later, there has been that drawing of a draped model seated, which appeared in Monsieur Marty's "L'Estampe originale"; the so *fin* portrait of M. Mallarmé, a writer so difficult to understand that his profundity must be taken for granted; the interesting and clever 'Dr. Whistler,' which adorns the 'Pageant' this Christmas; 'La Belle Dame parensense,' with, most especially it may be, all the quality of a charcoal drawing; the 'Belle Jardinière,' which has something, but by no means all, of the infinite freedom of the etching of the 'Garden'; again, the 'Balcony'—



Delta.
By C. H. Shannon

people peering down from it, as if at a procession—and procession indeed it was, since it was Carnot's funeral. Then, in the 'Forge,' and the 'Smith,' of the Place du Dragon, there is the tender soft grey quality attained in a degree which people learned in these things conceive, I think, to be impossible in transfer.

Of the younger artists who have worked at Lithography—of two of them at least, who have not withheld from us the opportunity of reproducing their work—it is time to say something. The two I mean are artists whom in one's mind, for a moment, one may not unprofitably contrast. These are Mr. Frank Short and Mr. C. H. Shannon, of whom the first is known, and justly known, chiefly, both as an original and interpretive engraver—an original etcher, dexterous and refined—an accomplished and delightful practitioner in mezzotint. The lithograph of Mr. Short's of which a reproduction is given on page 11, suggests a wide-stretching lowland, a wide-stretching water—the theme Mr. Short is eminently fond of, and which he deals with so skilfully, is at Yarmouth. Charming too—more charming perhaps because more visibly poetic—was his placid dream of Putney. And in another Yarmouth subject, a row of ships (merely that) with sails, some set, some partly furled—'Timber Ships, Yarmouth'—how fittingly does Mr. Short combine an intricate rhythm of "line" with a breadth of effect.

If in either Etching or Lithography Mr. Frank Short shows, as every one must show, influence, it is, in chief, I think, the influence of Mr. Whistler. Now in some of the work of Mr. C. H. Shannon, I suspect—I am not certain—the influence of Fantin. Of Mr. C. H. Shannon, Lithography is the particular art. He is no beginner at it: no maker of first experiments. I do not know that he, like Mr. Short, is an engraver in any way. He is not like Mr. Whistler, celebrated in two continents, as painter and as etcher to boot. He is above all things draughtsman—draughtsman poetic and subtle—the art of Lithography he breathes then as a native air. What matters it to him whether he draws on stone or paper?

C. H. Shannon's art it is by no means easy to appreciate at once. It is possible even to lose sight of his poetry and his sensitiveness in a fit of impatience because the anatomy of his figures does not always seem to be true, or because



Portrait.
By Francis Bate.

his own sentiment has not robustness, perhaps. I myself may have been slow to appreciate him. I have a lurking suspicion that this, at least, was the ease. Few people's appreciation of the original in Art—of that which, to attain its own qualities, may even voluntarily sacrifice the qualities that are most certainly expected—few people's appreciation of the original in Art comes to them all at once. Touchy folk, folk wholly unreasonable and almost irresponsible, are apt to blame one on this account. One has "swallowed one's words," they say. The world, even the intelligent world, they querulously complain, was not ready to receive them. Themselves, doubtless, they were born with every faculty matured—on their mother's breasts they possessed a nice discrimination of the virtues of Lafitte of '69. For myself, I can but crave their indulgence—I was born more dull.

Of lithographic *technique*, C. H. Shannon—to go back to him—is a master; and here let it be said that not only does he draw upon the stone itself invariably, while Mr. Whistler sometimes does not draw on it, as I have mentioned before, but he insists, also, on printing his own impressions. He has a press; he is an enthusiast; he sees the thing through from beginning to end. The precise number of his lithographs it is not important to know. What is important, is to insist upon the relative "considerableness" of nearly all of them. With him the perfectly considered composition takes the place of the mere dainty sketch. Faulty the works of Shannon may be in some points,



West India Docks.
By T. R. Way.

deficient in some points, but rarely indeed are they slight, either in conception or execution. Of each one of them, indeed, may it be said that it is a serious work; the



The Hay Barn.

By Geo. Clausen, A.R.A.

seriousness as apparent in the more or less realistic treatment of 'The Modeller' as it is in 'Delia,' ideal and opulent and Titiaesque. The 'Ministrants,' of 1894, is perhaps his most "important." 'Sea Breezes' is noteworthy in composition, and refined, of course, in effect.

I think that the as yet unmentioned artists whose methods and whose themes are illustrated in this my first article, are Mr. Francis Bate, Mr. Tom Way, Mr. Geo. Clausen, and Mr. C. E. Holloway. Later, I shall speak in whatever detail may be practicable, of others of the younger men—Mr. Rothenstein, for instance, who has a note of his own—and of certain of the longer-known artists, from the President of the Academy and from Mr. G. F. Watts downwards—those famous people who, with varying success, have done the work that the most famous printer of etchings, Mr. Goulding, or his brother, who works with him, has undertaken to print. In Lithography I am sure, as much as in Painting, Mr. Bate has avoided the commonplace. To draw as he has drawn, to see as he has seen, 'The Whiting Mill,' a man cannot possibly have been wanting in originality of expression and sight. To me, personally, the seated lady given on page 13 seems less distinctly original, but I cannot on that account think it merely imitative in subject, or uninteresting in *technique*. Mr. Way and Mr. Holloway are both habitually fascinated by the aspects of the Thames below Bridge, and it is of the Thames below Bridge chiefly that a set which they issue jointly consists. 'From Limehouse Pier,' by Mr. Holloway, tells the story of the picturesque muddle of buildings and of boats. Mr. Way's contribution has, as far as subject is concerned, no very

different message; and as to treatment both, I think, have the virtue of breadth.

The Clausen lithograph is a most worthy example of an artist who, in his painted work, shows individuality, and yet very marked flexibility. The 'Hay Barn' is one of those treatments of rustic life in which Mr. Clausen has been wont to show the influence of Millet, if not of Bastien Lepage. It is of a realism artistically subdued, yet undeniable. Noteworthy is it too, for the somewhat full employment that it makes of what may be Lithography's proper and peculiar means.

More interesting will it be, however, as a last word in this present article, to say not anything further on any special print, but rather to remind my readers—it may be even to inform them—what is, and what may hope to be, Lithography's place. In such signs of its revival as are now apparent, I, for my own part, rejoice. One does rejoice to find an artist equipped with some new medium of expression—some medium of expression, at all events, by which his work, while remaining autographic, may yet be widely diffused. And the art or craft of Lithography, whatever it does not do, does at least enable the expert in it to produce and scatter broadcast, by the hundred or the thousand, if he choose, work which shall have all or nearly all the quality of a pencil or chalk drawing; or, if it is desired, much of the quality even of a drawing that is washed. This is excellent; and then again there is the commercial advantage of relatively rapid and inexpensive printing. But what the serious and impartial amateur of Fine Art will have to notice on the other side is, first of all, that Lithography is not richly endowed with a separate quality of its own. With work printed from a metal plate this is quite otherwise. Mezzotint has a charm that is its own entirely. And Line Engraving has the particular charm of line engraving. And Etching—the biting, which gives vigour now, and now extreme delicacy; the printing, which deliberately enhances this or modifies that; the burr, the dry-point work, its intended effect; the papers and the different results they yield of tone or luminousness—all these things contribute to, and are a part of, Etching's especial quality and especial delight.

A comparison between Lithography and Etching, in particular—putting other mediums aside—leads to some further reflections. Lithography lacks the relief of etched work. "You can't have grey and black lines," a famous etcher says to me, who enjoys Lithography as well; "you can't have grey and black lines; in that it is surface-printing, and every mark upon the stone prints equally black: therefore, for grey work in Lithography you must have a grain upon the stone, or upon the transfer paper, that your drawing is made on." And, he adds, "Whatever can be done upon a lithographic stone, can be done, with a much higher quality, upon a plate. And the soft grey line, when got on the stone—well, if that is what you want, it can be got much better in a soft-ground etching." He says this, and I don't see that it can well be gainsaid. Yet I should like to know what a "past master" of the method, like Mr. C. H. Shannon, says in answer, or says upon the other side. As to mezzotint again, to compare the quality of a fine mezzotint from copper with any quality that is obtainable in stone would, generally, be absurd. We are brought back, however, to that which is Lithography's especial virtue and convenience—it gives the absolutely autographic quality of pencil or chalk drawing.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

(To be continued.)

TOM MCEWAN, R.S.W.

GLASGOW has of late come to be a place of importance in the estimation of those who concern themselves with pictorial Art and its interests. Not so many years ago, Mr. Ruskin declared that Art and Glasgow had nothing in common, and that we in Glasgow should not dare to intermeddle with the sacred mysteries of Art until we had burnt our city and purified our river. On another occasion the famous Art critic sneered at the idea of any man in Glasgow being capable of comprehending the deep matters of Art and literature as they were revealed to and interpreted by Mr. Ruskin. He advised an anxious correspondent to learn how to enjoy himself in a Glasgow fashion, implying that any efforts after intellectual pleasure would, in view of his atmosphere and surroundings, bring him only useless labour and the sorrow that comes

from discontent and failure! Mr. Ruskin was wrong, however, as people generally are who talk confidently on a subject they know nothing about.

For considerably over a century there have been forces working in Glasgow that make for the spread of Art knowledge generally, and of a proper understanding of Art principles and practice among those who are,

by profession, painters, sculptors, architects, designers, and decorators.

Shortly after the middle of last century, the celebrated brothers Foulis established in Glasgow their academy of painting and design, and the first public exhibition of

paintings in Scotland was held by them in 1761, about seven years before the foundation of the Royal Academy of London. Since then we have always had a witness for Art in our midst, and although the testimony has been often feebly and stammeringly delivered, the voice has never been entirely silent or drowned out by the chatter of the market place, the clatter of hammers, and the rattle of traffic.

It is true that the big public of Glasgow are not yet, as a body, an Art-loving community, finding their real joy in all things beautiful. Education in æsthetics is, however, slowly

and surely spreading among them. The last twenty or thirty years have seen a wonderful improvement in this respect. Pictures are better understood: in dress, in decoration, and in furnishing the principles of harmony and refinement—appreciated long ago by the cultured—are beginning to appeal with effect to the masses. But what forces of inertness, carelessness, downright stupidity, and



Ballads.
By T. McEwan.

stolid indifference there are still to combat! For tens of thousands, a braying brass band has more attractions

old-world experience and example that our painter-bands of to-day are marching to their triumphs.



Lights and Shadows.
By T. McEwan.

than a Velasquez. Their heaven upon earth lies among the jostling rough-and-tumble crowd at a football match.

Glasgow artists have won fame for their city. Their reputation is not one of yesterday. In all Art work, in literature as well as in painting, we are too apt to rejoice in present success, and to forget, as we look at the richness of the harvest now before us, how much of their fertility the fields owe to the toil of labourers long since dead. We have had good painters working among us for close on fifty years, and while the manner of their expressing themselves has varied with the varying bent and sympathies of the individual mind, their earnestness and their Art spirit have enabled them to attain excellent results for themselves, and to prepare the ground for their successors. Glasgow artists never stood higher in the estimation of competent critics than they do to-day, but the renown the men of the younger generation have gained must not cause us to forget the labours of those older brothers of the brush, who pursued their calling with brave hearts, often amid circumstances not favourable to the happy exercise of their genius. As we think of the old times and "other manners," the names at once occur to us of such painters of distinction and power as Horatio McCulloch, Sam Bough, Milne Donald, Docharty, Sir Daniel Macnee and Graham Gilbert. They lived most of them in the years when Art was cultivated in Glasgow on a little oatmeal, and they fought a strong, steady, patient fight. They made the position of the men of the present possible, and it is by the light of their

This is not the place to enter into particulars or estimates of the most recent developments of Art in Glasgow. These developments have justly acquired a widespread fame, and in their highest and most individual manifestations are rich in fine accomplishment and splendid promise. I have at present to say a few words about a Glasgow artist, who has happily won for himself an honourable place as a painter of purely Scottish subjects simply by throwing his whole soul into his work, and by making that work the true expression of his sympathies, his temperament, and his outlook upon life. In the case of Tom McEwan, the work is, indeed, the man.

Thomas McEwan was born at Bushy, a village about seven miles south of Glasgow. In McEwan's early days, Bushy was more of a rural, out-of-the-world spot than it is now. In itself, the village had never, I understand, very much beauty to boast of, and it may be mentioned, in passing, that a Scottish village, of the typical kind, is not unfrequently as commonplace an assemblage of uninteresting cottages as it is possible for the ingenuity of man to plant in "the country green," amid woods and pastures, and in the pleasant neighbourhood of rippling waters. The district round Bushy is, however, beautiful, and McEwan, wandering while still a child by the wooded banks of the Cart and the Kittoch, sowed the seed of that "harvest of the quiet eye" that has borne profitable fruit in after years. His mother died when he was quite young. His father, a man of intelligence and insight, was a foreman pattern designer

in Inglis and Wakefield's calico-printing works at Busby. Our friend had in his youth but scant education of a regular kind. The circumstances of the family forced him to begin early to do as much as in him lay to earn his living. His was no luxurious training. As a boy he was blown upon by a keen, snell air of experience that braced him up for his after work in the world. His nature came successfully through the ordeal, and his early hardships have had only the effect of enlarging his sympathies with those who have, like himself, to suffer that they may be strong. His surroundings were not of a kind to promote culture; but still they were not such as to repress his inarticulate longings after higher things, or freeze any current of aspiration flowing Art-wards. There even came into his young life a genuine *sough* of Art that breathed over him with a refreshing and stimulating influence—of which, at the time, he was almost unconscious. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and Tom McEwan, from his earliest days, has loved Nature with a pure and unaffected devotion.

Among his father's friends was James Docharty, then a pattern designer also, afterwards the well-known Glasgow landscape painter. Years older than McEwan, he, too, had his lofty aspirations, and on his visits to the McEwans' cottage, he must, with his words and ways, have influ-

dreary round of factory labour, fell like gleams of sunshine upon the grey life of the lad whose heart was already stirring with unrest and "divine discontent." In 1859 he removed, with his father, to Glasgow, and next year entered upon a six years' apprenticeship as a pattern designer in the works of Todd and Higginbotham.

In Glasgow he had ampler opportunities for the satisfaction of his intellectual cravings. Always a greedy reader—old ballads being with him a perpetual delight—he supplemented, in the Stirling Library, the deficiencies of his early education. His special bent, love of drawing and painting, began to declare itself, and slowly and surely became his absorbing passion. With his limited means and scant leisure, he had many difficulties to overcome in the prosecution of his studies, but a stout heart can always find ways and means, and much can be done with a few "weel-hained bawbees" judiciously expended. In 1861 the first exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts showed him what other men were doing, and pointed out the way on which he, too, must tread. He managed, in 1863, to save enough money to be able to attend the evening classes of the School of Design, then under the charge of the late Mr. Robert Greenlees, to whose care and kindly interest many of the best-known and most accomplished artists of the West of Scotland owe their professional training. He went through the



Coitar Folk.
By T. McEwan.

enced Tom's whole future career. These visits and conversations, with their suggestions and imperfect revelations of a world of wonders and delights outside of the

1896.

usual course of drawing from the cast, joined a life class, took lessons in artistic anatomy, and employed his time so well that he gained several local medals and a

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national medallion for design. Of course, he still continued to work at his trade. Whenever he could steal an hour from labour, he devoted it to outdoor sketching. In 1867 he passed a whole summer week of solid enjoyment in Arran—his first real holiday. He there struck upon the subjects that have since furnished to his brush its main employment—old-world cottage interiors, with their smoke-stained rafters, dish racks, old women and "sonsie weans." In 1871 he exhibited his first picture in the Institute Galleries, 'Comfort in Arran,' an interior painted at Corrie, and in 1872 he spent, with his old friend, Jas. Docharty, a month of bliss and usefulness in a sketching tour through Islay and Jura. The parting of the ways had come at last.

In about six months after the Islay experience, McEwan gave up his situation as a designer, and became an artist by profession. He felt the ground sufficiently firm under his feet to warrant him in taking this step. It was no hasty resolve on his part. For close on fourteen years he had plodded at an uncongenial trade, preparing himself, as wisely and as thoroughly as it lay in his power to do, for the change of occupation that had grown in his mind from an almost impossible hope to a delightful certainty some day to be realised. He decided wisely: events have justified his choice. Since then, his life has been lived

in entire keeping with his nature and sympathies, and his patient waiting and his honest work have brought their reward.

McEwan was twenty-seven years of age when he passed out of the ranks of amateurs and became a professional artist. He early commanded, from his special subjects, a public of his own, and he has, year by year, strengthened his position. To the Glasgow Institute annual exhibitions he has been a regular contributor since 1871, but he has not sought outside recognition by sending pictures to exhibitions far afield. In his earlier days as an artist, he

exhibited occasionally in the Royal Scottish Academy galleries, and in 1887, he was represented in the Royal Academy. With the Glasgow Art Club, his connection has been long and close. This Club has had a most beneficial influence in promoting the cause of Art, and in giving vitality, direction and unity to the work and aims of artists in the West of Scotland. Probably no similar association in any other part of the kingdom has, in a like time, done an equal amount of substantial good. Founded, in a very modest way, at the end of 1867, it was originally

simply an association of a few young men, chiefly amateurs, all eager in the study of Art and anxious to improve themselves in its practice. It has grown to be a powerful body, including in its ranks, as Art members, professional painters, sculptors and architects, and as lay members, by a wise widening of its constitution, men who have earned for themselves distinction in other branches of Art, or who are sympathisers with the purposes of the Club. Of the Art Club exhibitions, Mr. McEwan is, of course, an enthusiastic supporter. His fellow members showed their appreciation of him both as a man and as a painter, by electing him President of the Club in 1876, and again in 1893 and in 1894. He is still president—November, 1895, but his renewed term of office expires at the end of the month. He



The Sabbath.
By T. McEwan.

has also filled the position of a member of Council of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts.

Another important factor in the Art life of Scotland is the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours. This society, founded in 1878, has done yeoman service in promoting the practice and appreciation of water-colour Art in Scotland: Mr. McEwan is a member of the Society, and a faithful contributor to its exhibitions.

Mr. McEwan is a steady, untiring worker: but, at the same time, he does not paint very many pictures. It would be useless, however, to give a list of all of even his most

important canvases. Among them may be mentioned the one he made his start with in an exhibition, 'Comfort in Arran,'—an old woman with her bible by a cottage fireside; some of his earlier works, such as an illustration of Longfellow's "Blacksmith," 'And there shall be no night there'; 'A Lesson in Thrift,' a young mother and a child gathering wood; 'Amidst her only pleasure,' a lonely old woman who reads her Bible to the accompaniment of a quiet "draw" of the pipe; 'A Gentle Teacher,' a mother giving her child its first lessons; 'Tired Out,' an old granny with a child; 'The Herd's Dinner'; 'The Playmates,' in which a child and a lamb figure; 'A Cottar's Sabbath'; and 'They shall be comforted.' We reproduce four typical pictures: 'Lights and Shadows,' 'Cottar Folk,' 'Ballads,' and 'The Sabbath.' These illustrate admirably Tom McEwan's aims; they embody the motives that underlie all his most distinctive and personal renderings of peasant life.

On the 22nd November last, Mr. McEwan, as President, occupied the chair at the annual dinner of the Art Club. In the course of his speech in reply to the toast of the Club, he summed up his own artistic creed in a few pithy sentences: "Art was not born yesterday, neither has it attained perfection today. . . . True painting is taught in one school only, and that school is kept by Nature. . . . Individualism alone is the vital spark of all true Art." These words well describe the principles that animate the speaker's own work.

Tom McEwan does not owe much to other men as teachers. He follows no school, and if he carries forward the traditions of Wilkie and of Paul Chalmers, he does it in his own way. He paints as he does because he is a Scotsman, and a tolerably out-and-out Scotsman too. The note he strikes is thoroughly national, local if you like, and all the truer and tenderer because of that.

Scottish painters of the present generation are so wishful to be large-minded, and appear untrammelled by local surroundings, that they are, in many instances, forgetting their privilege of belonging to one of the poetic races of the earth. Foreigners are less carried away with this feeling of being half-ashamed of the country to which they belong. Josef Israels in Holland; Dagnan Bouveret and Jules Breton in France; Uhde in Germany; Segantini in Italy; and Munkacsy in Hungary, are proud to paint the natives of their own localities. It is only the Scottish and American artists

of to-day who think it behoves them to paint subjects foreign to their own soil, and these impregnated with French or Spanish or Japanese ideas. For the American, whose natives are too unendurable to be depicted, there is some excuse; but for the Scot there is positively none.

Mr. McEwan also occasionally paints Scottish landscapes, but he delights to delineate Scottish peasants and their daily life, with its "sweet sanctities of home," and round of simple pleasures and natural sorrows; old men and women, their work nearly over, but their hearts unsoftened by the cares and losses they have known; mothers and maidens busy with their own daily toil and tasks of love for others; young children, whose feet have not yet learned how to tread securely the world's rough ways. He gives us the poetry of ordinary Scottish life. It will be a bad day for the world when its ears grow completely dull to the "still sad music of humanity," with all its power to chasten and subdue.

Mr. McEwan, following out his own methods and instincts—and Art is many-sided, and fulfils itself in many ways—seems to prefer in a picture "subject" to mere dexterity of technique. Year by year, however, he is growing in brushpower and in depth of handling, and his colour, if not brilliant, is always harmonious and well toned. His pictures are the unaffected outcome of their author's honest feeling and true sympathy, begotten of his intimate knowledge of the class of people he depicts.



Tom McEwan.
Drawn from Life by W. G. Gillies.

In his own way he is as national as Burns.

Mr. McEwan is a poet in words as well as on canvas. He is a member of the Glasgow Ballad Club, and many of his best lines appeared in the Club's volume, published some years ago, and he has contributed poems to *Good Words* and other magazines. As he is in paint so he is in print. His nature shines in every line, kindly, direct, and homely, and his themes are the same in both cases: the appealing helplessness of infancy, the pathos of old age, and the common joys and sorrows of humanity. In "The Tonn En," he gives us a fine contrast between age and youth. "The Old Lass Road," "By Kittoch," "The Crow's Wedding," "A Cottar's Doggie," "The Lullaby," and "Left Alone," verses written for one of the pictures reproduced here, are among the titles of his best-known verses.

The portrait of the subject of this article is drawn by Mr. W. G. Gillies, one of Tom McEwan's fellow members in the Glasgow Art Club.

“NEEDLE-CRAFT.”

THERE was lately shown in London, at the house of Mrs. Bruce Clarke—who, by her influence and patronage has done much for the Buckingham Lace industry, and who, in October last, contributed to this journal a very interesting article on the Lace belonging to the Queen of Italy—a small collection of Embroidery of rather unusual character.

Every now and again one hears of a man who, in his leisure moments, does not disdain to ply the needle: gallant officers, even, have been known to spend their time, not employed in her Majesty's service, in stitchery of various kinds; but a professional he-embroiderer, common as he has always been in the East, is still a rarity in this country—if, indeed, Birmingham may not be said to possess in Mr. R. Temple Beevor the solitary instance of an Englishman devoting all his manly energies to the gentlest of gentle arts. Roused, it may be, to opposition by the encroachments of the New Woman upon what was hitherto supposed to be man's special domain, he carries the war boldly into the enemy's country, and disputes her sovereignty of the needle.

With the aid of a small body of workers, recruited from among the ranks of the adversary, he has succeeded at least in establishing a position sufficient to justify his daring. It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Beevor is a mere exploiter of Lady Workers; he is himself a skilled embroiderer, though the greater part of his time is employed in designing embroidery, starting the work, and controlling its execution. The needlework exhibited by him is very skilfully done, and it shows evidence of having been done with the head as well as the hands. Its merit *quâ* design is unequal; but the best of it is very

good, and there is about it, generally, individuality enough in style to remove it distinctly from the common run of commercial work. Much of it is experimental in character, a very hopeful sign, even though the experiment may not always turn out happily.

Technically, the interest belonging to Mr. Beevor's production is centred in the attention paid to the *surface* of the needlework, the care, that is to say, with which he chooses his stitches so as to get variety of texture, and consequently of colour, without employing a very great number of shades. That is where the artist shows himself a craftsman. It is a very common fault among needle-women to think only, or far too much, of the delicate gradation of the shades of silk or wool under their hand, and to forget the part that may be played in the colour-scheme by the needle.

Obviously, the thing to be done in stitches is what cannot well be done by the loom. One of the facilities of the hand worker is the employment of as many varieties of shades of thread as may seem fit. So far so good. That is the embroiderer's justification for the use of many colours. But hand working affords, equally, facility for the use of as many kinds of surface as the needle will give, and they are almost endless. To sacrifice this opportunity of contrast, an opportunity which the machine does not afford, is to give up a resource not only characteristic of needlework, but invaluable to the craftsman. If Mr. Temple Beevor's "School of Needlecraft"—the title is a little pretentious—does no more than inculcate among workers the technical value of *the stitch* in embroidery, he will have done good work.

LEWIS F. DAY.

‘CALEDONIA STERN AND WILD.’

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY, FROM THE PAINTING BY PETER GRAHAM, R.A.

IN his criticisms and descriptions of the pictures in Mr. George McCulloch's Collection, Mr. Claude Phillips will, in due course, refer to the seven pictures we publish in this number, but, meantime, a few words on each of those works will be acceptable to the general reader.

The etching from the painting by Mr. Peter Graham, R.A., the artist of Scotland in her graver moods, is a happy realization of the large picture in Etching by Mr. C. O. Murray. The mist rolling over the hills, the unkempt cattle, the rough ground strewn with rocks, and the general austerity of the country hear out completely the lines from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"—

“O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.”

Of an entirely different character is M. J. L. Gérôme's 'Eastern Girl,' who leans gracefully at the doorway. An

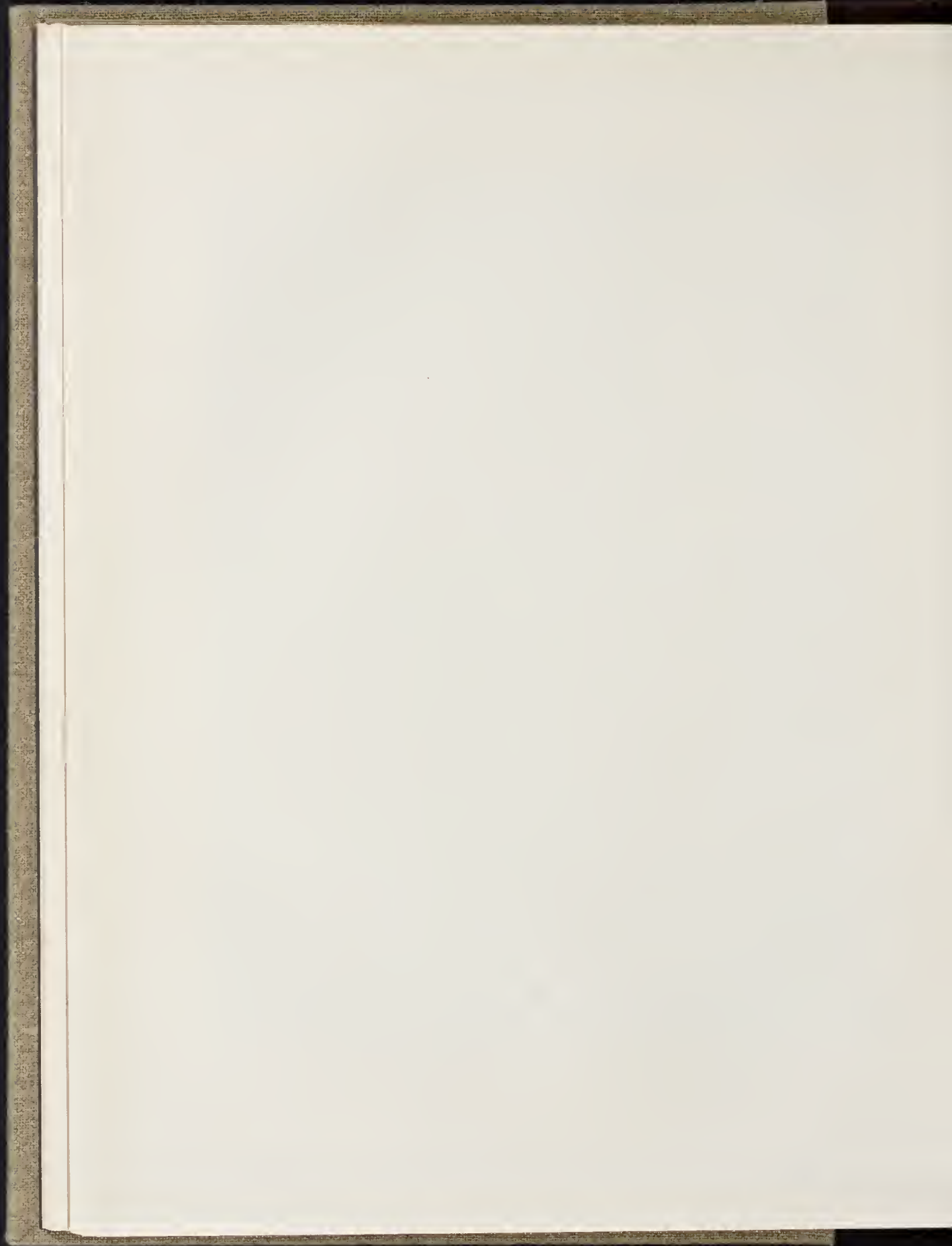
outcome of the civilization of the East as the previous picture is the representation of the still uncultivated portions of the world farther west. Beautiful in form and charming in expression, this girl of Cairo and Constantinople is typical of the women who are content not to exercise any real influence over their masculine relatives, but only to think of making themselves attractive to their lord and master. The long pipe in hand reveals an accomplishment such as our ladies happily reject, but the perfect features, the dark eyes, the flashing teeth, and the rich dress, render the picture attractive, and it is one of M. Gérôme's most skilful works.

'When Sun is Set,' on page 1, is from one of the most popular pictures by the popular painter, B. W. Leader, A.R.A. Messrs. Tooth, by whose consent the reproduction appears, have found this in their large and striking plate one of their most successful publications, and a few minutes' study of our illustration readily explains the reason. Calm and serenity, as shown by a beautiful landscape at evening, is a natural attraction to the weary soul



AN EASTERN GIRL.
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. L. GEROME, H.F.R.A.
In the Collection of Geo. McCulloch, Esq.

J. L. Gerome



who turns to pictures for repose and pleasure. The composition of the picture is most successfully accomplished; the tall trees against the bright sky stand like tracery aiding the colour of the picture; the long roadway leads to the not too distant church and city; the pond in the foreground reflects the glory of the dying sun, and every line tends to give the idea of rest and quiet delight.

'Thou art so Near and yet so Far!' is in its way equally characteristic of another celebrated Royal Academician, Briton Riviere. One naturally compares the canvases of Mr. Riviere with those of Sir Edwin Landseer, and certainly no Landseer ever contained more subject than this picture. After a day's sport the hungry dogs eye with varying expressions the highly hung results of the shooting, and it is not difficult to trace the human expressions of indifference, longing, annoyance, anger, rage, and even despair in the canine group.

Of different order is 'The Morning of the Year,' by J. W. North, A.R.A., and tenderly rendered in black and white by Mr. Robert Paterson, the wood engraver. This

beautiful subject requires to be studied to be appreciated, and there has not been anything more poetic represented in England in 1895—the picture is quite new—than this delicate artistic production.

There is also the well-filled canvas of Eugene de Blaas, 'A Venetian Fête.' Everything is here that the most exacting can demand: the dancers, the musician, the grandmother with the boy and fan, and the little girl dancing her doll in the foreground. No more typical example of the school could be found—the knowledge of composition, of drawing, and of expression, is complete in its skill; and while we cannot consider it as an artistic expression like the preceding, it has its place in a large collection, and it is thoroughly representative of a popular artist of the day.

Finally, on page 5, we have another of Mr. Paterson's wood engravings, 'Abingdon,' from the picture by Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., whose death took place only two years ago, and whose biography, from the pen of his son, we hope shortly to welcome.

DOMESTIC GLASS MAKING IN LONDON.

IT is curious to discover in the City of London a manufactory under the same roof as the warehouses, and that all the table and domestic glass, the church windows, and the tessere for the choir decorations of St. Paul's (sent out from Tudor Street), are not merely distributed from these headquarters, but actually made from the raw material in the very centre of newspaper land. Probably the glass manufacture in this locality is even greater than the making of news.

Although for many years past the name of Powell has come to mind in connection with glass as irresistibly as soap recalls Pears, or pianos, Broadwood, we had not reckoned on two centuries by way of background to the splendid achievements which of late have set the Whitefriars glass in the very first rank. Artists, and all who can distinguish between the meretricious and the really beautiful, need not be reminded of the intrinsic merits of the Whitefriars glass, which has acquired a reputation equal to that the best Venetian has hitherto borne, and is to-day made in shapes far more in accord with refined taste. For the simplest of the Whitefriars goblets or vases appeals far more directly to the cultured, æsthetic

to display its charm. For, of all materials, glass needs no added ornament of any sort. Especially is this statement true of the latter of the two great divisions into which all



Whitefriars Glass



Whitefriars Glass.

taste, than does the ornate and fragile decoration of most modern Venetian wares. In the English glass the material has as fine a quality of translucency as a soft, rich surface, which in the graceful and refined shapes in which most of it is produced, allows the lovely material

the glass made at Tudor Street may be roughly divided—lead-glass and soda-lime glass. The first provides the colourless, cold brilliancy which was prized in the days of lustres and crystal chandeliers; the second, the glass which has a surface of its own, and a colour of its own also, and yet is no less transparent in actual substance than is the former. The limpid clarity of this glass is very hard to describe in words. The texture, through which the light seems to melt and be caught therein, is ethereal, yet distinct, whereas in the other the icy transparency of the commercial material permits the light to pass through without noticing, apparently, the obstacle the material offers.

In the works the first thing you are shown is the rough "métal," a red-lentil coloured dust, in great bins. The firm naturally sets great store by its own formulæ for the various mixtures, which provide the different varieties of plain and coloured glass. Here it will suffice to say that "lead-glass," a heavy, extremely dear variety, is made from sand, oxide of lead, and potash, and "soda-

*Glass Makers at Work.*

lime" glass, a much lighter material, from sand, oxide of lime, and soda.

The most important, and not the least costly item in the manufacture of glass, is the crucible, in which the raw ingredients are placed. These huge pots of Stourbridge clay are shaped like great beehives, with a dome-shaped mouth on one side, near the top. Some of them weigh half a ton each, and on them depends the whole business. For their life is very uncertain; they may stand the perpetual heat for a month, or they may go in a few days. These huge crucibles, whilst unbaked, are stored carefully in a room maintained at a particular temperature. They are then fired in huge ovens, and removed at white heat to the furnaces, in which they are placed, to stay until they break to pieces. As I followed my guide to the storey below some of these furnaces, and saw grids above our heads, through which were constantly dropping coals and ashes, one wondered if Mr. Kipling had been over the Tudor Street works just before he wrote "Tomlinson." For, prosaic as the cellars of a glass factory may sound, it would need a

Dante or a Kipling to describe the infernal aspect of the constant blasts of white flames and glowing orbs of almost incandescent lustre, that cast weird streaks of light across the gloom. One such furnace has been alight six years; indeed, practically speaking, the fire never goes out. For six days, relays of day and night workmen succeed each other, and only on Sundays is there any cessation of active work.

On our way to the Glass Room, a group of men are pulling out huge lengths of glass tubing. One dips an iron pipe into a crucible where the semi-fluid mass, stiffer in consistency and more glutinous than treacle, is at white heat. He withdraws it with a lump of glass at the end, twisting the iron rod the while so that the pliant bulb does not drop off or hang to either side. He then blows quietly, and you see a bubble of air in the centre of the mass, pushing the globular lump out until it is ovate in form. The top of this bulb is then seized by a pair of

pincers and the operator retreats rapidly down a long passage. It is a most curious sight to see the glowing mass gradually losing its fiery colour and appearing as a thick

*Glass Makers at Work.*

tube of crystal, growing thinner and thinner until the required gauge is obtained. That the air imprisoned in the centre keeps its place, and elongates so that a tube—not a rod—results, is one of the most surprising facts you discover. The reason that it does so, no doubt science could explain, in too complicated a way for a layman to understand, but the fact is more convincing than any explanation. The second marvel, that is no less surprising, is that if the initial lump be formed of sticks of different coloured glass, fused together, and pulled out as the tube was pulled out, the proportions of the colours are preserved. In the Egyptian room at the British Museum you may see an inlaid glass button made in this way. The mosaic, representing a winged figure in a circle smaller than a three-penny bit, is not like Florentine mosaic, a patchwork of small tersena, but a slice of a rod, that started its career as a thing two or three inches in diameter, and was pulled out as I have described. As in making the wooden mosaic known as Tunbridge ware, a number of tiny square rods of wood are placed row after row on each other, so that a section of a bundle yields a chequered pattern, equally resembling Berlin wool-work or genuine Roman mosaic, so the glass rods, each perhaps as thick as a lead pencil, are placed side by side, and in super-imposed rows, and then heated and drawn out to a rod of small dimension. A few rods so placed together may be twisted when molten, and the result is a spiral pattern. To make the thin transparent threads which may be seen in the stems of many wine glasses, it is enough to prick the lumps of metal with air holes, which (as in the case of the glass tube) preserve their proportion to the mass inevitably correct—no matter how it may be elongated. Or, in holes so made, enamel can be placed, which yields white or coloured threads, parallel or twisted as the case may be. The well-known clinical thermo-

meter is so constructed. A lump of glass, ovate as regards one half of its section, and angular as regards the other, has a hole pricked through it, which provides the tube for the mercury, and a lump of white enamel fixed at one side for the reflector. This may be as big as a small orange, yet, having pulled it out to a rod about as thick as the pencil of a ball programme, the hole, the white enamel, and the clear crystal, are in exactly the same proportion as they were at starting.

These two facts are very striking, so is one other, viz., that a lump of glass blown into a corrugated cylinder and so fluted, will maintain this fluting ever afterwards, no matter if blown to a globe, expanded to a saucer, or twisted in shape. In much of the Whitefriars glass these impalpable wave-like flutes are to be seen; and they all result from the simple initial process. The mechanical secrets of glass-making limit themselves to these three facts—all else is pure handicraft—no mechanical appli-

ance taking any important part. Even the tools used are of the simplest character—pincers or rods. A common wineglass or the most ornate centrepiece are both moulded under the workman's hands in the same direct fashion. Indeed, we doubt if any industry of equal dimension depends so absolutely on the personality of the single craftsman as glass-blowing does. Pottery, with its moulded handles and other details, is semi-mechanism by comparison.

In the glass-house is a huge central furnace, circular in shape, rising to the roof, with open doors all round. Peeping in there you see in each the white-hot crucible with its open mouth facing the door. A worker dips his rod into the molten metal, withdraws it, blows the lump at the end to a globe. Then he takes the rod in his left hand, and rapidly rotates it on its axis as he rolls it backwards and forwards on a metal rail at his side, while



Glass Makers at Work.

with his right hand he deftly inserts a piece of wire into the centre of the globe, and opens it to a bowl shape. By this time the loss of heat requires the glass to be put back in the mouth of the furnace. The rod with an open bowl on its end, still rotated by hand, is plunged boldly in, and withdrawn to be further opened out and manipulated—possibly to form a trumpet-shaped vase or one not unlike the flower of a convolvulus. Meanwhile, another worker has, perhaps, been fashioning the leg and foot of the vase in like fashion. This he brings forward, holding it fixed to a rod like the bowl. The bowl is then snapped off and stuck on the foot. Now the rod, bearing a large nearly-finished and costly goblet or vase at its end, is again plunged in and coaxed to the shape, and replunged and stroked and coerced by various tools until it is finished. Then with a sharp blow it is detached from the rod, and carried again by a pair of tongs to the mouth of one of the cooling ovens—"lears," as they are called.

Here trays containing finished pieces move gradually from intense heat by the doors, right to the back of the oven, and out into cold air of distant passages, whence they are taken off to other workshops to be engraved, or otherwise worked upon. Some pieces require twenty-four to forty-eight hours for their slow journey through the dozen yards or so of the lehr. On this annealing depends the very life of the glass, and despite all care, a few pieces are destroyed in every batch owing to unequal contraction in heating.

The next operation is to remove the rough portion at the centre of the foot, where the wheel was attached to the rod. This is ground down by a wheel coated with a certain powder. In the same shed, you find the engravers at work, each by rapidly-revolving wheels of different sizes, forming the fluting or pattern cut on the glass. Here, again, it is the direct craft of the worker that is employed. No transferred pattern can be put on the glass. They will help him much. All the various ornamentation may be described as freehand, although it may, and often does, take the place of highly-complicated geometrical device.

Although the variety of goods made by this firm is so great, they all trace back ultimately to the molten mass in the crucible, a dip of an iron rod, and a puff of breath. Whether it be a decanter or a church window, a tiny thermometer, or the mosaics to cover a wide-spreading roof of a cathedral that is being made, there is the self-same initial process. The tons of glass used by Mr. Richmond in his decorations for St. Paul's were all made here, in square tiles, blown out, and pressed in a rough mould, merely to give them the rectangular shape, which cuts up more economically than a circular disc. No doubt, as one studied the various processes further, an infinite number of details would

need to be described, but, whether before or after the glass-blower's manipulation, they would certainly be all subsidiary to his share in the work. One, however, is worth mention—the effect of semi-opaque lines, in much of the opalescent glass, is not caused by a pattern or opaque glass being in some way applied to the material. The actual substance of the transparent portion, and the milky lines therein, is the same; but the parts which cool more rapidly assume a clouded appearance. It is interesting to observe this in a sphere of glass—blown purposely to show the effect. A rod is dipped into the molten metal, and then the bulb is blown into a corrugated cylinder. When, after being re-heated, it is further blown to a larger sphere, you see no signs of stripes or fluting in the white-hot bubble, but, as it cools, the milky streaks tell out clearly, and the result is a globe which is typical of the beautiful Whitefriars glass, which has exhausted the praises of Art-critics at every exhibition of importance for many years past.

The artistic excellence of the wares of the firm need no



Whitefriars Glass.



Whitefriars Glass.

eulogy. Everybody who knows these beautiful products buys or covets them. But it is a pleasant work to visit the large show-rooms and notice how very little is there which is not entirely artistic. True that a small number of design and table glass are yet decorated with sprays of maiden-hair fern and other applied decoration. But it is good that they should be interspersed with the others as silent object lessons. After all, a manufacturer can only tempt buyers to choose better things; he has no power to coerce them—nor does he advance the cause of good taste by refusing to manufacture objects that are just outside the margin of good taste, without being quite in the larger domain of one hopelessly bad. GLEESON WHITE.



BRITISH ART AT THE BEGINNING OF 1896.

SOME EDITORIAL REMARKS.*

IT has of late years become so much the fashion to adopt a pessimistic tone in discussing contemporary Art, and to speak of it as if it were in a state of absolute and hopeless stagnation, that not a few people will be prepared to profess surprise at any suggestion of an inquiry into the movements and developments which have, during the past twelve months, enlivened the world of Art. Yet any one who has not, by following the lead of these melancholy reactionaries, become a convert to this convention of the moment, can find, with very little seeking, the most encouraging evidences of progress, and the most significant proofs of activity among our Art workers. Novel phases of the modern æsthetic creed are available for study, and are continuously evolving fresh characteristics; individual reputations are in course of formation, and grow year by year, sometimes with a steady and progressive building up, and sometimes with surprising digressions in unexpected directions. Movements, apparently crystallized, suddenly assume fresh vitality along their original lines, or find in new professions and practices the means of attracting promising recruits and more liberal patrons. All this keeps the depths of the Art world in a constant condition of change and ferment, however calm the surface may appear to an unobservant eye.

The charge of stagnation can, indeed, be only brought against the business side of the artist's profession, against the only side of it, in fact, which depends hardly at all upon this activity, and very definitely upon the sympathy and assistance of the very people who are blind to his efforts, and are ready to criticise adversely his aims and intentions. Commercially, it cannot be denied, the condition of modern Art has been, for the last decade, very far from encouraging. The support which has been afforded by the public has been fitful and uncertain, and has been directed less to the promotion of advanced and progressive ideas than to the perpetuation of conventions, and the multiplication of stereotyped performances. To what is to be ascribed this failure of the buyers in their duty towards modern Art, and this misapplication of encouragement, lavished upon followers and withheld from the leaders, it is by no means easy to say. It is probably a result of many complex causes. One of the chief is, no doubt, the inclination of so many men who pose as patrons of the artistic fraternity to regard Art as merely a luxury, an extravagance which is only permissible when times are at their very best. In such minds, the idea of Art as an essential has no place. The first touch of commercial depression clears them of their artistic leanings, much in the same way that an autumn frost strips the lingering leaves from the branches of the trees, and leaves them bare.

Another and much more active reason, because much more widespread in its effect, is the glorification of the Old Master. It has become the fashion to worship at the shrine of the mysterious past, and to exalt the work of bygone artists at the expense of those who are

amongst us to-day. Work will not be accepted unless, in its appearance and inspiration, it suggests the condition and primitive simplicity of the pictures that date from the long ago, when transparent artificialities pleased artists as much as they satisfied the public. For all this a share of the blame is to be laid upon artists themselves. Because, in their justifiable admiration for the superb technicalities of the great paintings of previous generations they have, through the too long continued Royal Academy Exhibitions of Old Masters, prostrated themselves before the shrines of a few consummate artists, whose merits they could entirely appreciate. Because they have held up the manner of these masterpieces as an example and a guiding principle to students, present and future, the people, who do not know, have come to accept as infallible every past worker whose name has not been consigned to absolute oblivion. In this way, the cult of the Old Master, which is permissible to an expert who can discriminate, has become, to the unlearned buyer, a distinct and serious stumbling-block. It has mis-educated him, and has led him into the mistake of preferring the third-rate dead painter to the often superior contemporary artist, whose worst fault is that he continues to live. The records of the sale-rooms prove this; and the prices which are there obtained for unworthy examples of masters who have been notable through many generations, and for the canvases which were the best that the lesser men of their times could do, ought to serve as danger-signals to every one who has to-day power to influence public taste in the right direction. The least that we can ask of the leaders of the Art world, and chiefly of the Council of the Royal Academy, is that they should forbear to treat the public, with its superficial ideas on all technical and æsthetic questions, as if it were a concourse of close students, capable of some measure of discrimination between good and bad, excellence and commonplace.

Perhaps there has been, quite recently, some dim suggestion of a coming change for the better. The outcry against the tyranny of the third-rate Old Master, which has been, during the past twelvemonth, raised by a few experts, does seem to promise to have an effect. At all events, the year 1895 has seen an improvement, slight but still appreciable, in the relations between commerce and Art. Whether this means that the dawn of better times, following closely upon the proverbial darkest hour, is really at hand, it would as yet be unwise to suggest. As things are now, the wish would be too obviously the father to such a thought; but there certainly seems more justification for starting the New Year with hope than there has been for more seasons than it is at all pleasant to reckon up.

One of the healthiest signs of all has been a certain steadying down in all branches of Art production, a quieting process which has affected artists of all ranks. On the one hand there has been a partial abandonment of the puerilities which have too long satisfied the old-school realists, and on the other there has been an abatement of the eccentricities which at first marked the efforts of the

* We propose to publish each month an article of the nature of a "Leader," dealing with a topic of special interest to both Artists and their Patrons.

younger men to show with what intensity of disapproval they protested against the condition to which the Art of



*The Balcony. (See p. 27.)
From a Lithograph by Mr. Whistler.*

our times had descended. The distance between the two poles of thought and practice has diminished, and as the realists have gained in power to imagine, the idealists have learned how to deliver their message in a language which the masses can more easily understand. There is, indeed, a very visible tendency all along the line towards a kind of Romanticism, an imaginative atmosphere in which the common facts of life are invested and made picturesque by discreet veiling.

This inclination shows even in such a stronghold of commonplace as Newlyn. At present the leaders are somewhat overloaded with the burden of realism that they have for years been piling upon their own shoulders, and their dreams and creations have a ponderous and stolid air that tells tales of stunted imagination and narrowed thought; but there is a hint of many possibilities in such canvases as Mr. Bramley's 'Sleep,' and Mr. Gotch's 'Death, the Bride.' Perfection in this, the most exacting class of Art work, needs a severer training than the mutual admiration of Newlyn provides; but, with the idea of producing pictures that are something more than an exercise in seeing obvious facts, will probably come the desire to study more intelligently some of the refinements of the artistic craft.

Another painter, brought up in a school of rather grim realism, who has been for years repenting of his earlier indiscretions, is Mr. Clausen. His reformation has been a steady one, and has shown few lapses, but never yet has he made so frank a profession of his new faith as in the 'Harvest,' which was at Burlington House last spring. This was deliberately and intentionally an abstraction, a

poetic idealisation from which were omitted all the jarring notes which such a subject would present in real life; notes to which a hard and fast realist like Mr. La Thangue would have insisted upon giving their full aggressiveness. In the rendering of the 'Last Furrow' by Mr. La Thangue none of these painful discords were left discreetly silent; they were rather obliterated and jangled with unneeded vehemence until by very exaggeration of harshness they lost their rough dignity and became grotesque.

It is with motives less narrow than these that Art of the highest type has to deal. To horrify or distress, to appeal to harrowed emotions, or to excite anger or pity, are none of its functions. Its chief demand is upon the senses and the æsthetic intelligence, not upon the commoner passions which sway the almost automatic lives of modern men. Therefore decoration with its many technical refinements, its wide grasp of the subtleties and suggestions of nature, its placid dignity, and its limitless variety holds a worthier place than didactic or dramatic Art, and its progress is of more moment than that of mere subject painting. Unhappily, there are few men among us who have ideas beyond the crude desire to tell a story in paint, and there are few artists who can take rank or claim attention as decorators.

The death of Albert Moore, two years ago, left a gap which for long no one will fill as he filled it. Sir Edward Burne-Jones is at the summit of his power, and no new departures are to be expected of him; Sir Frederic Leighton has formulated his accomplished art, and his pictures differ now rather in subject than in manner; Mr. Watts is a veteran whose remaining years are being devoted to the completion of the ambitions of his early life. There is no coming man of this special class but Mr. Waterhouse, an artist who has gone through many phases, and who, with his 'St. Cecilia,' touched, last spring, the highest level to which he has yet attained. From him it is not unreasonable to expect greater things, for he has power of an unusual kind. His sense of design is excellent, he is a colourist, he has imagination and technical ability, and he is in favour both with the public and his professional brethren; therefore his example and influence may before long be valuable in promoting the interests of decoration.

Landscape, the branch of painting in which the British school can show the best results of all, has certainly advanced during 1895. Mr. David Murray, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Adrian Stokes, and Mr. David Farquharson have added appreciably to reputations already well founded, and have amply justified the opinions of those critics who regard them as the best of the younger painters of open-air subjects. The one great, if not irreparable, loss of the year has been the death of Mr. Henry Moore, whose influence upon the students of landscape who are now coming to the front, has been much greater than is generally imagined.

Perhaps the most salient feature of the Art record of the last twelve months has been the extraordinary eagerness with which every one, who could by any possibility manage it, has exhibited portraits. In the spring even landscape painters had turned to portraiture, and jostled in the Academy galleries the established professors of this particular branch. This almost indecent eagerness to perpetuate all sorts of unpicturesque people was presumably a result of the hard times—like the flights of seagulls which hasten to the Thames when the weather is at its worst, a sign that a living was not to be obtained in the accustomed directions. Anyhow, the effect upon the exhibitions was sufficiently marked, and the dilution of their attractions by the flood of portraits was extremely perceptible. At the Academy,



The Sisters.
From a Lithograph by Mr. Whistler.

for instance, more than a quarter of the total number of exhibits, without reckoning architectural drawings, consisted of portraits and portrait studies.

It is by the recording of such details as these that contemporary Art history is written. Great movements in Art frequently arise out of trivial or even accidental occurrences, and it is only by watching small matters as closely as great that we can arrive at a just appreciation of the present-day position. Therefore we must never allow ourselves to be misled by complaints about the absence of activity in the Art world; and the wailing pessimist must never be permitted to infect us with his miserable philosophy. Our policy is to keep touch, in every possible way, with the events of the age in which we live; and in this spirit we may safely enter upon 1896, with the conviction that the coming twelve-month will, at its close, provide quite as much material for a retrospect as the far from uninteresting 1895.

MR. WHISTLER'S LITHOGRAPHS.

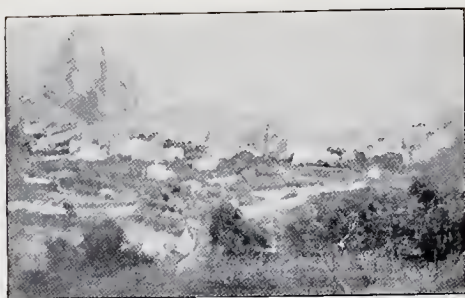
THE most important collection now open is that of Mr. Whistler's Lithographs at The Fine Art Society. It may safely be said that Mr. Whistler is the artist whose doings and sayings arouse, at the present time, the greatest discussion and interest in all parts of the artistic world, and it is curious how quickly the same community are coming round to look at things from his standpoint. Mr. Whistler's greatest fault is that he lives, artistically, about thirty years before other people; and his consolation is that what he says and thinks to-day the world will act upon in years to come, and very greatly because of his powerful influence. But the Art historian may not forget the important place occupied by this great artist. At present, when the Revival of the Lithograph occupies the minds of the multitude, it must be borne in mind that for many years—in season and out of season—Mr. Whistler has advocated the artistic claims of Lithography, and he has as usual acted up to his theories by producing some of the finest drawings on stone in existence. We do not exaggerate when we say that, sooner or later, these Lithographs of Mr. Whistler will occupy a similar position to Holbein's famous drawings, with this advantage, that they are less laboured, and therefore more triumphantly the outcome of an unfettered but highly trained artistic nature. Moreover, they can be enjoyed by all for comparatively nominal sums, and their influence is, therefore, many times that of the older master.

The three subjects in these pages, reproductions of Mr. Whistler's work, have been supplied to us by Mr. Thomas Way, of Wellington Street, Strand, the life-long advocate of Mr. Whistler's claims as an artist on stone, and whom Mr. Whistler has eulogised as the best printer of lithographs anywhere. 'The Balcony' was a drawing executed during President Carnot's funeral, 'The Sisters' are portraits from the artist's household, and the

still more recent 'Blacksmith's Shop' is in the beautiful Devonshire village, where the artist last autumn found a quiet refuge.



The Blacksmith's Shop.
From a Lithograph by Mr. Whistler.



View of a Town in North Africa.
A Study by Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A.

SOME LONDON AND PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS.

THE Royal Society of British Artists, having now a roll of members that includes some hundred and thirty names, decided, with real wisdom, not to admit the works of outsiders to its winter exhibition. Even after dispensing with assistance from without, it has succeeded in getting together a collection of more than three hundred and fifty pictures and drawings, quite as many in point of fact as the galleries will hold with comfort. Comparatively few out of this large number of works have any surpassing claims upon critical notice; their appeal is, for the most part, made to the public who are not critical. Here and there, however, something can be discovered sufficiently far above the general level to be worthy of note. Mr. Yeend King's 'The Brook,' for instance, is worth remembering as a happily rendered study of bright sunlight; and several of Mr. G. C. Haité's contributions are, as, indeed, his work almost always is, agreeably skilful in handling and pleasantly refined in colour. Mr. Bayley Robinson's 'Beautiful Castle' is distinctly clever in treatment and far from disagreeable in colour, but it is too obviously a reflection of one of the most familiar forms of the thoroughly characteristic imagining of Sir Edward Burne-Jones to be quite acceptable. There is much greater originality and a preferable technical method in Mr. Rupert C. W. Bunny's three pictures. 'The Drought,' is the least satisfactory of them, as its artificiality is a little over-emphasised, but the 'Summer



View on the Coast of North Africa.
A Study by Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A.

Dance' is an agreeable composition with excellent colour of a rich and rather weighty type. There are about forty sketches and studies by the President of the Royal Academy, the evident work of a man who is both a scholar and a gentleman. Sir Frederic permits us to reproduce two of them on this page.

In the few words of preface to the catalogue of his "Paintings in Mexico," which were exhibited during November and December at Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries, Mr. Menpes gave some explanation of the motives which influenced him in the formation of this collection of studies of a comparatively little-known country. He had no intention of reproducing in a matter of fact and literal manner the Mexican life and scenery; his idea was rather to use the material which he found in a particular city, Tehuantepec, to enable him to work out a certain technical scheme which he had for some time been planning. Mexico gave him the effects of deep glowing colour, which he wanted for the proper testing of this scheme, and so was, for the moment, the place most suitable for his work. The recent exhibition had, therefore, to be judged from an artistic rather than a topographical standpoint. It was made up of curious colour harmonies, painted apparently to rival in richness and strength the transparent force of an enamel, and to resemble even the vitreous surface of colours fused on to metal. The result of the experiment was interesting, but only partly satisfactory, for it hardly proved that the artist was justified in abandoning the more usual methods in favour of what could at best be considered little more than an ingenious device.



A Summer Dance.
By Rupert C. W. Bunny.

The exhibition of more than a hundred lithographs, which Mr. Goulding lately arranged at Mr. R. Dunthorne's gallery in Vigo Street, was instructive. Men of all ranks in the profession were represented in it, contributing one



By the Summer Sea.
By Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

or more drawings each, apparently to prove that the neglect of lithography arose from no inability of the painters to practise the art. Yet one of the most remarkable things about the exhibition was the smallness of the number of really sound examples which it contained. It was very easy to see that the ability in an artist to do a good chalk drawing was by no means invariably accompanied by the intuitive grasp of the technicalities of the lithographic method.

A more legitimate technical display was that made last month at the Goupil Gallery by Mr. Peppercorn. His directly plain and expressive water colours, drawings of landscape, sea, and coast subjects, owed their interest to the straightforward manner in which the artist had, in executing them, subordinated all considerations of technical experiment to the one idea of representing Nature faithfully. His feeling for fine atmospheric colour, for gradations of gentle tones and for harmonies of an unexaggerated kind, enabled him to collect a series of admirably true studies of unsensational motives. His one fault, a tendency to pitch his work lower in tone than is necessary for securing correct relations, was very much less evident than it used to be a few years ago in his oil pictures. Some of these drawings, indeed, notably those which dealt with the sea, were exceptionally brilliant, and gave him an opportunity of showing a sensitiveness to subtle variations which would hardly have been expected of him by any one who had formed an opinion only on his darker paintings.

The Dundee Fine Art Exhibition was opened on Wednesday, 13th November, by His Excellency T. F. Bayard, Ambassador from the United States of America. This is the fourteenth exhibition that has been held in Dundee; and so rapidly has that city come to the front in artistic matters that it is already considered one of the principal provincial Art centres. The average sales range at about £5,000, a figure only surpassed in the

1896.

provinces by Liverpool. Dundee is fortunate in having several extensive private collections of modern pictures in its vicinity; and thus it happens on this, as on previous occasions, that loan pictures grace its walls that have been notable works in successive Royal Academy Exhibitions. Here, for instance, is Orchardson's famous 'Napoleon at St. Helena,' which was a leading Royal Academy picture in 1892. Here also are Sir Frederic Leighton's 'Greek Girls Playing at Ball,' Briton Riviere's 'Væ Victis,' a Royal Academy work dated 1885; the large work by Tom Graham, entitled, 'The Last Boat—a Fifeshire Idyll'; and G. F. Watts' splendid harmony of colour, called, 'A Rainy Day.' One of the pictures is an early work by W. Q. Orchardson, entitled, 'George Wishart,' and shows the Protestant martyr when on his way to the stake, tarrying in the room of the captain of St. Andrews Castle to dispense the Sacrament in the fashion afterwards adopted by the Protestants. Mr. Orchardson painted this picture in 1857, when he was twenty-two years of age. It was intended for an exhibition, but procrastination left him with only a limit of three days before "sending-in day." He worked almost day and night at the picture, and much of the work was done by candle-light.

His models were his father, sister, and several neighbours. One of Orchardson's fellow-pupils (now a distinguished artist) who saw the picture in progress, says that there is as fine work in it as in anything which the artist has done since. It is not mentioned in Mr. Walter Armstrong's monograph on Orchardson. Hugh Cameron, R.S.A., has examples of his refined style in this exhibition, one of the most notable being a new picture of children on the sea-shore, entitled 'By the Summer Sea.'

The present Dundee Exhibition is made memorable by the circumstance that one of the four galleries has been set apart for works by the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-colours. The exhibits are confined to pictures by members; and as the foremost aquarellists outside of London are connected with it, the exhibition is by no means commonplace. Sir Francis Powell, President of the Society, has two beautiful Essex landscapes;



George Wishart.
Early Picture by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

James MacMaster has sent a powerfully-depicted sea-scape, with shipping; Robert W. Allan, whose work is well known, is represented by 'Montrose,' here illustrated; Henry W. Kerr shows an Irish cottage interior, with skilfully-wrought figures; and James G. Laing has two Continental street subjects, treated very artistically.

Liverpool and Manchester are keen rivals in all things where rivalry is healthy, and the Fine Arts are a natural, if friendly, battle-ground every annual exhibition. This year Liverpool, so far as Art is concerned, is much ahead of her competitor. Notwithstanding the substantial help of Mr. George Clausen, A.R.A., the Manchester annual collection is only moderately well hung, while Liverpool has an exhibition of which she may well be proud. All the works in Liverpool are arranged with taste, and one room has been hung to show how pictures



Montrose.
By R. W. Allan.

look when properly placed on the walls with sufficient space between the exhibits. Each picture shows strongly from out the four or five inches of neutral tone of wall around it and the effect is delicious to the cultivated palate. The paintings themselves look their best—they were evidently most carefully chosen—and the general effect was charming in the extreme. The committee of the Walker Art Gallery does not, it appears, hang all the exhibitions in this way, because only one-third of the canvases could find room, but probably each year will find another salon arranged in the same way.

Messrs. Aitken Dott and Son, Castle Street, Edinburgh, have been exhibiting an important picture by Mr. Robert Gibb, R.S.A. The subject is 'Saving the Colours,' a military incident of unusual interest; and the artist has produced the picture

in a remarkably vigorous way.

ART NOTES.

THE growing interest in the writings, no less than the drawings, of William Blake, is proved by the formation of a Blake Society, founded not merely for discussing and elucidating obscure passages, but for the purposes of research and cataloguing. It is known that a very large number of Blake's designs are in private hands, and that many, which were definitely traceable only a few years ago, have now become quite lost. To recover them, and to unearth particulars of others owned by various collectors, is, perhaps, the phase of the new society's scheme, which will appeal most fully to readers of this Journal. Those interested in the project should communicate with Mr. Edwin J. Ellis, to the care of Mr. Quaritch, Bookseller, Piccadilly, London.

Mr. Fildes's masterpiece, 'The Doctor,' has been the means of bringing him an interesting commission. A lady whose life had been prolonged by an operation performed by Mr. Treeves, the well-known surgeon of the London Hospital, recently died, leaving in her will a sum of money equal to the highest fee, to be paid to the painter of 'The Doctor' for a portrait of Mr. Treeves in his robes, to be permanently placed upon the walls of the London Hospital. We understand that Mr. Fildes has nearly completed his work, and has been studying his subject at work in the operating theatre of the hospital.

The demand for designs suitable for Christmas cards has for a number of years induced publishers to offer prizes in competitions for the best subjects. These have always been for works in colour. Messrs. Carl Hentschel and Co., of 182, Fleet Street, have now come forward,

however, and in a spirited manner offer three money prizes for a competition in black and white. The drawings are to be in line only, that is, without brush work; and as the examiners and judges will include the well-known artists Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. Lewis F. Day, the result is likely to be interesting. February 28, 1896, is the final date for drawings to be sent in for the competition.

The poster issued for the Autumn Exhibition of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, by Robert Fowler, R.I., is a huge striking design of a red centaur, with a white-robed damozel walking by his side; in the background is the temple-studded Aegean coast. Another by the same artist, issued for trade purposes, in Liverpool, is a very delicate scheme of colour, a figure of a young girl being most prominent. The Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts have used two very large and very striking designs, one by H. McNair, E. M. & F. Macdonald (literally a triple title), and another by O. Mackintosh. These are both treated in bold outlines and flat colours, in the style it is convenient to call "Beardsleyesque." These bear witness to the local energy that is showing itself in designs for posters, programmes, and the like; and may be taken as a very hopeful sign. For it is always better that Art should not be too much centralised; if it is served out in portions from headquarters, it is bound to become stereotyped; but the healthy rivalry of local products is one of the best devices for the applied arts, which can flourish equally well in a country town as in a great metropolis. In London, the only new movement is a novel landscape-poster by Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, for his exhibition at the Goupil Gallery. It is in black and white on brown, and is yet full of colour.

The Technical Education Department of the London County Council are widening the usefulness of the capably appointed Art School they have established in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, in premises once occupied by the Stationers' Company Schools. A series of Saturday evening lectures has included already addresses by Mr. T. R. Way on "Lithography," Mr. Gleeson White on "Posters," Mr. Cobden Saunderson on "Bookbinding," Mr. Emery Walker on "Typography," and Mr. William Morris on "Early Illustration." Among others who are expected to lecture in the new year, an evening by Mr. Joseph Pennell may be mentioned. The attendance at these lectures has so far been most satisfactory, as it has drawn together the working craftsmen who form the class the County Council particularly wishes to help to a wider practical knowledge of art in the very provinces which provide them with a "livelihood."

In our notice of the "Beefeater" poster for *Harper's Magazine* by the "Beggartaff Brothers" (1895, p. 351), we wrongly gave these gentlemen's names as Messrs. Pryde and Simpson. They should have been given as Messrs. Pryde and Nicholson.

The premium of £150 offered by the Art Union of London in the Statuette Competition was awarded by the President of the Royal Academy to Miss Margaret Giles.

RECENT FINE ART BOOKS.

THE fifty sketches published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in "Phil May's Sketch Book" are prefaced by some remarks by the artist on training in Art. As untaught himself, Mr. May says he has gone through the process of finding out things "by trying and failing, and then trying again. I have found out a good many things in this latter way, and I don't recommend it. The man who undergoes no formal training endures many disadvantages. If he loses nothing else, he loses time." The last sentence contains the gist of the whole matter. Mr. Phil May's sketches speak for him so satisfactorily, that, with the publisher's permission, we reproduce several of them in miniature. The volume is folio, and even if occasionally the subjects are a little unrefined, they are

always humorous and full of good nature, leaving no sting behind to qualify the impression even to those who are being sketched.

Under the title of "MODERN ENGLISH ART," Messrs. Blades, East and Blades have published a volume illustrative of the exhibition held at the Guildhall in the summer of last

OBITUARY.

Mr. Thomas Francis Dicksee, the father of Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., and of Miss Margaret J. Dicksee, and himself an artist of repute, died early in November at the age of seventy-five. Artistic talent may almost be said to be hereditary in the family, for other members, such as Mr. John Dicksee, brother of Mr. Thomas, besides those mentioned, are well known in the profession. Mr. Frank Dicksee received his first instruction and prepared himself for the schools of the Royal Academy in his father's studio. Shakespeare's heroines were favourite subjects with the late Mr. Dicksee, and many of these, Ophelia, Beatrice, &c., were painted by him. A scene from *Twelfth Night*, 'Olivia and Viola in the Garden,' was exhibited in the Academy of 1892, where it attracted much attention. His 'Lady Teazle,' from the *School for Scandal*, is in Australia. To the 1895 Academy his only contribution was a portrait of Mrs. Sidney Dicksee.

The death of Alderman P. H. Rathbone, Chairman of the Liverpool Arts Committee, which took place at his residence, Greenbank Cottage, Liverpool, on the 22nd November, after a few days' illness, leaves a place in the Art circles of that city which it will be hard to fill. A connoisseur of sound judgment and wide experience, it was his constant endeavour to beautify his city and increase the attractiveness of her Art collections, and for these objects he gave liberally his time and his money.



Artist: "It's good when you have the honour of sketching your likeness." It was Mr. Phil May.
Reply: "Oh yes?" Thank you very much for Mr. Phil May's.



"Do you want a model?"
"No! Go away! I'm busy."
"Well, just for a moment."
"Certainly not. I don't know you."
"Come! Lead me to your house, and I'll give you a response to give your old dog."

and, lastly, 'Fact and Fancy,' a work of most excellent finish, by Sir Noël Paton. Mr. Temple, the Director of the Gallery, is responsible for the full and valuable letter-press.

The authority of Mr. Ruskin remains in many quarters as commanding as ever, and there is no end to the adaptations of his many works to present-day requirements of bookselling. "STUDIES IN BOTH ARTS" (Allen), that is in Drawing and in Literature, is a folio volume, as well got up as the Orpington Press knows how, with a cover designed by Burne-Jones, and ten large illustrations. These are all taken from unpublished important drawings by Mr. Ruskin, and these clearly show the immense progress in practical painting and drawing made by the famous Art critic. It would indeed be well if every writer on Art knew even a tittle as much of his subject as does the Master of Brantwood. "THE PRINCIPLES OF ART, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE RUSKIN MUSEUM AT SHEFFIELD" (Allen), is the unwieldy title of Mr. W. White's compilation from Mr. Ruskin's writings. These are brought together to explain and describe the contents of the Sheffield collection, and this they do in a very lengthy manner.

The anecdotes of book-buyers and booksellers are numberless, and Mr. W. Roberts has found no lack of interesting material for his "BOOK-HUNTER IN LONDON" (E. Stock). He has a happy way of retailing his stories without boring the reader, and as he includes every phase of the dealers in and lovers of books, and has found a great quantity of suitable illustrations, his volume will be welcomed by every one. "WOOD ENGRAVING," by J. Cundall (Sampson Low), is a well-printed little book, giving a *résumé* of the art, mostly on the lines of Chatto's "Treatise of Wood Engraving." "THE LANTERN, AND HOW TO USE IT," by C. G. Norton (Hazell), deals with the difficulties of magic lanterns and reading lamps in a practical way, likely to be useful to the lecturer.

To take up a subject which of itself is of the dry as dust order, and make it not only readable but fascinating, is not given to every author, and Prof. Alfred C. Haddon, of Dublin, is to be congratulated on the charm he has imported into his "EVOLUTION IN ART" (Walter Scott). The writer professes to be neither Art critic nor artist, "but simply a biologist who has had his attention turned to decorative Art." Taking as a representative savage people the natives of New Guinea, where he is evidently very much at home, Prof. Haddon traces the evolution of Art from its most primitive manifestations—noting by the way that in the said distant land "Art flourishes when food is abundant"—to its highest attempts in savage countries. He defends taking such people as his subject because the decorative Art of civilised people is very involved, and the motives which prompt it obscure, and it was evident that the best way to ascertain the underlying principles was to study less complex conditions.

Since Mr. Muybridge, more than a dozen years ago, exhibited his rapid photographs of figures walking or running, great progress has been made in chronophotography. Prof. E. J. Marey, of the College of France, has given much time to its study, and his work, published under the title "MOVEMENT," is translated by Mr. Eric Pritchard, and issued by Mr. Heinemann, accompanied by two hundred illustrations. The records of the movements of human figures, birds, animals, and insects are very complete, and the book is of the greatest value to the searcher after truth in the arts.

Mr. J. S. Moorat, who has composed the music for the "BOOK OF OLD-TIME NURSERY RHYMES" (Bell), has missed an opportunity of captivating mankind at its youngest. His measures are too difficult for most children, and he evidently despises the fact that all folklore music is simple and not beset by sharps and flats of a peculiarly troublesome kind. Mr. Paul Woodroffe supplies excellent illustrations.



Reduced from Phil May's Sketch Book.



Land Wall beyond the Palace of Constantine.

THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

LORD BYRON, in one of his letters to Mrs. Byron, says: "I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, of Delphi. I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many parts of Asia and Europe; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect of the walls of Constantinople, on either side from the Seven Towers to the end of the Golden Horn." Most tourists by confining their expeditions to the neighbourhood of Santa Sofia and the Bazaars, round which beats quickest the pulse of Muhammedan life, are unable, or miss the opportunity of verifying the great poet's statement. It was my luck to visit these ruins for the first time in company with Mr. Edwin Pears, whose admirable "History of the Siege of Constantinople by the third Crusaders" ought to be read by every pilgrim to Stamboul. We embarked on our expedition opposite the Yeni Valideh Jamé, the great mosque, with the two beautiful minarets, built in the seventeenth century by the famous Turkan Valideh, Sultan, which stands so conspicuously at the head of the First Bridge, and took boat for the Evanserai quarter, passing on our way the Phanar, a curious section of Constantinople, which, until thirty years ago, was the chief residence of most of those Greek bankers and merchants, whose very names were synonymous of wealth. This part of the city was allotted by the Turks to the Greeks after the siege of 1453, and here is the Patriarchate, the residence of the supreme head of the orthodox church. Beyond the Phanar, a labyrinth of miserable old wooden houses reflect their shabbiness in the Golden Horn, and cover a district known as Balat, inhabited



Internal Court of the Seven Towers.



Mermer Kullè or Sea Wall of Constantinople.

by the dirtiest Jews on earth. This name Balat is an historical curiosity. In the course of centuries, the "P" in Palat or Palace has been changed into a "B." The neighbourhood covers the site once occupied by the enormous Imperial Palace of the Blacherné. We landed presently to inspect a curious little mosque, which was formerly a church, dedicated to the Saints Mark and Peter. Here the sacred vestment of the Virgin, *himation* or *maphorion*, brought from Jerusalem in the fifth century by the patriarchs Galvenius and Candidus, rested for nearly two hundred years before it was enshrined in the neighbouring magnificent church of the Blacherné, the ruins of which soon occupied attention. In the harem of the mosque is still to be seen an enormous stone basin, in which barbarians converted to Christianity were baptized in Byzantine times.

In a few minutes we were in the Evanserai, which corresponds exactly with the celebrated quarter of the Blacherné, and was at one time covered by the last great palace erected by the Byzantine Emperors. We examined the ruins of a gate known as the Kynigon, or Gate of the Hunter, through which the Emperors used to pass on their way to slay the big game in the vast forests of Belgrade, which, in olden times, extended from the Black Sea almost to the gates of the city. The irregular ground in every direction covers immense mounds of ruin, but now built over with wooden houses, like a backwood settlement. It is not infrequent for the inhabitants of this quarter to accidentally find themselves in some subterraneous passage or vaulted chamber. My dragoman, an

Armenian, lived with his mother near here for many years. Some few years back, a kitchen floor got out of order, and it was necessary to call in a mason. In digging to replace the pavement, the man's axe went a little below the surface, and almost immediately afterwards a great hole was made by the falling in of a quantity of earth. This led to the discovery of a magnificent apartment, lined with marble, and supported by eight splendid columns of verde antique. Beyond this first chamber was a second, almost equally handsome, in which were found two fine marble busts, and a quantity of silver coin.

Below you, looking towards Stamboul, is what was once an enormous hall of state. Portions of its mosaic pavement are still visible, and here and there you can see bits of arches and columns which give you some idea of its quondam splendour. But the space is now full of almond-trees. When I was first there they were snowy with blossom. A gigantic plane-tree afforded shade for some goats a little Turkish child was tending, staff in hand. On another and adjacent magnificent mass of ruins, I noticed a little coffee-house outside which some dozen Turks were smoking their pipes, and playing at some popular game of chance resembling our knuckle-bone, only with hard-boiled eggs instead of bones. On either side the triple row of walls stretches from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Maruara, an interminable procession of tower and bastion, the hard yellowish-white stones of which are softened by clusters of Judas-trees, whose



Exterior of the Seven Towers.

lovely purple blossoms in early spring lend additional enchantments to one of the most extraordinary and most impressive scenes in the world. Not far off is a rampart which has a peculiar interest for Englishmen, for on the 12th of July, 1203, it was gloriously defended by the Warengian guard. I ought, perhaps, to remind my readers that the Warengians were Englishmen—or rather of English descent. Apparently they were Saxons who fled from England at the time of the Conquest, and, together with their descendants, took service at the court of the Byzantine emperors. If proof were needed of their attachment to the mother country, it may be interesting to remark that their national church still exists transformed into a small Turkish mosque. It was originally dedicated to St. Augustin, but later on to St. Thomas of Canterbury, and



Blacherné Gate of the Walls of Constantinople.

to the end. In the great cemetery at Eyoub I came across a curious Gothic ruin, the pointed arches of which recall, in a forcible manner, the Early English of Salisbury. I was assured by a learned friend in Constantinople that it was the ruin of a chapel dedicated to St. Peter, which belonged to the Warengian guard.

The most impressive part of the ruins of the Walls of Constantinople is, to my mind, the gate of the Blacherné, which formerly led from the palace into the country now occupied by the suburbs or Otakchidar and of Eyoub. In the days of the Byzantines there stood here a small hippodrome and several convents, of which the fortified abbey of the Saints Cosmos and Damian was the most celebrated. The scene at this point is indescribably imposing. The triple row of walls tower up in all directions, and are as perfect as when they were



Part of the Prison of Isaac Angelus.

was always served by Latin priests; hence we may conclude that the Warengian guard never adopted the Byzantine or Orthodox form of Christianity, but remained Catholics

first built. Some of them are covered with ivy, but as a rule they are sternly barren, and you are still able to decipher the many inscriptions which seem as sharply cut as

when they were first made. At intervals crosses, and the Image of the Lamb of God, remind us that these walls are not of Turkish origin, but Christian. Over the walled-

down so low as to enable you to see the outline of the great mosques, even as far as St. Sophia, at the other extremity of the city.



Breach through which the Crusaders entered the City in 1203.

up second gate of the Blacherné is an inscription in honour of the Emperor Theophilus the Iconoclast. The first defeat of the Crusaders in 1203 took place hard by. Here the two Empresses, Ann of France and Margaret of Hungary, watched in an agony of terror, from one of the still-standing towers, the tremendous struggle which was soon to prove the beginning of the end of Byzantine rule.

Returning into the city, we went down a narrow lane, bordered by old Turkish houses, some of them of handsome proportions, and evidently belonging to well-to-do people. Others, on the other hand, in such a state of dilapidation as to afford shelter only to a few gipsies, whose womenfolk wear the old costume—the Bloomer trousers, the short jacket, and the twisted handkerchief, covering their dark hair, invariably braided in two long tails, and glittering with sequins. By far the most beautiful women I saw in Constantinople are those of the gipsy colony on the walls. The men are not so good-looking, but the young women are lovely. They have the most delicate features, the brightest dark-brown eyes, and the whitest of teeth. Their expression is exceptionally intelligent. Naturally, on seeing a stranger, they are eager to tell your fortune and to pick your pocket. As I had my fortune told several times by them, it may be interesting to remark that their method of prophecy is precisely that of their fellows all the world over, either by the lines in the palm of the hand or by the cards, in the ordinary manner, the "fair gentleman" and "the dark lady," and the dark gentleman and the fair lady being nearest to your heart, or farthest from it, as the soothsayer thinks fit to predict. I had been told that it was dangerous to venture into this gipsy colony alone, and at first I was rather reluctant to do so, but I grew bolder by degrees, and went there very often without meeting with any misadventure.

The famous breach in the walls, through which the Crusaders penetrated, on the morning of July 25th, 1203, is in this neighbourhood, and is exactly as it was left. Marble cannon-balls even now strew the ground; the siege might have taken place as recently as a month ago. Here the picturesqueness of the scene is enhanced by a delightful glimpse of now-distant Constantinople itself, which has shrunk far inwards, the walls having fallen

Passing through the Adrianople Gate, so called because it opens on the high road to that city, we follow an ill-kept carriage way, which runs between the immense Turkish cemetery and the walls of the Palace of the Seven Towers.

We pass the distant shrine of Our Lady of Balukli, the scene of a delightfully picturesque pilgrimage at Eastertide. The conversation turned on the last siege, that of the Turks in 1453. I ought to have mentioned before the curious *Kerkoporta*, a little low doorway half hidden in the wildest vegetation, near the remarkable ruin popularly known as the Hebdomen, or Palace of Constantine or Belisarius—and as the Tekfir Serai by the Turks. The remains of this palace—the real destination of which is disputed—are very perfect and of great extent. Close by is the little low arch door above alluded to. Was it purposely left open on the fatal night of May 25, 1453? The Byzantine historians declare that it was walled up—the Turkish that it was open. Be this as it may, a group of Turkish soldiers led by the giant negro Hassan, whose feats of daring are legendary in the wild story of the siege, stole in and were enabled to scale to the battlements.

Thence they waved the green flag of the Prophet. "The town is lost," cried the citizens, as they saw the satin standard floating in the lurid light of the torches. The population rushed into the five hundred churches and threw themselves in an agony of fear before the sacred images. Encouraged by the sight of their fellows on the battlements—though they were but a handful—the Turks dashed on and performed miracles of bravery. The unhappy Emperor Constantine Dracoses, fighting bravely for his people to the last, perished in the *mélée*, and leaving a glorious name in the annals of Byzantine history. The Gate of St. Romanus soon fell into the possession of the Infidels, who, spurred on by the Dervishes, poured into the city, no longer "guarded by God and His holy Mother"—and the next morning Mahomet II. rode his horse into Santa Sofia.

The culminating point of picturesque beauty in the historical panorama of the walls of Staouboul is the Palace of the Seven Towers, built by Mahomet II., 1458. Like the Tower of London or the Bastille, it was a state prison. It forms a quadrangle, formerly guarded by seven towers, of which now only five remain. The fortress palace,

which occupied the centre, has long since disappeared, and its site is covered by a kitchen garden. Here the Janissaries, in the zenith of their power, brought sultans and viziers to meet their dread fate, in a certain grim portion of the fortress known as the Tower of Blood and the Place of Heads, which you are shown over by a pleasant-looking old Turk furnished with a lantern. There is an awful well in the courtyard of this uncanny neighbourhood called the "Well of Blood," into which the heads of the executed were thrown. The crumbling walls, now so richly clad with grass and vegetation, have witnessed the ghastliest of tortures, the most supreme agonies of which human beings are capable of inflicting and enduring. Here, on the Porte declaring war against the States they represented, refractory ambassadors were imprisoned, the last being the French Ambassador, in 1798.

The sea walls have suffered greatly from the effects of earthquakes and the wanton destruction of the modern improvements of man—the railway company pulled down some of the finest. Still here and there a noble tower rises from the sea, and under the Seraglio there are still some noble remains, enriched, if I may so say, by

the famous terrace from which, tradition says, in the good old times, such ladies of the Imperial harem who displeased the Commander of the Faithful were lowered in their fatal sacks into caïques which awaited them below, to take and "drown 'em in the Bosphorus."

That many naughty ladies were so disposed of I make no doubt, but I question whether this terrace was really the scene of their execution. There is another place hard by which is much more probably the real place, whence the poor creatures were brought from the Seraglio and packed on board the fatal boats. A low arch still opens on to a tiny canal, which leads from the sea into the garden of the Imperial palace. Sultan Ibrahim II. got rid of nearly all the women in his harem in a single night. The wretched ladies, to the number of eight hundred, were duly tied up in sacks and carried by night on board a fleet of caïques waiting under the Seraglio wall. They were taken out to sea and drowned without mercy. One, however, escaped, who managed to reach Paris, and create a sensation in that city. She married a French nobleman, and died at an advanced age early in the eighteenth century.

RICHARD DAVEY.

THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.*

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

BEFORE commencing a detailed examination of the works of Art in Mr. McCulloch's collection we think it well to give some idea of the galleries wherein the pictures will be hung. The building is still in the hands of the decorators, but, by the kindness of the architect, Mr. Theophilus Allen, of 3, Duke Street, Adelphi, London, we are enabled to present to our readers a series of drawings of the various salons, with a plan of the ground-floor of Mr. McCulloch's residence, and a view of the exterior, which makes it easy to grasp the general scheme.

The first question which confronts all designers of picture galleries is that of a top light. Some of the galleries recently built have had lights at the side, such as Dr. Rowand Anderson's Scottish National Portrait Galleries, but this was necessary from the confined space. At Amsterdam, again, Herr Cuyper deliberately chose a side light for the smaller rooms of the new Rijks Museum, while both at The Hague and

at Rotterdam the galleries, being simply converted houses, have side lights. In nearly all other picture exhibitions, however, a top light is carefully chosen.

Mr. Allen, therefore, wisely decided from the first that a top light was desirable, and this being strongly supported



Mr. George McCulloch's House.

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* Continued from page 5.
1896.

by the intelligent preference of Mr. McCulloch, formed the basis on which the general design of the building was prepared, and reference to the plan of the ground-floor on page 40 will show how admirably, and yet how simply, this has been carried out. Above the front rooms and hall rise the various upper rooms as shown in the drawing of the front elevation. Behind these are the drawing and dining-rooms, the picture gallery, and the billiard-room, and these four are all lighted from a very carefully designed roof-light.

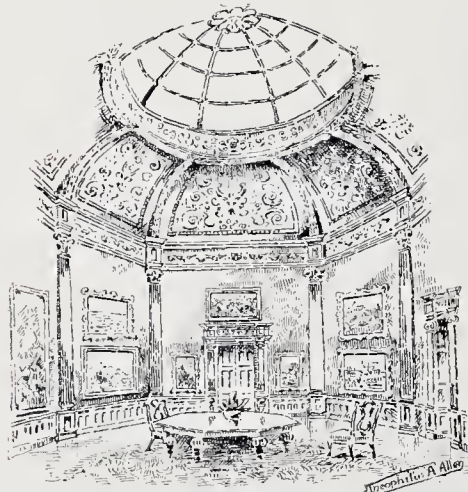
The drawings by Mr. Allen's son and assistant of the interior of the four great salons give a limited idea of the general aspect these will have when they are hung with their decorations and the floors furnished. But to the professional mind nothing is as satisfactory as actual dimensions, and these are given further on. These measurements are also of great service to all committees on Art galleries throughout the world. Nothing is more disputable than the proper sizes and proportions which ought to be given to a wall designed chiefly to hang pictures, so that it is peculiarly satisfactory to know precisely what a first-class architect will do for such a purpose.

Salons of the Champ de Mars, occupying the same building, still suffer from the extreme rigidity of the design. This consists simply of extraordinarily elongated chambers such as weary the visitor and distract his mind and eye. The old Salon of the Champs-Elysées, although the walls are admittedly too high for the floor areas, is less fatiguing, because the rooms are smaller and more easily grasped. At Chicago these defects were avoided, and the result was probably the best galleries—as calculated for light and general excellence of conditions for viewing pictures—yet constructed.

For a private house like Mr. McCulloch's the galleries, as a matter of course, are of moderate dimensions—each salon, with one exception, being used for other purposes in addition to picture exhibition. There are the drawing-room and the dining-room the same as in all houses, but much larger in size than usual; the dining-room, however, not too large to cause discomfort while fulfilling the proper functions of such an apartment. The billiard-room has its table in the centre, looking, it will be observed, very diminutive in the large floor space; and this, with the picture gallery proper, completes the salons for the chief pictures.



The Corridor.



The Dining-room.



The Drawing-room.

The picture galleries of the Exposition Universelle at Paris, in 1889, were never quite satisfactory, and the

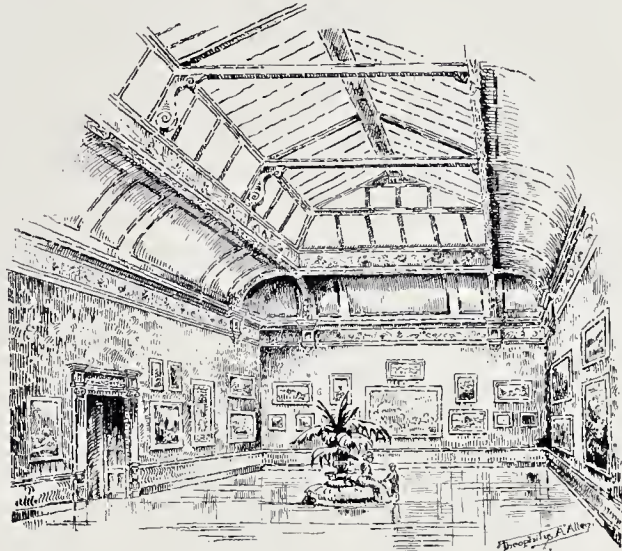
At the Chicago Exhibition the majority of the salons were 60 feet by 40 feet, and the hangings on the walls

came to about 14 feet from the floor, so that a full-length portrait had ample space above and below. This is about the same height as in the Champ de Mars, and the lesser rooms of the Salon Champs-Elysées, although the corner salons of the latter go upwards very much higher. The English National Gallery is higher in wall space for pictures and so is Burlington House, both of which are nearly the same as the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, the Glasgow Institute, and the Royal Scottish Academy. Manchester Gallery is lower, and is all the easier to fill satisfactorily because of this, and there is no doubt that a wall for pictures exceeding 15 feet high is a mistake, and 14 feet is a better level.

The height of 14 feet 3 inches from the floor, as selected by Mr. Allen for Mr. McCulloch's salons is, therefore, as nearly correct as experience can guide. It inclines, perhaps, to be over high, but in view of the many large and important paintings in Mr. McCulloch's collection, this has been very wisely decided.

The dining-room is octagonal, and measures 38 feet across from centre of panel to the same opposite. The drawing-room is 32 feet by 37 feet 6 inches; the billiard-room 38 feet by 49 feet 6 inches; and the gallery 37 feet 6 inches by 52 feet 6 inches. In the dining-room the skirting rises 2 feet 6 inches from the floor, the wall space above for pictures reaching in all the salons a height of 14 feet 3 inches, thus giving for the dining-room an available space for picture-hanging of about 1,180 feet. In the drawing-room the skirting is also 2 feet 6 inches high, and thus gives an available space of about 1,440 feet. In the billiard-room the plinth is only 1 foot 9 inches high, so that the space for pictures reaches 2,000 feet. In the

unnecessarily extended, but they are set down for the special guidance of architects and Art patrons who con-



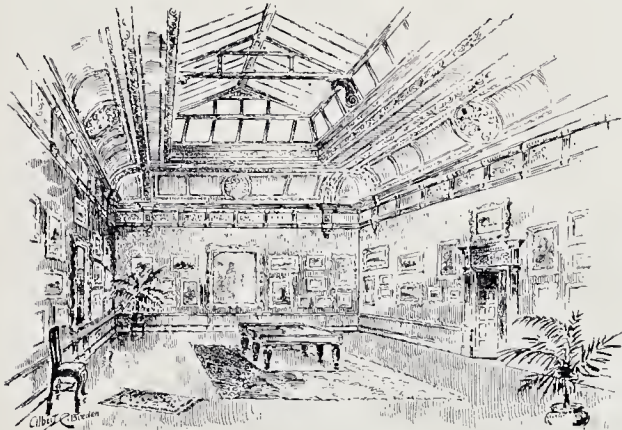
The Gallery.

template constructing either picture galleries, or living-rooms in which paintings are to form the chief decoration. From personal observation we are able to commend these measurements as satisfactorily fulfilling their purpose.

The dining and drawing-rooms are lighted from the ceiling by a special system of double glass roofs, the forms of which are indicated by dotted lines on the plan. Between the lower glass roof and the outer is a considerable space, so that outside temperature cannot greatly affect these apartments. The billiard-room and gallery have a single glass roof only, but have additional provision made for warming the lanterns, and so preventing the ordinary annoyance of "down draught."

The question of temperature is one that requires the greatest attention for pictures, and even more for newly-painted works—as nearly all Mr. McCulloch's are—although too great variations of atmosphere will soon destroy either old or new pictures. By a very elaborate system of heating, Mr. McCulloch's house will always have an equal temperature. The rooms are heated by hot-water pipes passing through a numerous system of channels built of glazed bricks beneath the floor. Provision is made for a large but controlled supply of fresh air for these channels, which, passing through washing chambers, is filtered by fine sprays of water before entering the channels.

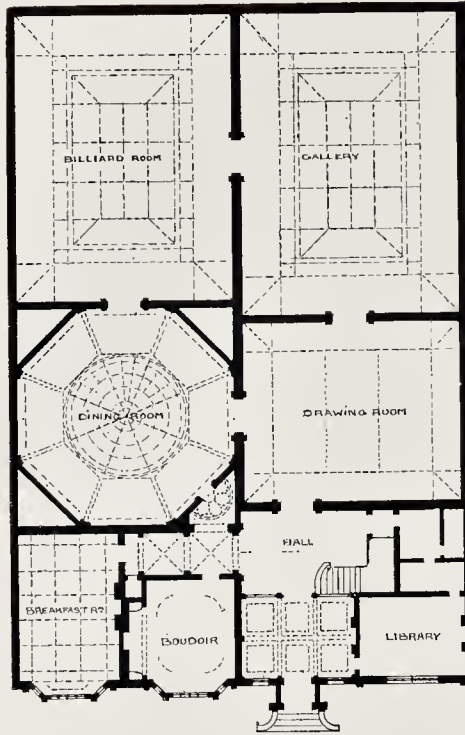
Perfect circulation of the air throughout the house is obtained by a system of returned ducts arranged with gratings in the floors near the walls. This prevents any



The Billiard-room.

gallery, with a plinth of the same height, the available space for picture-hanging is nearly 2,250 feet.

To the ordinary reader these details may appear



Plan of Ground-floor of Mr. McCulloch's House.

flow of hot air over the surface of the paintings. Exhaust ventilation is also provided, and the whole is regulated by a system of valves.

One great object studied in the building of these galleries is their fire-proof construction. Instead of the usual plan of lining the walls with boarding, it was decided, after various experiments, to face the walls with what is known as Wright's Patent Fireproof Fixing Bricks, which were prepared for the purpose. The floors are also practically fireproof, they being formed of parquet laid solid on concrete without any air space between.

The roofs also are of fireproof construction, while the

picture rooms are shut off from the rest of the house by iron fireproof doors. From these details it will be noticed the great care taken in every direction of the pictures. Nothing that can be foreseen has been left undone to preserve the works of Art from possible injury.

With regard to the lighting of the galleries, some further particulars should be given. The area of the lighting by day of the galleries slightly exceeds one-half the area of the floor. The house facing east and west, the light will be stronger in the morning than in the evening, and this, with direct sunlight, will be regulated by blinds on the outer glass roofs. In the dining-room, the height of the inner dome light is 26 feet from the floor to the glass. In the drawing-room, which is covered by an inner waggon-headed light, there is 25 feet from the floor to the glass. In the billiard-room the height is 24 feet, and in the gallery, the height to the glass is 26 feet 6 inches.

The façade of Mr. McCulloch's house had to conform to certain directions of the Exhibition commission from whom the freehold was purchased, so that Mr. Allen had not great opportunities for the display of originality, but the drawing of the front elevation shows how effective the design is even within its limitations. The house, which is in the best part of South Kensington, within a stone's-throw of the Natural History Museum and of the Imperial Institute, is even now scarcely out of the builder's hands, and it will still be several months before the pictures can be hung and the rooms occupied.

After the galleries, the portions of the house to receive the chief attention of the architect were the porch, entrance-hall, and staircase. A special feature has been made of the entrance-hall, the floor and walls being made of marble. The arcing of the walls is rendered with choice red marble of Saint Ambrosia, Verona, with panels and filling of Pavanezzetto, from Carrara; other portions consist of plaques of grand antique and verd antique, from old Greek quarries; others are from imperial red Egyptian porphyry, cut from the identical columns brought to England by Lord Elgin with his celebrated collection. The borders are of green serpentine.

In the inner hall, the oak wainscoting is of elegant design, with much refined detail. The chief staircase rises from this hall and is made of Pavanezzetto marble, the handrail being supported by a very fine piece of strap and scroll work in wrought iron.

At another time, when the furnishings of the house are complete, we shall hope to give other details of this house, which, it will have been gathered, has been constructed with much skill and taste.



Bas-relief Panel carved in wood by Prof. A. Bacchetti, of Florence.

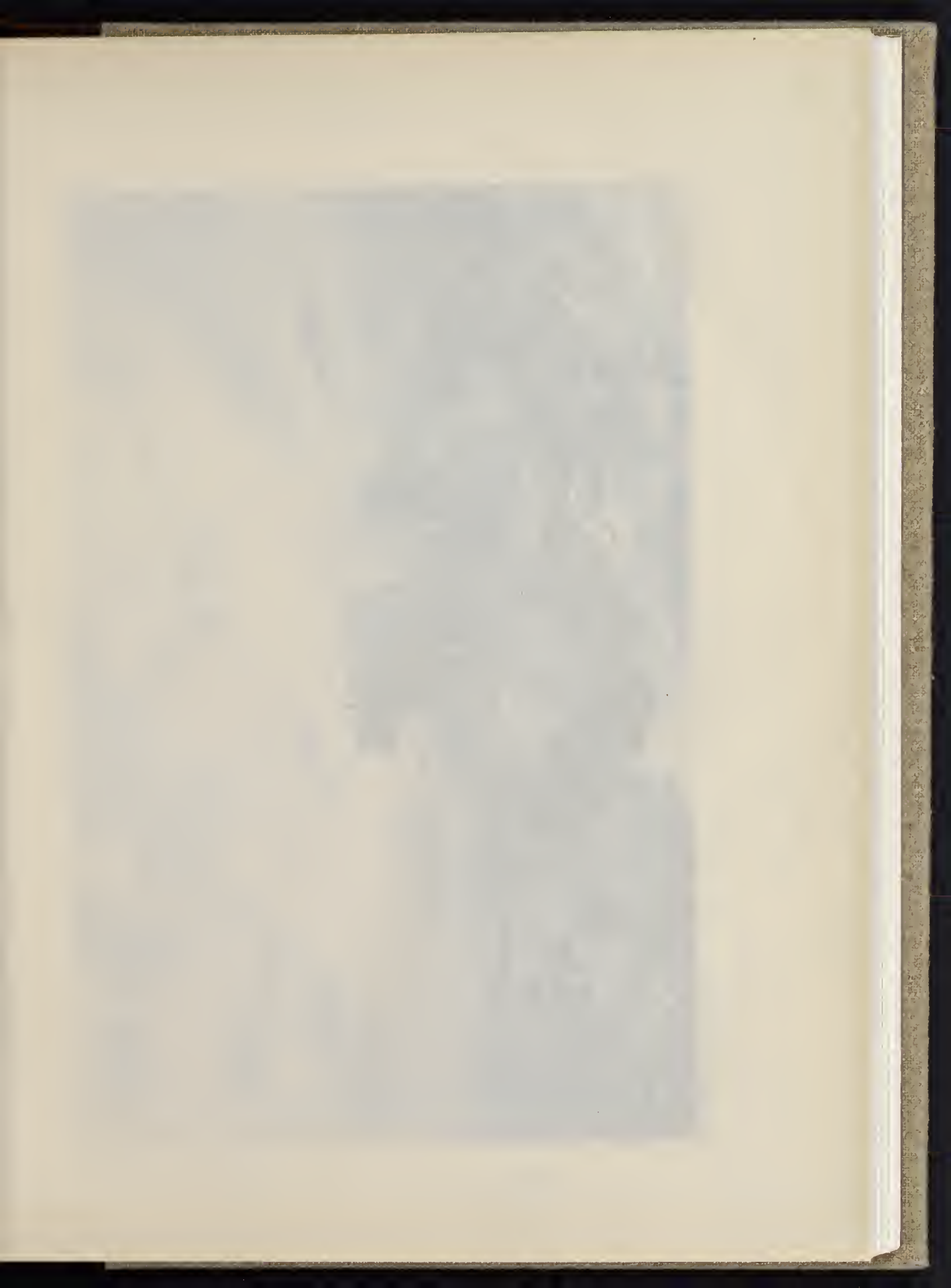






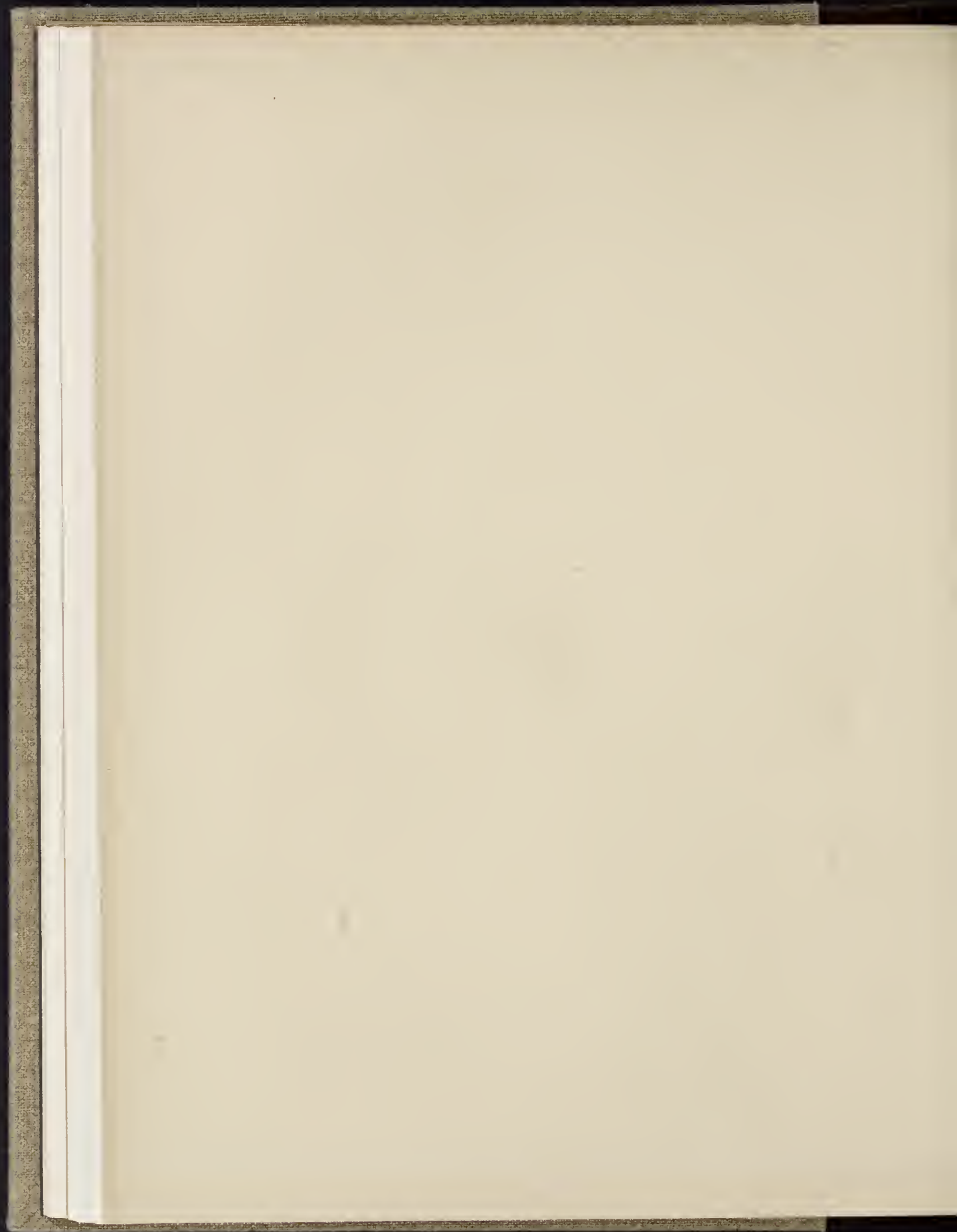
Fig. 1. - Mountain Goat.

Obtained by Mr. May

Collected by Mr. Brown

made by Dr. Hudson

PLATE 100. FIG. 1.





The Edge of the Moor.
By Oliver Hall.

THE REVIVAL OF LITHOGRAPHY.—II.*

WHEN, in the last words of my first article, I tried to indicate Lithography's natural limits, and said that its main function was to produce by "battalions" what pencil drawing and chalk drawing produce in "single file," I uttered nothing that need encourage readers to suppose that its process lay perfectly at the command of every draughtsman, and that the first comer, did he know well how to draw, would get from the lithographic stone every quality the stone could yield. And this being so, it can surprise no one if, in a notice of the Revival of Lithography, I give conspicuous place to the young men who have fagged at it, rather than to the possibly more accomplished, the certainly more famous, artists, who have drawn lately on the tracing paper in complimentary recognition, for the most part, of the fact that just a hundred years have passed since Alois Senefelder invented the method which, half a century later, Hulmandel did something to perfect.

Of one of these younger artists, Mr. C. H. Shannon—a lithographer, perhaps above everything—I discoursed last time at such length as seemed reasonable. We must begin to-day by looking at the work of another of them—Mr. Will. Rothenstein, whose mind, whose hand-work, is strikingly unlike Mr. Shannon's, in that though he can be romantic, he can scarcely, I think, be poetic. A vivid realism is his characteristic; and with that vivid realism, romance, fantasy, caprice at least, may well find itself in company—but poetry, hardly. Mr. Will. Rothenstein is still—as there is some reason for informing the reader—an extremely young man. Six-and-twenty springs, with the autumns, summers, winters that probably belong to them, are all the seasons that have thus far passed over his head. His Oxford Lithographs, though to this day only half of them are published, were wrought, all of them, when he was between one-and-twenty and three-and-twenty years old. It was an audacious adventure, which had youth for its excuse; nay, which required, perhaps, the energy of youth with which to carry it through. For this series of Oxford portraits was to be the abstract, and brief chronicle, of the Oxford of a day, in it, Professors and Heads of Houses are—men who

for perhaps a generation remain in their place—but in it, too, are athletes, engaging undergraduates, youths whose achievements become a tradition, but whose places know them no more. The first part of the 'Oxford Characters'—that is the proper name of it—appeared in June, 1893. In it is the portrait of that great Christ Church boating man, Mr. W. L. Fletcher, and a portrait of Sir Henry Acland—for which another and more angust-looking rendering of the same head and figure was, after a while, substituted. I have not seen those portions of the set which, though executed long since, have not yet publicly appeared; but amongst those that have been visible I find nothing better



The Opera Cloak.
By Theodore Roussel.

* Concluded from page 14.



Scene on the River.
By Theodore Roussel.

or more characteristic than the admirable vision of Max Muller. The work contains the only, or almost the only portrait for which Walter Pater sat, and though that portrait may not be, and is not, I think, very successful, it has its unquestionable qualities.

In Lithography thus far, Mr. Rothenstein has confined himself to portraiture: not, however, to Oxford portraiture, for some of his best portraits are of people quite outside the charmed Oxford life. There is the portrait of Emile Zola, for instance, none too well reproduced in an English version of certain of that author's earlier and shorter stories. I never saw the man. This may or this may not be a *terre-à-terre* view of him. Very probably it is. But certainly the face, with its set lips and hollow cheeks, is cleverly rendered, though in such rendering we may fancy, not so much the author of 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret' and the 'Page d'Amour,' as the author of 'Pot bouille' and of 'Nana.' Again, there is a portrait at once forcible and refined, of that great gentleman, path-breaking novelist, and dainty connoisseur, Edmond de Goncourt, elderly, but with the fires unquenched in the dark, piercing, kindly eyes, and the great decoration, so to say, of snow-white hair. Then again, the pretty and pleasing lady—the fresh young thing with her great bonnet—the lady seen full-face, her lips drawn so tenderly. That, at least, ought to be a favourite with the artist and with every one. Such flesh and blood as hers had the Millament of Congreve. On the *technique* of these things I have not too much insisted: suffice it to say that Mr. Rothenstein has executed them with thoroughly acquired knowledge of the effects to which Lithography best lends itself, and that taken as a group it can escape no one that the artist utters in them a note that is his own.

To trace, however briefly, the Revival of Lithography with complete fairness, it should be mentioned that a generation after the remarkable achievements of Prout and the somewhat overrated

performances of Harding, the members of the Hogarth Sketching Club made one night, at the house of Mr. Way the elder—the date was the 15th of December, 1874—a set of drawings on the stone. These must be rare now, but I have had the luck to see them. One of the best was Charles Green's drawing of two men—ostlers, both of them, or of ostler rank—one of them lighting his pipe. The hand is excellently modelled, the light and shade of the whole subject has crispness and vigour. Sir James Linton contributed to this set a Coriolanus subject, in something more than outline, though not fully expressed—and yet it is beautifully drawn. Coke sent a 'Massacre of the Innocents,' classic and charming in contour, while the 'Sir Galahad' of E. J. Gregory

—well to look at it at least recalls to us perfectly the great romantic Gregory of that early day. These things are very little known. It is only by the courtesy of Mr. Way that I have managed to see them.

In the Paris Exhibition of Lithographs, and in that at Mr. Dunthorne's, there have figured a whole group of lithographs, done chiefly lately by distinguished Academicians, and printed by Mr. Goulding—that famous printer of etchings, who now, it seems, has the laudable



The Oyster Stall.
By Raven-Hill.



The Baby.
By L. Raven-Hill.

aim of rivalling as a printer of lithographs, the great house of Way, which has traditions which must needs be invaluable. Of the work of extremely various quality, produced, much of it, somewhat hurriedly—I do not mean that the drawings were done rapidly, but that they were done by those not versed, as yet, in such secrets as Lithography has—of this work, I say, not much is finer than the young girl's head, by Mr. Watts. It is mostly "in tone." And it is as strong as anything of Leonardo's—as anything of Holbein's, I would say, did not Holbein's name suggest, along with strength, a certain grimness or austerity. There is a graceful figure drawing by the President, in which something of Sir Frederic's characteristics cannot fail to be revealed. There are strong studies by Sargent, of partially draped models. And amongst those not Academicians at all, there is, by that interesting artist, Mr. Hartley, a moonlight subject of which much is said, and may fairly be said, in praise. Mr. C. J. Watson has not left Lithography untried. More than that—he comes, it may be remembered, from Norwich, where of late years it has been not a little practised. And by Mr. Oliver Hall—an etcher whom the lover of free etching must needs enjoy—there have been done recently certain subjects in the other medium, of which, perhaps, the finest is not the study of a particular tree, but the vision of some grey sweeping valley,— 'Wensleydale'—with trees only in middle distance or in remote background. In it one recognises that way of looking at the world which one knows in the etchings; but the intelligence and sensitiveness of the artist have



Brentford Eyot.
By Geo Thomson



An Idyll.
By Jacob Hood.

suffered him to modify the work, to properly adapt it to the newer medium. 'The Edge of the Moor,' too, is quite masterly; and then, again, there is a tree study in which Mr. Hall recalls those broad and massive, yet always elegant sketches which the great Cotman made in the eastern counties, in the latest years of a not too prolonged life.

Before the survey closes, mention ought to be made of several artists not yet spoken of, yet scarcely all new comers in this particular field. There is Mr. Ravenhill, by whom one thing at least is in my mind pretty clearly—'The Oyster Barrow'; very clever. There is Mr. George Thomson, one of whose agreeable subjects was reproduced a year or so ago in illustration of some remarks of mine in another magazine than this one. He has a nude, not perhaps perfectly drawn, but of exceeding grace and charm of movement. To my regret it is not shown at Mr. Duntorne's. There is Mr. Corbett, with a nude splendidly modelled, and Mr. Sainton, who has done as yet not much—one of his efforts, a luxurious head, such as one might expect from the author of his promptly seductive silver points. There is Mr. Wilson Steer, who brings to well-nigh all his work a certain quality of refinement and distinction. By him a portrait of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne adorns a volume of the prose fancies of that facile and engaging writer. Again—by Mr. Steer, also—there is a seashore, with figures and bathing machines. By Mr.



Portrait of Prof. Max Muller.
By Will. Rothenstein.

Walter Sickert, there is one lithograph at least, a study of a girl's head. By Mr. Menpes, several figure pieces of which the existence is certified to me, but which have escaped my own notice. Then by Mr. Roussel, there are a group of lithographs, very dainty and delightful, and by no means so completely Whistlerian that they possess nothing which is their author's own. It is now a model lying nude upon a couch—the lines of the graceful figure how few, and the impression how complete! It is now a riverside subject, of the kind of which the School of Chelsea has learnt the almost infinite charm. It is now—like the print on the preceding page—a woman's portrait, wholly and delightfully original. Full of fine taste is all of Roussel's work. By Mr. Jacob Hood I know not only a most spirited portrait, but in 'An Idyll,' a Classical or an Arcadian *pas de quatre* of singular unwonted charm; and by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon a 'Venus,' very fine in draughtsmanship, nor wanting in dramatic quality, for, indeed, it is not a nude woman only, but Aphrodite her-



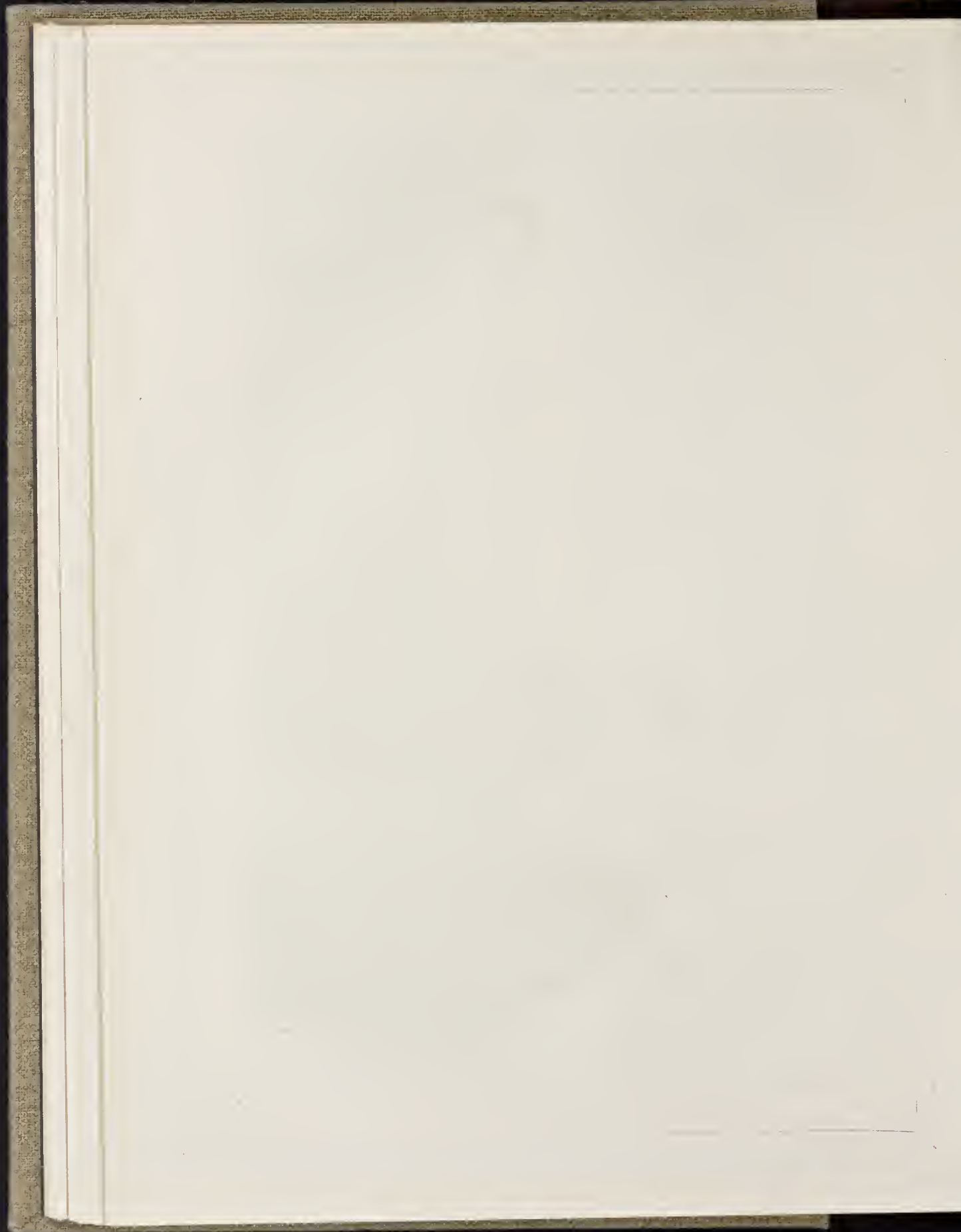
Beauty and the Beast.
By Geo. Thomson.

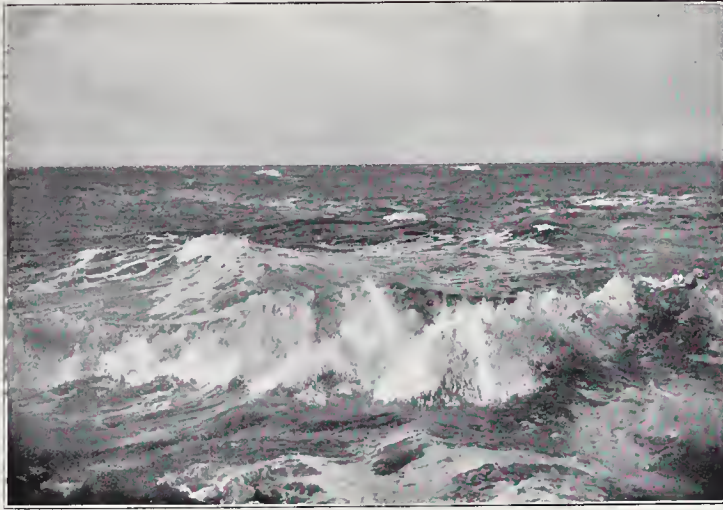
self—"Vénus, toute entière à sa proie attachée." With one or two exceptions, the Academicians who send—or the Academicians who have worked—are less successful. And lastly—or lastly for my present purpose—there is Mr. Anning Bell, who, though he has made one or two mistakes in his time, has bestowed on us designs most meritorious and enjoyable—book plates absolutely *hors ligne*, so charming are they in their reticence and measured beauty. Well, Mr. Anning Bell, at the moment of writing, has done, as far as lithographs are concerned, almost nothing in quantity. But something, I am given to understand authoritatively—something which will do him no discredit—is on the way. And meanwhile I am thankful for the grace—the Tanagra-like grace, dare I call it?—of his 'Dancing Girl.' "And why 'Tanagra'?" am I asked. Because it is classical without austerity; in a way, provokingly "modern," yet endowed, and to the very full, with the fascination of Style. FREDERICK WEDMORE.



G. R. Aymer

"HIS LORDSHIP,"
BY G. R. AYMER.





"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!"
By F. H. Worsley-Benison.

PICTURE PHOTOGRAPHY.

WE have had occasion recently to speak of the valuable and interesting results obtained by certain artists now at work whose method of expression is by means of the photographic camera. After all, it is by its fruits that we know fine art, and while others are discussing the academic "pros" and "cons" of the relation of photography to Art, the question is settling itself—or rather, such masters as J. Craig Annan, H. P. Robinson, and A. Birchett, to name only a few, are settling it—by the production of works to which it would be idle to deny the coveted epithet "artistic." There can be no question to a reasonable mind that there is a field of its own open to artistic photography, in which it does not supplant or even compete with painting, but offers a range of new and beautiful effects in monochrome that would be quite inappropriate to a sister art, yet worth recording none the less.

In this connection we have pleasure in drawing attention to the seascape and landscape photographs published by Mr. F. H. Worsley-Benison, of Chestow, Mon., known as the Westby series, from which we give three illustrations. They confirm, moreover, what we have often said, that no great technical training in the chemical

mysteries of photography is necessary to obtain successful results, which depend upon the exercise of what is called "artistic feeling," and powers of composition and selection; in short, the regular qualifications of an artist. It would be difficult to praise too highly the success with which the effect of moving heaving water has been rendered in the superb composition entitled 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!' or the beauty of the sweeping lines of the white sea-horses, so transient, so momentary, yet thus permanently recorded. The same remarks apply to the other seascape with its long, majestic breaker thundering in, and the waters churned

by the rocks into decorative patterns of milk-white foam. Mr. Worsley-Benison's sea compositions are triumphs of artistic arrangement.

As an example of his landscape work, we reproduce on p. 62 the photograph of 'The Great South Window at Tintern Abbey,' showing through the beautiful Gothic arches the woods and a cottage in the distance. This is free from the oppressive detail often so destructive to breadth of effect in landscape photography. These photos are printed in carbon, which, besides being permanent, enables them to be made in various snitable tints.

H. W. B.



*"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!"*
By F. H. Worsley-Benison.



The Birthplace of R. L. Stevenson,
Howard Place, Edinburgh.
From a Drawing by A. W. Henley.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND EDINBURGH.

WITH ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY A. W. HENLEY.

VIRGILIUM vidi tantum, wrote Scott of the only occasion he saw Robert Burns. Those three Latin words occur to me when I think of Robert Louis Stevenson and with becoming humility I apply them to the only time I saw him, though the occasion was anything but remarkable.

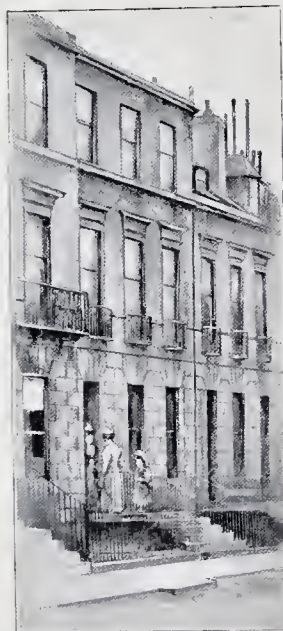
In the early 70's I was a student at the University of Edinburgh. I fondly deemed myself a philosopher, and was much given to excursions in that cloudy region where the dread name of Hegel was all-powerful; I belonged to a society called the Edinburgh University Philosophical Society, whose members used to meet on Wednesdays in an upper chamber, within the college walls, to discuss metaphysical questions; perhaps they still do so, with as much ardour, with as little success, as of yore; I cannot tell. Several of our sometime leaders have gained such worldly success as falls to the eager persevering Scots student; some half-dozen are professors of metaphysics in Scots and other universities; one is an eminent Queen's Counsel and Radical M.P., another is a shining light in the Kale-yard school of letters, the most wag their heads with more or less acceptance in northern pulpits, and some, I trust a small minority, are clean gone to the dogs.

The most charming and interesting personality of the group was James Walter Ferrier, son of the well-known St. Andrew's Professor, and then pursuing philosophical and

other studies in a desultory way at the academy of James VI. Gifted, well-connected, popular, he seemed sure of worldly success, but the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong; Ferrier wrote an unsuccessful novel and passed early away. Stevenson thought it strange that a brief mention in another's work might be his sole record. It is almost so. He is commemorated in a splendid prose passage in the essay, "Old Mortality," and his epitaph has been augustly written in Mr. Henley's Hospital Rhymes:—

"Our Athos rests—the wise, the kind,
The liberal and august, his fault atoned,
Rests in the crowded yard
There at the west of Princes Street."

But another than this pale reflected light was hoped for him in those days, and when he had promised to read us an essay, we were all agog with expectation; the title—whimsical enough—was duly advertised: "Was the human race produced from one pair of originals?" He must have meant to poke fun at us, but we were too solemn a collection of asses to see it, and the surgeon was abroad. The hour came but not the man; we sat round the room in dignified, if wooden silence, after the fashion of the Roman Senators awaiting the arrival of the Gauls. At length Ferrier entered, jovial and rubicund, and more hilarious (we thought) than the occasion warranted. He was accompanied by a slim, unkempt, uncanny youth, also beyond reason hilarious, who threw



Heriot Row, Edinburgh.
From a Drawing by A. W. Henley.

himself down on a seat and appeared to regard us and our proceedings with a certain elfin glee. Ferrier walked to the desk and pulled out a paper, which he proceeded to read in the most speedy fashion. Sometimes he stopped to laugh; his friend was a ready chorus, though their mirth had no relevance to anything said or done. Interruptions and all, it was soon over. Ferrier crumpled up his paper, and with renewed laughter the two friends rushed from the room and clattered down the echoing stone stairs at a prodigious rate. We were very indignant. I rather think we passed a vote of censure, but that matters nothing. I learned then, or shortly afterwards, that Ferrier's friend was called Robert Louis Stevenson. We had entertained an angel unawares.

Edinburgh Academy, a very storehouse of Edinburgh traditions; at the University there he studied, nominally, at least, in the literary, engineering (he was meant to follow his father's calling), and legal classes. He became an advocate; walked the floor of the Parliament House daily; exhibited his name on a brass-plate on a main door in Heriot Row thus: "Mr. R. L. Stevenson, Advocate," such being the only two methods whereby the Scots barrister may advertise himself—the brass-plate, by the way, remained there long after he left Edinburgh; one wonders if any waggish W. S. ever put papers or memorials into the letter-box, but probably there is no waggish W. S. Also, in the 1894 Scottish Law List, his name appears with that address in the list of advocates.



At the Foot of the Pentland Hills.
From a Drawing by A. W. Henley.

This bit of personal gossip is my contribution to the world's history of a famous man. The object of this paper is not his private life. Even had I known him I should not have ventured within that veil, sacred to everybody but biographers and interviewers; but his relations to Edinburgh, and that city's influence on him, are fair subjects for a few words, for Stevenson, more than most writers, was marked by his birthplace. Stevenson, like many Scotsmen, only more so, was both cosmopolitan and local; he roamed far and wide; he had a broad sympathy with every manifestation of human nature; and with it all, there was a local tang not to be mistaken; he was Edinburgh to the very marrow of his bones. In no other Scots writer is the note more marked. External circumstances partly account for it. Stevenson's direct ancestors were, for some generations, engineers to the Commissioners of Northern Lights (one is mentioned with praise in the introduction to "The Pirate"). They were and had been for many years an Edinburgh family of position, means, and repute. Stevenson's father was an elder in the Scots kirk; he himself was trained at the

This same Heriot Row, with the gardens in front, is a very fair specimen of New Town architecture. Stevenson spent most of his Edinburgh days in his father's house there, and as he passed up Frederick Street, which cuts it at right angles, he must often have caught those glimpses of alien things which he notes as striking features of his town: "You turn a corner and there is the sun going down on the Highland hills; you look down an alley and see ships tacking for the Baltic." His Edinburgh impressions and influence were double; there was repulsion as well as attraction: first there was the climate—a very good climate it is for very strong people. The place is drier than most of Scotland; if dark in winter, she is light in summer; though the evil east wind hlights her spring and chills her summer, she has splendid autumns; at her worst she has nothing so bad as a London fog, and she has many days and evenings of splendid exhilaration, of exquisitely clear light and lingering sunsets of every beautiful colour; but a weak chest and delicate lungs feel that keen air like a knife, and Stevenson, alas! was constitutionally delicate, his life

a long disease borne with serene and noble courage. In 1878, when he was still much about the place, he

three conventional professions, or to education, that fourth profession which prepares for the other three.



Swanson Cottage.

From a Drawing in 1875 by A. W. Henley.

writes with unusual energy of vituperation, "Happy the passengers who shake off the dust of Edinburgh, and have heard for the last time the cry of the east wind among her chimney-pots!" And again, "To none but those who have themselves suffered the thing in the body, can the gloom and depression of our Edinburgh winter be brought home. For some constitutions there is something almost physically disgusting in the bleak ugliness of easterly weather, the wind wearies, the sickly sky depresses them, and they turn back from their walk to avoid the aspect of the unrefulgent sun going down among perturbed and pallid mists." But the very pain he suffered impressed the physical aspects of the city more deeply in his mind. The theatres of one's life tragedies are remembered with all their furnishings. A transitory scent, the sound of a distant bell, the aspect of a picture are fixed for ever on the memory. Who could forget the room where he awaited an operation, or the court where he heard sentence pronounced against him? Stevenson's torture was long drawn out, but the result was only surer.

Again, Stevenson was not in sympathy with the ordinary ways of Edinburgh society. The prosperous citizen of the Scots capital is a superior person. He is well-educated, pompous and pretentious, and haunted by one deadly fear—that of committing himself. Nowhere are people tied down more strictly by conventional rules, nowhere does Mrs. Grundy bear more autocratic sway; nearly everybody belongs to one of the

class, and is accepted by everybody (to an extent that he confesses, surprised himself) as a species of working man; and he was curiously democratic in his affections. The portraits he drew, out of the circle of his friends,



Colinton Manse

From a Drawing by A. W. Henley.

were chiefly from people of the "lower orders"—Robert Young, the Swanson gardener; John Todd, the Swanson shepherd, are examples. True, he seeks what is most

There are few amusements, and better-class Edinburgh finds its chief recreation in dinner-parties, where the talk, though clever, still runs in certain narrow grooves. There is a lack of humanity about it all, no interest in human life as such, no wide or genial sympathy; it is all Scots respectability and propriety and conceit raised to the *n* power.

Now Stevenson was not conventional, he had no great desire to appear respectable, he was, he says, "a lean, ugly, and idle, unpopular student"; he was not particularly careful about his dress or his person; he attended college classes as rarely as possible, to the worldly mind he must have appeared a *ne'er-do-weel*. He was never externally impressive. In the "Inland Voyage" he was shoved into prison partly for his impudence, but mainly on account of his hang-dog look. In the "Amateur Emigrant" he crosses the ocean second-

noble in them; he cared not to paint low-life as such, probably he found marked characteristics in old Scots types, and could come on them nowhere else. Swanston was no doubt rich in such. It lies at the base of the Pentland Hills, over which he had tramped for many a mile, and whose features must have impressed him, for an account of the "Pentland Rising" was his first prose work. His family had a cottage at Swanston,

from his utterance; his humour might have tickled the palate of the bench, or, watered down, have "fetched" the jury. The strange terms of Scots law, its mysterious, nay, even romantic ways, had their charm for him, but the idea of Robert Louis Stevenson, lost to letters as Lord Ballantrae (or whatever title his paper lordship might have assumed), is too terrible for contemplation; the Parliament House's loss was the world's gain. Easy to



*The Lothians, from Craiglockhart, near Edinburgh.
From a Drawing by A. W. Hentley.*

and it was during a winter there, as he tells us, that he first read the "Vicomte de Bragelonne." It is a secluded old-world village, hence its charm for him.

Stevenson was in the true sense an artist (if I may use that much-abused term); he gave himself to perfection in letters with that same single purpose which animates the saint in the pursuit of holiness. Fame or money might come or not—he was far from indifferent to either—but the prospect would not move him to deviate one line from the path of right-writing or right-thinking; he would foist no hasty sentence on the world because he was paid no more to make it perfect. Had he failed either from the world's coldness or his incompetence to realise his own ideals, I love to believe he had accepted failure with the same heroic and cheerful patience wherewith he accepted ill-health; he had gone to his grave unnoticed and unknown, yet true to his ideals and unconquered in the fight. But all his efforts seemed at first mere waste of time. He might, it was perhaps thought, have turned his talents to better account. He was an advocate, and held at least one brief. Had he cared, he had made a very good lawyer; clearness and point were never lacking

be wise after the event. He was wise before and in spite of it.

Let us turn the medal. Edinburgh had powerful attractions for him, he had a following, ever increasing in number, of attached friends and devoted admirers. He has told of his membership of the Speculative Society, and there were many phases and aspects of his birthplace outside her formal "Society" wherein he delighted. In talking of the poet Ferguson, he says: "A Scot of poetic temperament and without religious exaltation drops as if by nature into the public-house," and though the rough convivialities of popular Scots life were not for him, still there are many layers between the tavern and the drawing-room, and he knew them all. The superficial area of Edinburgh to-day is three parts filled with more or less commonplace and comfortable dwellings, of no interest save to those who own or inhabit them. How could he be artistically interested in Howard Place though it was his birthplace? In No. 8 of that street, not beautiful and otherwise not famous, he first saw the light, a fact which the enthusiastic American who has done so much of our shrine-making will please note; but the



Craiglockhart from the Canal.
From a Sketch in 1877 by A. W. Henley.

half-dozen spots which gather into themselves so much, you gather from many touches how well and in how many aspects he knew them all. Edinburgh, romantic in itself, has a most romantic environment, and of this too he had most intimate knowledge. Time would fail to tell of Colinton and of Craiglockhart (as yet they had not "edified" that stately Hydropathic on the slope), a place Stevenson loved for its walks and its views over the fertile Lothian fields and many a hill and dale in those same Lothians. How well he caught their romantic charm!

There is much about Edinburgh in his writings, and yet there is not enough. Stevenson excelled in the *conte*, especially where the interest borders on the supernatural;

"Thrawn Janet," "Will o' the Mill," "A Night's Lodgings," are the very finest of his wheat, and by what seems an inexplicable fatality, he has not written a single short story with Edinburgh as the stage of action. He gets no nearer than "Deacon Brodie," the play written by him in fellowship with Mr. Henley. Was this accident or design? I cannot tell.

Edinburgh soon grew very proud of the only man of genius among her later sons. Every word that came to him in later years from his birth-place was praise, almost devotion. The mask of Silenus was long since rent, the prophet had honour in his own country and among his own people, and to him the city, seen in the pale light of memory, appeared still more attractive, the charm was deepened, the imperfections gone. "I will say it fairly," he writes, "it grows on me with every year, there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps; when I forget thee, Auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning." In some remarkable lines he has said that the last echo in his ears from this world would be that most characteristic of Edinburgh sounds, the voice, half-wail, half-roar, of the wintry wind among the huge lauds and tortuous ways of the old town. He long cherished the hope that his last resting place would be Edinburgh; mayhap in the Calton Burying Ground he loved to haunt.

"The voice of generations dead
Summons me, sitting distant to arise,
My numerous footsteps nimbly to retrace,
And, all mutation over, stretch me down
In that denoted city of the dead."

It was not to be: Samoa has his bones, Edinburgh his memory. Let us draw the curtain.

FRANCIS WATT.

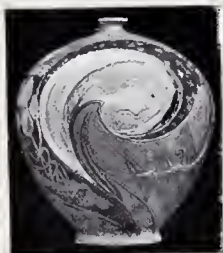


The Calton Burying Ground.
From a Drawing by A. W. Henley.



Holbein Ware.
Doulton & Co., Burslem.

RECENT ARTISTIC STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY.



Holbein Ware.
By Doulton & Co., Burslem.

HOME associations and the "willow-pattern" plate must have something to do with the good-natured appreciation many of us feel seeing varieties of design in blue-and-white dinner-ware; and it makes no very exacting appeals to the critical eye. Variety in it is well sustained by almost every firm of potters in the district; and they may be counted by hundreds on each side of the

road without reckoning byways from Tunstall to the Normacot end of Longton, passing through Burslem, Hanley, Cobridge, Etruria, on to Caudon Place, and thence on to Stoke and Fenton, a distance of about ten miles.*

Breakfast, dinner, tea, and toilet wares are their staple production of course, while many devote themselves mostly to maiolica for decorative purposes; and some produce for electro-platers, lamp-makers, electricians, brassfounders, plumbers, stationers, and for other trades and callings too numerous to mention. Taylor, Tunnicliffe & Co. are noted caterers for these latter kinds of goods, some of which are in their way quite technical in make. They also manufacture a buff-coloured granulated ware with a sort of what is called "Brocade" decoration, the chief feature of which is its incavo apples and grapes in bright gold. The Brownhills firm likewise produce goods for the electro-plate and other trades, and make "Jasper" ware, after the style of Wedgwood, but not old Wedgwood; the superior modelling and texture of figures and ornaments of which are incomparably superior to anything of the kind now being done anywhere. We had the good fortune to witness a grand display of it at the Burslem Museum during our visit. But the better-class dinner wares, before we proceed to notice particularly the more artistic

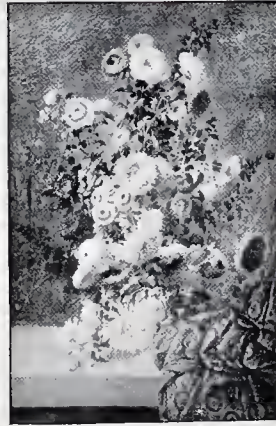
work, must have a few words here. The "Tower" patterns on "Gadron" shapes, and "Pekin" patterns of ironstone china, gold-edged, are swamping out the earthenware. Great business is being done in them, and in blue "Genoese," with America, by Minton and Copeland. A leading feature of the Copeland manufacture is their "Spode Japan," cobalt fired through the oven. Blue does not, however, dominate it; for dark greens, salmon, and other colours are present, all lavishly traced with gold. Perso-Chinese, more than Japanese, may perhaps be said to characterize the ornamentation, but it would more correctly be described as nondescript, hand-painted on purely Greek shapes! A wayward caprice this of old Spode, the founder of the firm, who lived in the days of the Pompeian discoveries, and when "Hamilton vases" were first brought to light. If he cannot be accused of a too strict observance of classical fitness or things in this kind of pottery, he proved that he had knowledge and correct taste in other respects, and notably in his "Florentine Renaissance" ware. It is a blue, with a curious sage-green tint, and is moulded in



Solon Ware.
By Minton.

* J. R. Green, in "The Making of England," p. 80 (1883 edition), discoursing on the life of Roman Britain, and referring to the towns that lay along the course of the road that marked the western edge of the "fastnesses of the Wash," and the position of Ancaster, says: "South of this, on a site marked by the village of Calston on the Nen, stood Durobrivæ, the centre of a district covered with potteries, whose kilns were dotted over the country for twenty miles round."

high relief and partly gilt; reintroduced by the late Mr. Abraham, the manager of Copeland's, by whom, and by his son, Frank Abraham, the chief designer, who has now taken his father's place as manager, the firm's celebrity is well sustained. That they are fully abreast of the time with good art the vase on the opposite page 'Morning,' amply proves—if the shortcomings of photographing from round bodies be allowed for. The companion vases (not shown) are respectively entitled, 'Music,' 'Recitation,' and 'Evening,' designed and painted by Alcock, the principal artist of the establishment. The influence of the erudite Alma Tadema is apparent in the 'Music' subject. 'Morning' shows power of suggestiveness: the freshness, almost atmospheric snuff of the early hours after sunrise around the group speak of the artist, and inform us of the subject even more clearly than the group itself. The mask spout is too large and obtrusive in the position it occupies. The expression of the satyr is quaintly humorous. The ornamental arrangements on neck, handles, and feet are in "jewelled" work, a style for which



Over-glaze Flower Painting.
By E. F. Hürten (Copeland).

like, in appropriate hues, with all the softness of the Sèvres *couleur changeant*. Their dessert and other plates take similar patterns; but whether vases or plates, or ought else, they are carefully, and often exquisitely, finished—sky, and hill, and hedge-row, and stream, and field, and covert, animate with bird, and beast, and insect, and butterfly, and now saddened with soft greys and blues, or enlivened with tender greens and chromes, and reds and siennas combine to have us thinking very pleasant things; and that, if it be simple art, it is truthfully happy art, and has a quality that high art seldom attains to, and that is—you feel you could live with it and have no misunderstanding. Our colourless illustrations fail to convey a just idea of its merits. A number of artists are constantly employed in producing it. Without attempting invidious distinctions, we give here a few of their names: Mitchell, Bilton, Dewsberry, Hancock, Slater. And for English sports, Wilson; and figure work of a semi-classical kind, George White, a very capable artist. One



Dessert Plates and Card Tray after Angelica Kauffmann and Boucher.
By Boullemier (Minton).

Copeland's are well known. Both vases are a real credit to the art of the English potter. The panel by Hürten (above), is an excellent specimen of over-glaze flower painting. Hürten is skilful in the drawing and anatomy of flowers, and is a true colourist; he has been for many years in this firm's employ. Next to Minton and Copeland comes Doulton—the Burslem branch of the great Lambeth Doulton. If there be any marked difference in their blue dinner sets to those to which we have above referred, it is in one of them that, while approaching the "Genoese" in amount of white and general effect, also resembles old Rhodian in the way that the interspaces of its copious ornamentation are washed with blue. A quite recent success is their revival of an earthenware they call their "royal blue." It is chiefly confined to vases, carefully hand-painted with portraits of celebrities; and landscapes, cattle groups, and other subjects on pleasing shapes, mostly borrowed from their "Lusitanian" ware. This ware has a porcelain body; is painted under glaze with flowers, birds, hill and woodland scenes, and the

other must be mentioned, for he is solely identified with the "Holbein" ware, the latest of the numerous Doulton wares; his name is Noke. Holbein may have impressed him at first with the *heals'* idea, but now he multiplies his own variety of heads on plaques, curious vases, and other uncommon things (see group and bottom of article); and his quaint figures and ornament are somewhat original. The patterns are well studied, and modelled in low or in high relief; or cut out and inlaid with various coloured clays, after the fashion of the Henri-Deux or Oiron ware. His work, when glazed, takes a decidedly Rembrandtish chiaroscuro in parts, fastens the attention, and keeps the imagination busy at play through its endless lights and shades of burnt sienna, the prevailing colour; but yellow, orange, cream, red, and several other colours are brought out in it with equal success. The body of the ware is chiefly composed of kaolin and felspar, and is therefore very hard. The Doulton firm—Lambeth as well as Burslem—we are glad again to bear witness, have always endeavoured to foster individuality

in the Art work of those in their employ; and this principle is being carried out at Burslem in no uncertain manner under the energetic general management of Mr. Bailey, and the Art directorships of Mr. Allen and Mr. Langley.

The Cauldon vases and decorative pieces are not so remarkable for variety, although they have some fine specimens painted by Boulemier, Bernard, Monsell, Birkbeck, Sieffert, and by Léger, who at present is head of the Art department of that firm. Reproductions of china vases decorated in French Renaissance, as made seventy or eighty years ago by Ridgways, the predecessors of Brown, Westhead, Moore & Co., are very good of their kind. The ground-lays in blue, turquoise, marone, green, and painted with flowers, Cupids, and trophies, are equal to similar work produced at Berlin and Dresden, which is no small praise. Some china tea-ware of the best Staffordshire firms, Cauldon amongst the number, is almost as light and transparent as Capa-di-Monti or Belleek ware of our sister island, and is so delicately and lovingly enriched with ornament that the firing operations they have to be submitted to are most difficult to perform, and beset serious

in effective light colours, which many of the other potters aim at producing. Their output is at present mainly absorbed by the distributive co-operative trades. They claim that their cheapest pot is as well and carefully finished as the best porcelain. One of their tea-sets of the more costly kind is decorated with birds in high relief, the feathers modelled in colours and picked out with gold. Mr. Arthur Brownfield, the active and intelligent director of the firm, is an earnest advocate of the profit-sharing system of manufacture.

George Jones, one of the largest potters of the neighbourhood, although not aiming at such distinctly artistic work as is produced by Minton, Copeland, Cauldon, or Moore Bros., yet is very successful in his painted and otherwise decorated "Crescent" china, which is of an almost perfect whiteness and transparency. His glazes absorb the colours, which are always pleasingly soft, and without the crudeness so often observable in our glaze patterns. His principal artist, Charles Birbeck, has brought out some clever flower decorations on their "Melrose" and their "Crescentine" wares, comprising vases, large and small flower pendants and pots. The "Melrose" is distin-



"Morning."
Vase by Copeland.



Centrepiece in pierced China, decorated with hand-painted roses, shaded brown and finished in gold.



Vase and Lamp, with raised Orchids.



Centrepiece in China, supported by Cupids. Louis-Sixteenth style. China. By Messrs. Moore Bros., Longton.

thoughts in the potter's mind as to the ultimate results. Such things have to undergo eight or nine firings; which fact in itself must be enough to make them take advantage of a unique enamelling kiln that minimises such serious risks. At the Cauldon works we had the pleasure of seeing in operation one of the kind, the advantages of which are in every way remarkable. It serves for all classes of painted and decorated pottery. It is on the Furbinger principle, carried out by Herr Winzer. The kiln allows of every particle of carbon to pass into and be consumed in the furnace. We were assured by Messrs. Moore, and by Herr Winzer himself, that the work of an ordinary kiln, which takes from twenty-two to twenty-four hours to come out finished, takes in this one only ninety minutes, and the colours are always perfect. It is to be hoped that when the glost and biscuit ovens of the potteries are likewise made to consume their own smoke, the clear skies of that district will enlighten the "Black Country," not far off, and serve as an example for other smoke-laden manufacturing centres to follow. The Brownfield's Guild Pottery, Limited, are famous for their gold-printed dinner and other ware, done

guished for its brownish yellow with ruby and green tones; the "Crescentine" for its sober blackberry and deep vandyke browns, enlivened here and there with ruby, blue, green, and yellow. They are, however, of a distinctly commercial character. Most of his china goods, dinner, tea, breakfast, and toilet, are made for the American market. We can appreciate the demand of America for English-made pottery, as very little progress has been made there in the manufacture, although it has often been attempted during the last two hundred years.* Their failure has been most apparent in the decorative kind.

Moore Brothers, of Longton, are distinguished for the quality of their China ware and "Art Porcelain," some being in the form of banquet lamps, with beautifully modelled flowers, as, for example, the one shown in illustration above, the orchid (*odontoglossum*), which is in white china. Others are painted, and fired to their natural

* E. J. Barbour, in his "Pottery and Porcelain of the United States," illustrated (Putnam & Sons, Publishers), gives some interesting particulars on this head. The work has recently appeared.

colours, and have an unusually striking and pleasing effect. The vase in the same group is, in the original, finished in this manner; and the *cypræpedium* and *dendrobium* characteristics on the green and brown mossy ground work, touched up with gold, is very realistic. The Louis-Seize centrepiece, supported by Cupids, also in the group, is in white china, a favourite product of this enterprising firm. The other centrepiece is a good example of their pierced china and decorative modelling, in which they excel, as well as in figure work. Their chief artist in this way is R. W. Morris, of considerable repute, not only in the district, but in London, where his work is highly prized. They also employ some clever French and Italian modellers. Their best work in painting is done by Richard Spilsbury. The firm has had several first-class awards at the Australian and American exhibitions.

Minton's, as producers of all kinds of superior pottery, well sustain their world-wide reputation. They have never been excelled by any firm at any time in resourcefulness leading to complete success in new departures of ceramics. There is scarcely a branch of pottery manufacture which they have not made their own. They have been fortunate in securing the services of some of the best ceramic artists of the age. During the years that Mr. Herbert Minton was at the head of the establishment, and also, after him, Mr. Minton Campbell, both during their time, ably assisted by Mr. Arnoux, the Art director (who has now retired in favour of Mr. Jahn), immense progress was made. Some idea of the superior kind of Art objects they are still well able to produce may be formed by a glance at our illustrations. The two dessert plates are examples of Boullemier's painting from original pictures by Angelica Kauffmann. The subjects are 'Love's Motto' and 'Love Caged.' The card-tray, 'Diana Bathing,' painted by the same from the original of Boucher. The artist-painter of china can seldom, like Solon (whose work will presently be referred to), follow an independent course, and keep on year after year, bringing out his own original fancies. Boullemier is not without the gift of design, but was early obliged to yield to copying some of the most noted handlers of the brush and palette. With few exceptions, so far as we have seen, he chooses his subjects with a view to indulging his broad and free, yet delicate, handling. Even in his more rapidly painted groups he invariably preserves

the form, light, and colour correspondingly just to the originals he copies. Some of Moussell's work leave us in doubt whether he has ever been equalled in flower-painting on pottery ware. He is an earnest student of nature, and has had the advantage of an early and varied training in Art, manifest most, perhaps, in the aerial and lineal perspective of his compositions—compositions they must be called, when, besides landscape, well-judged accessories are introduced by him, consisting of still-life and figure, as cleverly executed as the natural growths he delights in rendering with ideal freshness of colour on the pottery ware. Most of his success is due to his out-of-door study.

The pair of vases by Solon are fairly indicative of this capable artist's special *pâte-sur-pâte* work at its best. One represents Cupids captured by the nymph; and the other the nymph captured by Cupids. They tell their own tales so well that it seems superfluous to enter into a description of them. The artistic value of his work is not to be judged by the comparatively high prices some of it realises. Although £1,600 seems a large amount, and a pair of his vases have been sold for that much, yet he has no compeer; and true Art work, such as his, is properly beyond price. Solon's style and motives suggest a well-imbued spirit at times seeking (like one of his Cupids in a sense) to liberate itself from academic—French academic—thralldom; but, before fairly succeeding in its efforts settling back again subdued, as if in the consciousness that the vehicle it works in is too weak for the realisation of its hope. And though there can be no doubt that *pâte-sur-pâte* decoration has unity and agreement of parts under relations of form, light and shade, its essential lack of colour-tones leaves its harmony incomplete, and so far unsatisfying.

Solon's art, though quite distinct in manipulation from carved cameo glass, resembles the white or blue examples of it. But, while his subjects are nearly always better designed, and more earnestly artistic than are to be found on modern examples of this work, the clay slip in which he models can never be made to show when baked and glazed such delicacy of texture and finish as can sculptured glass; and it has the additional advantage that it may be made and wrought out in harmonious colours.

J. M. O'FALLON.



Heilbronn Ware. By Doulton & Co., Burslem.



Studies of Expression.
By Robert Browning, the Elder.

ROBERT BROWNING, THE ELDER, AS A CARICATURIST.

THERE has recently come to light, through the medium of a London auction-room, an interesting collection of sketches by the father of the poet Browning. From a few introductory notes, written in the volume containing the sketches by the artist's brother, Reuben Browning, we may surmise that it was once the intention to publish the series, and that these reminiscences of Robert Browning, the Elder, were to be "submitted to the public in remembrance of his extraordinary talents, good humour, and unworldliness."

A certain popular work of reference states, in a condensed biography of the poet, that "his father, a man of parts, was engaged in the City of London." With his undeniably clever sketches before us, each of which is distinctly a *tour de force*, it is only natural that there should be a desire to ascertain something more concerning their author than is inferred by this crude statement. Happily, I succeeded in securing the necessary information from a paper on the subject of "Robert Browning's Ancestors," which was read by Mr. F. J. Funnivall at the seventy-second meeting of the Browning Society, on February 28th, 1890. From this authoritative source we learn, among other valuable genealogical facts, that the poet's father was the fourth Robert Browning; also that he was a half-creole, and, like his father, went as a clerk into the Bank of England, where, although serving nearly forty years, he attained no higher position than that of Clerk in the Consols Dividend Room. He died on June 14th, 1866,* having had to reside for the last years of his life in Paris to avoid the consequences of a hostile action at law.

According to the testimony of an intimate friend, Robert IV. was "a great favourite, a very good fellow, and an excellent draughtsman after the fashion of Rowlandson. Some of his drawings are still in the Clerks' Library and his friends' hands at the Bank. He was a bit of a poet." His complexion was so dark that when, as a youth, he went out to his creole mother's sugar plantation in St. Kitt's, the beadle of the church at which he put in an appearance ordered him to come away from the white folk with whom he was sitting and take his place among the coloured people. Robert IV. always walked to and from the Bank, and (to his credit be it said) was only once late during his forty years' service. Nor could he be blamed for this isolated case of unpunctuality, as it happened on the morning of the execution of those notorious murderers, the Mannings, when popular excitement was so intense that he was

unable to force his way through the immense crowd that had gathered around Horsemonger Lane Gaol.*

Mr. Reuben Browning's Introductory Notes are prefaced by that familiar quotation from Gray's "Elegy" which commences with the words "Full many a gem of purest ray serene," for he considered that these lines exemplified traits in the character of his "kind-hearted and unworldly Brother," whose "profound intelligence, facetious epigrams, fugitive poems, and pre-eminent good nature seem likely to encounter the fate of the unknown gem of the ocean—the sweet flower of the desert." The artist's keenly-appreciative brother further



Advice to the Poet Goats

"Be sure to drink at least two bottles of port wine every day, and after dinner either ride out in a carriage eight or nine miles or lie down and go to sleep on your sofa."

remarks that "a knowledge of his merits held in affectionate remembrance has created the desire, if possible, to rescue his fair name from such impending obscurity."

* It is worthy of record here that Charles Dickens, who was also present on that memorable occasion, wrote a letter next day to the *Times*, descriptive of what he and others had witnessed, which originated an active agitation against public executions—an agitation that never ceased until a salutary change was effected.

* In Reuben Browning's MS. Notes, December 7th, 1866, is given as the date of his death, in his eighty-fourth year.



One could not know him without being inspired with regard and admiration; yet, of all his acquaintances, how few were cognisant of his intrinsic worth! His talents, like the candle in the language of Scripture, were placed under a bushel, their effulgence being lost through his natural diffidence."

We gather from these reminiscences of a clever and amiable man that "his wonderful store of information might be really compared to an inexhaustible mine. It comprised not merely a thorough scholastic outline of the world, but the critical points of ancient and modern history, the lore of the middle ages, all political combinations and parties, their disruption and consequences; and especially the lives of the poets and painters, concerning whom he ever had to communicate some interesting anecdote not generally known. In short, he was a living encyclopædia. The love of reading attached him by sympathy to books: old books were his delight, and, by his continual search after them, he not only knew all the old bookstalls in

London, but their contents, and if any scarce work were spoken of, he could tell forthwith where a copy of it could be had - nay, he would even describe in what part of the shop it was placed, and the price likely to be asked for it. Thus his own library became his treasure. His books,

however, were confessedly not remarkable for costly binding, but for their rarity or for some interesting remarks he had to make on most of them; and his memory was so good that not unfrequently, when a conversation at his table had reference to any particular subject, has he quietly left the room, and in the dark, from a thousand volumes in his library, brought two or three illustrative of the point under discussion. Old prints were also great favourites with him, of which he had some valuable curiosities, picked up great bargains in his bookstall visitings at trifling prices."

That Robert IV. was an artist of considerable talent is evidenced by the sketches in the album to which, by the kind courtesy of Mr. George Gaffe (the present owner), I have had



access. As Renben Browning truly states, "his caricatures were of so amusing a nature that it is surprising and to be regretted so few of them were made public. Their extraordinary merit" (he continues) "is enhanced by the manner and the rapidity with which they were produced. Generally speaking, they were the work of a moment; at a party, perhaps, where any public or private topic of the day engrossed attention. Forthwith, with slips of paper and pencil at hand, he issued scores of sketches illustrative of the subject, to which his never-failing satire attached some witty explanation, sure to excite the admiration and risible faculties of the company. Those sketches were scarcely ever retained by him, for whoever in the company had them last in hand kept them; thus but comparatively few remained in possession of his family."

There are over sixty sketches in this cherished volume, some of which had been accidentally saved, while a few were borrowed from friends willing to lend them, apparently for the special purpose of publication. The subjects are mostly heads, the first eighteen portraying a series of well-defined physiognomies, each countenance bearing an expression indicating the mental effect of ghosts upon the individual, who is represented as airing his views upon this fascinating subject before a rural audience. These drawings are vigorously executed with pen and ink and the effects introduced with a brush, sometimes in colour, but more frequently in monochrome. They were the immediate result of a conversation upon some ghost story in which Mr. Browning took part in a company of countrymen, and which remained the keynote of the evening's hilarity. Here are represented familiar types of the provincial parson, the landlord, the farmer and his boy, together with other frequenters of the village alehouse; while under each sketch the artist has written the particular remark or opinion (appertaining to doubt, fear, conviction, proof, or conjecture) respecting the existence of "ghosties," as expressed by the person so delineated.

These are followed by another series of pen-sketches, tinted in colours, which were made at the period of the agitation of the Reform Bill in 1832. The artist, being unwell at the time and absent from business, visited his brother Renben, and during his stay the all-absorbing topic of Reform was introduced. Renben casually remarked that he had heard that a recently-produced caricature by his brother had been so much admired that it had found its way to Sir Robert Peel, and consequently he (Renben) was curious to know something concerning it. Robert informed him that it had reference to a pictorial skit upon Lord Brougham's observation in the Upper House: "I have, my Lords, passed the Bill," he anticipating that it virtually must pass. Forthwith, another sketch was made (of which a facsimile is given opposite) in order that his brother might get an idea of the original drawing. The conversation then proceeded on the subject of the difference of opinion between Tories and Whigs on the celebrated 8th of June, 1832, and as various matters in this connection were duly discussed the artist illustrated his remarks by rapidly sketching the leading incidents to which they gave rise. The album now before me contains ten of these highly-amusing productions.

Another picture is an etched reproduction of a sketch, used as the tailpiece, spontaneously executed like the rest, which exhibits the remarkable power of Robert Browning's pencil, as well as the abundance of his extem-



poraneous humour. It is entitled a "Guide to the Public Funds," and the eight figures included in the subject are made to show the successive stages of inebriety, beginning with the first glass, when a sense of quiet enjoyment is depicted on the face of the consumer, and cleverly indicating the successive changes of expression and attitude he assumes until, in the eighth tumbler, the climax is reached—total unconsciousness.

Sundry caricatures (some in colour) follow the above etching; these also include figure subjects, and studies of heads and expressions. The irony suggested by the largest sketch is splendid, for the picture represents a doctor of the old school, in wig and spectacles, giving "Advice *Gratis*" to a poor, down-at-heel patient: "Be sure to drink at least two bottles of port wine every day, and after dinner either ride out in a carriage eight or nine miles, or lie down and go to sleep on your sofa." To which useful and appropriate suggestions the afflicted one humbly replies, "Yes, sir!"

A sketch of 'The Unprotected Female' is caustic in its severity, and if the original at all resembled the ugly, pock-marked creature here portrayed, the lady would not often have occasion to fear such unpleasant familiarity on the part of the opposite sex as that indicated by the legend written under the drawing: "Pray, fellow! what do you mean by following me in this manner? I wish, sir, if you have nothing to say to me, you would just take another direction." To which the person addressed replies: "Madam! I humbly beg your pardon, but the fact is I'm a caricaturist by profession, and your face is a treasure to me!"

Other sketches, not enumerated here, abundantly prove that the artist possessed more than a superficial knowledge of human anatomy. Indeed, this is vouched for by his grandson, Mr. Robert Barrett Browning (himself an artist of considerable repute), who, in a letter testifying to the authenticity of the sketches, writes:—"My grandfather used to draw generally in the evening for the

amusement of friends and young people, of whom he was particularly fond. These drawings were produced with extraordinary rapidity, and to realize this one must have seen them done: the table would be covered with them in a very short time! He never studied Art, but drew for simple amusement up to the last days of his life; heads and figures generally, using old pencil-ends and scraps of paper—even pebbles on the seashore! He never pretended to be an artist, although he knew all the

bones and muscles of the human body, their form as well as their names, by heart. He was fond of drawing skeletons and skulls."

Taken as a whole, these humorous productions of Robert Browning the Elder may be rightly considered valuable not only by reason of their personal associations, but as an interesting contribution to the art of the caricaturist.

F. G. KITTON.



'FORGING THE ANCHOR.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A., IN THE COLLECTION OF GEO. MCCULLOCH, ESQ.

JUST at present, the opinions of the æsthetic world are very much divided upon the question, whether or not the Newlyn Art colony has served as the birthplace of a creed which is destined to rank among the historical beliefs that have, from time to time, guided the progress of Art. The sympathetic observer regards the movement which has originated there as the result of a kind of revelation. The unconvinced scoffer treats the colony with levity and loads it with abuse. Between these two extremes, there is a good deal of reasonably balanced opinion, which is prepared to accept the Newlyn beliefs and methods as valuable and sufficiently helpful in the general scheme of artistic advance.

All shades of conviction agree, however, in acceptance of certain artists who have chosen to identify themselves with the Cornish schools. Only a few of the most extreme opponents of the Newlyn influence would deny to Mr. Stanhope Forbes, for instance, a place among the most prominent of the younger artists of the present day. He is, without doubt, the centre and rallying point of the colony; but his reputation is very far from being a local one, and depends upon details which have no connection with the politics of Art. Popularity has come to him because he has painted subjects, one after another, which appeal to the sympathies and sentiments of large sections of the public. Professional recognition has been accorded him because he has, in the school of technicalities to which he has attached himself, reached

a position of conspicuous mastery, and has produced a succession of canvases which have deserved the attention even of artists who disapprove of the tenets of his particular sect.

Among these canvases one of the most successful is the one we reproduce. In 'Forging the Anchor' Mr. Stanhope Forbes has hit upon a subject of peculiar attractiveness. Technically the picture, with its careful study of variously coloured lights falling at unexpected angles and illuminating out-of-the-way corners, with its vigorous rendering of action and movement, and with its effective grouping and balance, is sufficiently remarkable to arrest the attention of every student of the unexpected; while its touch of symbolism and its suggestion of sea life and of those nautical interests which are always dear to the British mind, give it also the sentimental atmosphere which is one of the surest contributors to success. In any case, success has always attended this picture. It was exhibited in the Academy in 1892, the year after the artist was elected an Associate; it was shown at the Salon des Champs-Élysées, and would there have been acquired by the French Government had it been for sale; it was awarded a first-class medal at Chicago; and was one of the chief attractions at the "Newlyn Exhibition" at Nottingham. It has, in a word, had a great part in establishing the reputation of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and has made him known all over the world.

PASSING EVENTS.

A TIME of war having always proved more productive of fine art than a time of peace, we may confidently look forward to fresh developments of the Fine Arts in these stirring times. Subjects alone are more plentiful in periods of action, and whether we think of Dr. Jameson in the Transvaal, the expedition to Ashanti, the terrible Armenian atrocities, or the rather ridiculous Venezuelan difficulty, the opportunities for pictorial composition are sufficiently ample.

At home, the chief matters of interest have been the opening of the Old Masters' Exhibition, and of the New Gallery, and the unexpected elevation of the President to the peerage. This being the first time an artist has been created a lord, the earliest impression given by the information was one of slight surprise, and even of disfavour. The line of knights, from Sir Joshua downwards, is broken by the new peer, while the familiar words Sir Frederic Leighton vanish for ever.

Lord Leighton, as we understand the President's new title is to be, has been honoured both in person and for the great distinction Art and artists have achieved during the present generation. Like Lord Tennyson, Lord Leighton's new dignity will soon become familiar, and no more fitting recipient for the honour has been known in the roll of English artists. In every way Lord Leighton fills his position with dignity and with grace, and, like the whole artistic world, we hope that his health, so long impaired, but now happily mending, will permit him to remain in the Presidential chair for many years to come.

Our drawing by Mr. G. R. Aylmer, a young and almost unknown artist, expresses in a humorous—but we hope becoming—way, the interesting incident. Accompanied by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who has declined state honours more than once, and by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., R.A., the President of the Royal Academy proceeds on his lordly way.

The Council of the Royal Academy has, it is said, been discussing with animation the question of a retrospective Exhibition, as advocated in THE ART JOURNAL in the beginning of last year. Council meetings being private, it is impossible to tell what has taken place, but from the Old Masters' Exhibition of 1896 it is evident that divided opinions prevail. For the first time the French School has been admitted in a body to the walls of the Royal Academy. Doubtless Claudes and Poussins, and Watteaus have previously been hung in Burlington House, but never before has the Barbizon School been shown by the Academy.

The collection of French pictures was absolutely inadequate, but the small end of the wedge has been inserted, and although it is very thin, it is enough. During the Critics' day, the French room always contained more Art writers than the others, and these critics were wise in their generation, for no better "copy" can be found

to interest the artistic public. Many who were there knew that the Danbigny 'Moonlight' (46), now exhibited with honour, is the identical canvas hung over a doorway in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1866. Yet even thirty years ago this great painter was not without his admirers, for at that time Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A., then an enthusiastic young Associate, purchased the picture, and it is now worth at least ten times what he paid for it.

But notwithstanding this fine picture, Danbigny is not properly represented in the collection. His fame rests on his sylvan river views, as Corot's does on his feathery trees in open daylight, yet neither of these are exhibited, nor is there any Troyon of ordinary importance. These omissions are strange, for it ought to have been within the power of the Royal Academy to find characteristic examples of the artists they profess to honour. A Frenchman, knowing his country's artistic glories, and being told the collection was set forth as a true representation of French Art, might feel constrained to mutter to himself the two objectionable words Frenchmen are too apt to apply to those living within the white walls of Albion.

Some other time the English public may be glad to see Lord Leighton's own examples of these painters. Four of the finest Corots in this country, far surpassing anything in the present Academy, and one fine Daubigny, form part of the president's private collection of pictures. The finest Corot, perhaps, in the world is now hanging in a private house within five minutes' walk of Charing Cross, and within a few miles of the same centre there are at least a score of Barbizon pictures far excelling those chosen for exhibition at Burlington House.

At the end of January the Royal Academy will proceed to elect two Associates and two honorary foreign Academicians. For the Associates, as landscape Art requires strengthening in the Academy, the choice lies between Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Adrian Stokes, and, perhaps, but this is very unlikely, Mr. Peppercorn or Mr. Leslie Thomson. For figure painters, Mr. J. H. Lorimer and Mr. E. A. Abbey occupy the first rank artistically, but they are little known personally to those who elect, so that Mr. S. J. Solomon, the Hon. John Collier, or Mr. Shannon stand a fair chance.

For foreign Academicians the difficulties are much greater, as very few foreigners send pictures to London. The Dutch artist, Josef Israels, will almost certainly be chosen. For the other, a Frenchman, as successor to Meissonier, will probably be elected, and M. Edouard Detaille, that military painter's pupil, and actual President of the Society of Artists exhibiting in the Salon Champs-Élysées, would be the most fitting. But M. Carolus Duran, M. Puvis de Chavannes, M. Dagnan-Bouveret, M. Jules Breton, and Herr Adolf Menzel will have some supporters. M. Bouguereau will be nominated, but he is not likely to be elected.

THE EDITOR.



Summer. By Walter Crane.

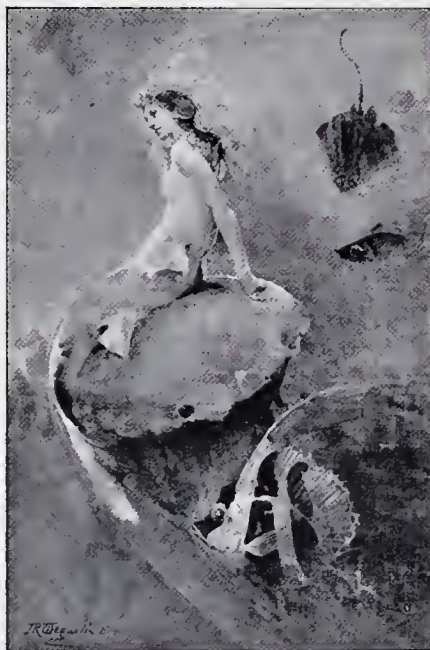
RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

THE New English Art Club finds space for nothing which does not express its aggregate convictions, and that does not help to make the particular show in which it appears more thoroughly representative and characteristic. There is, in a word, no padding, no filling up of corners and spaces near the ceiling with nondescript canvases, whose chief merit lies in the fact that the shape and size of their frames have made them useful to piece in as parts of the puzzle.

The fifteenth exhibition of the club, which occupied the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, recently illustrated even better than those which had preceded it these fundamental principles of arrangement and management. There was nothing presented which deserved to be overlooked because it was commonplace or without definite intention. Perhaps the intention might have been considered better in some cases than the realisation; in others the desire to avoid commonplace had certainly led the artist over the border line between subtlety of suggestion and unintelligibility;

but these deficiencies were of comparative unimportance, when balanced against the aggregate gain in artistic value and technical interest, which was the eminently welcome return from these excursions into unconvention.

It is quite conceivable that such a picture as Mr. P. Wilson Steer's figure of a girl, 'Firelight,' described by an appropriate quotation, would irritate any one who failed to appreciate the thoroughly artistic motive which led to its creation. It offered no concession to popular beliefs; if anything, it went out of its way somewhat to startle the old-fashioned, and to surprise the worshippers of tradition. Yet it was a perfectly legitimate study of an effect, a rendering of light and shade and colour. It was observed with judgment, and handled with vigour and directness; and the deep harmony of the hues resulting from the artificial lighting was admirably recorded. Certain archaisms of posing, and the character of the technical method employed, gave the picture some peculiarity, but to any one prepared to bestow serious consideration upon



Mermaid's Ride.
By J. R. Waguetin.

the work, as a whole, this very peculiarity appealed as evidence of the individuality of the artist. Of his flexibility and adaptability no better proof could be wished than that afforded by another of Mr. Steer's pictures in the same exhibition, a landscape, 'The Waterfall.' This was a peculiarly happy realisation of a brightly-lighted river subject, of the glitter of sunlight on a rocky cliff, crowned with bushy foliage, and reflected in a pool, fed by a small stream falling over the lower ledge of rocks. By way, perhaps, of contrast, Mr. Steer's third contribution to the gallery, a 'Portrait of Mr. J. Harvard Thomas,' was painted in flat tones, and handled broadly and simply.

Something of the same simplicity and dignity distinguished Mr. C. W. Furse's portrait of the late Master of Selwyn College, but this work, able as it was, offended by a suggestion of unreality. Subdued to the verge of colourlessness, it was hardly more than a study in relative tones of black and white; while in its handling it lacked the vivacity of Mr. Steer's canvas. Mr. George Thomson, who, in hygone exhibitions, had affected the same lowness of tone, made this time a successful divergence into the realms of colour, and gave, in his 'Portrait of Robert O. Sickert, Esq.,' a thoroughly well-balanced rendering of the subtleties of a delicate complexion and bright-coloured hair.

The chief strength of this show, however, was in its landscapes. In addition to Mr. Steer's 'Waterfall,' some excellent work of this class was contributed by Mr. Moffatt Lindner, Mr. H. B. Brabazon, Mr. Francis Bate, and Professor Brown. Mr. Lindner's 'Moonrise,' over the sea, with a suggestion of the Isle of Wight in the distance, was extraordinarily subtle in its gradations; and Mr. Brabazon's 'Val d'Aosta,' 'Vesuvius from Capri,' and 'Autumn on the Marne,' water colours painted with that happy audacity and freedom of hand which always characterize his landscape studies, had even more than his usual suffusion of light and delicacy of atmospheric colour. In colour, too, lay much of the attractiveness of Professor Brown's 'Ruined Castle,' (illustrated on p. 62) a subject well suited to the definite, solid, and direct method of the artist. The composition of lines and masses, the distribution of light and shade, the sunny brilliancy of the strongly-illuminated buildings and sloping banks, gave to this small canvas much of the quality and power typical of the paintings of the Norwich

School; and this kinship was further suggested by the brushwork. Mr. Bates' two landscapes were a curious contrast. One, 'The Weeping Ash,' was a closely observed study of detail, an exacting piece of painting, and difficult to treat pictorially; the other, 'Over the Whispering Wheat,' illustrated overleaf, was a stretch of distance, an arrangement of lines and planes, and a combination of contrasting colours. Each was handled in the way best suited to its subject: the first one elaborately and minutely, the second sketchily and openly, and with particular consideration for the claims to attention of the sky and distant hill, over the less significant foreground. Two contributions to the exhibition which made their presence felt were Mr. Edward Stott's silvery study of the back of a nude child, and Mr. Rothenstein's portrait-sketch of Mr. Swinburne.



Firelight.
By P. Wilson Steer.

The centenary exhibition of lithography, held in the galleries at the Champ de Mars, Paris, was very far from being successful. Superficially and from the catalogue the collection appeared to be fairly complete, but artistic perception and general knowledge was found wanting on every side. All the common lithographs of the past hundred years, the mechanical reproductions of old pictures, the half-indecent sketches of Gavarni and others, found places of honour, but examples of the real worth of lithography, found only in the portfolios *intimes* of the best artists, were either unknown or ignored. One of the most wonderful series of lithography ever made was a large number drawn by Corot about forty years ago. To the connoisseur these lithographs are well known,

and they are still for sale in Arras by the descendants of Corot's friend, Dutilleux, by whom they were published. Not one of these brilliant pieces was to be found at the Champ de Mars, but the advertisements of the soap makers could be found in abundance. The English section was perhaps the most unworthy of all. Prepared, according to the official catalogue, by "M. Leighton, directeur de l'Académie Royale de Londres"—think of the President's feelings on finding his baronetcy—as his rank then was—unknown, and his presidentship ignored—there were 130 pieces exhibited, many of them scraps of the weakest order. A few of the earlier lithographs after Lawrence, and by Roberts and Harding, lent historic interest to the collection, but the exhibits of the men of to-day were very poor, except in the case of Mr. Whistler.

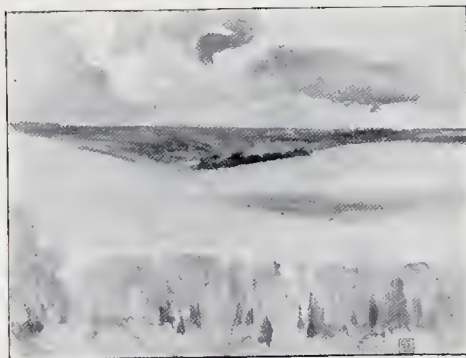


Ruined Castle.
By Professor Fred. Brown.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

If the exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours are judged by the standards which are accepted to-day as being the best against which all kinds of Art production can be measured, it must be admitted that the Gallery in Pall Mall East contains periodically an unnecessary amount of work which cannot fairly be said to have any real warrant for existence. The show of drawings which is this winter open there to the inspection of the curious includes much that appears out of date and old-fashioned, a survival from the yesterday which the very rapid course of events in the Art world has made to seem a quite dim and distant age.

In the present exhibition the chief source of weakness is in the comparative absence of studies of the figure, and of paintings in which the figure is treated with any other motive than a purely incidental one. One of the few exceptions to this rule of omission is Mr. Walter Crane's 'Summer' (illustrated on page 60), a graceful piece of decoration entirely characteristic of his curiously learned art. The figure of the maiden, lightly draped



"Over the Whispering Wheat."
By F. Bates.

in diaphanous white robes, who lies outstretched among the marguerites with which the foreground of the picture is filled, is less robust and fully developed than is usual in representations of the season of full bloom; and her attitude is not so much one of rejoicing in the strength of youth, as one of languor and exhaustion; but these deficiencies are compensated for by technical beauties, by charm of design and delicacy of colour, and by the individuality of manner which gives to Mr. Crane's work a place by itself.

A more definitely fanciful drawing is shown by Mr. J. R. Weguelin. His 'Mermaid's Ride' (see page 60) is the only work which he has on view in the gallery, but it is one which shows to advantage his feeling for graceful line, and his gift of dainty invention. His mermaid, seated on a jelly-fish, and surrounded with quaint funny monstrosities, is a delightful combination of subtle curves and delicate flesh tints, and she is painted with just the right touch needed to give form to such pretty imaginings. Close by hangs a study of an effect, Mr. Lionel Smythes' 'Burning Weeds,' which is more original in treatment than in choice of subject.

Most interesting, however, of all the contributions to the gallery, are the studies by Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Mr. Herkomer. The 'Study of a Head for the Virgin,' by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, has all his finest



The Great South Window, Tintern.
By F. H. Worsley-Benison (see page 45).

qualities of exquisite line drawing and refined modelling; and his 'Portrait,' a drawing in pencil, has remarkable beauty and very definite character; but in both the faults of facial proportion, the curious misplacement of some of the features, and the exaggeration of certain peculiarities

of expression which seem to be irremediable defects in the artist's style, appear in a marked manner. There is more robustness and more absolute accuracy in Mr. Herkomer's bold charcoal study for the head of 'Daphne,' which he painted in water colour in 1894. The physical type is large and healthy, developed amply and massively, and is perhaps somewhat over solid to represent the timid nymph who shrank in such alarm from the advances of Apollo. As a drawing of a fine model, however, as an example of sincere and honest use of materials, and as an instance of the amalgamation of realism with a classic suggestion, this study is remarkably instructive.

MESSRS. AGNEW'S GALLERY.

Twenty masterpieces by masters of the British School were collected lately in Messrs. Agnew's Gallery. Small as was the number of pictures exhibited, the show was, nevertheless, made one of the first importance by the unusually high quality of the works which had been brought together. Four paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, two each by Romney, Constable, Turner, Hoppner, and Gainsborough, three by Morland, and others by Raeburn, John Crome, and G. Vincent, made an interesting group. The examples of Reynolds included his 'Lady Ormonde and Child' (here illustrated), a composition as remarkable for grace of line as for mellow and harmonious colour; 'Lady Caroline Price,' a superb half-length of a lady with powdered hair, and wearing a black silk bodice with a white muslin fichu, set against a crimson background; his 'Boy Reading'; and 'Frances, wife of the first Baron Sondes.' Romney was



Mrs. Gwynn.
By Hoppner.

represented by 'Lady Mary Sullivan,' and by a study of a pretty face, 'Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Tickell.' Gainsborough's 'Market Cart' was the more remarkable of the two canvases which had been selected as representative of his powers, for the second one, a large painting of 'The Countess of Sussex and her Daughter,' was hardly the best work from his hand that might have been found. Hoppner's 'Mrs. Gwynn,' in a white dress and against a landscape background, was one of the most adequate illustrations possible of an artist who was on occasions well worthy of the place he held among the more prominent portraitists of the last century; it is illustrated above. An early Constable, 'A Cornfield—Valley of the Stour,' by its exquisite luminosity and quality of atmosphere, by its straightforward painting and delicate colour, far surpassed the more important 'Crossing the Ford' by the same artist, which also had a place in the gallery. Of the two Turners, 'The Nore,' and 'Helvoetsluys,' the former was a more than ordinarily excellent example of the great impressionist. The exhibition was held for the benefit of The Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

At the Goupil Gallery thirty-four pictures by Mr. William Padgett were shown just before Christmas. They were of some value because their tendency was all in the direction of romanticism of the best kind.

The picture illustrated on page 4 and referred to on page 21 was by error ascribed to E. de Blaas in place of C. C. Van Haanen, the well-known and greatly appreciated Venetian painter.



Lady Ormonde and Child.
By Sir Joshua Reynolds.



Cooling.
From "Photograms of '95."

NOTES ON RECENT ART BOOKS.

THE unique gift the Duc d'Aumale has consecrated to the French nation at Chantilly is worthy of a history of the most minute kind. "LA PEINTURE À CHANTILLY—ÉCOLES ÉTRANGÈRES," by F. A. Gruyer (Plon, Nourrit, Paris), deals only with a portion of the artistic treasures, but it is to be followed by an equally important volume later, on the French school alone. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of this important publication, for although the aquatint illustrations are not altogether satisfactory, they are well printed and give some idea of the contents of the chateau so many Englishmen pass, without thought, on their way between the French and English capitals. M. Gruyer is no theorist wedded to one school. He has the acumen to discover the good in every manner of painting, and his work is a monument of industrious impartiality, coupled with great knowledge.

The record of the best photographic work of the year has been concentrated in the pretty volume styled "PHOTOGRAMS OF '95" (Dawbarn & Ward), and written with considerable grasp of the subject. The eighty illustrations are from the cameras of the best workers in England, America, the Continent, and India, and they are printed with uncommon clearness for London presses, although not superior to the productions of other countries. The unnecessary self-advertisement of the preface and "Rearwords" smacks too much of the Yankee to be welcomed by more reticent Britishers, but no doubt this provincialism will have worn away by the time the second annual volume is ready.

It is regrettable that a writer so well qualified to employ his time in the delineation of the great artists whose lives are still unwritten should have occupied himself in preparing the lengthy volume, "THE LIFE OF JOSEPH WOLF" (Longmans). Mr. A. H. Palmer explains that he has executed the work as a labour of love, and while we must admire his loyalty to our old friend, it cannot but be felt that a book one-fourth of the size would have sufficiently covered the ground. Mr. Wolf, a German by birth and early training, is an animal delineator of a past generation; his pictures belong to the second quarter of the century at the latest, and his greatest efforts leave us now quite untouched.

A clever, cynical man is often a disagreeable person, and never more so than when he is telling the exact truth. Mr. C. D. Gibson is certainly clever and frequently cynical, and although one cannot but admire the talent, one rather dreads the cynicism. In his series of "DRAWINGS" (John Lane), this Franco-American Society draughtsman goes out of his way to take a lower type of Englishman to contrast him with an altogether exceptional type of cultivated American woman. Mr. Gibson further satirises matrimonial alliances in a way more harmful than 'Les Tenailles,' and altogether his drawings leave an unpleasant flavour with the spectator. Yet Mr. Gibson is a great artist, observant, occasionally humorous, and always able to grasp the salient features of his subject; not yet so able as Mr. du Maurier, whom he evidently greatly admires, but when he has lost his sense of strangeness in Society, he will probably be able to take as high a position.

Sarre's (Friedrich) "DIE BERLINER GOLDSCHMIEDE ZUNST" (Berlin: Stargardt). We have pleasure in welcoming a handsome volume which reminds one of the issues of the Italian or French press. Mr. F. Sarre has evidently spared no trouble in collecting particulars of the various stamps, and of the management of the Berlin Goldsmiths' Office, and his history which he gives us of the guild is of much interest. The plates in the volume, which are very satisfactorily produced, show many rare examples of the goldsmith's art, and also present to us the portraits of many leaders of the craft. Kossman's (K.) "DIE BAUERNHAUSER IM BADISCHEN SCHWARZWALD" (Berlin: W. Ernst & Sohn) is of rather awkward size, but is one which should prove of interest and usefulness to any architect at work on mountain dwellings. It contains no fewer than one hundred and eight woodcuts (printed in the letterpress) and five copperplates, in which are many carefully-drawn elevations and sections with examples of picturesque châteaux, such as are lived in by the peasants of the Baden Black Forest.

"THE YEAR'S ART, 1896" (Virtue) contains all the usual mass of details useful alike to the artist, the amateur, and the fine-art dealer. The special feature for this year is a series of portraits of Lady Artists.



Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title, located below the illustration.





Headpiece. By Miss E. M. Dobbin.

THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.*

"I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death." . . .

ONE of the jewels of Mr. McCulloch's collection, and one of the most remarkable pictures that French Art has given us during the last decade, is assuredly M. Dagnan-Bonveret's 'Dans la Forêt,' first seen by the public in 1893 at the Salon of the Champ de Mars, and here presented in etching by M. H. Manesse. The motive is one so simple, so broadly human in its unforced truth and pathos, that even the pitiless enemy of the "subject" proper will scarcely venture to anathematize it as an anecdote.

In the clearing of a wood in some region of northern France a small company of labourers—wood-cutters, we may guess—have settled themselves for rest and their midday meal, some on the ground, some on the felled tree-trunks, while the yoked oxen wait patiently, as happy in repose as their masters. Sturdy youth, grave manhood, and green old age are all represented among the woodcutters and peasants; and fresh maidenhood, too, in the young girl who, in her basket, now empty, has brought food to the party.

In the midst stands erect the rustic Orpheus, holding his fiddle as one who knows how to use it, and playing, we may infer with something like certainty from the movement of his bow, some broad, solemn strain, some old-world tune which holds his audience rapt in ecstasy. He, the musician, is of slighter, finer build than his hearers; perhaps, as his dark eyes and his musical skill would betoken, with a strain of gipsy blood. There is something, too, of the artist, of the Bohemian, in the picturesqueness of the dress, with its big boots, slouched hat, and loosely knotted scarf. He is as earnest, as solemn, as any hero of the bow among all the famous executants the recollection of whose magic sends a thrill through the veins; but he is more simple than they, less conscious of his public. His gaze, though it seems to be directed without, has that suggestion of inner self-contemplation of which this French master, beyond any other, possesses the secret. For the moment

he is out of the world and in his own enchanted land, and thither, moreover, he has transported his simple audience. If not the skill of Orpheus, he possesses something of his soul; and those "iron tears" which the notes of the Thracian bard drew down Pluto's cheek may soon flow from the eyes of these hard, weather-tanned children of the soil. Something grips us at the throat as we gaze, something for a moment dims our eyes—perhaps because the scene is so well within the modesty of nature, because it shows an oasis of restful calm and happiness between two arid deserts, a gleam of sunshine between two glooms. But no; let false shame restrain us! The mocker is in waiting, ready to pursue with whip of scorn the luckless interpreter who should venture to see more in paint than just merely paint; who should be betrayed into expressing a sentimental weakness for something outside the charmed circle of "Art for Art," something which malevolence might even—*horresco referens*—construe as a "subject"!

It is just because this is neither a particularised anecdote, underlined with a forced humour or a forced pathos, nor a scene depicting one of the inevitable tragedies of human life, nor again an incident drawn from the drama of the stage, that its power to move is so enduring. These sorrowful climaxes of human life will always exercise their spell even over the most unwilling, just because they are so obvious; but that spell once exercised loses three-parts of its power. There will always be a public for the hyper-sentimental death scenes and funerals of Frank Holl; or, to take the highest examples of the particular category with which we are dealing, for those solemn, misty interiors in which Josef Israel's loves to show the life of the aged flickering with a faint and dwindling flame. Still less easy is it to resist the emotion called up by that most powerful example of the doubtful class to which it belongs, the 'Madness of Inigo van der Goes,' in which Emile Wauters depicts the great painter of Flanders as, distraught, with hot, scorched eyes, he sits listening to the fresh, sturdy young choristers, who pour sweet music into his ears, and, little by little, soothe his troubled spirit into a momentary oblivion.

But here, in this seemingly simple rustic scene depicted by M. Dagnan-Bonveret, we have pathos of a

* Continued from page 40.

higher kind. He realises, with the vision of the painter, as well as the intuition of the spirit finely attuned, a mood which enwraps and brings for one moment into unity the soul of these simple beings, all irresistibly drawn towards the same centre, all held together, while the spell lasts, by the same invisible yet gently compelling bond of sympathy.

Let us an instant pause and look aside at one of the pontiffs of what, for want of a better word, we must still call the higher Impressionism—we mean M. Degas. One may concede ungrudging admiration to his wonderful skill, to his unconventional grace, to his inventiveness, to the power shown in assimilating the *imprévu* and some of the higher qualities of Japanese pictorial art. Yet must one not regret that the life-work of so consummate an artist should consist mainly of these deathly presentations of phthisical dancers in all the agonies of their preparatory gymnastics, supplemented as they have been by the repulsive studies of disrobed citizenesses at their ablutions, with which, in later times, he has relieved the bitterness of his spirit—revelling in his curious ideal upside-down?

It is not alone that such things are ugly, or would be, did not the magic of M. Degas's art in a sense beautify them; for this would matter little, if they were typical and representative. But they are literally and figuratively the mere holes and corners, the dusty nooks of existence, and, as such, not worth the pains bestowed upon them. Unless, indeed, we look upon them as merely pictorial exercises, and we will not do an artist of this calibre the injustice to take that view.

All who are interested in modern Art will remember the storm raised by his intensely powerful 'Absinthe' at the Grafton Gallery a few years ago.* What made it so remarkable, so significant a work, was not alone the artist's singular power of unexaggerated, trenchant statement, disdainful alike of unnecessary pictorial bravura and dramatic over-emphasis—for these qualities it has in common with many of M. Degas's finer performances. It was just that muted note of human sympathy, that widening out of what might otherwise have been a commonplace realistic motive, which gave the picture its permanent value and a true justification.

Subject for subject—sinking for the moment questions of technique and school—the expression of a mood of the human spirit, and of a mood all-penetrating such as this; or the vast, synthetic expression of man in the essential relation which binds him to his mother earth, as it occupied Jean-François Millet; must assuredly be better worth the achievement than the subjects or no-subjects in which M. Degas and his worshippers assert their sovereign disdain for the thing depicted, apart from the method of depicting it.

And now to examine M. Dagnan-Bouveret's picture a little more closely as a picture. The illumination is the evenly diffused, clear light of a fair yet not quite a bright northern day, without anything in the way of chiaroscuro to give artificial point to it. The scene is a *plein-air* of the type first perfected by Bastien-Lepage; for M. Dagnan-Bouveret, though in his beginnings a pupil of M. Gérôme, is in the ultimate and definitive development of his style the artistic child of the ill-fated peasant painter of Damvillers. Like those of Bastien-Lepage, his pictures, though they are painted with the strictest attention to the atmospheric environment both of figures and landscape, suffer somewhat in their general aspect from his attention to the particular, from his passion for depicting not only man in his natural framework of nature, but

each individual man with his own physical and mental individuality. What the artist gains in one direction by this rare intuition of his for what is individual in character and emotion by the patient skill with which he elaborates each physiognomy, each human entity as a separate whole, he necessarily loses in another. This way of working out his canvases sometimes freezes them into a certain immobility. His art is essentially an art of portraiture, though it is penetrated by the truest sympathy, and ennobled by a measure of the true imaginative quality. Thus it must necessarily lack the rhythmic swing, the pulsating life arrested on the canvas, which marks those great generalised presentations of peasant life in their proper frame that Millet gives us.

This applies even more strongly to the most characteristic productions of Bastien-Lepage than it does to those of his gifted follower. If he paints a 'Potato Harvest' or 'Peasants in the Hay' he must needs give us, in every detail of physiognomy and costume, the particular peasant girls whom he has watched at this particular work, or, again, the particular ungainly couple whom he has seen lying, regardless of academic propriety, with muscles all relaxed, in the silver of the new-mown hay. In one way, no doubt, we are in such a fashion brought nearer to the thing depicted. It is seen and portrayed with matchless truth—both outer and inner—in its own proper *milieu*. Still, what is thus achieved is a portrayal with certain well-defined limitations, and not a representation with a wider scope and a higher suggestiveness, leaving both mind and eye something to do by way of completion from themselves.

In such a picture as 'Dans la Forêt,' however, the true ideality, the true comprehensiveness, of the central motive—the suggestion of a mood of man under the magic spell of music—broadens and transmutes the conception, notwithstanding the portrait-like character of the art which is brought to bear on its realisation. It might very fairly be alleged, in criticism of the picture, that this elaborate thinking and working out of each separate figure by itself detracts a little from the spontaneity and the dramatic power of the whole, chilling and arresting its movement. But, then—M. Dagnan-Bouveret might not less legitimately reply—there is, there must be, in the enjoyment of music a certain abandonment of self to the spell of the moment. It is good to feel sympathies at one's side at such a time, and music can but rarely be enjoyed to the full in absolute solitariness. But yet it can only be enjoyed with an entire self-concentration, through the atmosphere of which only the one all-subduing influence can directly penetrate.

It would hardly be possible to imagine a greater contrast to M. Dagnan-Bouveret's canvas than is presented by another of the most important works in the McCulloch collection, the 'Propos galants' of M. Ferdinand Roybet. This was first seen in 1893, at the Salon of the Champs-Élysées, where it appeared in company with a canvas of exceptionally vast dimensions, 'Charles le Téméraire at Nesles,' from the same hand. M. Roybet had, up to that time, been known as a painter of costume genre pictures, unusually splendid in colour, notwithstanding a certain blackness in the shadows, and more spontaneously romantic in their rendering of stage-dramatic incidents than the similar works of Meissonnier, though not comparable to them in mastery of subject or elaboration of detail. All at once, at a comparatively late period in his career, M. Roybet surprised those most familiar with his art by the enlargement of his method, here evidenced—an enlargement, let it be remembered, not only of dimensions, but of style and technique. The

* Illustrated in THE ART JOURNAL for 1894, page 206.



1895. - 1895. - 1895.

"Propos galants."
By Ferdinand Roybet.

'Charles le Téméraire' was a confused scene of massacre and sacrilege in a vast Gothic church, which failed to convince, notwithstanding the power and richness of much of the execution. The horrors left the beholder unmoved, because the artist had not had the true painter's vision of his gruesome drama, which, to be pictorially interesting, called for the romantic passion of a Delacroix.

The 'Propos galants' met with a much more genuine success, both from the painters and the public, and carried off the crowning honour of the *Médaille d'Honneur*. The accompanying illustration speaks for itself so clearly, that hardly any addition, in the way of verbal description, need be made to it. The subject, though it is certainly not a direct imitation of any one Netherlandist master of the seventeenth century, has a strong flavour of that time and those regions. The male partner in the flirtation is a not particularly well-washed trumpeter, whose clarion and slouched hat are suggestive of Terborch, but whose variegated coat might, on the other hand, have come from Eastern Europe. The Dulcinea, who, "all amorous, billing and cooing," meets his advances half-way, as she sits plucking fowls, is like Don Quixote's worshipped damsel, of coarse and substantial build; if not fair, she is certainly fat and forty. Exception has sometimes been taken to the Zolaesque frankness of the conception, to the kind of *joie de vivre* of the least idealised type which the artist has infused into it. We ourselves could have freely pardoned a still more outspoken realism, had this frankness been more real, this joyousness less conscious of the gallery, this exuberance more truly spontaneous. The amorous trumpeter—so sadly in want of two of the elements, air and water—is capital, both in expression and gesture; but the lady of the massive charms—be she cook or way-side hostess—smiles with too set and painful a grin to take in any one but her gross admirer.

Yet how mild and void of offence all this appears when we turn from M. Roybet's neo-Flemish piece to an example of the real thing, like that tremendous 'Kermesse' of Rubens in the Louvre. This is saved, all the same, from a merely bestial grossness by the frenzied passion which, notwithstanding its unmitigated realism, raises it to absolute grandeur. We seem to be looking on at some rites of unbridled nature-worship, as on a Greek frieze or vase, and no more stay to consider the scene from the standpoint of a commonplace nineteenth-century propriety than we do when we gaze at a Bacchanal of the same irresistible master, or at that great 'Worship of Venus' of his in the Vienna Gallery.

The excellence of M. Roybet's picture lies in the breadth, simplicity, and legitimate mastery of the execution, which is just what our neighbours describe as *bonne peinture*—painting rich, firm, and full of savour. It is good painting, which reminds the beholder not so much of any particular phase of the modern French school, as of just that art of the Netherlands which its subject calls up. The brush-work, in its certainty and brilliancy, gives evidence of a close study of Frans Hals, that master of the brush *par excellence*, who, in depicting the animal joyousness of the human being, seen exclusively from the physical side, has never yet known a rival. There is much in the mood, too, that recalls Rubens's gifted follower, the unabashed Jordaens. The Dulcinea is a lineal descendant of his nymphs, his female fauns, his Flemish *mères de famille*, dames, and maidens. Look at it as he may, the critic cannot but perceive that he is in the presence of a work in which M. Roybet has risen to unwonted heights as an executant. The painter has certainly not equalled it in any previous production of his long and well-furnished career, and he has as certainly not given a companion to it since.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

COLLECTING JAPANESE ART TREASURES.

"IT has been with justice said," says M. Gonse, "that works in lac are the most perfect objects which ever issued from the hands of man; at the very least they are the most delicate. These productions have been for long

ages, and still are, the glory of the Japanese. It is a national industry which is peculiar to them, and in respect to which they owe nothing to any one. The singularity of the processes, the finish of the workmanship, the beauty and price of the materials, constitute lac a thing by itself in the artistic manifestations of the Far East. The lacs of Japan enjoy

universal celebrity; they are the most exquisite cabinet objects which can delight the eye of a collector."

Japanese art, however, has only in quite recent times acquired its rights of nationality among us, and is hardly yet fully inscribed in the Art records of Europe, and though we possess now the larger outline of its history and the description of some of its masterpieces, a large field, as I have elsewhere pointed out, remains open to connoisseurs who should employ themselves in the pleasant task of defining the individuality, the temperament and the style of its masters. Holbein,



Kneeling Warrior. Lacquered Statuette.
By Ritsuo. (No. 1.)



Pottery Statuette of a Warrior. (No. 2.)

Palissy, Benvenuto-Cellini, are names which raise in our mind the thought of clearly classified periods and known manner. On the other hand, except for a very small number of experts, the name of a Japanese artist does not recall the idea of an epoch, a style, or a personal genius. Although Japanese art is the oldest on record, it was for us born yesterday. Nevertheless there are certain personalities so great that, even amongst the general students, they carry with them the perfume of an artistic period or of a whole branch of decorative invention. In a study of the works of Ritsuo which I published a few years ago in France I endeavoured to pay a tribute to the high genius of this artist — sculptor, ceramist, lacquister, and painter; and I should like to attempt to draw to his distinctly Japanese personality the attention of Art connoisseurs in England.

The lacs of Ritsuo are from his own designs, while most of the artists in lac, except Korin, habitually worked from designs painted by pictorial artists more or less celebrated; or reproduced from well-known celebrated drawings of traditional renown and admitted popularity. The lacs of Ritsuo frequently have encrusted on them decorations in relief, in faïence, ivory, pearl, tortoise-shell, metal, and gilded wood. It is work of very original and artistic effect. Like a true artist he made little account of the precious metals, except for tone and colour, and produced the most striking decoration with materials which had no intrinsic value and owed everything to their merits.

He thus struck out altogether a new style. He sacrificed nothing to effeminate beauty. In the finely lacquered figure of the kneeling warrior blowing his war conch, which I illustrate from my collection (No. 1), are manifest strange vigour, great force in modelling, and a grandiose effect in a minusculous statuette. The same qualities are observable in the pottery statuette of a similar warrior (No. 2). The cabinet from the collection of one of the Tokugawas (No. 3) shows him in all his strength and simplicity as a decorative artist. It shows also the delicate working of his lacs, his science of composition, and his profound knowledge of his material. His decorative

elements, a dried salmon hanging, a demon of drink by the sea-shore, and a cock in proper colours, are not such as the ordinary artist would select, and at first are almost disconcerting in their simplicity and strangeness to a European observer. But out of these strangely and capriciously selected decorative motives he has produced a masterpiece which has long been one of the wonders of Japan.

The circumstances under which I obtained it are sufficiently amusing and characteristic to deserve a note of reminiscence. When I first visited Japan my reputation as a collector in Europe had unfortunately gone

before me. My lectures at the Society of Arts had been translated, and were being much read among the Japanese, and a government order had been issued to open for me the temple treasures, even those not usually shown except on ceremonial occasions to royal visitors, and the curio dealers were on the look-out, and had been led to anticipate a golden harvest. One of the great dealers resident at Kioto had announced, without any truth or justification, that I had purchased £20,000 worth of his objects of Art. This was a bait for the unwary, and had to be contradicted. Another dealer had followed me from town to town asking for an audience, and sending collections after me. I had always refused

to see them for good reasons of my own, but on reaching Kioto the second time I consented to pay him a visit. I explained to him that my reason for declining his attentions hitherto had been that I had seen many objects which he had sent to Europe, that the large proportion of them were obvious fabrications, and that as I did not wish that my visit to Japan should be attended with any disagreeable incidents, so I had declined to have any dealings with him. He assured me, however, that he could not be responsible for all that his agents might have done or for misrepresentations made, but as a man of his wealth and great position such attempts at deception in Japan were out of the question. He pledged himself only to put before me objects of genuine and ancient Art, of which he guaranteed the authenticity.



Lacquer Cabinet. By Ritsuo. (No. 3.)

After a rapid survey of his very extensive possessions, ancient and modern, which occupied a whole morning, I asked him to send to the room, which I had set aside for the purpose in the hotel, some fifty or sixty pieces, altogether about £5,000 in value, some of which, if they were proved to be the genuine work of the masters to whom he assigned them, I should be disposed to acquire. After three or four days' careful study of this fine and attractive series of objects, I came to the conclusion that hardly any of them were genuine. In order, however, to fortify and correct my own judgment, I telegraphed to Tokio to Mr. Wakai, of whom it may be said that he is the most accomplished Art expert in Japan. In the end, the only piece which we were able to determine as genuinely authentic was this fine cabinet.

Subsequently the Kioto dealer presented himself. I had requested a high government official to be present in order that I might more effectually remonstrate on the enormity of his proceedings. A very long and carefully interpreted conversation took place, in which the most severe reproaches were met only with the utmost politeness and ingenious excuses. The conversation terminated

as follows: "Say to Mr. Hart, if you please, that ancient objects, very few; buyers very many; my eyes very bad." This may serve as a warning to the unwary buyer that he must trust his own judgment, and that many pitfalls await those who put their faith too strongly in the dealer. Much observation and a cultivated taste are the only safe-

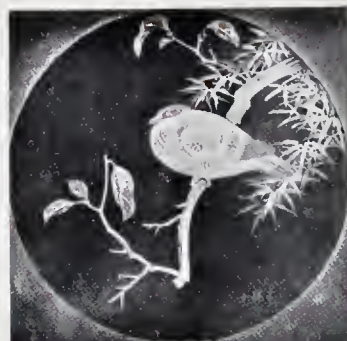


Sword-guard. By Ritsuo.
Lacquered and Encrusted with Shells
and Mother-of-Pearl. (No. 4.)

guards. The forging of names on works of Art is not a legal offence in Japan.

The sword-guard here illustrated (No. 4) is one which was made by Ritsuo jointly with his Daimio, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship, and offered as a votive offering in the temple. It is a fine specimen of inventive and fanciful work.

In direct contrast with the school of Ritsuo is that of the school of Kajikawa, remarkable, as an artist in lac, for the delicacy and luxuriant finish of his pictorial effect, and for the richness and beauty of his gold. The variety of tone of gold, the gradations of colour and artistic effect, produced in richly gilded lacs, in which neither time, nor cost, nor labour was spared, were the special gifts of Kajikawa - Kujiro (Kajikawa the first), and became a tradition with the ablest of his successors. This polished gold lac of the Kajikawas was a kind of lac which made heavy requirements on time, talent, and conscience. Hence Kujiro and his successors were always the artists of the court of the Tokugawas, ranking in this line with the Kanos in painting and the Gotos as metal workers. The panel here illustrated (No. 5) is from the interior of a writing-box by the first Kajikawa. It shows a pigeon on a bough. In the original the delicate shades of colour are exquisitely true to nature. The perfectly modelled and finely chased feathering of the breast, heightened with glistening gold, is a masterpiece of colour tones.



A Pigeon in Gold and Tinted Lacs,
Interior Decoration of a Writing-Box.
By Kajikawa. (No. 5.)

days by land from Russia. But this note of luxury in golden decoration belongs to the later periods of the art of the Shoguns, and though wholly in accordance with European taste, does not perfectly accord with the earlier canons of Japanese decoration.

This same transition of a severe and simple decoration to more elaborate tone colours and gilding is noticeable in all the phases and materials of Japanese decorative art, and may well serve as the key to the determination of periods and schools in the study of any specimens. Thus in porcelain I may take a variety of porcelain which is the rarest and the most highly esteemed in the whole gamut of Japanese ceramics, the Satsuma. That which we know as Satsuma most commonly in England is indeed not the product of Satsuma artists at all, but is the work of the potters of modern times of Tokio and Kioto. It is worth while to study the history of Satsuma if only to trace the origin, apogee, and descent of the ceramics of Japan. The modern so-called Satsuma is for the most part a cream-coloured ware intermediate between porcelain and hard stone-ware. It has a beautiful polychromatic decoration: rich, abundant, and elaborate gilding, and is profusely decorated with figures of saints and heroes and mythical personages. I have gone through a great number of collections in this country and abroad of so-called Satsuma, and it may safely be said that there is very little of the real Satsuma-Yake amongst them. "One may safely say that no European or American collection is deemed complete unless it contains a piece of this ware, and we are inclined to add—though few will be disposed to believe it—that western collectors rarely possess a really representative specimen. It is quite true that pottery of a brilliantly decorative

It is less gorgeous than the life-sized group (No. 6) of herons, which are worked wholly in gold and are standing on a malachite rock, for malachite and fossil ivory were among the few products which reached Japan in pre-commercial



Herons in Gold Lac, on Rock of Malachite.
By Kajikawa. (No. 6.)

and at the same time artistic character has been exported in considerable quantities to Europe and America during the past ten years, under the name of old Satsuma, but I have no hesitation in stating that in most essentials this showy ware differs completely from the beautiful faience so highly prized by Japanese connoisseurs. If it be admitted that first-class specimens of ancient Chinese celadon bear some comparison with the jade which they were designed to imitate, there will be no risk

of exaggeration in asserting that the Satsuma ware of bygone times can scarcely at first sight be distinguished from ivory." These are the words of Captain Brinkley, of Tokio. I entirely endorse them.

The cabinet of Satsuma (No. 7) from my collection, illustrated here, contains so far as I know the only complete series of the Satsuma-Yaki from the earliest to the latest periods in Europe. In a note on the history of Satsuma which I furnished to Mr. Kataoka for a paper which he read some years since in London on the collec-

tion shown at the Loan Exhibition at the Fine Art Society, I pointed out that an old Japanese writer called Chado Sentei says that old Satsuma was made by special desire of Yenshiu, who created, in the time of Rikin, the special fashions of pottery for the tea ceremony (Cho-no-yn). It must, however, always be remembered that the earlier Japanese writers had a superstitious reverence for antiquity, and always



A Cabinet of Old Satsuma Ware. (No. 7.)

unbroken chain by Japanese collectors, and a few Europeans, begins with the time when, in 1598, Shimazu Yoshihiro, a daimio of Satsuma, returned from the invasion of the Corea, and brought with him upwards of a hundred Corean workmen of various sorts, among whom were a few skilled potters. The workmen brought over not only their materials, but also their implements, and commenced the manufacture of pottery on the Corean system. As to Corean models, former fallacies are now exploded. We now know that the taste of the Coreans was rough and primitive, and that Corean pottery is of a rude and archaic character; and it is tolerably certain that all the early ware made at Satsuma by these potters, corresponding more or less to the Corean taste, was of the same primitive and archaic type. So much for the earliest Satsuma.

The next information which we have of an authentic kind concerning the progress of Satsuma dates from the middle of the seventeenth century, when Mitsuhsa, Prince of Satsuma, about the year 1670, having established a private factory for his own pleasure, invited a celebrated painter Tangen, a pupil of the illustrious Tanyu, to assist in the decoration of the ware which he produced. Now, Tanyu was an artist who belonged to what is known in Japan as the School of Kano, and he introduced a style of decoration in Satsuma which forms quite a separate period in the history of this "princely

strove to find some early traditional history, going back far beyond anything that authentic records can justify. According to Yenshiu there were then made at Satsuma gourd-shaped pots thickly covered with lustrous glaze, resembling probably those which were made at Osomi. These, however, bore no relation to the subsequent products of Satsuma which interest Europeans at the present day. The characteristic work of Satsuma, of which specimens are possessed in an



A Cock and Hen, In Old Bishu Ware. (No. 8.)



A Ninsei Ware Cup, shaped as a Crab. (No. 9.)

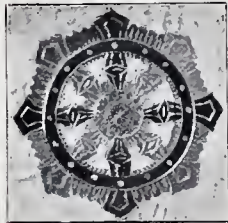


An Owl in Beaten-iron.
By Miochin. (No. 10)

altogether or to have fallen upon bad times, for it produced but few specimens, and of these little is known. Towards the end of the eighteenth century (about 1750), however, Prince Akhira of Satsuma (also called Yeyo) resumed his family's patronage of the factory and brought its products to a high pitch of perfection, and the great protection which he gave was continued by his successors. It was then that the factory began to produce its really artistic and finest products.

The distinguishing character of the specimens produced at this time is the density and hardness of the clay. It is as dense as stoneware, and almost as hard as porcelain. It is usually of a fine copper-red colour, or, as Brinkley calls it, "an iron-red colour." And these should always be examined along the lower edge of the rim, at the base of each piece, where, from its position in the kiln, it is left uncovered with glaze, and the texture and density of the clay, its colour, and quality can be discovered. It is only by the study in the first instance of the colour, density, and quality of the clay here uncovered that the amateur can begin to discern the true character of old Satsuma.

In quite recent times the glories of the old Satsuma period are renewed rather than continued by Maizan of Osaka. The cottage on the top shelf of my cabinet is by Maizan, and elsewhere I have some beautiful specimens of modern Satsuma, decorated by Maizan, with clouds of butterflies, and others with exquisitely delicate miniature paintings of chrysanthemums, which are worthy of the best days of the early artists. They may be compared in decoration with the fine specimen on the bottom shelf in ivory crackle of Hotei carrying his bag upon his head. That and the large statuette in ivory crackle of the Sage Fukurokuju are among the finest specimens of old Satsuma ever seen. I owe the finer specimens in this collection to a great many



Temple Embroidery.
From Nikko. (No. 11.)

factory." Up to this date the Corean impulse had been followed, and the old Japanese traditions of the Chanoyu school. Tangen, as an artist, applied, during the brief period of his connection with this factory, free-hand drawing decoration, and he painted a certain number of pieces with figures and figure-subjects copied in motive and in style from the Kake-monos (hanging pictures) of the Kauo School. He seems particularly to have affected the decoration of pieces of Satsuma made with a yellow glaze. When Prince Mitsuhsida died, the daimio factory of Satsuma appears either

to have ceased working

differeent sources, spread over many years, but a large proportion of them were obtained either from private collections through the kind intervention of Mr. Wakai, or from the private collection of Maizan himself under interesting circumstances which I love to recall. I was staying in Osaka, and had assigned to me the government interpreter and official secretary to assist in my Art studies. Of course we visited Maizan in his atelier. We found him a delightful example of the Japanese artist worker of the fine old school of simple life and single-minded devotion to his art. My wife soon made friends with Maizan's wife. Both Maizan and his wife were Christians. We spent many happy days with them, watching their beautiful processes, their interesting home life, and the exquisite work done in their atelier. In the course of those days Maizan from time to time showed me with great pride the pieces of old Satsuma of high quality and authentic character which he had been able to collect for his private study, and as his treasured possessions. One day I ventured to ask whether he would be willing to part with them; to which, however, he gave a courteously regretful but very decided negative.

I mentioned this to my official friends, and expressed my very great regret, and asked whether it were possible to induce him to oblige me with a few specimens. There was much talk over this without result. But just as I was leaving, the secretary of the Prefecture represented to Maizan that, although it had taken him ten years to collect these pieces for himself, I had but a few weeks left to spend in Japan, and he would have all the coming years in which, from time to time, he could make fresh acquisitions as opportunity might serve, however rarely, and that it was a pity that some of these beautiful works of the old masters should not be seen in Europe. Maizan said nothing positive, one way or the other, but his wife was evidently much distressed.

In the evening there came to the hotel the majority of his collection, which are now in my cabinet, with a charming letter expressing the difficulty which he had had to persuade himself to part with objects of ancient interest which he so much loved and had acquired with so much difficulty, but his wife had persuaded him that it was part of his duty to share what he possessed with others, and the greater the treasure the greater the beauty of sacrifice. When I saw him next morning, I vainly endeavoured to induce him to name a price for them. He meant them as a present. At last I persuaded him to turn up his note-books for the last ten years, and to see what they had cost him, and this and this only was what he would accept for them. I subsequently sent him a collection of fine specimens of our modern European china as a pleasant souvenir of his act of grace and of my gratitude. The whole incident was highly characteristic of the best school of Japanese gentlemen, and was one of the most pleasing reminiscences of my visit to Japan, and the recollection of it adds to the pleasure with which I, from time to time, look at this cabinet.

I could go on gossiping at length of this branch of Japanese art, but without preface or description I will only illustrate here the Owl in beaten-iron, by Miochin (No. 10), the Temple Embroidery from Nikko (No. 11), the group of birds on a rock (No. 8), which are fine specimens of the naturalistic style of the Seto potters of Japan, and the dish (No. 9) shaped as a crab, which is one of the few attainable authentic specimens of the work of Ninsei, sculptured with a knife from the solid, and showing his characteristic decoration.

ERNEST HART.



Frederic Leighton. First Baron Leighton. July 27 1896.

FREDERIC,
FIRST BARON LEIGHTON OF STRETTON,
President of the Royal Academy,
1830—1896.

'Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.'

Frederic Leighton





*Springtime. From the Picture by J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A.,
In the possession of Dr. Mackay, Edinburgh.*

J. LAWTON WINGATE, R.S.A.

THE attraction London possesses for Scots, especially talented ones, has often called forth remark. 'Tis said that whenever a Scotsman's work, be it book or picture, is received with favour in the Southern capital, he takes the earliest opportunity of following it there, and the statement, though exaggerated, contains sufficient truth to give it point. And the inducements, in art at least, are obvious; not only is there a larger public to appeal to, but it seems impossible to achieve even a British reputation unless one exhibits in the London galleries. As for a European one, that must be made in Paris. Even residence at a distance from these centres delays recognition of talent, though, happily, it may not finally prevent it. For these and other reasons, which need not be alluded to, migration to London has set in, and Scotland has thus been deprived of many talented artists. The new environment appears to have stimulated figure painters of the stamp of Orchardson and Pettie, particularly in the direction of finer and more accomplished draughtsmanship, but one is not quite sure of its influence for good on the landscape men. Whatever the cause, although far less widely known and popularly esteemed than some of those who have settled in London, the most poetic Scottish landscapists have, for the most part, lived and painted at home. It is to consideration of the art of one of the most gifted of these that this paper is devoted.

Fifty years ago James Lawton Wingate was born in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and in that city seven or eight years of his life, after leaving school, were spent in a merchant's office. His spare hours, however, were employed in drawing and painting, and at the age of twenty, Mr. Wingate was able to devote himself entirely to the art he loved. In 1864 he exhibited his first picture in the Glasgow Institute, and three years later, he spent six months in Italy. It was during this Italian sojourn that Wingate commenced to paint out-of-doors, his work previously having been executed principally in water-

colour from elaborate pencil drawings made on the spot. All this time he had had little or no technical instruction,



*The Orra Corner. From the Picture by J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A.,
In the possession of W. Philipps, Esq., Edinburgh.*

but about 1872 he suddenly bethought himself that it would be wise to learn his trade, and, removing to Edinburgh, he became a student in the antique school conducted by the Board of Manufactures. When a man has reached the age Mr. Wingate had (he was then twenty-six) it cannot be expected that he will ever gain the surety and facility of draughtsmanship attainable in youth; but the Royal Scottish Academy's life class to which he was admitted in the following year was a stimulating influence then, Chalmers and McTaggart being visitors, and Wingate gained much from it.

The evolution of Mr. Wingate's style has been constant and consistent, one petal has unfolded after another, and at present the flower is in full bloom. At first the growth was

exceeding slow, for several years there was little apparent, one elaborate picture succeeding another; the artistic nature of the man was still encased within a chrysalis of excessive conscientiousness. Nearly all great painters have been actuated in the beginning of their careers by this profound respect for the material of nature, and this they never lose, although in the course of years they enter into its spirit more and more and express the emotion produced rather than the material facts which create it. The desultory nature of Mr. Wingate's training has, to a certain extent, crippled his power of expression, and, in consequence, detracts from the artistic beauty of his pictures, while it seems to render work on a large scale difficult to him. It may be true that training alone never yet made an artist, but it is equally certain that, given valid talent, proper apprenticeship to an art gives the power necessary to state the result of insight and feeling in adequate and satisfactory terms. But if fine painting is a fine thing, art is much more than technique: it is an affair of seeing and feeling too. As well say that life is a matter of manners alone, as that art is merely manual dexterity.

If, in figure work, it is hard to forgive feeble and faulty drawing, one is less exacting in landscape,

and Wingate's, although lacking profound knowledge and constructive power, has yet the charm of suggestion. What his drawing really misses is style. He seems to observe the form of things carefully, and to be quite alive to charm of characterisation; but his rendering in the matter of line is without distinction. His sense of composition, too, is not very strong.

Hung beside a good Corot, the finest thing Wingate has done might seem wanting in beauty of arrangement and grace of line; it would not be perfectly pictorial, for the severe yet passionate melody of line and mass, which mark the masters of design, is not his. It is for lack of these very two qualities that Mr. Wingate's work suffers so much in reproduction.

When a picture depends principally for

its effect on masterly drawing and grand composition, on contrast and relation of mass and rhythmic play of line, it loses less in being reduced to black and white than one whose chief charm resides in colour and handling. The delicate play of brushwork, the subtle modulation of colour—the qualities in painting kindred to turns of expression and inflection in speech—withdrawn, the emotional value of a picture of this kind is often destroyed. So Wingate can only be fairly judged from the pictures themselves, and before them one is not so much inclined to criticise as to enjoy.

Mr. Wingate often attains, in his smaller and more spontaneous canvases, a quality of surface and a suggestiveness of handling of peculiar charm, but not their least merit, in an age possessed by a thirst for facts, is the art motive underlying all. His colour possesses the peculiar fascination which comes of pervading grey through which brilliant hues glow subdued, yet not extinguished. This is the charm of ambient atmosphere, and in Art implies the presence of values, which in Wingate's case would seem to be the result of unconscious sensitiveness to the subtle gradation of nature, rather than to the precise and almost scientific analysis, which mark it in work of



*Wanderers. From the Picture by J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A.,
In the possession of Mr. McLeod, Glasgow.*



J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A.

the Bastien-Lepage type. But there is more than bare values in Wingate's pictures, they have also the romantic element of chiaroscuro. These are qualities which are very difficult to write about, for they are of the very essence of pictorial conception, and when an idea is perfectly fitted to the chosen medium of expression, it is all but impossible to convert it into another form without losing its fragrance and beauty.

When one turns from consideration of Mr. Wingate's means of expression to the matter expressed, there is little but praise to bestow. At first sight it appears as if his art were peculiarly fitted to find ready acceptance with the public. It demands little artistic knowledge for its understanding, while the sentiments and subjects it deals with suggest common ground for all. On further consideration, however, one finds that his feeling for nature is too subtle and deep to be widely appreciated. The popular painter is he who paints the pretty and the obvious, and sees nature as the vulgar do; not he who, through greater appreciation of beauty and more refined and penetrating perception, sees into the life of things. But if Wingate's art cannot be really

has a more beautiful vision of the world been given than that revealed in his pictures. His landscapes bring us close in touch with that poetry of earth, which Keats assures us is never dead, and if one loves nature well they must assuredly awaken a responsive thrill. They are reminiscent of all times and all seasons, but most of hours when winds are soft and nature smiles. They breathe of country lanes and smilt fields, of dewy pastures and twilight valleys, of quivering leaves, and hay or hawthorn scented breezes. To the majority of men, consigned by fate to toil in stony cities, communion with nature, and the content and joy it brings, are seldom granted, but if they may not often meet her face to face, pictures such as these, drowned in her spirit, bring her very near.

Mr. Wingate's art reaches its culmination in his sunset pictures. In a homelier but not less real sense than Turner, Corot, and Whistler, he is a chosen priest at the shrine of dying day. It is not the evening which flames, and burns, and glows on Turner's magnificent canvases, nor the lovely grace, the voiceless yet perfect melody of the day which dies beyond the stream, behind the trees, in



Quoits. From the Picture by J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A.

popular, these elements ensure it a wider audience than art merit alone could. It charms the artist, and delights the lover of nature. In much Scottish landscape-painting topographical interest counts for a great deal, but his depends solely on emotional and æsthetic charm, on beauty of sentiment and expression. In an attitude like this the subject is of far less importance than the conditions under which it is seen, and Mr. Wingate has the happy knack of seizing the fortunate moment, when the forces of nature combine to produce a beautiful and memorable effect. To few men

the enchanted land where Corot dreamt, nor that ominous and pregnant hour, when twilight is conquered by the night, which haunts one at memory of Whistler's nocturnes, that has inspired Wingate, but the glamour of gloaming falling on pasture, copse, or hillside, and hushing all things to sleep in our own northern land. 'Tis the midtime between the glory and the dark that he loves; the hour hallowed to Scottish poetry by Kilmeny's return. Here he touches many a chord, the clear solemn glow of winter twilights, the wan flush that closes days which herald "The wa'gaun o' Winter," the serene calm

of golden sunsets, or the rich quiet of afterglows which follow the splendour of autumn sun-downs. Sometimes the colour in his daylight pictures is slightly dusty, as if it had come with difficulty, and in repeated paintings lost its first freshness, but in those twilights it is almost always beautiful, and never more so than when he paints a harmony in grey and gold with bronzen notes. The same appropriateness, a fitness born of a certain habit of thought, which distinguishes the introduction of incident into the landscape of these masters, is present in that of Wingate. Beneath the painted pageantry of Turner's skies 'The Fighting Téméraire' is tugged to her last berth, Ulysses derides Polyphemus, or Leander swims to his doom; Corot peoples his fairy landscape with sprite and nymph; under the transfiguring influence of darkness the figures in Whistler's night pieces become dim, shadowy, phantom-like; and in Wingate's

pastorals we have the plough turning on the headrig, reapers in the harvest fields, or the cattle coming home. By comparing Wingate with these great masters one does not imply that he is their equal, but to have thought of them together is in every way to his credit, and sufficient proof of his worth. Sight of a poor landscape does not suggest Corot, nor does reading "The Epic of Hades" recall "Paradise Lost." It is difference of kind, not of degree, which forms the insuperable barrier between good art and bad. Contrasting the dominant characteristic of Wingate's feeling for nature with that of some of his



The Wreck of the Wood.
The Diploma Picture of J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A.



Summer Evening.
By J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A.

highest as well as the most useful function of art is not the creation of the fanciful and the far off, but the revelation of the meaning and beauty in the commonplace. The former may drug our senses for a while, but the latter once revealed is ours for ever. Besides, while it is good to have ambitions and to cherish the highest ideals, in art it is far better to do a little thing well than attempt much and fail. The artists who have accomplished something and added to the world's stock of beauty have respected the possibilities of the material they worked with, and recognised the limitations of their gifts. Wingate in painting what he knows and loves best, has done so too: he has produced beauty, and beauty is the end of art.

JAMES L. CAW.

fellow-countrymen, one might describe Thomson's as the mingling of historic association with natural beauty, McTaggart's as lyric rapture and elemental force, Walton's as intense appreciation of exuberant life, Roche's romance, Wintour's as passion, and Wingate's as tenderness and reverie.

A brother Academician once remarked that Wingate was too easily satisfied in the matter of subject, and never painted the grand or the exceptional. It is true, but not as a reproach. The grand and elemental do not appeal to him; he does not delight in mountains; pathless woods do not charm him; he has never felt the fascination of the sea; but the beauty he distils from simple and everyday things is wonderful. As to the exceptional it seems to me that the



THE
FIRST CATARACT.*

WITH DRAWINGS BY THE
AUTHOR.

OUR men pull hard. The boat glides along with a slight rustling sound at the bows, cutting the current on a slant.

The pilot squatting down, his chin on a level with his knees, congealed, as it were, in his rigid attitude of god Canope, maintains the immobility of a statue. His hand on the tiller, his neck strained, his features drawn, he looks before him over our heads, searching the river. With an imperious motion of the hand, he has made one of us, who had risen to get a better view, resume his seat.

We shoot along with a rapidity that increases every second, always bearing to the right, pointing to a line of rocks. All at once a passage opens between the reefs, and the river is engulfed with an impetuosity all the greater as the ground suddenly sinks in a very pronounced incline. Swelling into one long single wave, immovable in its colossal convexity, the liquid sheet rolls onward with a deadened growl, fringed with foam, between two lines of rocks that grasp it and cast it back with prodigious eddies.

At the entrance to the fall the craft, mastered by the current, has abruptly pivoted, making a half turn to the right; then, thrown forward with irresistible violence, has descended with giddy speed. Below it has dug its prow into the froth of the eddies and whirlpools, has risen and resumed its equilibrium. Our men have shouted their triple hurrah! and the boat borne along by the waters has gone off again, turning madly amidst the multitude of reefs.

The descent, notwithstanding its bewildering rapidity, was performed without the least shock. We simply experienced that slightly depressing sensation which you feel when descending in a swing.

One has passed like a flash amidst the tumult of the fall, and has barely been able to distinguish anything. There remains the souvenir of a confused vision, of enormous rocks that one has grazed, of great crevices through which one caught sight of other accumulations of stone, bits of beach, bushes, with always as background the dull rampart of Arabian mountains or the sparkling curtain of Libyan sands.

* Concluded from page 10.

Our course continues accelerated or abated according to the intensity of the current or the caprice of the narrow channel, describing complicated loops, broken by sharp bends amidst the masses of granite, sandstone, and basalt.

There, on a small patch of sand, rounding off between great, smooth bulging rocks, is a white *Koubah* in the shade of a tamarisk, quite close to a group of palus surrounded by a low, circular, mud wall. A fisherman's boat lies fastened to the strand. Three or four urchins have cast themselves into the water at our approach astride trunks of palm-trees watching for us to pass. The boat arrives like a dart, passes them, flies away, leaving them far behind us. They have barely had time to avoid the prow which, had it touched them, would certainly have split their skulls. For an instant we see them maintaining their position as well as they are able on their slender raft, waving their skinny arms; one hears the faint echo of their shrill voices demanding *bagsheesh* and at a curve we lose sight of them.

We are in a second rapid.

"Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Thank you. Very good."

There; we have cleared it. Besides, it is much less important than the first.

Our boatmen row with ferocious energy. They rise up rigid as strained bows, with loins firmly fixed, chests expanded, adding the weight of their bodies to the violent effort of their arms, the muscles of which start out fit to burst. Perspiration pearls on their accentuated features.

From time to time the boy dips an old sardine box in the river and they quaff long draughts in turn.

They have momentarily ceased their chaunt, which they will resume when the rapids have been passed. Now, each time they raise the oars, a despairing appeal to Allah, a sonorous exclamation in a deep bass tone bursts out, vibrating with a painful intonation, scanning whilst regulating the ensemble of their movements: *Allah-y-al-Allah!* The pilot, attentive and grave, manoeuvres the tiller with singular precision.

The clumsy oars with ends worn away, grown thinner by use, preserve absolute inflexibility when beating the water. At each pull they are heard to crack and the



Descending the First Rapid.
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

longitudinal slits along their blades gape and become a little larger. A simple bit of unravelled cord holds them to the tholes.

Amidst these breakers, these currents, these eddies, dashing against each other, contriving one another in every sense, a false stroke, an oar breaking, a hesitation of the pilot, an imperceptible deviation in the course would have sufficed to have made our boat go and smash itself against the rocks.

We navigate in an unheard-of labyrinth of rocks with sudden and unforeseen changes of direction, darting towards the north, then returning to the south, next moving round to the east, to go westward or northward a moment afterwards, and so on. Sometimes the gilded Libyan chain presents itself in front of us, then, all at once, the luminous veil fades away and the greyish tones, attenuated by the distance of the Arabian Mountains, are before us. All at once the land of Libya appears on the left, jumps to the right, then vanishes, to give place to the rugged flanks of the Arabian spurs. And the unseizable effects, the fugitive transformations, the constant surprises to the eye are produced indefinitely, troubling your imagination, besetting your thought.

These sudden variations of scenery, these apparently unreal *chassé-croisés* of perspectives changing every second, absolutely disconcert you, and momentarily one loses all notion of orientation. In this sort of game of pass in the corner we perform the part of the bewildered and unsteady cat.

The only very clear sensation experienced is that of knowing one is being borne along by an irresistible current in a narrow channel encased between overturned blocks, walls of smooth cracked stone, black islets, bristling rocks.

And all that, like an army of phantoms of colossal

proportions, floats, undulates, mixes together, is torn asunder, melting into a grey flying mass, pierced here and there by a luminous speck of distance, lit up from below, in a false light by the livid reflex of the waters. It is an impetuous race that seems disorderly, but which is really conducted with consummate prudence by a pilot understanding the treachery of the river thoroughly and a crew trained to his service, accustomed a long time to the dangers of the perilous navigation.

Around us is naught but heaps of rocks. Some extend in tortuous, low lines, resembling immense Sanrians asleep on the surface of the water; others piled up in ponderous walls of granite of rosy crimson or cherry red, sometimes of ultramarine blue tinted with mauve shades, arise like impregnable fortifications drawn up by supernatural beings. Limestone crumbling at the summit displays its sides seamed with parallel furrows—erosions produced by the waters. Next to them comes red, wrinkled sandstone sparkling with tiny bits of mica.

And these cyclopean stones of terrible aspect in their strange and threatening groups, sometimes overhanging the river, are broken, split, ploughed with deep gashes. Great blocks half asunder like gaping wounds, remind one of mighty sword-cuts that had separated them, sinking an abyss between their two disconnected parts.

Here and there in a recess, on a ribbon of soil, appears a solitary palm-tree, a euphorbia, a bush of some sort; and, around narrow borders of silt, are slender reeds with stalks as fine as needles waving in the wind, and speckled with golden yellow or scarlet spots—the corollas of wild flowers.

Then, in small bays, bizarre creeks curiously shaped out, one sees boats, triangular rafts made of reeds. Women, draped in black, come to draw water at the river bank. Children are playing on the fine sandy shore,



*The End of the First Cataract at Assouan.
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbeard.*

men extended in the sun are sleeping there close to others standing upright looking, lean dogs wander to and fro. At the top of the bank are hovels of mud and straw, brown tents, stacked bundles of sorgho. Farther on one perceives strips of cultivated land, bits of miniature gardens surrounded by low walls of stones.

But the whole scene has been so rapidly unrolled, has so quickly disappeared from view, that the eye, attracted in so many different directions by this series of consecutive impressions, incessantly on the move, has hardly been able to define anything in the *ensemble*, or to note a few characteristic features.

We are at the bottom of the last rapid. The Nile begins to enlarge and follows closely the foot of the lofty grey Arabian chain. An escarped isle displays the rugged profile of its crests on our right. Its base is meagrely overspread with scanty vegetation, a Doum palm-tree comes out in silhouette at one of the points. A fellah manoeuvres the pails of his *chadouf* near a *sakieh* at rest.

After a bend that the Nile makes towards the west a strip of cultivated ground appears, a curtain of palms, acacias, sycamores separating the Arabian chain from the river. There, a little farther on, on the same bank, is a village with its minaret standing out against a clump of trees. Women descend to the Nile supporting heavy jars on their shoulders, buffaloes come to quench their thirst and remain hurried up to their necks in the water. Loaded camels are kneeling on the bank, Arabs trot along on donkeys, shepherds are pushing flocks of black goats before them. The isle extends more rugged and naked.

The river now all at once expands into an immense lake, as white as resplendent silver, strewn as far as one can see with an infinite number of rocks, of jagged blackish isles, bushy islands, sand banks, strips of soil where squares of barley, beds of lupine vegetate beside a few palm-trees. Boats move through the confusing meander, fishermen cast in their lines, haul up their nets, and aquatic birds, disturbed, dart away at one flight.

Here the Arabian mountains reach as far as the river, dull, naked, bristling with steep peaks plunging perpendicularly into the waters. Very far away on the opposite side the slopes of Libyan sands and limestone arise sunny and sterile. To the north, in the extreme distance, advances a spur of the Libyan chain, the mountain of Assouan blocking the horizon and towering above the town.

Our boatmen have assumed a more gentle demeanor. They merrily accompany the singer who is playing on his flute some most extravagant fantasias.

We reach the island of Elephantina, preceded by its group of rocks as massive and round as the back of a hippopotamus. At this spot the Nile suddenly becomes extremely narrow. We graze the great blocks of the Arabian shore, crowned by an old ruin of Gothic aspect. In the hays opening between the enormous advancing rocks, craft at anchor are breaking bulk, fellahs are bathing, women are gossiping seated beside their water-jars.

On rounding a point the houses of Assouan peep out, then the view expands, and at the moment we are passing the Nilomètre all the town appears to us at once spreading over the side of the mountain amongst clusters of acacias, nopals, sycamores. Here, between the white houses, is its minaret whiter still, against a group of palms, its stone quays shaded by lofty date-palms, its European hotels recently erected, then the port very lively with its fleets of steamers and boats.

The pilot moves the tiller, we slant off towards the left, and a minute afterwards we hail our dahabieb, at anchor with a dozen others along the sandbank running parallel to the island of Elephantina, opposite Assouan.

"Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Thank you. Very good," yell our boatmen in a formidable chorus by way of thanks for the hagsheesh they receive. Then, exhausted and happy, they seize their oars, strike up their joyful song, cross the river and go and anchor at the Quay of Assouan.

GEO. MONTBARD.









*Elizabethan Frieze.
Designed by W. Scott-Morton.*

TYNECASTLE TAPESTRY AT THE ALBERT WORKS, EDINBURGH.



*A Tynecastle
Mosaic Panel.*

THAT a city so beautiful as Edinburgh should manufacture beautiful things is obviously satisfactory, and in striking contrast with the more usual order of things. But why a rich and artistic wall-hanging, made from materials equally available at any other place, should have been developed and brought to its present perfection there, can be explained easily. Mr. Scott-Morton, its inventor, who still directs the production of the Tynecastle tapestry, is an architect who lived in London from 1860 to 1871, and is again amongst us. From 1871 until some two years ago, he was in

Edinburgh to establish various artistic industries. That he succeeded, this paper might suffice to prove, and as you wait in the harmoniously fitted vestibule of the Albert Works (so called after the Prince Consort, who did much to promote the development of the applied arts) and see hung on its walls various paintings of schemes of decoration projected and carried out by Mr. Scott-Morton, you feel that the keynote of the industry is found in the personality of the man to whom it owes its conception and development.

The Tynecastle tapestry, which is a special product of the works, grew out of a commission for embossing and gilding leather for a house belonging to Lord Cadogan. The supply of the antique material available being insufficient to cover the required space, Mr. Scott-Morton set his wits to work to copy the old material. This he did, in facsimile, with a completely satisfactory result; but during the somewhat costly preparation needful, he was struck with the idea that some cheaper fabric might be employed for the basis of coloured relief decoration. Of course Japanese leather paper and other embossed substances were then, as now,

1896.

available. But not one of them had the peculiar quality of surface upon which depends the effect of really fine colour. Mr. Morton years before was on terms of intimate friendship with John Phillip—the Spanish Phillip—and has always been associated with artists. He has often discussed the subject with them, and the general opinion was that, on the whole, for fine effects of pigment, the texture of canvas offers a surface that can not be beaten by any artificial material. The experiments made to obtain the desired end were undertaken with no wish to rival any embossed fabric already in the market. Nor was it their aim to simulate leather; but to produce an honest and beautiful substance which should not imitate more costly forms of relief decoration. The many experiments with various substances need not be recounted here. After trying all sorts of woven fabrics, the canvas now employed was finally selected. The dies which had been used in leather were afterwards supplemented by new dies from designs



The Studio, Highgate.

by Mr. Scott-Morton. These, it need hardly be said, did not attempt to imitate patterns peculiar to leather or any earlier fabric, but were wrought in designs obedient to certain well-defined and accepted styles. From the first

Y

the artist has aimed to secure novelty combined with precedent. He feels now, as he did then, that in a costly material the mere fashion of the moment is out of place. Consequently, instead of "up-to-date" designs, now Esthetic, now Rococo, and now quasi-Japanese, you have



The Garden Studio, Highgate.

hundreds of examples of each which may be classed with certain recurrent types that distinguish the great periods of domestic architecture. Whether they elect to follow domestic, Tudor, or Jacobean, the revived classicism of the Adams, the delicate fantasy of Louis Seize, the more florid ornament of the German Renaissance, or the Italian cinque-cento, they all obey harmoniously the laws of their style, and show the originality of the scholar, rather than the mere novelty at any price of the untaught artist. In thus claiming for Mr. Scott-Morton's work what he might probably own, did modesty permit him, the statement is set down without any reproach for work conceived in different lines. In fact, it is merely saying that he is a notable example of the school of designers, who believe that freedom slowly broadens down from

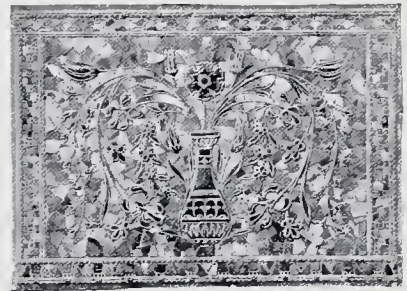
The whole of this paper might be filled easily with accounts of the various new developments or new combinations of substances already in common use.

First, however, we are concerned with the Tynecastle tapestry, a material made only at the Albert Works. It is not necessary to describe the designing department, nor to inquire minutely into the raw material used.

In the first long, well-lighted workshop you find dozens of men and boys engaged in embossing the canvas. Large sheets of metal, many bigger than a good-sized door, are laid flat upon specially-prepared steam chests, which are heated and cooled at the operator's pleasure by a most ingenious method invented (as every detail of the process has been) by Mr. Scott-Morton. On this heated plate of metal, with the design cut deeply into its substance, the operators spread canvas which has been boiled so that it presents a limp, pliant fabric, which can be accommodated to the various planes of the intaglio mould. As the relief is frequently an inch or even more in height, it is clear that the canvas cannot be stretched from the flat piece sufficiently to cover the whole surface of the corresponding

depression in the mould. As you watch the operator you notice that he lays the wet cloth loosely on the matrix, and pats and coaxes it with a brush so that it fills the cavities easily, and leaves no noticeable pleats on the plain surfaces of the design. So dexterously does he manipulate the material that you can scarce detect the folds which must needs occur. This is almost the only point which calls for skilled labour in the early stages of the process. But easy as it looks one must not underrate the skill of the craftsman, and you can but watch the rapidity of their task with pleasure.

When this moulding of the canvas is finished, it is backed up by layers of paper, added in a similar way. This paper, of reddish colour and peculiar fibrous texture, is specially made for the purpose. When it is duly



Tynecastle Mosaic Panels for a P. & O. Steamer.

precedent to precedent. But this loyal acceptance of styles already established is coupled with a curiously fertile gift of invention as regards methods and material.

pressed into place—with a certain cement on its surface—the mould is allowed to cool, and the panel, afterwards detached, is seen to be a perfect cast, with a fine quality

of surface. For the canvas, being merely coaxed into the interstices of the mould by hand, still preserves its texture. One has but to compare the result with that of any material embossed in the ordinary way to realise the striking difference in effect—although the detail which causes it is so subtle. For in the usual embossed paper, or other fabric, the heavy pressure required to produce the design smooths away whatever texture the natural material possessed, and leaves a shiny surface that possesses no facets at different angles to impart broken colour and richness to the pigment that is afterwards applied upon it. Above all, this quality is of the utmost value when gold-leaf

is used. Nothing is more mean and tinsel-like when laid on a flat unbroken surface; but if the surface has a canvas or grained texture the poverty-stricken effect vanishes, and the richness of the actual metal is imparted to the infinitely thin layer of gold. Although the "quality" of colour thus gained is such an important factor in all decorative effect, and chances to be more obvious in the case of gold, it is but a question of degree. We all know how different is the effect of the same dye on silk and wood, and the difference of the same pigment on a greasy slippery surface and one with a fine tooth. And in this



The Royal Arms in Tynecastle Canvas, modelled for the large hall of the Clyde Trust Buildings, Glasgow.

gilded, and the ground blotted out by opaque pigments. It need not be explained that the Tynecastle tapestry is not a cheap and nasty material; it is, like all good things, fairly high-priced and extremely durable; and therefore if the first cost seems high, you have but to estimate its permanent qualities to see that it fully justifies the expenditure. While for artistic excellence its sumptuous and dignified colour—no matter how rich and brilliant are the pigments and metals employed—makes it a worthy rival to the gilded leathers of the past.

Did but space permit, it would be interesting to

Then you pass to various other departments. In one are busy workmen applying sheets of Tynecastle tapestry to panels for the decoration of a big vessel. All these are finished at the works, and have but to be screwed into place in an incredibly short time; indeed, the hours in which a certain big commission was placed in its position, would look so incredible in black and white that it is best not to give them. For the redecoration of public rooms, this economy of time is an item of the highest importance.

Then you go to the finishing rooms, where two dozen of girls are picking out the backgrounds of the patterns in various colours. For the whole surface is



Wood-Carvers at Work.

central fact the great artistic merit of the tapestry is to be found. The designs and the applied decoration would be effective in any material, but the peculiar quality they possess may be safely referred to texture, and their claims to individuality advanced solely on this point.

describe the hundred and one incidental items in this huge and admirably arranged factory, where the large airy apartments filled with active workers are in striking contrast to the ill-ventilated and gloomy sheds of many equally important industries.



*Louis-Sixteenth
Tynecastle Canvas.*



*Venetian
Tynecastle Canvas.*

Nor can we linger on a most important variety of the "tapestry," where the pattern is built up of glass mosaic imbedded in the relief framework supplied by the pattern specially prepared for the purpose. The whole of the fabric itself is gilded, and the tesserae, cut to fit the interstices of the design, are formed of lustrous glass. For ceiling decoration it gives a sumptuous effect that could hardly be paralleled by the ordinary mosaic. Although dismissed in a sentence, this one department of the Albert Works deserves a whole article to be devoted to it. This is also due entirely to the inventive brain of Mr. Scott-Morton.

Another of the most interesting things the Albert Works has to show is one on which Mr. Scott-Morton has spent nearly two years of active experiment. He set out with the avowed purpose of reducing the immortal frieze of the Parthenon to dimensions that would enable it to be used in an ordinary mansion. Of course reductions on various scales, most of them tame and lifeless enough, have been made often before. In this instance a new plan was followed, typical groups from the whole frieze were selected and from full size slabs, which were carefully restored with the help of a modeller. Mr. Scott-Morton next invented a most ingenious appliance, which as the profile of one section (if a dimension to be measured by a fraction of an inch can be called a section) was traced by the craftsman, gave its automatic facsimile on a reduced scale. The lines

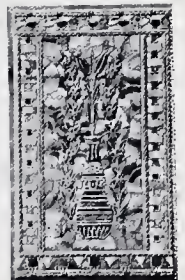


A Ceiling in Oak in Tynecastle Canvas.

were thus worked vertically over the plaster beneath, and allowed to appear as "lines" closely set side by side, imparting a certain "texture" which is pleasant in itself. It is also good as proving clearly that the frieze is a mechanical reduction and not a modelled copy. This description, I fear, conveys little idea of the actual process—nor could it be explained concisely without a quantity of diagrams, illustrative possibly, but certainly too technical in character to find a fitting place among the illustrations of this magazine.

The frieze—gilded entirely—has already been fixed in position below the dome of a central staircase in a private house which is second to none in this country for its costly and artistic decoration. For the whole of the interior fittings—structural as well as surface ornament—Mr. Scott-Morton is responsible. With a personal knowledge of most of the best modern interiors—not even Sir Frederic Leighton's, or Mr. Alma Tadema's, which are perhaps best known to the public, can vie with this for consistent decoration, carried out in the most sumptuous manner possible from the front door to the attics. Indeed, but that the privacy of a home must needs be respected so long as its inmates prefer that it shall be known only to personal friends, we might easily fill a whole number of THE ART JOURNAL with illustrations of its picturesque halls, staircases, and rooms, and the elaborate details of their costly and ornate, but always artistic adornment. Without claiming that it is the most beautiful house in existence—for ideals of beauty vary, and many simple and inexpensive interiors can equally lay claim to be reckoned beautiful—it is certainly one of the most perfect of its class, and, as I have said, the most consistent attempt to carry the main idea of treatment throughout every part of the building that we have been privileged to see. In it you find the Tynecastle tapestry and mosaic applied with the best effects, and many happy ideas carried out in noble materials.

Under the same roof as the Tynecastle tapestry are workshops for making furniture,



*A Tynecastle
Mosaic Panel.*

where the latest improvements in machinery are employed to produce work of a high order in merit. Here you find groups of carvers actively engaged in producing all sorts

But enough has been said to justify the account of this manufactory in a journal devoted to the arts. Mr. Scott-Morton has spared neither time nor thought to perfect



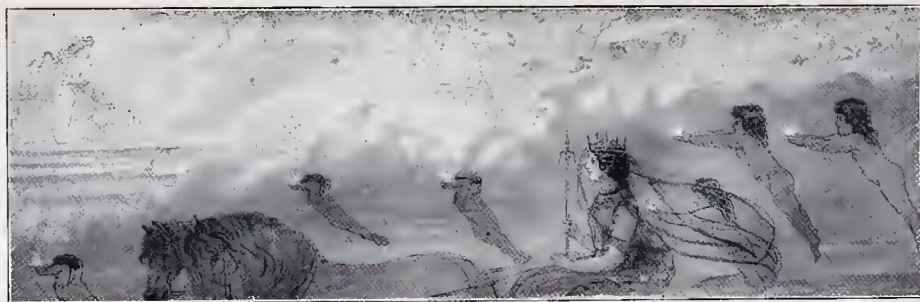
The Decorating Workshops, Tynecastle.

of sculpture in wood, from elaborate figure subjects to simple geometrical patterns. Here you see also the most exquisitely perfect joinery, turned out by the help of various machines as easily as if they were making packing-cases. To a layman the pleasure derived from witnessing these delicately precise operations can hardly be stated in sober prose. For, if they are not the peculiar property of the Albert Works, if you chance to see them here for the first time, you may be tempted to rhapsody, not quite in place.

the various processes he controls, and the result deserves to be widely known; for the artist who grapples with the factors of commercial production has an uphill task before him—the qualities he values most highly are not those which appeal most quickly to the public taste. Hence, when after years of care, and (one fancies) not always profitable experiences, success is gained, those who, seeing the result, know little of the pains taken to secure it, should at least record their full approval ungrudgingly.



Elisabethan Tynecastle Canvas.



Headpiece. From a Drawing by Thomas Runciman.

HEREDITY IN ART.

NOTES ON SOME PAINTER FAMILIES OF FLORENCE, FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE THIRTEENTH TO THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY SIR DOMINIC COLNAGHI, H.M. CONSUL-GENERAL AT FLORENCE.



Initial by Thomas Runciman.

WHILE reading over some lists of Florentine painters that I have compiled,* I have been struck with the numerous examples of the hereditary pursuit of Art, from father to son, and often for several generations. I do not mean to imply that, in the majority of cases, these families of artists produced painters of the first class, or even that they always exercised the higher branches of their profession. In the Middle Ages in Florence, painting was almost universally applied in house decoration, a practice which, to some extent, still prevails. The façades of palaces and houses were, not unfrequently, painted in fresco, or otherwise ornamented. The ceilings of the rooms, with their heavy beams, were painted, or, if panelled, carved, gilt and painted; the vaultings were decorated with frescos of more or less merit, according to the importance of the residence and the wealth of the patron. The walls, in the absence of the modern wall papers, were painted in fresco, adorned with tapestry, or covered with painted hangings; the bed coverlets and curtains were painted in patterns, and perhaps sometimes in figures. The painters of "Sargia,"

* From published works, and also from MS. sources existing in the Florentine State Archives, which I have consulted with the valuable assistance of the late Commendatore Gaetano Milanesi, and at the Accademia di Belle Arti, through the kindness of Professor Jacopo Cavallucci.

as the stuff of which the hangings were made was termed, formed a distinct class of artists, while the designs for tapestry were executed by painters of distinction. The furniture, more scanty than in modern times, was also carved, gilt and painted, and the great marriage chests and smaller jewel caskets were often converted into choice works of Art. Small tabernacles, or pictures with figures of the Virgin and saints, hung on the walls; the trays on which their meals were taken to women after childbirth were painted with religious subjects on one or both sides; the platters which held sweetmeats at bridal feasts were painted: in short, it would appear that, whenever colour could be used to brighten the surroundings, it found a place. And not only in furniture and house decoration, but in dress, as contemporary paintings serve to show.

So much for private life. It is needless to refer more particularly to the decorations of churches and of public buildings, which gave ample scope for constant employment to crowds of artists.

During the period of which I am speaking, the painter's studio was a "bottega" or shop, in which the apprentices and assistants executed all kinds of work, from the humblest to the best, under the master's general supervision. Domenico Ghirlandajo ordered his apprentices never to refuse any work, however trifling, so that none might be sent away dissatisfied. In 1481, he was paid lire 12, soldi 2, for painting and gilding four candlesticks for the Duomo. It need hardly be supposed that the great master used the brush himself on this occasion.

In the present sketch I have confined my remarks entirely to painters, leaving out of consideration, except incidentally, the sculptors and professors of other cognate arts.

To begin with the great founder of the Florentine School, Giotto (Angiolotto) di Bondone (1266—1336), painter and architect, was the son of a blacksmith, established in Florence. A Francesco di Giotto di Bondone, painter, is registered in the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, to which the painters were subject, between 1320—1353, and he appears as Francesco di Maestro Giotto on the roll of the Company of St. Luke in 1341. There are, however, still some doubts as to the relationship of this Francesco to the painter, and I will, therefore, seek for Giotto's

artistic descendants in the female line. Caterina, the painter's eldest daughter, married Ricco di Lapo, an artist of whom little is known, save that his name is found in the register of the Guild of Physicians, between 1320—1353. Ricco's sons, Bartolo and Stefano, followed their father's profession, the second being the well-known Stefano Fiorentino, termed by Vasari the ape of Nature. Stefano's son, Giotto, whose name appears on the roll of the Company of St. Luke about 1368, was, in all probability, Vasari's "Giotto." His son Stefano (died 1409) closes, as far as is known, the line of Giotto's artist descendants.

In connection with Giotto I may next take the family of the Gaddi. Gaddo Gaddi (1259-1333), painter and mosaicist, was the father of Taddeo Gaddi (1302-1364), the pupil and godson of Giotto di Bondone. Two of the sons of Taddeo—he had five in all—Giovanni (d. 1383) and Agnolo (d. 1396) were, as is well known, painters. Giovanni, the eldest, appears to have been an artist of some note in his day. In 1369 he was in Rome, engaged with other artists in painting in the Vatican when his brother Agnolo acted as one of his assistants.* His works, however, have not come down to us, while the reputation of Agnolo has extended to the present time. The direct descendants of the Gaddi flourished in Florence until 1607, when the male line became extinct, but they had for two centuries abandoned Art for commerce, the government of the city, literature and the Church.

Another great artist, Andrea di Cione, called Orcagna (Arcagnolo) (1308-1368), painter, sculptor and architect, was the second of four brothers, who followed Art as a profession. Their father Cione was probably a goldsmith. The eldest, Nardo (d. 1365), a painter, is supposed to have been Andrea's master in that art; a third brother, Jacopo, called Robiccina, who was registered in the Guild of Physicians, in January, 1368-9, was also a painter, and his son, Cione (living 1421), carried on his father's profession. The fourth brother, Matteo, was a sculptor.

Returning to the painters of the school of Giotto, I find Jacopo di Casustino, one of the first councillors of the Company of St. Luke in 1339, with a son, Matteo, and a nephew, Giovanni di Bindo Landini, both painters. Spinello Aretino (1333-1410) was succeeded in Art by his son Parri or Gnasparre (1387-1450), and he, again, by his second cousin, Jacopo di Forzore (1431-1490). Other members of the family exercised the art of a goldsmith. The branch to which Jacopo belonged had left Arsezzo, in the course of the fourteenth century, to settle in Florence, where they obtained the citizenship.

Among the declining Giottoesques, the family of the Bicci had a distinct place. Lorenzo di Bicci (1350-1427) was the father of Bicci di Lorenzo (1373-1472), who was followed by his son Neri di Bicci (1418-1492). Neri exercised his profession on a large business scale. All tastes could be snited in his popular "Bottega," which became a real Art factory. In addition to the altar-pieces, which he turned out in large numbers, church candlesticks and angels to place on the altars were fashioned; armorial bearings and signboards executed on commission; wood carvings—gilt; coloured designs for tapestry weavers prepared; tabernacles, carved, gilt and painted in blue and other colours; wooden crucifixes, figures of saints and profane subjects painted; old paintings restored, and, it would appear, all kinds of woodwork executed. Finally Neri exhibited in his bottega the works of other artists, though, possibly not of painters. He did not confine his supply of works of Art to Florence and Tuscany alone,

* Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art. Les Archives des Arts. Recueil de Documents inédits ou peu connus, par Eugène Muntz, Paris, 1899, p. 1.

but established depôts in other Italian cities beyond the boundaries of the Republic.*

Among the earlier Florentine painters of no special distinction, a few may, perhaps, be noticed, and Calandrino, the butt of his younger companions Buffalmacco and Bruno di Giovanni, whose tricks on him are pleasantly described by Boccaccio in the Decameron.† Calandrino's real name was Nozzo or Giovannozzo di Pierino. He died before 1318, as is known from the marriage contract of his son, Domenico, who followed his father's profession. The Bruno di Giovanni, named above, was the son and father of painters. Bartolo Goggi or di Giorgi, house decorator, who forms the subject of one of Sacchetti's † novels, was registered in the Guild of Physicians between 1320-1353, and made one of an association of painters for the purpose of painting leather horse caparisons in 1330, also had a son Taddeo, who followed the art of painting. His name appears on the roll of the Company of St. Luke in 1371.

Rossello di Lottieri di Rosso, who was Rector of the Art of Painters in Florence in 1295, before it was placed in subjection to the Guild of Physicians, was the instructor in Art of his younger brother Tieri—their father having apprenticed him to Rossello for four years from the 1st of July, 1295.§ Rossello's son, Matteo, whose name appears on the Register of the Guild of Physicians, between 1320—1353, appears to have been actively engaged in the exercise of his profession. About the middle of the century, he executed a fresco of the Inferno in the Church of S. Michele Visdomini, in which a portrait of the Duke of Athens was inserted, and, some years earlier, formed one of the partnership of painters of leather caparisons for horses, of which Bartolo Goggi was a member. Matteo's son, Jacopo, on the roll of the Company of St. Luke in 1348, was also a painter, but of him nothing else is known. These early Rosselli have no connection with the Rosselli who flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and to whom later reference will be made. The name of Rosso, of which Rossello is the diminutive, was not uncommon.

To take another family, Lapo di Guccio, whose name appears on the register of the Guild of Physicians between 1320—1353, was one of the first captains of the Company of St. Luke in 1339. Lapo had two sons, Jacopo and Leone. Jacopo was registered as a painter in 1345. In 1353, he was engaged with other artists on some decorations in the Palazzo Vecchio, and, in 1357, made a large cartoon of the capital of a column of the Duomo, designed by Giovanni di Lapo Ghini, in competition with Francesco Talenti, whose model was entrusted for reproduction to Jacopo di Corso, painter.¶ The cartoons were to be exhibited in the church, or cloisters, of the Servi, in order that public opinion might decide on the respective merits of the capitals reproduced. I believe that Talenti's model was successful. Jacopo had a son Matteo, whose name appears on the Register of the Guild of Physicians in 1371, but there are no further records concerning him, and the same may be said of Leone, Lapo's second son, who was registered as a painter in 1368, and became a member of the Company of St. Luke in 1381.

Another family, the Aghinetti or del Sere, deriving the latter appellation from the notary, their founder, began, as painters, with Guccio di Aghinetti, who was registered in the Guild of Physicians in 1377. His son, Giovanni di Gneccio (born 1393), was employed, in 1439, in painting in

* Vasari, ed. by Gaetano Milanesi, vol. ii., p. 85.

† Decameron, Giornata viii., Nov. 3, 6; Giornata ix., 3.

‡ Sacchetti, Nov. 170; also Boccaccio.

§ Gaetano Milanesi in il Buonarroti di Benvenuto Gasparoni, continuato per cura di Enrico Nardoni, Series 2, v. 14, 1880.

¶ Guastini Cesare, St. Maria del Fiore, Firenze, 1887, p. 117.

terra verde in the apartments of the Pope in St. Maria Novella. Piero di Giovanni (born 1429), who follows next, appears to have been a house decorator. He was the father of Domenico di Piero (1473-1533), the companion in Art of Donnino del Mazziere, with whom he painted a panel for the Palazzo Vecchio, and another for the Hospital of St. Lucia. Domenico's son, Donnino, closes, it seems, the line of the Aghinetti, a family exercising their art for nearly two hundred years, from the last quarter of the fourteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century.

I may next notice a family of illuminators, the Torelli. Bartolommeo and Matteo (1363-1442) Torelli painted in Florence with Bartolommeo di Fruosino, Bastiano di Niccolo, and other artists, with whom they worked on a missal executed for Cardinal Angelo Acciajuoli. Bartolommeo seems to have had no issue, but Matteo had two sons, Antonio (born 1391), and Filippo (1408-1468), who were both illuminators. Among other works Filippo ornamented some choral books for the Convent of St. Mark, the figures being painted by Zanobi Strozzi. Antonio's son Torello (born 1423) followed his father's profession, as did Frate Jacopo (born between 1430-1440), the son of Filippo, with whom the line ends.

We now come to the great masters of the fifteenth century: leaving the family of Masaccio aside for the moment, I will take Fra Filippo Lippi (1406?-1469) as my first example. Fra Filippo as a monk, the rector of the parish of St. Quirico of Legnaia in the neighbourhood of Florence and the chaplain of a nunnery at Prato, should, properly, have had no issue. He, however, when over fifty years of age, seduced the young nun, Lucretia Buti, whom he afterwards married by Papal Dispensation. Of this, the manner in which her son, Filippino, refers to his mother in his will, leaves, I think, no reasonable doubt. Filippino Lippo (1457-1504), whose reputation needs no comment, was succeeded by his son, Ruberto (1500-1574), an active member of the Company of St. Luke, and later of the Accademia del Disegno, but who does not appear to have distinguished himself in Art.

Francesco di Stefano, called il Pesellino (1422 c.-1457), was the son of a painter who has not yet been identified, and who probably died young, and the grandson of a more distinguished artist, Giuliano di Arrigo di Giucolo Giuochi, called il Pesello (1367-1446), by whom he was brought up. The three brothers, Domenico (1449-1496), Davide (1452-1525), and Benedetto (1458-1497), del Ghirlandajo, were the sons of Tommaso di Currado di Doffo Bigordi, a silk broker. Davide and Benedetto were assistants to their more celebrated brother. They probably derived their surname from the goldsmith to whom they were apprenticed. Metal wreaths (*Ghirlande*) formed one of the principal ornaments made by the Florentine goldsmiths, and the artists who made them a speciality were termed 'Ghirlandaj.' Domenico's son, Ridolfo (1483-1562), followed his father's profession with credit. He was the pupil of his uncle Davide.

In connection with the Ghirlandaj may be mentioned a family of illuminators and booksellers, the three brothers del Fora, so called from a nickname given to their father Giovanni di Miniato, a stonecutter of Florence. Gherardo (1445-1497), the second son, was a painter as well as an illuminator, in which latter art he excelled. He had studied literature under Politian, was an elegant scholar and a musician, playing the organ for some years in the church of St. Egidio. Gherardo lived as a cleric with the view of taking orders, an intention, however, which he did not carry out. His younger brother Monte (1449-

1529) was also a well-known illuminator and a worker in mosaic. The profusion and wealth of ornamentation in his illuminations was such that, by a deliberation of the 15th September, 1518, the Board of Works of the Duomo notified Monte that for any headings or illuminated letters he should not be paid more than lire 3 piccioli each, declaring that if their value were greater it should not be considered in the payment.* Monte had a son, Giovanni (d. 1536), who was also an illuminator. Bartolommeo (1442-1492) was the eldest of the brothers. No independent works of his are known, but he assisted Gherardo and Monte in illuminating several choral books for the sacristy and library of the Florentine Badia. He was, perhaps, the managing partner of the firm.

Among other illuminators of this date may be named Giovanni Boccardino (1460-1529) and his son Francesco (1478-1547), who were distinguished artists in their branch of the profession.

The families of the Guidi and of the Rosselli were prolific in painters; who, however, with one or two notable exceptions, do not appear to have attained any special distinction in Art.

Masaccio (1401-1428) was Tommaso di Ser Giovanni di Simone Guidi of San Giovanni in Val d'Arno. He was not married. His brother Giovanni called lo Scheggia (1406/7-1486) had two sons, Tommaso (b. 1437) and Anton-Francesco (1442-1476), painters. From Anton-Francesco descended by his son, Giovanni (1472-1546), Giovan Francesco, Anton Francesco, and Tommaso, who all exercised the art of painting. Tommaso died in 1567, leaving two sons, one of whom, Baccio (d. 1626), followed his father's profession.

Lorenzo di Filippo Rosselli, master mason, was the father of five sons, of whom the eldest and two younger became painters. The most distinguished was Cosimo (1439-1506/7), who, although married, had no legitimate issue. His natural son, Giuliano, was a mason and architect.

Clemente (1416-1482), Lorenzo's eldest son, appears to have been a decorative painter in good employment. He was the father of three painters, Cristofano (b. 1450), Giovanni (1456-1518), and Girolamo, called il Buda, probably from having worked in Hungary (1463-vi 1535). Giovanni di Clemente had a son, Clemeuti (d. 1539), also a painter. Girolamo's son, Bernardo, called del Buda (d. after 1558), was a pupil of Andrea del Sarto, and executed, in 1529, for his master, who had no desire to obtain the surname of degli Appiccati, like Andrea del Castagno, the commission to paint on the façades of the Mercanzia Vecchia and of the Palazzo del Podesta, the effigies of certain rebels and traitors, which he carried out to the general satisfaction.†

Francesco (b. 1445), Lorenzo's youngest son, was an illuminator, and appears to have worked, at Siena, with Liberale da Verona.

A second cousin of Cosimo Rosselli and his brothers was Bernardo di Stefano (1450-1526), a pupil of Neri di Bicci. He had a brother Jacopo, an architect, and a son, Romolo, a physician.

Another family of Rosselli were distinguished from the first by the name of da S. Giorgio, from their residence on the Costa S. Giorgio within the city walls, on the south side of the Arno. Of this family there were two painter brothers, the sons of a Stefano di Jacopo, Domenico (1466-1530?), and Francesco, who was killed, about 1547, by the fall of his house in a landslide. His

* Vasari, ed. Lemonnier, vol. vi., p. 169.

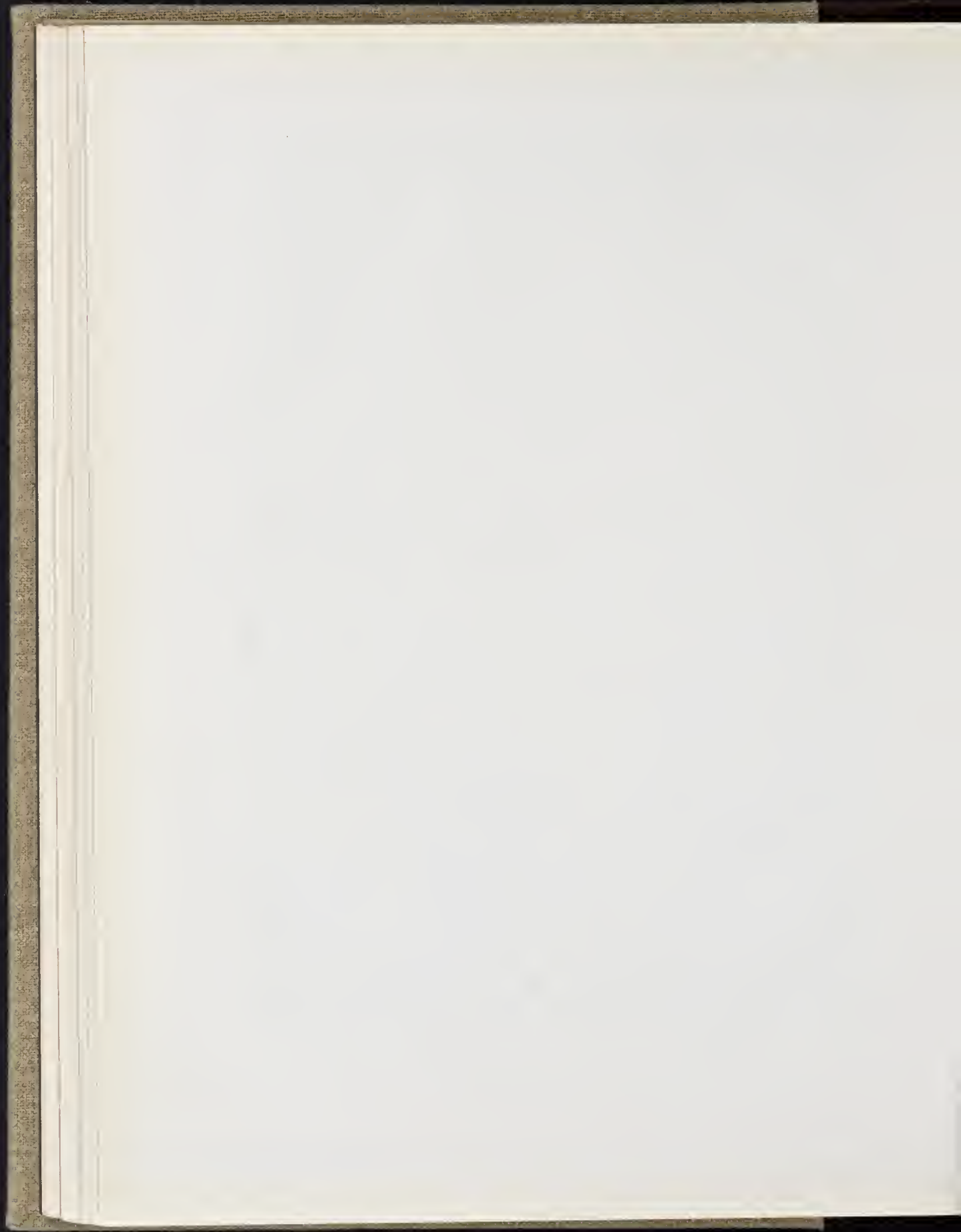
† Vasari, ed. Gaetano Milanese, vol. v. p. 51.



*By special permission of
The Council of the Royal Academy.*

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART.,
President of the Royal Academy.

*From the Picture by FRANK HOLL, R.A.,
in the possession of the Royal Academy.*



son, Bernardo (1536—1608), was found alive and unhurt under the ruins of the house, and became the painter, sculptor, architect and engineer, known as Bontalenti, from his having resumed this name, which appears to have belonged to his family.

Returning to the commencement of the sixteenth century, and gradually descending to later times, I may refer, in passing, to Fra Paolino (1490—1547), the pupil of Fra Bartolommeo, who was the son of a painter of Pistoja, Bernardino del Signoraccio (b. 1460).

The three brothers Penni were all painters. The eldest, Bartolommeo (b. 1491), resided for several years and probably died in England. He and his companion, Toto del Nunziata, are mentioned more than once, in the English State Papers, as painters in the service of King Henry the Eighth. One entry notes that the two artists received 45 shillings for their livery coats.* The second brother, Gian Francesco (1496—1536), is well known, under the name of il Fattore, as the pupil of Raphael, by whom he was brought up. The youngest, Luca (b. 1504) was an assistant of il Rosso Fiorentino, and, according to Vasari, worked at one time in Genoa with his brother-in-law, Pierino del Vaga.

Angelo Bronzino (1502-1572), was the uncle as well as the master of Alessandro Allori (1535-1607), who was the father of Cristofano (1577-1621), a painter of merit. To the school of Bronzino belonged Santi di Tito (1536-1603), who was followed in his profession by his two sons, Tiberio (b. 1573), and Orazio, who were registered in the books of the Accadèmia del Disegno, which, for the painters, had taken the place of the Guild of Physicians, in 1596.

One family of active, but little-known artists, the Marinari, are interesting from their connection with Carlo Dolci. Piero di Bartolommeo Marinari, called del Gestra, was registered on the books of the Accadèmia del Disegno in 1576. He had two sons, Bartolommeo, registered in 1596, and Gismondo, registered in 1614. His daughter, Agnesa, married Andrea Dolci, a tailor, and became the mother

* "Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic," vol. v., "Henry VIII.," published by the Master of the Rolls, 1880, Treasurer of the Chamber Accounts, 1539, '31, '32.

of Carlo Dolci; Onorio, the son of Gismondo Marinari, was a pupil of his cousin Carlo. There is a shadowy Bartolommeo, whom I suppose to have been a son of Onorio, and who may have been a painter, but I have not yet been able to establish his identity. Agnesa (d. 1713), the daughter of Carlo Dolci, was a painter. She imitated her father's style and copied his works; and she married Stefano di Carlo Baci, a silk mercer.

Giovanni Stradano (1523-1605), a Fleming and, according to Baldinucci, the son of a painter, was an assistant of Vasari in his works in the Palazzo Vecchio. Giovanni's son Scipione, registered 1593-4, was an active member of the Accadèmia del Disegno, in which he held office at various times. Another foreign, *i.e.* non-Florentine, artist, Jacopo Ligozza (1543-1627) of Verona, established at Florence, was possibly himself the son of a painter. His two sons, Francesco (d. 1644) and Domenico, registered in 1609, both followed their father's profession. On the books of the Accadèmia, the names of Bartolommeo Ligozzi and Pietro Ligozzi, painters, are to be found at somewhat later dates, the first in 1649-50, the second, as one of the consuls of the Academy, in 1672, who I believe to have been grandsons of Jacopo.

Not a few other examples might be cited, among the later, as among the earlier, painters of the Florentine school, showing the hereditary practice of Art in families; but even if I have not overstepped the limits of space, I must, I fear, have exhausted the patience of my readers. I will, therefore, conclude with a brief notice of the Dandini, who bring me to the limit fixed by the heading of this article—the eighteenth century.

Cesare di Pietro Dandini (1595-1658) studied under Francesco Curradi and Cristofano Allori, he worked with Pietro da Cortona, and was an assistant of il Passignano. He was the master of his two brothers, Ottaviano (d. 1674), and Vincenzo (1607-1673). Pietro (1616-1715), the son of Ottaviano and the most talented member of the family, studied, in early youth, under his uncle Vincenzo, and later, in Rome, in Venice and in Lombardy. He was the father of two sons, Ottaviano and Vincenzo (a Jesuit), named after their uncles, who were both painters.

D. E. C.

'EVELYNE.'

AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER.

FROM the very beginning, from the days, that is, when Senefelder's invention became popular, a large proportion of the most interesting and delightful lithographs have been portraits. Indeed, almost the first drawings done on stone were the portraits by the Duc de Montpensier of himself, Louis Philippe, and Madame Adélaïde. Then, when amateurs gave way to artists, and lithography reached the height of its prosperity, there came that wonderful series which had for masterpieces such prints as Gigoux's portrait of the two Johannots, or Devéria's of Madame Récamier, or Lane's of so many prominent people; and, certainly, of all the lithographs produced in late years, none can vie in distinction and importance with the portraits by Mr. Whistler. We have just seen them in his exhibition at The Fine Art Society: 'La Belle Dame Paresseuse,' 'M. Stéphane Mallarmé,' 'The Doctor'; all too few they have been.

But the latest, which we are now publishing, has the special interest of being his first portrait of a child in

this medium; if he could be induced to undertake others like it, there would be reason truly to rejoice. For every one remembers the studies of children among his early etchings; every one remembers his incomparable Miss Alexander. In the painting, as in the plates, he showed that no man felt more keenly than he the tender beauty, the dainty grace of childhood. He relied for success upon no fancy title, no pathetic addition of dead birds or bursting bubbles; his treatment was as simple and unassuming as that of Velasquez in his Don Carlos and youthful Infantas. It is a pleasure to find him returning once more to the motive which, of old, served him so well.

In the lithograph there is the same simplicity of pose and arrangement. The little girl, in her long, full frock, stands by a chair, one hand upon its arm, the other hanging by her side; that is all. And yet she lives on the paper; charming in herself, distinguished in the master's presentment of this charm.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

A A

PASSING EVENTS.

THE death of the President of the Royal Academy on January 25th has made a vacancy which, at least for a time, cannot adequately be filled. Frederic, first Baron Leighton of Stretton, in the county of Salop, whose peerage was gazetted only the day before he died, had arrived at a position where his influence would have been of the greatest value. Had he lived for another ten or fifteen years his counsel would have been asked, and probably taken, on all matters artistic, architectural, and archaeological connected with the State; and, it is safe to say, his word would have been always on the right side.

As a President, the Royal Academy loses Lord Leighton at a period when it is peculiarly difficult to decide on a successor, and the loss to the intricate organization of Burlington House is heavy indeed. No one knew better the various schemes, or better handled their numerous threads, than Sir Frederic—the name is still familiar—and no one took a larger-minded view of the proper functions of the Academy. He was devoted to its interests, worked constantly for its welfare, gave hours or rather days to its administration, and his last words were, pathetically, "My love to the Academy!"

As a painter, Lord Leighton will be best remembered by his magnificent 'Daphnephoria,' now in Mr. George McCulloch's collection, his 'Summer Moon,' his various fine single figures, and the frescoes in the South Kensington Museum. He chiefly gave his attention to composition and drawing, and even to the end he thought more of these than of any qualities of colour or technique. The latter were, indeed, his weaker points, for in the composing and the draughtsmanship of a picture he has not been excelled in the nineteenth century.

His insistence on drawing often prevented the late President from seeing any quality worthy of admiration in a painting where tone, colour, and handling had been more dear to the artist than the perfection of the lines of the composition. One of his severest remarks was that modern Impressionism would never be agreeable to him, while it lacked grace or beauty and dignity or majesty. Beauty and majesty are qualities the Impressionist seldom seeks and rarely obtains, although there is no sufficient reason for their absence.

While Lord Leighton's place in the councils of the Royal Academy is well-nigh impossible to be filled, it is a very sad reflection that he dies almost without real influence on the Art of our time. Practically alone, in England, except Mr. Poynter, as a classical painter, he has no following or school to mourn his death or a disciple's loss. Several painters in this country, both in and out of the Academy, exercise a considerable, even powerful, influence over the productions of their admirers and adherents in the principles of Art. The position of master and pupil is more or less well defined, but Lord Leighton, with perhaps one exception, leaves no convinced disciple to carry on his methods of work.

Lord Leighton took a great interest in this Journal, and in many ways gave it his assistance. It will be remembered that the large extra plate offered to the subscribers for 1895, was an etching from his picture, 'Hit.' This picture was a special favourite with the

President, and he took enormous pains to secure fidelity to his painting in the Etching. The artist's proofs were signed only at the beginning of this year, and they were the last that received his well-known signature.

Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., is the chosen successor to Lord Leighton as President of the Royal Academy, and the choice is the very best that could possibly have been made at this time. No artist is better fitted to adorn the President's chair, and it is to be hoped that his health will permit him long to fulfil its arduous duties. Sir John Millais' works have in them all that is best and most characteristic of the English school; he has frequently painted subjects that have entered straight into the hearts of his fellow men, and his pictures are known and appreciated by artists of all countries.

In THE ART ANNUAL 1885, of which a new edition has just been issued, we gave a complete account of the new President's life and work, with illustrations from many of his chief pictures. These included 'Chill October,' 'The North-West Passage,' and specimens of his black and white work.

The elections of Mr. E. A. Abbey and Mr. S. J. Solomon, as Associates of the Royal Academy, took place on February 12th, both being figure painters. Mr. Abbey joins Mr. Sargent as a second American in the Academy, and the selection is an admirable one. Mr. Solomon was certain to be chosen sooner or later, and if the choice has come somewhat early, it will encourage him to still greater efforts in his ambitious career.

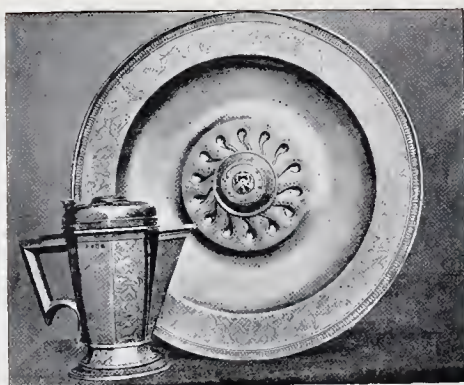
The election of two honorary foreign Royal Academicians caused great discussion in Academy circles. Neither Josef Israels, Edouard D etaille, Carolus Duran, or Dagnan-Bonveret were even nominated. The list submitted to the electors included, however, some names quite unknown: those of Giuseppe Monteverde, who sent a figure to the Academy over twenty years ago; and Morelli, although a good painter, recalled no triumphs either in London or Paris. Rosa Bonheur, as a lady, is not acceptable, apparently, to the present Academy, while between the sculptors Dalou, Dubois, Fr emiet, and Mercier it was not easy to choose.

Mr. Adolf Menzel is the doyen of great artists on the Continent, and as H.F.A. is in every way acceptable. Mr. Paul Dubois is the second foreign Academician, and his election was unexpected, as he is known chiefly as a sculptor. He is the head of the *École des Beaux-Arts* in Paris, and is one of the most accomplished artists living. As a painter of portraits he ranks as high as he does in sculpture.

We give a word of welcome to the new quarterly, undertaken by the students of the Slade School. It is entitled "THE QUARTO" (Virtue), and contains many remarkable articles and illustrations. Most of these have been contributed by present or past Slade Students, and the whole publication is under their superintendence. In addition, there are a large number of reproductions after well-known artists—Leighton, Watts, Legros, Clausen, Steer, Strang, Walter Crane, and others, with literary contributions of great excellence.



*"Leaves must fall and the latest blossom wither."
From the Painting by Geo. C. Hütté, R.B.A., in the possession of E. Davis, Esq.
(See page 95.)*



Silver-gilt Ewer and Dish given by Archbishop Parker to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. In the Royal Academy.

DECORATIVE ART AT THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

I.—NEW GALLERY.

THE decorative art of Spain is nothing if not dignified. That is the impression one gets on entering the Hall

of the New Gallery, hung with sober tapestries and carpets. And it grows upon one, for it is essentially the work of the Renaissance, the art of the Spaniards, that is there represented, and not the marvellous handiwork of their Moorish conquerors, who, by the sixteenth century, remained more or less on sufferance in the country they had overrun.

There is always in Spanish Renaissance ornament a flavour of Orientalism, sometimes a very strong one; but, except in the Hispano-Moresque pottery (much of which is presumably the work of the Morescos), Arab art is all but unrepresented. The most interesting Hispano-Moresque plates and bowls are those in the centre of the North Gallery, lent by Mr. Godman. They are not placed so as to exhibit to the full the quality of the lustre: that is more than a top light and London atmosphere perhaps permit, at this time of the year, even when the ware is made uneven by embossing or incising designed for the express purpose of catching the light. One has sometimes to take the iridescence of the ware

for granted; but it is fine in colour and especially pleasing and ingenious in design.

Gothic Art is best exemplified in the ecclesiastical plate in the West Gallery. This shows no Oriental influence.

Much of it might almost be German, with its architectural design and generally "geometric" character. The hexagonal Lantern (289) with its open tracery is a manly piece of forging in iron. If, as the catalogue states, it is of the seventeenth century, it shows that Gothic tradition was much more firmly rooted in Spain than in the other Christian countries, our own included.

It is interesting, by the way, to note that Spanish ornament of the seventeenth century is marked here by a restraint not always to be found in contemporary work this side of the Pyrenees. This is all the more noticeable because, in the sixteenth century, there was a tendency in Spain towards full, fat forms of ornament. That is shown in a Monstrance in gilt metal (208) encrusted with arabesque in carved coral, rich but rather clumsy in effect. Much



King John's Cup. The Property of the Corporation of King's Lynn, Norfolk. In the Royal Academy.

more delicate are the two gilt Mirror Frames decorated with carved coral inlay and white enamel, one of which is illustrated opposite. There is for the most part something barbaric about the effect of incrustation, witness

the wooden Crucifix (240) embedded with shell and stones; but in these exquisite little frames of Lady Layard's, design and workmanship are carried to a point of refinement the very opposite of barbaric.

The term incrustation may not unfitly be applied to some of the embroidery most characteristically Spanish, in which the bullion is raised sometimes to very considerable relief. A small panel in a Vestment (599), from Oscott College, is quite a pattern sheet of "basket" and other such fanciful stitches; and in the same case (594) is some embroidery actually encrusted with coral beads, which beadwork is happiest in association with white and gold, and without stitching in coloured silks.

The best case of embroidery is that lent by Sir C. Robinson, in the North Gallery (case J). Some admirable work occurs in a couple of Orphreys, decorated with arabesque in gold thread, conched with blue, green, and yellow silk, so as to produce the effect of delicately shaded metal. Shading is commonly carried to excess in embroidery; but when it is to be done, this is an excellent way of doing it. It is rather puzzling, for the moment, to come upon a "Portuguese" Coverlet, embroidered on blue satin (344), which in design no less than in colour inevitably suggests a Chinese origin; the mystery is explained, of course, when we remember the Spanish occupation of the Philippine Islands.

There are a few fine specimens of arms and armour, and some characteristic jewellery; the lace and fans are not especially interesting, and the famed cordovan leather is to seek.

II.—ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Exhibition of Decorative Art at the Royal Academy is of compact character. It is designed, says the catalogue, to illustrate the Art of "the English Sculptor Goldsmith," so called, apparently, because he smelts in Silver, is not necessarily a Sculptor, and, at his best, is rarely English. But, quibbling apart, it is a fine show, and one for which we can but be grateful to the younger generation of sculptors, who, during the past few years, have somewhat quickened the still too sluggish pulse of academic enthusiasm for Art outside the picture frame.

Conspicuous among Early work, in the wall case J, is a disc enclosing a Greek cross, enriched with stones "en cabochon," alternating with panels of *champlevé* enamel, admirable both in scheme and execution, and characteristically Romanesque in style. This is German work, which accounts for the difference between it and the Gothic work of about the same date, in case A, which is French.

Very remarkable indeed is Mr. Davis's Reliquary (4 A), not only for its general design, but for the delicate

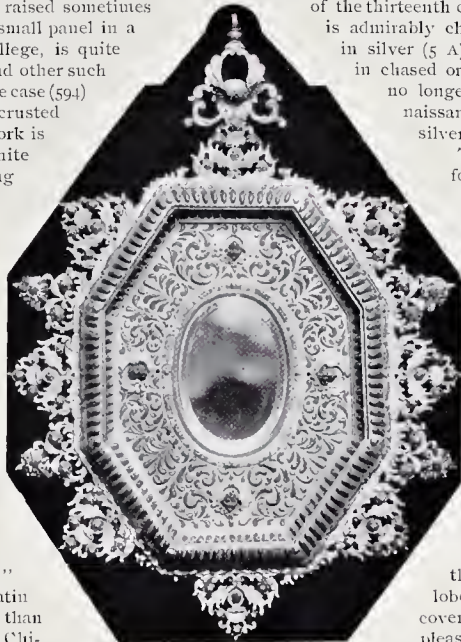
of its detail in filigree, with which, however, the more barbaric setting of the stones in the plinth is not in keeping. The thing looks like the work of two different men, if not of two distinct periods. The Crosier-heads (3 and 7 A), lent by Mr. Taylor, are fine examples of the craftsmanship of the Limoges enamellers of the thirteenth century, and one of them at least is admirably chased. In the processional Cross in silver (5 A), effect is rather frittered away in chased ornament, but the knob at its base, no longer Gothic, like the cross, but Renaissance, is a sumptuous piece of silversmithing.

There is other Gothic work of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in cases A and J, but nothing quite so interesting as the elegant Cnp, which we illustrate, rich with translucent enamel (case C), traditionally supposed to have been presented to the Corporation of King's Lynn by King John. Perhaps the finest specimen of later Gothic is the Founder's Cup, belonging to Oriel College (case D), simply, but very cleverly, enriched with a diaper, which turns out to consist of Lombardic lettering, although the effect of it is somehow rather Oriental: the lip is curiously lobed. The Censer (6), with domed cover of pierced tracery, is more pleasing than the earlier specimens of German work in the same case (J), which are rather hard and mechanical-looking.

The fauons plate belonging to the City Companies shows to better advantage on the festive board than here. The "loving" or other handsome Cnps in case B, with their steeple-crowned covers, are much of a pattern. They belong mostly to the seventeenth century, or thereabout; and are neither better nor worse than one would expect of the period.

The London silversmiths of those days appear to have been capital workmen; but they succeeded better in simpler work. The profiles of their cups and such-like are, for the most part, all that could be wished. Nothing could be better than the plain Flagon of the Skinners' Company (9 B), or that lent by Mrs. Percy Macquoid (10 E), with their subtle outlines and really noble handles. The Tankard of the Merchant Taylors (7 B) has another fine handle, and the Saltcellars of the Skinners and the Mercers (5, 6, 12) are perfect in their workmanlike simplicity. Moreover, they look like what they are, which is more than can be said for some of the more pretensions "salts." The rose-water dishes are more or less excellent in shape, but in no case are they greatly improved by their enrichment, whether embossed or engraved.

An exceptionally beautiful piece of English work in this case is the Ewer (illustrated, together with the interesting Dish) from Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. There is nothing very remarkable in its engraving, except that its surface contrasts perfectly with the spaces of plain metal; but the shape of the



Gilt Mirror Frame. The Property of Lady Layard. In the New Gallery.

thing, the mouldings, the handle, the lid, the lip, are all treated in the most admirable style. The "Hour-glass Salt" from Christ's College, Cambridge, takes again good lines, though the engraved ornament upon it goes for nought. The elaborately embossed, German-looking Dish and Ewer lent by Baron F. de Rothschild (6, 7 E) are the work of an artist—a fantastic one, wanting in restraint, but a master of his craft.

Much more beautiful work is that lent by Mr. A. de Rothschild, most of it also German, with which, however, the English Cup and Cover (8 E) compare very well. It would be difficult to find better specimens of seventeenth-century work than the two Cups of German workmanship (2, 6 E). The balance of fine chasing and plain bossing is perfect in them: the only fault is the hard mechanical line of the lip—the result probably of attempting to shape them so that one might stand inverted on the other. The pretentious "Armada Pilgrim Vase" (4 F) and the "Bacchanalian Cup" (7) flanking it, are of the eighteenth century, and look like it. The Corporation Punch-bowl (5 E) is by comparison chaste in design.

One of the oldest pieces of plate lent by a City Company is the so-called "Leigh Cup," lent by the Mercers (3 C), with rather clumsy ornament of crossbands and badges, in high relief; one of the most beautiful is the sixteenth century "Grace Cup," of the Barbers' Company (4 C), mentioned by Pepys in his Diary, extremely refined in profile and very delicately chased, but placed so high that one cannot properly see the cover. The "Royal Oak" Cup, presented to the same corporation by Charles II., more or less in the form of a tree, may be regarded as the

precursor of the modern centrepiece; but for rustic tree-work in silver it is not bad: there is some recognition of the cup shape in its design, and it builds up well with its crown-shaped cover.

Three larger Maces, in case G, enable one the better to appreciate the smaller one from Guildford (14): yet more interesting than that is the little, octagonal, turret-ended Baton or Sceptre (20), set in silver gilt and pearls, belonging to Mr. Borradaile.

Conspicuous among the jewellery are various Badges of the Order of the Garter; neither the Badge belonging to Charles II. (3 G), nor the pendent Jewel of the Order, lent by Earl Cowper (5), are things to be coveted for the art that is in them. Lady Wallace lends some wonderful jewels. The Eagle pendant (18), the body formed of a monstrous Rococo pearl, would not be out of place among the extravagant treasures of the Green Vaults at Dresden; but the smaller pendants (17, 19) are jewels of far greater artistic price.

A place of honour is reserved in the centre of the room for the famous piece of armourer's work in the Milanese manner, popularly known as the "Cellini Shield," which is lent by Her Majesty. It is a wonderful piece of work, no matter whether or no the great Florentine had anything to do with it. Not the least interesting part of the work is the damascening, in the lozenge borders and in the central boss and the spike projecting from it. It will be remembered (though, of course, it proves nothing), that Benvenuto tells in his memoirs how an Oriental workman taught him to damascene.

LEWIS F. DAY.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE NEW GALLERY AND AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.



Initial.
By T. Runciman.

THE exhibition of pictures of the Spanish School at the New Gallery includes an overwhelming majority of works representing the art of the sixteenth century in the two chief rooms, while the third room is devoted to the modern pictures. The earliest Spanish pictures, especially the small and interesting panels from the collection of Sir Charles Robinson, remind one of the influence exerted by the Netherlandish school of the fifteenth century upon the artistic activity of the Peninsula, a fact which declares itself beyond dispute to every visitor to the Museum of the Prado. As is well known, the golden period of Spanish painting goes back to the previous art of Italy as its source and basis, and at the New Gallery there is afforded abundant opportunity of tracing and unravelling the threads, as it were, which bind both great schools together. The pictures of Tintoretto's pupil, Theotocopulo, called Il Greco, exhibit the style of this prolific and many-sided master in very different phases. Most clearly suggestive of his great prototype is the picture of 'Christ driving the Money-changers from the Temple' (No. 130, Sir Francis Cook), painted with all the fire and passion of youth. The portrait of a girl, 'The Artist's Daughter' (No. 81, Sir John Stirling-Maxwell), is attractive on account of its careful

execution and of the delicate psychological insight that it exhibits. Intensely Spanish in character is the 'Christ, with upturned weeping eyes, bearing His Cross' (No. 101, Mr. A. Stirling). Neither Perugino nor Fra Angelico, admittedly the greatest masters in the sphere of religious emotion, ever went so far in the portrayal of pain, and even in Carlo Dolei himself it would be difficult to find anything approaching this nerve-thrilling, almost pathological grasp. Excellent also is the portrait of the sculptor 'Pompeo Leoni' (No. 60, same collection), the well-known collector of Leonardo da Vinci's MSS., which latter, by the way, were acquired by Charles I., and are now preserved at Windsor Castle.

The art of the Valencian Ribera, who, by education, belongs rather to Italy than to Spain, stands, as it were, on the border-line between the two countries. The present collection contains a masterpiece by him, namely the large 'Holy Family' (No. 61), lent by Lord Northbrook, dated 1643. This is obviously the prototype or the smaller representation by the same master. Interesting in more than one respect is the portrait of a philosopher, if that is what we are to call a study from the model in the shape of an old man with a piece of paper in his hand (No. 18, Sir Charles Robinson).

Our chief attention, however, is naturally claimed by the works of Velasquez and Murillo, among which, side by side with many that are spurious, there are several interesting originals. First and foremost there are the youthful works of Velasquez, including, in the first rank,

those scenes of humble life to which Carl Justi devotes a special chapter in his acute and sympathetic biography of the master (English translation, 1889). In fact, almost all that remains of this kind will be found brought together at the New Gallery. For instance, we have the earliest work of the great Spaniard, the celebrated 'Water-carrier' (No. 134, El Acuador de Seville); the two boys seated at a table (No. 73); and the old woman with the omelette, the most perfect and attractive of the "Bodegones."

Unfortunately works of the first order are scarcely to be met with at the New Gallery, except in copies; and if we sum up the genuine examples, those that bear the stamp of the accomplished, fully-developed art of Velasquez, we shall scarcely find more than seven, all portraits and for the most part of small dimensions, while even of these there are not more than two or three that make a really considerable impression.

The number of pictures assigned to Murillo is especially large; but in the case of not a few of them we may safely leave the question undecided as to whether they have any right to the name they bear. Among all the portraits of himself by the master, that in the possession of Earl Spencer (No. 103) is justly recognised as the original celebrated by Palomino. In this we see him at the age of sixty, and, according to the inscription at the bottom of the picture, he painted it as a votive offering for his children at their own request. The celebrated 'Flower-girl,' "the pearl of the Dulwich Gallery" (No. 35), ranks unquestionably as one of the most charming creations, not only among the works of Murillo, but in the whole range of Spanish art. Another masterpiece of the same painter is the series of six pictures representing scenes

from the history of the Prodigal Son. It would be impossible to describe the poetical charm of this lovely series more appropriately than Carl Justi has done in his work on Murillo; and the exhibition of the pictures here is all the more welcome because to many it will have been unexpected.

At Burlington House there are some excellent Spanish pictures among the old masters. Of these the most important is undoubtedly 'Faith Triumphant' (No. 116, A. Henderson), which will be fresh in the memory of most people from its recent appearance at the sale of the Lyne Stephens pictures. It came from the Pourtales collection, and was originally painted for the church of S. Maria la Blanca, in Seville, as a pendant to the 'Immaculate Conception' now in the Louvre. The collection at Burlington House is this year surprisingly poor in first-rate works of the Italian schools. It will be enough, therefore, to call attention only to two pictures, both attributed to Tintoretto, No. 99, 'Diana' (?) seated with a Scotch Collie by her side; and No. 103, 'The Doge, Alvise Morenigo,' with his patron Saints, kneeling before the infant Christ. These raw, clumsily drawn sketches are probably nothing but copies left unfinished, nor is there anything further to remark about them, except the fact that John Ruskin, the profound and luminous interpreter of Tintoretto, acquired them for himself as originals. The interesting picture 'Temperance' (No. 160, Royal Academy), which not more than a very few critics would venture to assign to Giorgione, is in my opinion by the hand of some late unimportant imitator, who has taken as his model the beautiful Judith in the St. Petersburg Gallery.

J. P. RICHTER.

"LEAVES MUST FALL AND THE LATEST BLOSSOM WITHER."

THE streets of a great modern city, apart from their fruitfulness to the artist in search of interesting or picturesque human character, are continually offering, to those who have eyes to see them, strange and wonderful effects of light and gloom, imposing decorative patterns and arrangements of balanced masses, and romantic atmospheric conditions that appeal most strongly to the pictorial instinct. Unfortunately, the average city-dweller, as he hurries along the familiar streets with mind intent upon his own affairs, has scarcely any thought to spare for the beauty that is spread before him. Not for him are the lilac glamour of the westward thoroughfares at the close of day, nor the golden haze that veils with poetry the sordid street at morning's prime; he does not feel the exquisite daintiness of the mist of silver grey that broods like a healing spirit over the murky river on a winter's afternoon, nor has he time to enjoy the prismatic beauty of the reflected light on the wet pavements after rain.

The first condition of Art is leisure, and it needs the artist, the man of leisure, to stroll through the streets to note and seize the beauty that he finds there, and to set it forth so that the unheeding citizen may at length truly see what he has often looked at, just as Mr. Whistler did with the river at Chelsea. There can be no question that, as a field for the landscape painter, our cities have hitherto been almost neglected, although of late years Mr. Whistler's example has drawn attention to the subject. As a recent writer has said,—“The country is

ransacked for subject. This and that and the other place is recommended, while of all sketching-grounds the most neglected is that which lies nearest to our own doors. Nature, beautiful always, is to some artistic temperaments much more entertaining within the four-mile circle than farther afield.”

The picture we illustrate on page 91 is an admirable example of what the man of leisure, the artist, can find to reward a search for beauty in city streets. Mr. Haité is a man of versatile gifts, a worker in many walks of Art, and the subject of a canvas so fine as this is sufficient to establish a reputation. The eye is carried finely up from the chrysanthemums on the near left across the picture until it is borne off by the buildings on the distant right. The balance of the composition is fine, and the flat masses disposed and broken up with skill. Everything tells, each item is wanted, every note of colour seems in its right place, there are no "loose ends" to weaken or distract. Mr. Haité has made fine use of the shivered, broken light of wet pavements, while the bright colours and definite shapes of the flowers on the left are most happily contrasted with the vague gloom of the buildings on the right. It is a painter's picture, bound to appeal to every artist; full of grip yet not licked smooth nor impossibly finished, but broad in handling and permeated with an atmosphere that softens the harsh outlines of the buildings, and adds dignity and mystery to the distances.

H. W. B.

EXHIBITIONS.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL exhibited, a short time back, pictures in oil and water-colours by Mr. George Carline, and pastel studies by Mrs. Ernest Hart. Mr. Carline, an Oxford artist comparatively unknown in London, brought together some sixty portraits, figure sub-

join together to make an appeal to the public through the medium of a limited display.

Among the pictures which made up this "Landscape Exhibition" were several which were of particular importance. Mr. R. W. Allan's 'Home from the Meadows,' an impressive canvas, was specially noticeable on account of its qualities of atmospheric colour and light. The effect of warm evening glow lighting the whole picture with a suffused and pervading brilliancy was expressed with simple dignity; and the trees relieved against the sky, the hay barge, which was the principal object in the foreground, and the accessory figures took exactly their right places in the general scheme. Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'New Moon' was an excellent study of luminous twilight, in which the finely-designed lines of the landscape and the well-placed masses of the trees and river-banks gave character to a composition that suggested the thoughtful planning of the French romantic school. Mr. J. S. Hill's large subject, 'Near Yarmouth,' was noteworthy for its sombre tone relations and its harmony of subtle shades of grey. Mr. Waterlow's landscapes lacked the serious intention of the other men's work, even of such a canvas as Mr. Peppercorn's 'The River, Bosham,' which succeeded in being brilliant in colour and effect without losing style and earnestness of purpose. Perhaps the best thing that Mr.



"Home from the Meadows."
By R. W. Allan.

jects, and landscapes, which had a definite individuality of motive and treatment. The most characteristic of them all, a child seated among masses of flowers, was brilliant in colour, and painted with a certain agreeable straightforwardness of technique that raised it above the level of its comparatively trivial incident. The motive of the collection, as expressed in its title, was to illustrate the "Home of our English Wild Flowers," and, with this idea, most of the paintings and drawings were of floral subjects.

Mrs. Ernest Hart's pastel studies of "The Glories of the Sky and Sea in the Far East" were the results of a tour in various parts of the Indian Ocean and in the countries adjacent thereto. They possessed peculiar qualities of colour, and had evidently been observed with a particular sense of what is exceptional and extraordinary in atmospheric combinations. Many of the studies of cloud form were surprising, and many of the effects were hardly credible, if judged by the less demonstrative habits of our own skies. Mrs. Hart certainly deserves credit for the possession of that most important artistic quality—technical audacity.

It was by a distinctly happy inspiration that Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. James S. Hill, Mr. T. Hope McLachlan, Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, Mr. Leslie Thomson, and Mr. E. A. Waterlow were moved to combine and hold a show of their pictures. This exhibition of landscape subjects of various types occupied the Dudley Gallery during the month of January. It had the great merit of possessing within judicious limits a considerable amount of attractive variety; and it showed with what excellent effect groups of painters with moderately congruous convictions might



"All amongst the Roses."
By Mr. Geo. Carline.

Waterlow had to show was 'The Night before Shearing,' a moonlit landscape, with well-massed darks; and his 'October Moonrise, Picardy,' was almost equally commendable. Of Mr. Hope McLachlan's works, the most effective was 'A March Morning,' in which there was justification for the lowness of tone.

THE ART JOURNAL,

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A NEW USE FOR SCULPTURE.



*The Original Plaster Sketch
for the Ox.*

By Jules Lagae.

which have been laid down for it, but the result is always acceptable from the hands of a true artist, because Art, like wisdom, is justified of her children. Nobody needs to be told of the services which the arts of music, painting, sculpture, and architecture have rendered in all ages to religion, for example, though it is well to point out occasionally the sagacity, from the point of view of mere propagandism, of those who enlisted them in their service. And similarly it falls out, as into one after another of the different departments of human activity Art is brought, that it proves indispensable. One of the latest territories which it has occupied has been the boardings of our streets and the posters which adorn or disfigure them, as the case may be. In a recent number of *THE ART JOURNAL* (1895, p. 42) this novel phase of "Art in the Poster" was fully discussed, and illustrations were given of the works of some of the artists of indisputable talent, and even genius, which it has brought to the front. But the point to which we would draw attention is this, that the enterprising firms who have employed clever artists like Grasset, Steinlen, Hardy or

1896.

THERE is a famous dictum of Mr. Ruskin that "every work of Art either states a true thing or adorns a serviceable one." Why may not the converse be partly true, that every true thing or fact can be artistically stated, and every serviceable thing adorned? We may imagine that there are fields of human thought and action into which Art cannot enter and in which it has no part; but is this not because the attempt to employ it has not been made? Art makes its own limitations, and they are seldom those

Greiffenhagen to produce pictorial advertisements of their respective wares, are primarily interested, not so much in the dissemination of works of Art, as in the increase of their particular businesses; and they find that by calling in artistic assistance they are furthering, in the most successful way, the interests which they most wish to serve. Let this once be fairly grasped and the movement is bound to become pretty general, and so at last the hitherto wayward commercial advertiser will have to be welcomed into the folds of the patrons of Fine Art.

In this connection we are able to draw attention to a further development of the idea of resorting to the assistance of artists for publicity in business purposes. It is an example that we should like to see imitated, inasmuch as it tends to the encouragement of an art that is pursued under enormous disadvantages, that of sculpture. We refer to a trophy for exhibition purposes, commissioned by the Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, consisting of a huge model of one of their jars supported by three magnificent oxen. These animals, two of which were replicas, come from the studio of M. Jules Lagae, a Belgian sculptor. By the courtesy of the artist we are enabled to reproduce four photographs taken in his

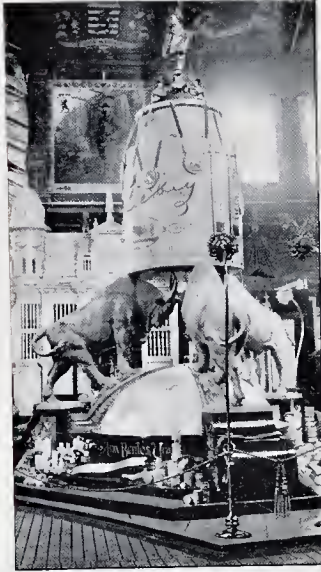


Ox for the Liebig Trophy.

By Jules Lagae.

a

studio at Brussels: the first plaster sketch of the subject made from the model, and also the original finished ox, from which, of course, the other two were duplicated. M. Lagae's work is realistic in character, as well as solid and true. He has admirably brought out in the poise



The Liebig Trophy.

of the superbly proportioned brute the desired impression of immense strength supporting enormous weight. Our small illustration of the trophy as erected shows the oxen in position. The idea is one worth developing further. More exhibits, well thought out and artistically

executed, such as this, at our International Exhibitions, would very greatly add to the interest of those useful, but often commonplace, shows.

As an example of another kind, we illustrate his group, 'The Expiation,' which has recently been bought by the Belgian Government, and will be placed in the Museum of Ghent. It represents two parricides, in the time of Charlemagne, when the punishment for this crime was perpetual exile, chained each to the other. The work is powerful, if strange and phantasmal. But such a subject to be treated successfully could hardly fail to be repellent.



The Expiation.
By Jules Lagae.

A NEW AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

A SPIRITED bronze, of dimensions suitable to any living-room, has been received from the well-known New York house of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., and is exhibited at their London branch, 221, Regent Street. It is the work—his first essay in sculpture—of Mr. Frederick Remington, an American artist hitherto most known for sketches of Western life. 'The Broncho Buster' is effective in form, and it is admirably modelled with full anatomical knowledge; proving thereby that the artist is a sculptor of power, as the subject (that of breaking-in a wild horse) calls for more than common courage and superficial learning. It will lose



"The Broncho Buster."
By Mr. Fredk. Remington.

little by comparison with first-class Russian statuettes of similar realistic character, for the muscular action of the buck-jumping brute, the no less nervous tension of the rider, with raised right arm bringing down his greenhide thong, and with facial expression of dogged determination to be master, are excellently rendered. Apart from its literal veracity, it is a fine adjustment of balance in battle between physical animal strength and that of human endurance, will, and intelligence. These points entirely negative any idea of cruelty, and the mere beauty of shape and muscle in man and beast pleases the eye.



Gold-embroidered Altar Cloth.
From Messrs. Debenham & Freebody.

ANTIQUE EMBROIDERIES AND BROCADES.

MESSRS. Debenham & Freebody, of Wigmore Street, have collected together a large assortment of splendid pieces of old Italian, Spanish, and Polish needlework and weaving, the variety of which is suggested by the accompanying illustrations. Many a hint for the adaptation of such hand-worked or woven fabrics can be gleaned in their furniture-rooms, where good old English cabinet work is seen; a few exceptionally rich ancient Dutch cabinets, presses, bureaus, &c.; and that most elegant of all furniture—genuine old decorated satinwood.

Some of the most perfect examples of stitchery are found, of course, in church work, for at all times the church has been given of the best. Words will never convey an idea of the richness of a complete old Italian set—some six pieces—worked on a white silk ground heavily enwoven with silver, and embroidered with fine silks of endless shades, as well as with gold thread used in stitches of many kinds to make high relief.

An altar frontal, also of Italian birth, which is extremely beautiful in design and colouring, has suffered decay of ground and been backed with linen, but the embroidery silks are as fresh as ever, and the pattern lovely, though not so suitable for illustration as the two antique Italian specimens selected for that purpose. Moreover, the ecclesiastical robe, which is one of these, is about as magnificent a piece as could be found anywhere, and it is in first-rate condition. Its

substance is supple, white, corded silk, and the design, as may be seen from the engraving, is curiously angular, at least as regards the main lines, which are of gold lace, *appliqué*. Much of the sumptuous effect in the exquisitely shaded floral parts is due to their being wrought with finest floss, executed so closely and regularly that the surface has the shimmer of satin. The second example of Italian work is of white cloth of silver having that wavy effect almost as of *moiré*, which age alone produces, and the scroll-like convoluted pattern is heavily worked with gold, and with various coloured embroidery silks (not floss), having a predominance of softened violet tones.

Some of the Italian pieces, which originally were of white silk, are toned so equally by age that they are uniformly of purest ivory or delicate biscuit tint, and one, not perhaps the most venerable, that would make a rich bed-spread or piano drape, is of creamy white satin with a tracery border and a double eagle centre—probably a family emblem.

Castles in Spain must have harboured many of the fine old brocades Messrs. Debenham & Freebody have acquired, and they have likewise garnered in some Spanish embroideries. One of these of unusual class is a silver woven white silk square, with a well-defined border of floss silks that are couched down without depressing the floss, so that the face appears to be absolutely flat, although the superposed net-



Embroidered Chasuble.
From Messrs. Debenham & Freebody.

work is strongly marked. The filling, of similar couching, is of detached tulips and lilies semi-realistic in colours and primitively treated, especially as regards the stems. An old Spanish brocade of pale buff silk is in three widths joined together, but easily separable, which is fortunate, as its pattern makes it eminently suitable for panels to a three-fold screen. The base of the breadths has a deep floral brocaded border in olives and browns, and from this star-shaped florets in bright blue make stripes that enclose a powdering of blossoms. Flowers in old Spanish brocades are naturalistic, or at least only slightly conventionalised. Sometimes they are thrown on a double ground—that is to say a plain silk that has a raised brocade of the same colour on it. Brocades are very seductive things, for they have so much individuality as well as distinctive nationality. Polish brocades, for instance, are by no means common, and they are always marked by peculiarity of finish. There is such peculiarity in the broken way that silver threads are employed on, and the great value they are to, the really intricate but apparently emphatic design given on this page, which is a blending of full greens. Another brocade made in Poland is beige tinted, with baskets and bunches of grapes woven in quite rich relief and surrounded with conventional wreaths, while sharp lines of brown define the form of berries, tendrils, etc., and the ground has silver in some portions and gold in others. A third piece of charming colour which is reserved without being at all cold, and of elaborate pattern which interests without wearying the sight, is silken brocade ranging through smoke grey, steel, and silvery shades, but with softest touches of rose hue appearing



Louis XVI. Brocade.
From Messrs. Debenham & Freebody.



Antique Polish Brocade.
From Messrs. Debenham & Freebody.

now and again in manner most unobtrusive yet effective withal.

Needless to say that where brocades are seriously considered as they are in Wigmore Street, Venice and France are duly represented. Of the former city two of the best exhibits are very opposite in character and very beautiful. One of them is a pair of portières in velvet brocade of bold conventional pattern, and therefore restful to the eye. Restfulness is the greater by reason of the colour, which is soft golden tawny, playing with lights and shades though of one tone throughout, because of the ground being silk, the masses of the design in cut velvet pile, and its margins, veinings, etc., being of finest terry, *i.e.* uncut pile. The second is one of several pieces in which an all-metal ground is the feature. This particular example is of two breadths, hence a screen is again suggested as its future purpose; the more so because, when light is thrown on it, most unexpected but indescribable effects are brought out with frequent changes, this being due to the metal ground of dull gold and the various colours of the brocade, which is minute in detail of parrots, flowers, etc. The reigns of Louis XIV., XV., XVI., were the reigns of dress brocades. Some of the best specimens of Louis XVI.'s time betray the origin of the striped brocades lately revived in the fashion and upholstery worlds, but modern dyes and designs do not compare favourably with the old. Colour is so important to appreciation of these fabrics that black and white does little justice to them, but at any rate the design of the one illustrated can be admired. The ground is a brilliant though soft rose-silk coloured, watered; the stripes are blue, and the baskets of multicoloured flowers are connected with loose ribbons. Another old French of striped class, technically known as ribbon stripe, is of subdued grass-green divided by gold-tinted brocaded silk in a way that almost suggests gold lace laid down, and between these are meandering trails of small flowers. Of earlier date—Louis Quatorze—is a specially fine and very oddly designed brocade of feathery foliated nature, in puce, dark reds, and greens, on canary silk ground with silver tinsel run in it in parts in a darned way. It is lined through with apple green.



Joseph introducing Jacob to Pharaoh.
By E. J. Poynter, R.A

COLLECTION OF WILLIAM COLTART, ESQ., OF WOODLEIGH, BIRKENHEAD.

IT may be said at starting, that the collection of pictures at Woodleigh, Birkenhead, has been brought together by Mr. and Mrs. Coltart in a way that all collections should be—in no haste, or regard for the commercial value of the works, but gradually and as responding to the mental aspirations and sympathetic feelings by which they have both been animated. Thus it is that in the house itself—encountering as we do the works of men who have shone, and in many cases passed away, and knowing that such works were acquired long years ago direct from the respective men, and have been kept and carefully cherished ever since—we are influenced by a reverence for the past, and impressed with the long-sustained love that both have for each work, which, in most instances, has woven about it some long-remembered association or some interesting incident.

The oil paintings are arranged in the dining-room and elsewhere, the rich selection of water-colours in the drawing-room, ample wall-space separating the works so as to show each one to advantage. In the former medium, by that sensitive colourist, James Holland, there are two excellent specimens—one of 'Cadiz,' painted when the artist was thirty-six, shows his power—familiar to all—of closely grouping in rich colouring, architecture, shipping, and people; while a large and more important work, 'Herne Bay' (27 x 36), which we reproduce, expresses his capacity for indicating aerial breadth. Few of his works can equal this production. The still sea with its small craft lying lazily off the shore, and the white sun-touched sails far away along the horizon, with the broad

APRIL, 1896.



Lady Lilith.
By D. G. Rossetti.

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in silver, strange from the hand of one with whom we more readily associate definite and varied colouring, such as appears in the picture of 'Cadiz.'

Of Robert Touge and William Davis, deservedly popular as the more distinguished members of a school that has more or less identified itself with Liverpool (just as Nasmyth, Stark, and others identified themselves with Norwich), there are by each three examples. By the former 'Hoylake Shore,' painted in 1852 (Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, 1887), shows a wide flat shore subdnd in tone, but so truthful in its relation to the finely studied sky as to make it one of his most engaging works; nor does the life that is going on disturb the solemn aspect of nature; the beacon, the cart, the groups of peasant folk are consistently and effectively introduced. His other pictures are 'A Peep into Shropshire,' painted also in 1852, in its strength and tenderness of feeling worthy of Constable, and 'Eastham,' a luminous little work showing a long stretch of shore with the foliage coming down to the water's edge, and a landing stage, from which a steamer is just departing on the slightly agitated water.

Of the landscapes by Davis, 'The Cornfield,' and 'Sketch in a Park,' both are characteristically vivid and rich, but a third shows greater effort in the well-studied distant hills, and the irregular shore of the still-lying lake. A child is ably introduced on the rough grassy mound in the foreground, and over all, the soft white clouds of morning move with a glimpse here and there of blue. It is impossible not to discern in the work of these men a great devotion to nature; much evidence of thought with no anxiety for effect, but simply the desire for truth, are plainly and commendably read. It would be well perhaps if the works of this school were one day shown together in

some public institution. They have appeared occasionally in a more or less scattered manner, but were the best examples of the school grouped together, they would certainly afford striking characteristics, and fully justify such an assembly.

Breathing of the rich country-side is George Mason's 'Gander' (19 x 33), a carefully painted work, and by many considered one of his most engaging renderings of

peasant life—that most charming phase of his art. A graceful child with arms uplifted is keeping back a sturdy gander that threatens her; her dark blue frock, light blue pinafore, and yellow kerchief round her neck effectively keep in check the red light of evening which floods the sky. Another child in darker clothing is behind her, and a short distance away more geese are seen, and then the darkening land. One of the works which recalls sad associations is 'The Sick Call,' the work of a young artist, Matthew James Lawless, who died in 1864, the year after the picture was exhibited in the Academy, at the age of twenty-seven. He was wont to say that this was the only picture he painted in which, in his own view, he really succeeded. We reproduce it.

It represents a boat crossing a Belgian river, with a priest seated in the stern accompanied by his acolytes, who are in white with scarlet bands. They are going with the Host to render the last office to a sick person. The light is waning, and the towers, spires and red-roofed houses of the town they are leaving rise sharply into the clear evening sky; the only figures seen on the bank kneel reverently as they see the boat with its solemn company and guess its meaning. Great scope for pictorial effect naturally lies in such a subject, and the painter has taken every advantage of it. It is said that he was conscious of the pos-



King René's Honeymoon
By Ford Madox Brown.

sibilities which were before him had he lived; evidence of his power of design may be seen, for instance, in many woodcuts he executed, the most original of them being, perhaps, those illustrative of "The Lives of the Saints," in which the skilful grouping of many figures constantly occurs. A large-work which he did not live to finish, depicting a procession on Christmas Eve, was imbued with a feeling similar in character to that of 'The Sick Call,' but the work was of a more elaborate nature, and the grouping of figures on the snow-covered ground surpassed his former efforts.

One of the most carefully thought out works of the late Ford Madox Brown is 'The Coat of Many Colours.' It was formerly in the collection of Mr. J. F. Hutton, who acquired it from Mr. George Rae, an ardent admirer

priest is depreciating the volume he is being persuaded to buy; on the wall at the side is a cup of holy water, and the sunlight, finding its way in, effectively reveals a pile of old books. A by this little work bears out its title, "It is nought, it is nought, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way then he boasteth."

Coming now to the water colours, the painters who are most prominently represented, and who give character to the entire collection, are D. G. Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, Albert Moore, and Simeon Solomon. Of each of these painters distinguished examples are here. 'Lady Lilith,' by Rossetti, a work of great beauty and full of sumptuous colour, was painted in 1867. We give a reproduction of it. Seated to the left and combing her abundant fair hair, she regards herself in a hand



The Sick Call.
By Matthew James Lawless.

of the pre-Raphaelite school, and it is one of the latest possessions at Woodleigh. Jacob, his five sons, and an attendant, appear in the picture. Of the sons, the most prominent, is speaking direct to his father, and pointing to the many-coloured garment, which it is plainly seen is stained with blood, but his eye appears to shrink from meeting his father's. Another in leopard skin and with a weapon in his belt respectfully holds his shoes in his hand, as he doggedly watches with the others his father's reception of their story. The rude circular platform on which Jacob sits is placed beneath a large fig-tree, the roots of which protrude from beneath the platform; and the background is a remarkable one, showing no sky but occupied solely by steeply rising ground.

Works by H. Stacy Marks, Edward Duncan, Spencer Stanhope, Thomas Armstrong, and Edwin Long, have place in this portion of the collection, the last-named depicting a priest at a bookseller's stall in Spain. The

mirror. She is in white raiment, a bright red band round the waist, rich blue drapery on the chair, and white roses behind and over her head. In the mirror to the left behind the candlesticks, the woodland is reflected, and a foxglove on a table at her side completes the general loveliness of the effect. The next Rossetti, 'The Borgia Family,' painted 1863, shows a group of six figures. Lucrezia Borgia, seated on a rich blue couch, plays on a lute, to which two sickly-looking children are dancing. An old man, Pope Alexander VI., with a red fan in his hand, leans over the couch to her left, while at her right her brother Caesar, habited entirely in red, bends forward to blow the red petals from the rose which is set in her fair hair. No position and no action is unintentional, each has its meaning, and in this respect, no less than in its gorgeous splendour of colour, the work may be pronounced one of Rossetti's finest. Hanging not far from it is the single full-length figure of 'Lucrezia,' painted in

1871. She is in a white robe embroidered with gold, and is turning toward the spectator as she washes her hands of the poison she has mixed with the wine of which her husband, Duke Alfonso of Bisceglia, has already partaken. In the mirror he is seen walking up and down the room with Pope Alexander, himself privy to the crime. Beside the decanter of poisoned wine lies a poppy, emblem of sleep; and a rich blue vase with dark red ornamentation, and in which grows an orange-tree laden with fruit, completes the harmony of a splendid and dramatic piece of work.

'The Annunciation' (23½ × 20½) and 'Green Summer' (11 × 19) are the two examples of Burne-Jones. 'The Annunciation,' which we reproduce as a large plate, was painted in 1863, when the artist was thirty-three years of age. It is a work of great simplicity and delicacy. Mary, in white, is kneeling, at her red-draped bed, upon an embroidered carpet, her missal lying open before her; through the window appears the angel Gabriel in blue and brown raiment, with steely grey wings, who is presenting to her the lily. This is one of the most poetic of Burne-Jones' earlier pictures, and renders the sweet story with a charm that is quite irresistible. The festival of the Annunciation is kept on the 25th of March, and in England is known as Lady Day, so that our publication of the plate at the beginning of April is specially appropriate. 'Green Summer,' painted in 1864, was originally exhibited at the Old Water-Colour Society. It is an idyll. Seated on the daisied grass by a running stream are eight maidens; one in black, with white headgear, is reading from an illuminated book to the remaining seven, who, clad in green, listen absorbed as they lie around in graceful posture.

Of Madox Brown a charming rendering, brilliant in colour and fine finish, of 'King René's Honeymoon,' is here, painted in 1864, familiar to us by the larger version. He sits with his bride on a Gothic garden seat, and is



A Priest elevating the Host.
By Simeon Solomon.



Herve Bay.
By James Holland.

royally robed in red (four crowns being emblazoned at the shoulder), and wearing a crown and chain of gold. She, in white poppy-covered garment and elaborate headgear arranged over a small crown, is kissing him. This king was the titular king of Naples, and was well versed in the Arts. He is here discussing with his queen the building of a new palace; and plans and compasses lie on the grass before them, and in the background builders are seen at actual work. The original design, which was representative of Architecture, was executed on a panel to decorate a cabinet belonging to Mr. J. P. Seddon. There were three other panels in the cabinet representing Painting, Music and Sculpture, all of them illustrating incidents in the honeymoon of King René, and these were carried out by Rossetti and Burne-Jones. 'The Green Apple,' another of Madox Brown's, is simpler in design but vivid in colour.

Of Simeon Solomon there are no less than six examples in water colour, two of them of particular force and dignity of expression—'A Greek High Priest,' painted in Rome in 1867, and 'A Priest elevating the Host' (here reproduced). The high yellow hat and yellow robe worn by the High Priest are richly ornamented, and well become the dark handsome features and black beard of the priest. His staff is in his hand and tall candlesticks are discerned on an altar behind him. The 'Elevation of the Host,' painted in 1870, shows a young priest in white gold-embroidered robe, the background occupied by the elaborate ornamentation of the stonework of the edifice. 'Poetry,' a less ambitious work painted in 1864, and 'A Lady in a Chinese Dress,' in 1865, are, like the two first-mentioned works, firmly painted and with much decision; on the other hand, weak somewhat in drawing but terribly pathetic in expression, is a smaller work painted in 1863, entitled 'He shall give His Angels charge over Thee.' It was once in the collection of the late James Anderson Rose, and shows a room carpeted with dark green, and an angel with an aureole and red wings, and habited in green, receiving with infinite tenderness a frail white-robed figure that hurries towards it. Hanging in the same room, by the same artist, but in oil, is a work larger than any of his water-colours, 'Love in Winter,' a picture of much poetic feeling, and showing the impersonation of 'Love'—sad of aspect—taking his way along a leaf-strewn and rocky path, his crimson wings and raiment rudely blown by the cold breath of winter. A fine work by E. J. Poynter, of greater elaboration, represents 'Joseph introducing Jacob to Pharaoh' and is reproduced on p. 97. It was painted in 1865, about the time when



1870

1870

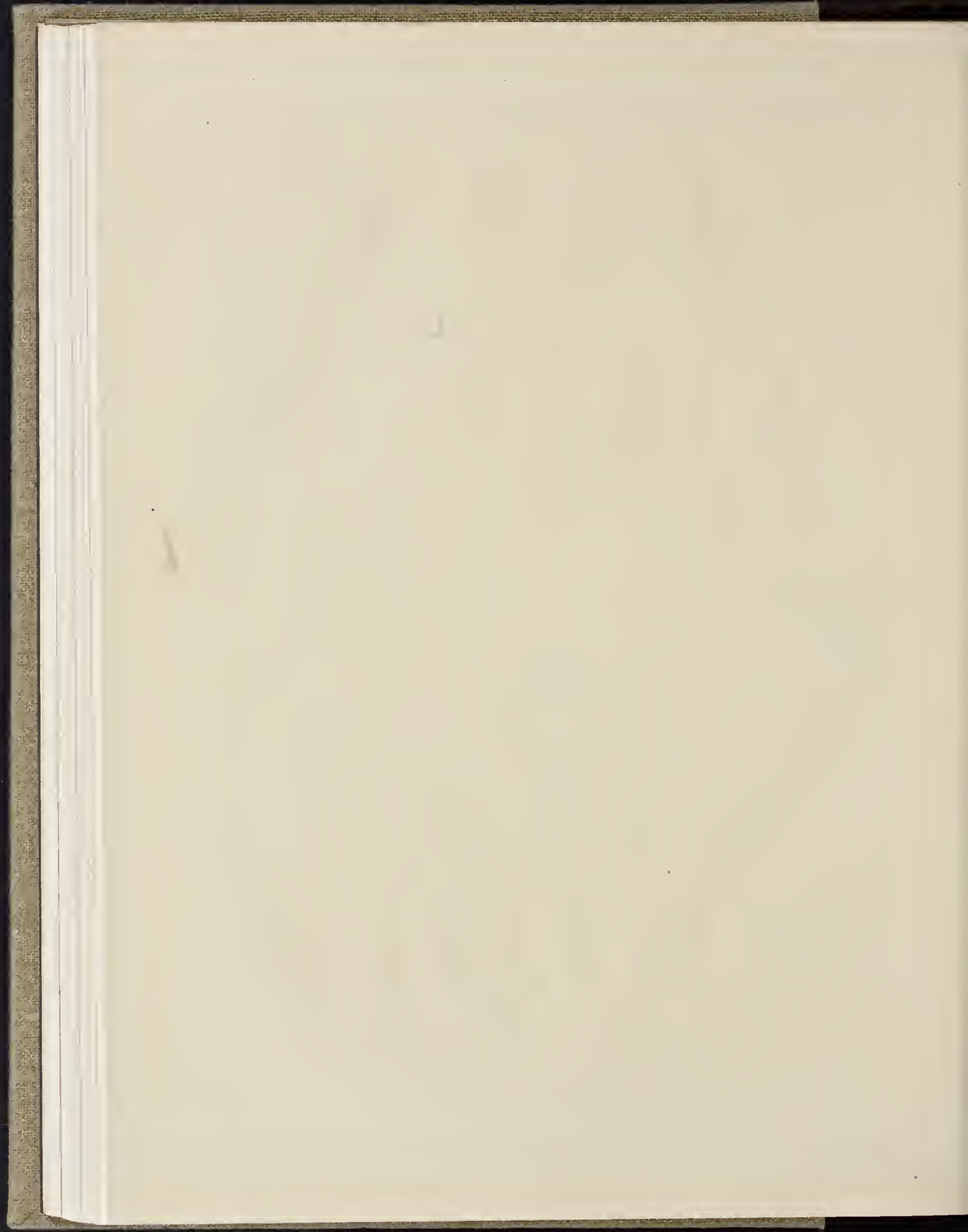
1870

1870



from the picture by Sir Edward Burne Jones, Bart.

The Annunciation



he was working upon his large and complicated design of 'Israel in Egypt,' and the Egyptian monarch is here seen seated on an inlaid throne and regarding the aged patriarch, who, white-bearded and red-turbaned, is being led forward, staff in hand, by his son Joseph. Surrounding the group are massive pillars and many figures, constituting this small work one of great detail and archaeological study, upon the execution of which infinite pains have been bestowed, in costume, architecture and ornamentation. Hanging near it is an interesting work by J. W. North, painted about fourteen years ago, entitled 'The Bridge,' painted with the artist's delicate appreciation of nature, and the effect of the pale purple clouds in the warm lemon sky expressed with his usual dexterity.

There remains in the collection but six others, upon which we have space only briefly to touch. A highly finished little work of Spencer Stanhope, called 'Loves and Maidens,' and three realistic landscapes, by E. Clif-

ford, G. Barret, and G. P. Boyce the last named 'A Valley at Wotton, Surrey: Morning in late November, 1866,' and 'The Music Party' and 'The Bath of Venus,' both by the late Albert Moore. The latter is a nude figure standing on a leopard skin and remarkable chiefly for the delicate gradations and harmony of the flesh tints, and of the various kindred tints which compose the background. 'The Music Party,' or 'The Quartette,' is a composition of more consequence, and consists of seven figures—four performing to an audience of three. It has been frequently exhibited as an excellent example of the best characteristics of the painter, and is throughout remarkable for its firmness of touch and its sensitiveness of tone.

It may be noted, before finally closing, that thirteen of the works to which reference has been made in this article, appeared in the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition in 1887.

A. G. TEMPLE.



Henry VII. (No. 1.)
By N. Hilliard.



Henry VIII. (No. 2.)
By N. Hilliard.



Queen Elizabeth. (No. 3.)

MINIATURE PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

PROBABLY no country in the world is so rich in historical portraiture as England: not even excepting Italy—for, not to speak of great family mansions, where, as in the palaces of Italy, we expect to find portraits of long lines of ancestry, our own land is thickly studded with old houses whose walls are hung from entrance hall to attic with works (too often, alas! unnamed) which take us back to the earliest days of British portrait art.

This partiality for portraiture did not escape the notice of that close observer, William Hogarth, who has remarked that "portrait painting ever has succeeded, and ever will succeed, better in this country than in any other."

It may strike some that this trait in our national character is sadly inconsistent with the habitual self-depreciation in which we are wont to indulge; but the fact remains, account for it as we may.

With the gracious permission of Her Majesty I am privileged to reproduce some of the choicest treasures of the Royal collection at Windsor; and by the courtesy of several noble and private owners I am able to show other historical portraits in little of extreme interest, some of which, so far as I know, have never been made public before. It is, of course, impossible to do full justice in black and white to these delicate and beautiful works,

1896



Lady Audley. (No. 4.)

D 11

but it is hoped that their merits are sufficiently shown by the illustrations to prove their value and quality.

With regard to the subject, it seems hardly necessary, in these columns, to expatiate upon its many-sided interest; while no native painter had attained excellence in life-sized oil portraiture before the time of Vandyke, we have in miniature art a succession of eminent "painters in little," commencing with Nicholas Hilliard in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and continued by John Hoskins, the two Olivers, father and son, down to the inimitable Samuel Cooper, in the reign of Charles II.

It follows that a history of English miniature painting is a history of English art for many years. Moreover, the period through which these native artists flourished is unquestionably one of the most stirring and eventful in our annals. Thus there are good grounds for claiming attention to the works of these eminent "painters in little" as historical illustrations of great value, and of an importance which has perhaps never been sufficiently recognised. Indeed, time was, and not so long ago, when miniatures were regarded as mere *bric-à-brac*. Here and there a collector was to be found riding his harmless hobby, and the great world of Philistines looked on him with an indulgent eye, regard-

formed the Strawberry Hill collection, examples from which are now so highly prized, that if the contents of the (sham) Gothic house at Twickenham could be again brought together and offered for sale, the miniatures, at

any rate, would fetch prices that would make George Robbins open his eyes in amazement, for in his time ten pounds was a common price for a Petitot. Obviously works of Art of this nature have always retained a certain value, otherwise it would seem difficult to account for their



Henry Brandon. (No. 5.)
By Holbein.

preservation during all the perils to which they have been exposed— in some cases for centuries— especially when one bears in mind how easily they are injured and destroyed, how easily lost.

In old times we know they were worn as treasured ornaments, and old portraits commonly show miniatures hung around the neck, or suspended from the person.

But in the period of neglect of the art which followed the discoveries of Talbot and Daguerre, miniature painting well-nigh perished of inanition, so that a popular belief arose that the art had altogether ceased to be practised. Hence, as recently as 1885, we find a leading article in *The Times* apropos to the death of Robert Thorburn, A.R.A., declaring that his vocation had collapsed, and speaking of this heir of an art which had flourished



Walter Raleigh Fils. (No. 7.)



Case for the Raleigh Portraits. (No. 8.)



Sir Walter Raleigh. (No. 9.)

ing him as a mere "snapper-up or unconsidered trifles." But even in those dark days for Art in England, the times of the second George, when we had a king on the throne who hated "boetry and bainting," and when most of his subjects probably thought as he did, Horace Walpole

for centuries as a man who found himself "stranded with a cargo of unsaleable talents;" it likened him to an owner of a cellar of rare wines whose friends had with one consent turned tectotallers; and, again, compared his fate to that of a hand-loom weaver, when the

new machinery was introduced. But with all respect to *The Times*, and with due regard to the mutability of things human, and to the changes of that most capricious thing called taste, I believe an important art does not die quite so easily, and this particular one which we are now considering is deep-rooted, it is nourished by some of our deepest-lying national characteristics; in a word, it is our fondness for home, and our attachment to those who make it so dear to us, that give vitality to portraiture, and perennial freshness to every branch of it.

As an instance, let us take the portraits of Raleigh and his son, from Belvoir, of which we are so fortunate as to be able to give illustrations. These were found by the writer detached from their enamelled case, which, by the way, was only less interesting than the original portraits. The entwined initials W. F. R. (Walter and Elizabeth Raleigh) and the heart, and other emblematic ornaments, upon this case show that it was a treasured souvenir of those ill-fated men, and was doubtless worn by Lady Raleigh in memory of her son and husband. The assembly of Raleigh's fleet and the attack upon the Spanish settlement of San Thome are depicted by vignettes upon the miniatures themselves in an unusual and interesting manner.

While confessing our faith in the future of miniature painting, it must be owned that photography put miniatures out of fashion; their ineffectual fires paled rapidly beneath the rays of the rising, new, and wondrous sun-painting, so that a generation which had cheerfully given its hundred guineas for a Ross, a Newton, or a Bone, suddenly ceased to care for such, and disastrous indeed were the immediate results. But now it is seen clearly enough that, whilst photography can claim the advantages of rapidity, of cheapness, and of a veracity often painful, it is as yet but a handmaid to Art, useful, indeed, but not a substitute for a master hand. Sir William Ross declared, on his death bed, that "it was all up" with future miniature painting; but let us regard it rather as having undergone a partial eclipse. Let us cherish this beautiful art, and let us seek to maintain a

high standard of excellence, for we know that it is capable of portraying every refinement of character, and, when united with technical excellence, calls up, as Walpole has truly said, so many collateral ideas, as to

fill an intelligent mind more than any other species of painting.

It is, therefore, a matter for congratulation that amongst other signs of a revival of taste, one notes a higher appreciation of miniatures; indeed, of late years their value has enormously increased until it has reached a point which is often in excess of their merit as works of Art. Evidence of this may be seen in the price paid for a portrait of James I. by Hilliard (in a diamond setting of the period, it is true) which, at the Hamilton Palace sale at Christie's, fetched no less than £2,835. Whilst for an example of Isaac Oliver, once in the keeping of the writer, which had no adventitious value in the shape of its setting, the sum of £2,000 was offered. The personal element inseparable from miniatures is that which lends such surpassing interest to many of these relics of the past; they show us living presentments of some of the fairest and greatest of our race; they bear names renowned in the court, the camp, the grove; filling the records of statesmanship, arms, arts, and letters. The men and women who sat for them are they who made our history, and their forms and features possess, and will ever retain, an undying charm, and these pictures in little often pack, as it were, the story of a life into a few square inches.

As an example, let us turn to a well-known book, the autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbny, which H. Walpole published. Herein his lordship tells us how "there was a lady, wife to Sir John Ayres, Knt., who, finding some means to get a copy of my picture from Larkin, gave it to Mr. Isaac (Oliver), the painter, in Blackfriars, and desired him to draw it in little after his manner, which, being done, she caused it to be set in gold and enamelled, and so wore it about her neck so low that she hid it under her breasts." Lord Herbert further relates that he caught the knight's lady lying upon her bed contemplating the miniature. However gratifying to the vanity of his lordship, this episode nearly made him the victim of Sir John's jealousy, for he was set upon in Whitehall and a bloody fray ensued in broad daylight close to the Court, on the spot now known as Scotland Yard.

"They who undertake to write the history of any art," says Walpole in his "Anecdotes of Painting," "are fond of carrying its origin back as far as possible," but in the case



The Dauphin,
Husband of Mary, Queen of Scots.
(No. 10.)



Mary Queen of Scots. By Clouet. (No. 11.)

now before us we need go no farther than to the ancient missal painters; they were the fathers of miniature painting as we moderns understand the term, and the minute and exquisite labour of cloistered monks expended upon books of the Hours or Lives of the Saints, led by later developments to the art of the Olivers, of Cooper, and of Petitot. One may regret that we know but little of these early artists of the Scriptorium, but their works do follow them, and the manuscripts which have escaped the wreck of time and the ravages of neglect and fanaticism are silent but eloquent testimonies of their patience and their skill.

Strictly speaking, the term missal painting should be confined to the ornamentation of the "Office of the Mass" of the Latin Church, but it has come to be applied as a general term to all illuminated devotional manuscripts, and as such may be here adopted. It is the connection with the old illuminator's work that has given rise to the word miniature, which is derived from the Latin *minium*, meaning red lead, in which the capital letters of the manuscripts were drawn (hence its origin is closely analogous to our word rubric). The persons who put the red letters and illuminations in ancient MSS. were called Miniators, the art of illumination being expressed by the low Latin verb *miniare*. It has been noted that Samuel Pepys never used the word miniature, whilst Horace Walpole constantly does so. This would seem to prove that it came into use somewhere about the beginning of the eighteenth century; but there is something arbitrary in the use of the word, for it is applied to portraits painted in water-colours, on paper, vellum, or ivory, whereas figures, even when as small as Gerard Dow's, or not more than two or three inches high, are called small pictures.

It is important to determine, yet it is at the same time most difficult to trace, what is the direct connection between the art of the illuminators and the specific art of the miniature painter. The link appears to be missing, although it may be plausibly urged that what we now understand as miniature painting may be the outcome of the practice of introducing portraits of the dignitaries of the Church which obtained in the devotional books of the later missal painters. Mr. Redgrave may intend to suggest this descent in his "Century of Painters" when he speaks of the "illuminators . . . and the 'steyners,' or painters who painted and gilded the carver's wooden and stone images and the devices of heraldry; and, at a later period, probably improved their imitation of the human face till their representations were recognised by the name of 'painters on board.'"

Yet this seems hardly a satisfactory genealogy. Vasari, however, says, in his life of Giulio Clovio, "I know some private persons who have small cases containing beautiful portraits by his hand of sovereigns, of their friends, or of ladies whom they have loved." This is the only direct reference to miniatures, in the modern sense of the word, with which I am acquainted, until we come to Tudor times, when, in the works of Holbein and his follower, Hilliard, we have a definite starting point of our art, which was brought rapidly to perfection by the Olivers and the "incomparable" Samuel Cooper.

It is of these distinguished artists that I hope to treat in my next article.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

I append a brief description of the Miniatures which are reproduced: Henry VII. (No. 1), from the collection in the Royal Library, Windsor; it is painted by Nicholas Hilliard, and is one of four, the others being Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, and their son, Edward VI., which belong to a golden jewel having on one side the roses of York and Lancaster, and on the other a representation of the Battle of Bosworth Field. There are jewelled badges upon the dress and cap of Henry. The miniature is dated 1509, the year of his death. In Horace Walpole's copy of Van der Doort's catalogue, it is noted: "The above jewel and pictures were done by old Hilliard, and given to the King by young Hilliard, by the deceased Earl of Pembroke's means."

No. 3, from the collection of E. W. Harcourt, Esq., who describes it as the only profile drawing of Elizabeth known. It is probably by one of the Olivers, and is a good example of the ornate jewellery of the day.

Nos. 4, 5, and 6 are also at Windsor, and are all attributed to Holbein. No. 2 is thus described in Van der Doort's catalogue of Charles the First's collection. "No. 46. Item, done upon the wrong light, King Henry VIII.'s picture, with a beard, in a black cap, and black ribbons about his neck, in an ash-coloured tissue suit, in a furred cloak, his name and age in golden letters written on it; being also one of the number which were given to the King by Lord Suffolk" (the 2nd Earl). The date on the back is 1638. The original is the exact size of the illustration.

No. 4 is a portrait of Elizabeth, wife of George Touchet, Lord Andley, and daughter of Sir Brian Tuke, Treasurer of the Chamber to Henry VIII.

Nos. 5 and 6. Henry and Charles Brandon will be described in what I have to say about Holbein.

Nos. 7, 8, and 9 are portraits of Sir Walter Raleigh, from the Duke of Rutland's collection; Walter, son of the same; and the enamelled case to these two portraits.

No. 10. The Dauphin, husband of Mary Queen of Scots. "Done upon the right light. Upon a round blue card ground, with an isinglass over it, the picture of the Dauphin, son of France, in a black cap and a white feather, in a black habit lined with white fur adorned with gold, which said Dauphin was the first husband to Queen Mary of Scotland. Inch $1\frac{1}{2}$. Supposed to be done by Jennet, a French limner." In the Royal collection.

No. 11. Mary Queen of Scots, by François Clouet, or Janet. This miniature, which is accepted as an authentic portrait of Mary, is described in Van der Doort's catalogue. "No. 23. Item, done upon the right light, the second picture of Queen Mary of Scotland, upon a blue-grounded square card, dressed in her hair, in a carnation habit laced with small gold lace, and a string of pearls about her neck, in a little plain falling band, she putting on her second finger her wedding ring. Supposed to be done by Jennet, a French limner." It is one of the most valued miniatures at Windsor, and it was recently reproduced by the Queen's special permission in Mr. Skelton's sumptuous work on Mary Stuart.

J. J. FOSTER.



*A Spring Evening,
From the Painting by Sartorio*

A MODERN ROMAN ARTIST.

ARISTIDE SARTORIO is by birth a Roman, but his family came from Upper Italy, though they have now lived for three generations in the Eternal City. The grandfather was a sculptor who had acquired a fair fame as a renderer of animals. The father, too, both painted and modelled the lower creation. Thus the child grew up in an artistic atmosphere. It was as a mere baby, sitting on his grandfather's knee, that he learned to draw and model; and to this day he does not devote himself exclusively to painting, but also practises the sister Art of sculpture, so useful to a painter in teaching him precision of form. From the first his own work was distinguished by a careful and minute search after outline, no doubt the result of heredity from his sculptor ancestors. His early drawings breathe the serene ingenuousness that has not left him to this day. Hours, days, and weeks would he spend, pencil in hand, in long rambles through the Roman Campagna, in lengthy visits to the Art galleries of the city—rambles and visits during whose course he drew incessantly all he beheld, thus gaining both ease of manner and facility of execution. It was this carefully-trained capacity for drawing which, no doubt, saved him when, a little later, he was drawn for a while into the Fortuny vortex. He had made too many studies from life to be long blinded by that superficial art. Sartorio's earlier studies are almost entirely of landscape character, inspired by that strange, mysterious, solitary Roman Campagna which not all can comprehend or love. But Sartorio is a true Roman in this respect. He loves Rome with all the artistic passion of his nature, and he loves, of course, most of all, artistic Rome, and deploras profoundly, as all must do, that it has been so entirely spoilt, thanks to the crude and, as it happens, futile business speculations of its present rulers.

In such wise was composed his early Art education. It may be said that he followed his road rather by intuition than by the leading of masters, going on steadily but unconsciously, with no fixed aim before him beyond an intense desire after truth. The pictures he produced in this epoch were many, but few were noteworthy or beautiful, and when he fell under the spell of the Spanish

1896.

Fortuny, in reality entirely opposed to his natural bias, the results were works that were decidedly ugly. He no longer sought after form, he even neglected colour, that sheet-anchor of the Fortuny school; he tried, but of course in vain, to change the very essence of his nature. "In those days I painted a nude life-size in three days, and it seemed to me the easiest thing in the world," he has been heard to tell since, amazed at his own audacity and ignorance. The hybrid eighteenth-century manner in vogue at that time among Roman artists who painted to sell, would not harmonize with his character. One picture of his, and one only, of that epoch deserves to be



Portrait of G. A. Sartorio.

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The Lions.
By Sartorio.

remembered, as giving the first indication of his true individuality. It was exhibited at the National Exhibition of 1883, and is called 'Dum Romae consulitur morbus imperat.' It represents a mother weeping beside the corpse of her son, stricken to death by the fever generated of the Roman Campagna. It was a large canvas painted in bituminous tints and inspired by Caravaggio and Spagnoletto, but original, nevertheless. For the moment, however, it had no successors, and Sartorio returned to smirking, powdered fine ladies and to interiors where cardinals and gaily-clad cavaliers filled the foreground. At this period of his life Sartorio frequented artists but little. He was either to be met with in the salons of the aristocracy; or else in newspaper offices, and at the meeting of literary men.

It was then that he came to know D'Annunzio, that remarkably precocious genius, poet and prose writer, who so much resembles our own Swinburne and who was then in the first blush of his triumphs. D'Annunzio, who had been touched with the pre-Raphaelite spirit, opened out before Sartorio a world of new ideas, a channel of new interest, of which he had hitherto known nothing.

The young artist instantly comprehended the full meaning of this new movement, its bearing, its importance, and it was not long ere he had completely assimilated its ideas. It was as a result of this contact with D'Annunzio and his group of friends, known in Italy as Byzantines, that there arose in Sartorio the wish to obtain for himself a larger literary culture and to learn to know the intellectual products of his age. He began to read with will and ardour, and gradually his studies penetrated his soul, and they began to modify his mode of thought, his views of art and line. He recognised that he had been on a both false and antiquated road, he comprehended that the Art he had practised did not correspond to the requirements of a living age, he saw how miserably artificial all his work had been, he understood that he must change all this radically and entirely.

Sartorio's artistic evolution was hence a literary one. It was by means of the books of the French Romanticists and the poetry of Baudelaire that the French understood the great pictorial movement of the Thirties. Indeed it was a literary idea, taken from one of the souvenirs of Zola, that suggested to him his first picture in his new and truer manner. It was called 'The Sons of Cain'; in the matter of handling the work still had some of the old defects, in the matter of conception it was free. This picture Sartorio sent to the Paris Salon, where it obtained the gold medal. It was Meissonier who picked it out for notice, declaring that it was the only picture that really honoured the Italian art exhibited. It was in order to receive this medal that Sartorio went to France, and of course he learnt much there from seeing the pictures of his fellow-workers at the Salon. He tells himself how he lived in a very fever of admiration during this Parisian visit. He learnt, too, how much he had yet to learn, and scarcely had he got back to Rome than he tore his prize picture to shreds, resolving to begin entirely anew and to work out his own artistic salvation. Nor did he only destroy this picture. He also destroyed all the other works of his youth that he could lay his hands



The Syren.
By Sartorio.

upon. He wished to begin entirely afresh and make a *tabula rasa*. It was about this time that Sartorio went to stay with Michetti, that most original and brilliant Neapolitan artist, who resides the greater part of the year at his seaside house at Francavilla, on the Adriatic. One morning early the two were walking along the firm white sand of the shore, talking Art theories and imbibing beauty with their eyes. The young grass at their feet, all covered with early dew, was shimmering and glittering under the light of the early dawn; Sartorio drew Michetti's attention to the exquisite play of colours. "Yes," said his friend, "there are the true stuffs, the true jewels, and not those false pearls and worm-eaten stuffs that you copy."

This remark made a profound impression upon Sartorio. Next day he took canvas and colour-box, returned to the same spot, and tried with all his might to render the effect observed. This was his first return to Nature after he had abandoned her in his imitative efforts to follow in the footsteps of Fortuny. Returned to Rome he became a member of the Society *In Arte Libertas*, consisting of a group of young strivers, who resembled our own pre-Raphaelites and the French independents in their desire to be left unfettered by the trammels of tradition. It was in their rooms he exhibited henceforth, and for a long time his works could be seen nowhere else. It was here, too, that he got acquainted with Costa and the American, Coleman, and learnt to appreciate their delicate observation, their technical skill, their truthfulness of rendering. Pastel was a medium Sartorio much employed at this time.

The studio of this artist, when he is at home and not wandering, as he is apt to do for weeks and months, in the Abruzzi or the Roman Campagna, lies outside the Porta del Popolo, in that same Via Flaminia where John Gibson also had his workshop. Nothing in the street recalls the ancient glories of this pompous race.

After climbing two flights of narrow, steep stairs, at No. 44, however, we found ourselves in a long corridor, on to which a number of doors opened, all giving access to a studio. Here were inscribed in pencil or paint,

many of them unreadable from age, the names of the artists occupying the rooms, and here on a door before which stood a magnificent plant of bamboo, extending its feathery delicate foliage, could be read the name of Aristide Sartorio. It is almost certain that he himself will open the door in answer to the visitors' tap, and they will probably see him before them palette and maul-stick in hand, for he is always painting during the daylight hours. Nevertheless, the greeting he will give will be not only kind but cordial, especially if they are English-speaking. To judge from his looks one would tax him about thirty.

He is of medium height, with hair and beard of an auburn colour; his physiognomy is open and intelligent, with a particularly sweet expression; his penetrating glance is a little dimmed by the gold-rimmed spectacles he always wears. His voice is sonorous, his pronunciation perfect, with none of that sing-song accent so common in a Roman. The curiously sweet trait of his expression accords with his manner, entirely free from the faintest affectation, either in speech or bearing. Nor does he put on a dictatorial tone, even when speaking of his art, to which he is passionately devoted and for which alone he lives. More and more he is withdrawing himself from the noisy life of the capital, and shutting himself up wholly with his pictures.

The changes in Rome have something to do with this; he cannot bear to see the city he loves so much wantonly ruined. His home and his studio divide all his hours. His home is very close to his studio, and it is here that live his "old people," as he calls them, with a particularly gentle inflection of his voice. The studio is a huge square room lighted from above. With the exception of a sofa and a writing-table it contains absolutely no furniture. The rest is all filled with Sartorio's works—sketches in oil, pastel, and water-colour—models and casts fill the floor and walls or are placed on easels ranged round the room. And the house is equally full of such works of Art, put aside when finished and almost forgotten as a new one occupies the painter's mind and thoughts. Seeing all this mass of work and remembering the painter's youth,



The Reader.
By Sartorio.

the question almost involuntarily springs to one's lips as to whether he does not work very fast. "Oh, no," he replies, in a manner all his own; "I do not work fast, but I work incessantly."

An examination of Sartorio's works, as well as a conversation with him, forces on the beholder the conviction that he here deals with a man who belongs to the school which has taken as its models the best artists of the epoch of the Renaissance. Hating all over-finish, all ultra-smoothness, he does not, on the other hand, fall into that exaggerated realism that always ends in not being realistic at all. He does not seek effects for the mere sake of making an effect, and it is his intimate conviction that Italian Art cannot regain its ancient high standard, unless the artists will turn back upon their paths, and, refusing to be seduced by any momentary

Count Primoli. In this triptych Sartorio has been able to give full play to his intellectual and his artistic faculties. The centre of the picture represents the gates of Heaven, and for these gates Sartorio has reproduced Ghiberti's doors leading to the Baptistery of St. John at Florence, named by Michael Angelo "the portals of a Paradise." On either side of these stands a guardian angel, and angels also hover above. In the wings are seen, on one side the wise, and on the other the foolish virgins. The figures are drawn with great grace, variety, and beauty, leaning, especially in the foolish virgins, to the female type that has become typical of pre-Raphaelitism, a type that is, perchance, a little anemic and scarcely as healthy and robust as one would desire for the mothers of a future generation. It is said that the greatest ladies of Rome posed to the artist for these figures.

'The Fable of the Indifferent' belongs to the allegorical category. In an open landscape, closed in at one side by a thicket of trees, there lie upon the ground, in a tangle of rank vegetation, the bodies of slaughtered men, some stung to death by deadly serpents, others choked by miasmas and other poisonous breaths. Among them stands, calmly indifferent, entirely self-absorbed, the figure of a young, slender, lovely maiden, who is busy tying-up with extreme care the girdle of her rich garment and has not a glance to bestow upon the dead and dying who lie at her feet. The subject of this allegory is especially dear to the artist's heart, for he holds that it is intrinsically true to human nature; for, according to him, there are few who, at the bottom of their hearts, do not remain indifferent to the miseries and disasters of their fellow-creatures.

Of the same class is the picture at which Sartorio worked all one winter. Its title is 'The Syren.' It represents the figure of a naked man drawn down out of his little boat by a syren, a subject treated in a novel manner, and rendered yet more attractive by great vigour of execution. A 'Madonna and Child,' surrounded by angels, is so directly inspired by Botticelli's famous circular 'Madonna' in the Uffizi at Florence, that one of the angels is almost a reproduction. The types of the 'Mother and Child,' however, are very different, and have rather been inspired, we should say, by the modern English pre-Raphaelite school. An entire wall of Sartorio's studio is taken up by a large picture in course of execution. It was suggested to him by Shakespeare's lines:—

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded by a sleep."

Men and Chimæra lie asleep in confusion upon the ground; on the right hand is seen the image of the great Mother Earth, who nourishes all men, a dark figure surrounded, like the Diana of Ephesus, with a crown of breasts. The centre of the canvas is dominated by the figure of one of the Gorgons, who looks on men but to



The Styx.
By Sartorio.

fashion, will once more seek inspiration in the pure beauty of the Italian Art of the Renaissance.

Sartorio is neither an historical nor a *genre* painter. The subjects of his pictures are most generally fantastic and allegorical. On this account he has a special predilection for the nude, whose study, he contends, is the basis of every true and great Art. But, besides man and landscape, Sartorio also paints flowers and animals. His flower subjects seem to breathe out some of his sweetness of nature. His faculty for animal-painting is, no doubt, a direct inheritance from his father and grandfather. A notable example of this is a picture called 'The Lion Family,' a pair of lions resting. Fine, too, is 'A Struggle,' a tiger in the coils of a huge cobra that has already encircled him and is making for his mouth to strike. Gentler in theme, pastoral indeed, is a flock of sheep grazing at mid-day in the hot Campagna.

The most important picture Sartorio has painted is 'The Wise and Foolish Virgins,' a commission from

destroy them; this is an entirely nude figure, which will doubtless be the finest and most salient in the canvas. At present Sartorio is still busy with studies for its execution; its dominant trait must, of course, be one of truly fiendish wickedness, a wickedness that has in it nothing of the human badness. Here, as in the 'Indifferent,' we perceive that the prevailing idea of the artist is that there exists a malefic element that torments and crushes and destroys the whole of humankind. To hold such views a man must indeed be a convinced sceptic and pessimist. If Sartorio be this, his kindly manner certainly belies his inmost thought. Nor has he had any obvious reasons for being soured; life has been kind to him, success has not been lacking; it is no small thing for a young man to receive a gold medal at Paris. Still, of course, every heart knows its own bitterness. It is for Paris that is destined the allegorical picture of which we spoke above, for Sartorio holds that it is his duty to, *farsi vivo*, let himself be seen now and again on the spot where he won his first laurels.

There are moments in the artist's life when both brush and pencil fail him, when he has dimly before his mind's eye an image he would express, but to which he is unable to give plastic shape. It is then that he has recourse to his pen, pouring out in verse the sentiments or feelings that fail him on canvas. Some of those poems are really beautiful.

Of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1893 Sartorio judged somewhat severely. He said that this time he found little that was spiritually new, though there was



Sacred Love.
By Sartorio.



At the Window.
By Sartorio.

much that was pleasant to the eye. But all the well-known men always painted in the same way; they might change their subjects and costumes, but their works were always identical.

On the Paris Salon Sartorio is even severer than on the Royal Academy. He finds there less spirituality and more works that have sprung direct from the photographic camera, works so commonplace, so lacking any individual touch, that the most mediocre photographer could have done equally well. Sartorio, however, would not be misunderstood. He does not undervalue what photography has done for artists, enabling them, as he says elsewhere, to have at hand immense material of form, such as would render pale with envy great designers like Holbein and Leonardo.

He judges that the Art of the Caravaggio, Bologna, and the later Spanish school—which leaves us so cold—is derived from a photographic conception, and that this is why they fail to move the spectator, as do the works of the Florentine and Siennese "quattro-centisti." "But for all that, as I have said before and as I again repeat, a modern artist cannot do without photography; he cannot and must not refuse a facilitation of his work, above all in this hurried and continued era of artistic production. I could cite the examples of excellent painters living in Rome, who, having a righteous horror of the camera, nevertheless, in their pictures, make a minute photographic research, with the result that they greatly waste time and strength." But he guards again and again against the possible misconception that he wishes pictures to be more or less successful instantaneous photographs.

It cannot be said of Sartorio that he himself has any decided technical method of painting. Like all men of talent impelled by youthful fervour, he makes experiments

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in various directions, experiments that will no doubt lead him later on to have a method of his own. For the present his manner is, taken as a whole, somewhat summary, on which account it has not all the consistency and solidity we ask of a completed work of art. But who can blame the artist on that account? An active brain, an acute and quick perception of all the beauty that surrounds him, cause Sartorio's brush to be agitated by a whirl of new ideas and inspirations, which leave him neither time nor calm to make subtle researches in the matter of execution. He is inspired, exalted, by an idea and puts it down on paper or canvas as fast as pencil or brush will work. And the same oscillations are noticeable in the directing idea. Art cannot divest itself of tradition without of necessity becoming as a little child and thus, willy nilly, imitating some great genius who before us has been kissed by the jealous goddess. And Sartorio—like the enamoured bee—has sucked sweetness and power

from the most beautiful flowers in the immortal garden of Art. He lost himself at first in the march of the modern Spanish art. By a virile effort he liberated himself from this influence, and strengthened his soul by drawing inspirations from the best examples of the Italian Renaissance. After this he learnt to know and estimate the *chefs d'œuvre* of current French Art, and finally he was chastened and uplifted by contact with the great English pre-Raphaelites, notably by D. G. Rossetti and Burne-Jones. His most personal note, however, are his exquisite pastels of the Roman Campagna, in which it is evident that his intense love for his natal earth has dictated to him very poems of delicate thought and sentiment, and in these, besides an individual mode of feeling, there is also an individual touch of technique.

Sartorio is still young and ever striving, working, learning, hence the world may hope to have yet many a masterpiece from his hand.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

GIOVANNI MUZZIOLI.

IN Giovanni Muzzioli Italy lost one of her ablest contemporary painters, who died in his native city of Modena at the early age of forty. The artistic work of this artist was not large, but all of it was excellent; and so modest was he, so little did he exhibit or push himself, that even so well-informed a writer as Mutler has overlooked him. The son of a poor watchmaker, it would have been impossible for him to follow his native bent for Art had he not won a prize instituted by a Modenese patriot in favour of his townsmen. With this money he was able to go to Rome and enter the Academy of St. Luke, at that time still the stronghold of Papal Art, where the traditions of Zuccaro and the Decadence were rigidly upheld. These theories did not appeal to Muzzioli's taste, and even Rome itself was a colossal disappointment. The city seemed to him a confused ruin. Only gradually did its full meaning and hidden glories dawn on him. His first picture had for its theme Abraham and Sarah at the Court of the Pharaohs, a work full of youthful defects, of exuberance of colour and detail, but which, nevertheless, showed that its author had a distinct individual note. The work was bought by Muzzioli's native city, and can be seen in its museum. In 1876 he took up his residence in Florence, and there completed his great work, 'Poppæa contemplating the Head of Octavia.' Nero was fashionable at that moment, thanks to Cossa's drama and Hamerling's poem. Every painter who respected himself turned out his Nero, and Muzzioli could not be behind the others. Only his Nero was kept in the background of the canvas, and was omitted from the title. There is an amusing anecdote connected with this picture. To celebrate its completion and their admiration of its author, the artists of Florence decided to give Muzzioli a supper. All the guests arrived on the evening

fixed, but the post of honour remained empty, and, meanwhile, equally empty stomachs were craving food. But who invited him? at last ventured a painter. It proved that this part of the entertainment had been entirely overlooked.

In 1877 Muzzioli first visited Naples, and became enamoured of its azure sky, its brilliant distances. Here he painted his 'Egg Dancer,' with a background of hills and seas Alma Tadema could not rival; and also his 'Magdalene,' a work in which he followed the modern methods of representing biblical subjects free from traditional symbolisms and scholastic formulas, giving all his attention to the expression of psychological phenomena. The next year he visited the Paris Exhibition, and here occurred the real turning-point in his artistic career. The English school, which triumphed on that occasion at the Champ de Mars, impressed him with its keen observation, the simplicity of the means employed to produce its effects. Above all he was struck with works of Alma Tadema, Herkomer, and Gregory. Returned to Florence he endeavoured to work with more precision and clearer ideas after the manner of these models. He avoided mere *tours de force* and recognised that Art for Art's sake only is an empty formula. The outcome of this change was the picture, 'In the Temple of Bacchus,' a spirited, fiery Bacchanalia, which carried off the prize at Milan, whose godfather was certainly Alma Tadema, and which that painter could almost have painted, so brilliant, yet so restrained and harmonious in its colouring and composition. This picture was followed by the 'Nuptial Offering,' bought by the Museum of Trieste, and by his last great work, 'The Funeral of Britannicus,' a really grand work, which excited interest wherever exhibited, and which unfortunately formed his own funeral work.



Giovanni Muzzioli.



*The Town and Bridge.
Drawn by A. R. Quinton.*

BRIDGNORTH.

By D. H. S. CRANAGE, M.A., F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "AN ARCHITECTURAL ACCOUNT OF THE CHURCHES OF SHROPSHIRE."

"'PON my word, it's the finest walk in my dominions," is the recorded verdict of Charles I. on the walk round the castle hill of Bridgnorth. The unfortunate monarch had an enforced acquaintance with his dominions which was not possessed by some other kings, and his commendation is naturally quoted with approval by the good people of this ancient and loyal town.

The neighbourhood of Bridgnorth, like most of the south of Shropshire, is hilly and well wooded, and a fair prospect meets the eye from the heights of the town. To the north and south the Severn winds its way, almost overhung in places by precipitous rocks. Far away to the west the Clee Hills bound the view—the highest ground in the county. The view from the High Rock is still finer, and includes the Wrekin on the north, Caradoc on the west, and the Malvern Hills on the south. The town itself, in situation, has been compared with Jerusalem and with Gibraltar, and has features to remind one of Edinburgh, Durham, Richmond and Whitby—and this is saying a good deal.

Bridgnorth boasts a history which is equalled by few towns of ten times its size. It is true that it is not mentioned in Domesday Book, but, long before the Conquest, a fortress had been erected to withstand the Danes, by the heroic daughter of "England's Darling," Ethelfleda, Lady of the Mercians. The position of this has been identified with the mound near the present

railway station, which bears the curious name Panpudding Hill. The town owes its real origin to Robert de Belesme, son of Roger de Montgomery, first Norman Earl of Shrewsbury. Earl Roger had built a castle and endowed a collegiate church at Quatford, one mile south of the town, and his son removed these to Bridgnorth at the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century. Bridgnorth was a far more commanding position than Quatford, and in the short space of one year Robert de Belesme erected the castle, which, altered at various periods, ruled the neighbourhood for five and a half centuries. This baron was one of those who conspired to depose Henry I. in favour of his brother Robert. After the failure of the attempt he was summoned to appear before the king, and, on his refusal, Bridgnorth was besieged for the first time and finally reduced. Many opprobrious adjectives have been applied to Robert de Belesme. He was certainly a prince of cruelty and wickedness, and his English subjects could not have regretted his banishment to Normandy, where we find he was as great a curse as ever to his neighbours.

The castle now became a royal possession, and was visited by Henry I., Henry II., John, Henry III., Edward II., Henry IV., and finally by Charles I. After the Civil War it was battered down, and one fragment alone remains. Even this gives us a good idea of the strength of the fortress, for it leans over some seventeen



degrees out of the perpendicular. The tower contains sufficient Early Norman detail to show that it was probably erected in the time of Robert de Belesme.

The borough was recognised by Henry I. and by Henry II. Another royal charter was granted in 1215, and a recognition from the king was also obtained in 1222 and 1256. Bridgnorth was one of the first places to send members to Parliament in the reign of Edward I. Two representatives were allowed in the good old times; but now, when, as Bridgnorth people probably think, worth has to give place to mere numbers, the town is disfranchised. The representation was reduced from two members to one in 1867, and abolished in 1885. At one time the townspeople were so faithful to one political party that the expression became common in Shropshire: "All on one side, like Bridgnorth election."

Since the year 1835 the corporation has had its mayor, but for centuries before that time the leadership of the municipality was shared by two bailiffs, who were elected in a curious way. Fourteen burgesses were chosen by the aldermen, and sworn neither to eat nor drink till they had elected the bailiffs. It might be supposed that this regulation would ensure a speedy decision. But not so. We are told that it gave rise to "very long and tedious fastings, even to the injury of their health." In the year 1739 the fourteen burgesses fasted seventy-four hours! Besides the bailiffs, there were twenty-four aldermen, forty-eight common-councillors, two chamberlains, and two bridge-masters. Now there are only four aldermen and twelve councillors.

Most of the inhabitants adhered to the king in the Civil War, and the town had to suffer for its loyalty. The chief catastrophe took place on March 31st, 1646. The Parliamentary army attacked in three divisions, and, after a severe struggle, the town was captured. Among others, the gallant commander, Colonel Billingsley, was killed. His sword is preserved in St. Leonard's Church. The fight had been hottest in the churchyard and about the North Gate, an ancient structure which was cased with brick on the inner side in 1740.

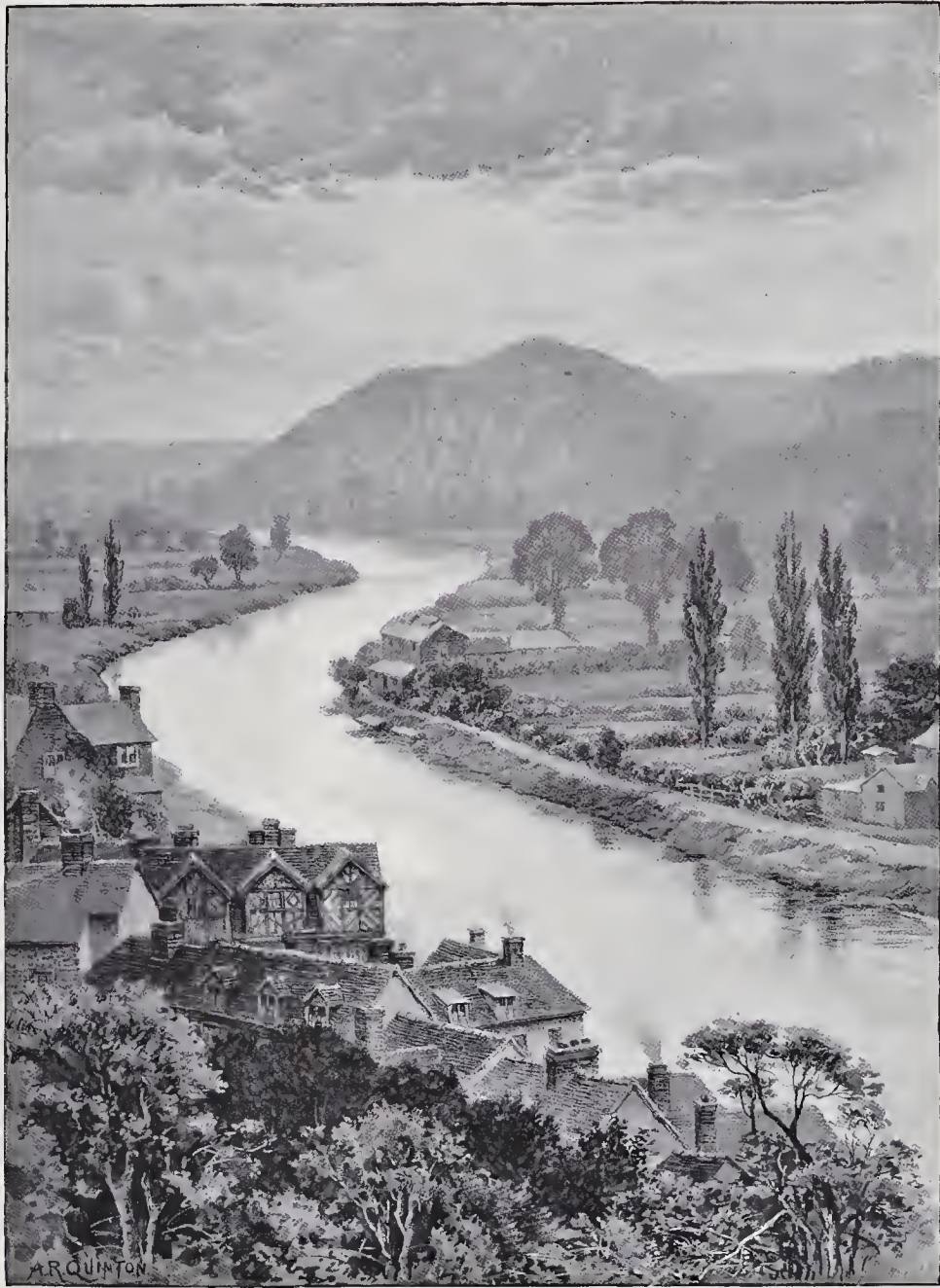
The remnant of the Royal forces retired to the castle, which was still stoutly defended by Colonel Howard. The possession of the town gave such an advantage to the enemy that the garrison set it on fire, and houses and property to the extent of £60,000 were destroyed. A battery was then erected on Pampudding Hill, but only the preparation of a mine under the castle rock induced

the garrison to capitulate, which they did with honourable terms. Thus ended the history of the castle, which had been a Royal fortress and residence for more than five centuries. It had passed into private hands early in Charles I.'s reign, but the king visited it more than once afterwards. Cromwell, too, had been to Bridgnorth, and was very nearly killed by a shot from the castle walls. The town was almost rebuilt after the fire.

St. Leonard's church had been used as a powder magazine by the Parliamentarians, and was in consequence bombarded by the castle garrison. We need not be surprised, therefore, at the disappearance of most of the mediæval features of the church. It is probable, however, that portions of the chancel date from the latter part of the twelfth century, and there is some late Norman ornamental detail preserved in the tower. The arch at the end of the south aisle is mediæval, though of uncertain date, but nearly all the rest of the building is modern, including the fine tower rebuilt in 1870, and replacing one erected in 1468. The most striking feature of the interior is the fine hammer-beam roof over the nave, which probably dates from the time of Charles II. This is forty-three feet in width, and the nave and aisles are more than ninety feet, a very unusual width for a parish church. On the north side of the chancel is an octagonal building used as a library. It contains a chair which belonged to Bishop Heber, and a metal chalice and paten of the thirteenth century, which were discovered in the hands of a skeleton buried in the Franciscan friary not far away.

Before the troubles of the seventeenth century there were a number of painted windows in the church. John





The Severn Valley and High Rock, Bridgnorth.
Drawn by A. R. Quinton.



The Castle.
Drawn by A. R. Quinton.

Leland, in the time of Henry VIII., describes it as "a very fayre one," and the only parish church in the town. There is, however, another ecclesiastical foundation, which has a more remarkable history than St. Leonard's. This is the church of St. Mary Magdalene, which was for centuries the chapel of the castle, and a collegiate building with dean and six prebendaries. One of these latter in 1360 was the celebrated William of Wykeham. The old church was pulled down in 1792, and a new one erected by the great engineer, Telford, on the same site, but facing north and south. It stands near the castle ruins, and is what the newspapers sometimes call "a neat edifice in the Grecian style." It is described less formally as the "pepper box"! St. Mary Magdalene's was a Royal Free Chapel, and this and several neighbouring churches constituted a "Royal Peculiar," exempt from ordinary episcopal jurisdiction. In the reforming nineteenth century this privilege, like so many others, has been taken away.

There was no monastery proper at Bridgnorth, but we read of the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, which was dependent on the Abbey of Austin Canons at Lilleshall. There was also the Leper House of St. James, and another "maladerie" of older date. The Grey Friars, or Franciscans, had a settlement, portions of which remained till a few years ago, incorporated into the carpet manufactory of Messrs. Southwell in Friar Street. Some distance east of the town are the rude remains of the Hermitage, said to be a Saxon foundation, but certainly referred to in the fourteenth century.

The old Town Hall stood outside the North Gate, and was destroyed in the Civil War. The present building is a picturesque half-timbered structure in the centre of the High Street. The arches were built in 1650, and the upper part added in July and August, 1652. For centuries the market has been held in the High Street. About forty years ago some worthy people agitated to have this state of things altered. "Fancy," said they, "allowing old women to stand out in all weathers, catching their deaths of cold." So the new Market Hall was built in 1855. But the promoters had neglected to ask the consent of the

said old women, who boldly refused to go into the new hall, or have anything to do with it. The hall is now let for offices and store rooms, and the obstinacy of the old women is rewarded by the continued permission to sell in the open air and "catch their deaths of cold." Doubtless a retreat is sometimes made to the shelter of the Town Hall.

On one side of the High Street is the old Castle Hotel, close to the Town Hall, but now forming the Castle Wine Stores. This and the Swan Hotel are both half-timbered buildings of the seventeenth century. The front of the Crown Hotel on the other side of the street has been modernised.

Near St. Leonard's Church is the Grammar School, founded by the bailiffs and burgesses shortly before the Reformation. It obtained a considerable position under the late Dr. Rowley, and almost rivalled Shrewsbury in the number of boys who went to Oxford and took high places. Near the school is Palmer's Hospital for poor widows, which has been recently rebuilt. It was founded in memory of the celebrated Colonel Billingsley by his nephew, the Rev. Francis Palmer. Close by, the house of Richard Baxter is pointed out. This well-known divine commenced his ministry here, apparently with little success, as he is said to have shaken off the dust of his

feet as he left, and to have remarked that the hearts of the inhabitants were harder than the rock on which the town was built. It is interesting, however, to note that he afterwards dedicated to the people of Bridgnorth his well-known book, "The Saints' Rest."

Another Bridgnorth worthy is Bishop Percy, whose house appears to have escaped the fire of 1646. It is a fine Elizabethan half-timbered building. The following inscription is found in the entrance hall:—

"Except the Lord BUILT THE OWSE The Labourers Thereof Evail Nothing. Erected by R. For * 1580."

Thomas Percy was the son of a grocer in the town, and was born in this house in 1729. He became Dean of Carlisle, and afterwards Bishop of Dromore. His chief work was "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," which was the means of rescuing from oblivion a number of early poems and ballads. Bishop Percy was an intimate friend of Johnson and Goldsmith. The former said of him in a letter to Boswell, "Percy's attention to poetry has given grace and splendour to his studies of antiquity. A mere antiquarian is a rugged being." This passage is quoted in Murray's new dictionary, as an authority for that very objectionable word "antiquarian," used as a substantive. Sir Walter Scott knew better, when composing the title for his third novel.

The High Town is connected with the Low Town by a fine bridge over the Severn. At one time there was a bridge near Quatford, one mile farther south, and the other, for distinction, was called "Bridgenorth." Various other names appear in mediæval documents, such as "Brigge," "Brug," and "Brugia." There is not much of interest on the eastern side of the river, but a modern manufactory, which pretends to be a castle, marks the site of the Town Mills, granted to the burgesses by Henry III. The view from this side of the river is a striking one, with the houses rising gradually up the hill, and the two churches at the top. Near St. Mary Magdalene's the incline is steepest, and the dwellings cling to the rock or are actually cut out of it. Some of these holes are said to have been used as hiding-places from the Danes, who certainly overran the neighbourhood,

though checked at one time by Ethelfleda. The High Town proper is reached by several sets of stairs, the most important being the Stoneway Steps. Of course, however, no one can be expected to go up these one hundred and eighty-five steps at the end of the nineteenth century and a "funicular" railway has recently been constructed by a company, of which Sir George Newnes is chairman. The old approach for vehicles is a narrow street called the Cartway, at the end of which is Bishop Percy's house. In 1782 the broad road which winds round the south end of the castle hill was constructed, and certainly forms a more convenient approach than the Cartway.

Newspaper readers are probably aware of a curious old custom which is annually observed when the new sheriffs of London are presented, but few know that the custom is connected with Bridgnorth. It is this: At the time of presentation a proclamation is made in the following words, "O yes, O yes, O yes! Tenants of a piece of waste ground, called the Moors, in the county of Salop, come forth and do your service." Thereupon the senior alderman present comes forward and cuts a wand with a bill-hook, and the ceremony is over till the following year. What would happen if the alderman did not cut the wand, nobody knows! Of all old customs it is probably the least utilitarian, for no one knows what it means, why it is done, or even where "the Moors" are. We have to go back to a record of Edward III. to discover that "the More," or "the Moors," is a place lying near Bridgnorth on the west side of the river.

In the reign of Henry III. some land was held at this place on a similar tenure by a certain Nicholas de Mora, and at a later date, when it had become the property of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the ceremony was performed in the following manner:—"A certain knight, probably the senior, or in his absence another for him, is to hold in his hand a hazel rod of one year's growth, and of the length of a cubit; and one of the knives shall be so weak as to be unable to cut it, and the other so good as that at the first stroke it shall cut through the middle." This seems a roundabout way of securing three things, a strong rod, a good knife, and a dexterous

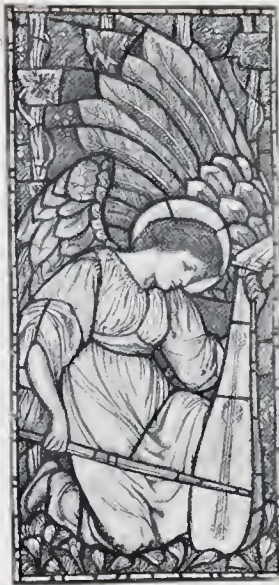


knight. If the rod were weak, a bad knife would cut it if the other knife or the knight were deficient, the rod would not be severed at the first stroke. Presumably the land afterwards became the property of the City of London, for in Henry VIII.'s reign certain aldermen and others, as the king's tenants "in the More," were required to give two knives and a hazel rod for rent.

Of late years the population of Bridgnorth has somewhat decreased, but there is plenty of life in the old town yet. Long may it flourish—rich in architectural beauty, richer in natural scenery, and richest of all in historical associations!

D. H. S. C.





Window.
By Mary Nevill.



Window.
By Mary Lowndes.



Electric Light.
By Esther M. Moore.

WOMEN WORKERS IN THE ART CRAFTS.



Panel in Bas-relief.
Esther M. Moore

gies and abilities into the less ambitious groove of applied art; success of a quite satisfactory kind might be theirs.

When I was trained as a glass painter, I do not remember any woman who had won a reputation as a painter of church windows, though some few were employed as "tracers." Miss Mary Lowndes, who has a studio at Chelsea, is doing some excellent glass, and I was glad of the opportunity which a visit to her, at Messrs. Britten and Gilson's, where she paints her

"MAN for the field and woman for the hearth, Man for the sword and for the needle she," requires, so far as the last statement is concerned, a very liberal interpretation, the word "needle" having to symbolise tools in general. For women are doing most excellent work in the art crafts; so excellent, indeed, that it occurs to me it would be wiser if many who are now trying to win positions as painters and sculptors were to direct their ener-

gies into the less ambitious groove of applied art; success of a quite satisfactory kind might be theirs. When I was trained as a glass painter, I do not remember any woman who had won a reputation as a painter of church windows, though some few were employed as "tracers." Miss Mary Lowndes, who has a studio at Chelsea, is doing some excellent glass, and I was glad of the opportunity which a visit to her, at Messrs. Britten and Gilson's, where she paints her

windows, afforded me of seeing the glass she uses in her work. This make of glass was the suggestion of Mr.



A Presentation Book Cover.
Designed and Carved by M. E. Reech.

Edward Prior. It is dull on one side, and instead of being rolled or blown, is moulded in small pieces, and varies considerably in thickness, from half-inch to one-eighth. The glass has somewhat the effect that cutting gives a gem, and is exceedingly brilliant; while, at the same time, it cannot be seen through. This thickness gives a window made up of it a substance and quality not obtainable when the ordinary thin glass is employed. It is obvious that glass of great beauty in itself should have as little painting put upon it as possible, for all paint applied to glass tends to destroy its brilliance.

Miss Lowndes, in fact, keeps her painting almost entirely to the subject portions of her window, and gets much of her effect by the distribution of the leads and the selection and arrangement of the colour. The glass itself is much more costly than the ordinary makes, and the leading of it again is troublesome, so cheap work is not possible. But in a window which, unless accident befalls it, may live through the ages to come, cheapness should surely not be the first consideration. People will willingly give hundreds for a canvas painted by a popular artist, and yet the same folk expect a window, much more costly to produce than a picture, to be made for a few pounds.

Miss Lowndes worked for some little time with Mr. Holiday at cartoon-making; but as regards the technique of glass-painting, she is self-taught. Mr. Christopher Whall has not been without his influence upon Miss Lowndes, and she speaks with the enthusiasm of a pupil about him. Miss Lowndes relies upon her drawings from the model in her cartoons, but as the actual painting of the glass is done by her, the necessity of making elaborate cartoons does not exist. Nothing is left to the glazier but the cutting and leading, as the artist selects each piece of glass used in making a window.

Miss Mary Nevill, who works at Edgbaston, Birmingham, is also winning a reputation as a designer of painted glass. From the design reproduced opposite, Miss Nevill is evidently



Church of the Holy Innocents.

Lamarsh.

By Mary Lowndes.

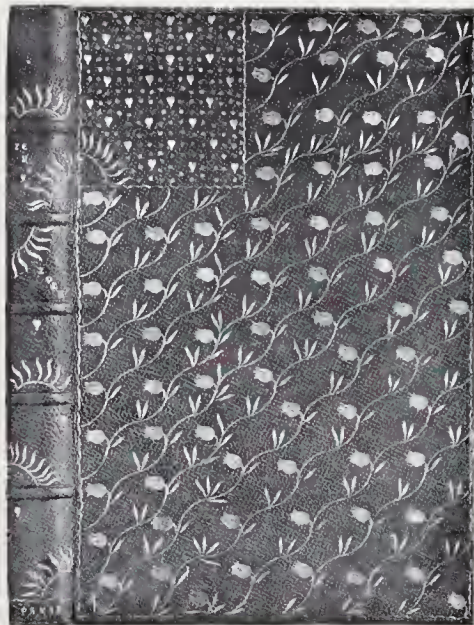


Carved Frame.

By M. Hussey.

influenced by Burne-Jones and Morris. We are all conscious or unconscious imitators, for what is more natural than to seek to get in our own work the qualities we admire in others. We must first be level with the knowledge of our time, and then we can march forward into the unknown, where only our individuality is our guide.

There is a growing demand for artistic metal-work. People are no longer satisfied with the stock patterns in gas-fittings, electric light holders and lamps, but desire



Binding.

By Miss Dirkenwith.

H H

something which is not to be seen in every house in the neighbourhood. Miss Esther Moore, whose studio is at Bedford Park, has turned her attention to applied design, and her electric-light holder is a specimen of her work in this direction. The panel in low relief, one of three for a pianoforte front, has a tender gracefulness suitable to the purpose. Miss Moore has in it given play to her fancy, and the disposition of curves filling out the panel and supporting the figure are skilfully and pleasantly studied. She roughly models the work in wax, then has it cast in plaster, which is then tooled up and finished; an excellent plan where delicacy is required, as plaster can be carved and brought to a high degree of finish. A mould is then made from the plaster, and a casting taken in silver or bronze.

At the Arts and Crafts Exhibitions some good book-binding has been shown, the work of women. As the sewing of books is always done by them, there is no reason why the "forwarding" should be left to men. Leather work would appear to be a craft in which women might do very excellent work.

I am able to give an example of one of Miss Birkenruth's bindings.

Repoussé leather might be more extensively employed on book covers than it is, for the effects obtainable are rich and not out of place. Some specimens of work of this character of the fifteenth century I have seen show what can be done with repoussé leather when skilful hands are directed by a trained imagination.

The School of Wood-carving has a woman for its manager, and has two assistant teachers—a book cover by one of them, Miss M. E. Reeks, being given. A great many of the pupils who go to the school for instruction are women, and wood-carving appears to be popular with lady amateurs. Miss M. Hussey, of Salisbury, who has exhibited some quite original carved frames at the Arts and Crafts, has allowed me to reproduce a specimen of her work. It has the great merit of gaining distinction by its original treatment—its style and its individuality—which is more than can be said of a good deal of the wood-carving that one sees.

It is this individuality—I must apologise for having to use the word so often—which is such an encouraging sign among the younger craftsmen whose work I have been privileged to inspect during the writing of these articles.

Women's work is accused of its want of character and its tendency to pettiness, which comes of a smallness of vision. I am not here posing as the superior critic, but I question whether, considering the disadvantages so many women workers in Art labour under, and how much less thorough is the training so many of them receive compared to men, their work is so far below the male standard as some critics infer. I do think, however, that, if women are to do themselves justice, they should try to obtain a more thorough training than they are inclined to be content with, for if they take a craft up as the business of their life, they must not fall back upon their sex as an excuse for technical deficiencies.

FRED MILLER.

"WHITHER?"

BY M. ALBERT MAIGNAN.

THE picture before us is the work of a well-known French master, whose name is familiar to all visitors to the Salon. M. Albert Maignan enjoys a high reputation among his countrymen, and his talents and industry have already received due recognition. During the last twenty years he has repeatedly carried off first-class medals, and in 1883 he was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour. Besides this, he has frequently served as a member of the jury of the Salon, and one of his most remarkable works, 'L'Atelier de Carpeaux,' painted four years ago, now hangs in the Musée du Luxembourg.

A pupil of Luminais, he shares his master's love for Breton scenery and folk, and often takes the shepherds and fishermen of those rugged shores for his theme. Like Daguan-Bouveret and Lhermitte, he treats these peasant subjects in a frank and vigorous style, with a tenderness and truth of feeling which lifts them out of the commonplace, and keeps alive the great traditions which French Art has inherited from the Grand Rustique of Barbizon, Millet, and the short-lived painter, Bastien-Lepage, who sleeps under the apple-trees of Damvillers.

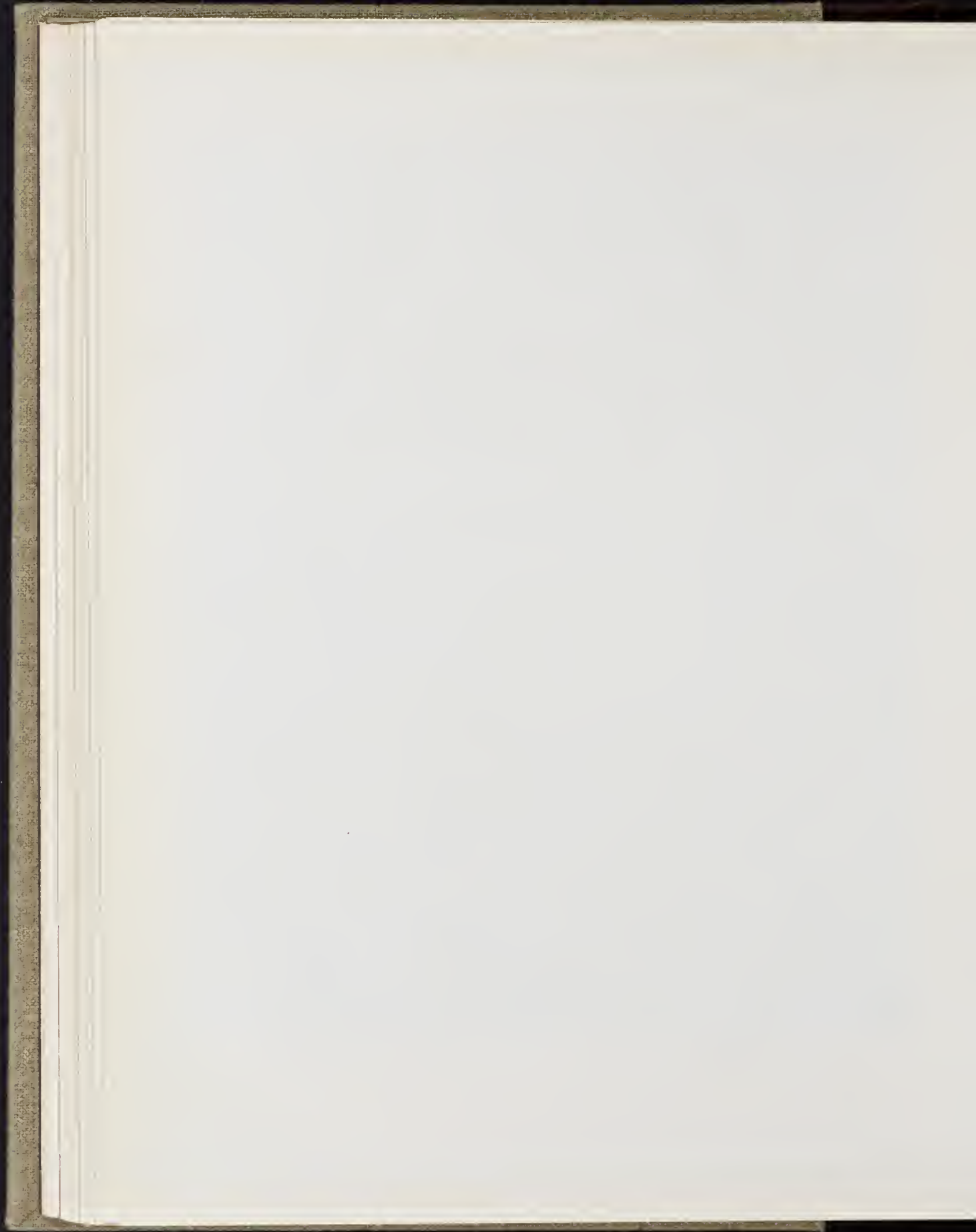
Here his theme is a simple incident of village life. Two women, wearing the wooden sabots and white linen cap of the Breton peasant, are seen wending their way over a bleak down on the edge of the seashore. Not a trace of human habitation or living object is to be seen in the background, only the open moorland and the wide expanse of boundless sea, as the two wanderers trudge wearily along, carrying their household goods

with them. The story is easy to read. The husband and bread-winner has been struck down in his prime, and the young wife and mother is left friendless and widowed to seek a new home. Her face is calm and sad. The bowed head and patient look tell us that she has known at once the best and the worst which life has to give, and does not care greatly what the future may have to bring. Her thoughts are far away. She seems scarcely conscious of what is happening around her, and can hardly realise even the nearness of the babe who slumbers peacefully in her arms. But her companion, the old woman with the seamed wrinkled face who tramps bravely at her side, carrying the chief part of the burden, is less unmindful of the present, and the fond anxious gaze with which she looks at the face of the sleeping babe, shows that both child and grandchild have an equal share in her solicitude.

So they set forth on their journey, like the patriarch of old, "who went out, not knowing whither he went," without a word of complaint, accepting their lot as part of the common fate of humanity, the inevitable law of life. But, side by side with these hard and bitter facts, there is, in the French artist's conception, a hint of mystic poetry that gives this simple group a new and deeper meaning, and invests the Breton peasants with something of the grave and solemn feeling which, in Millet's "Retour au Village," recalls the sacred story of the flight into Egypt, and which made Diaz exclaim, as he stood before his friend's picture, "*Cela, c'est Biblique!*"



"WHITHER?"
BY ALBERT MAIGNAN.
By permission of Messrs. T. Wulff & Son.





*Andrésy on the Seine. By Daubigny.
In the collection of Alexander Young, Esq.*

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL.

FASHIONS in Art have ever been so fantastic and changeable, that when a new phase of artistic expression develops itself the fear is natural that the novelty may afterwards prove mere emptiness and vexation of spirit. The works of the Barbizon painters have been put through the ordeal of all art which lies not on the surface. Ten years ago it was said on every side that the poetry of Corot, the manliness of Rousseau, the colour of Diaz, and the charm of Daubigny, together with the ruggedness of Millet, were no more than acute art dealers' creations, and that the bubble would very soon burst.

One memorable evening, about five seasons ago, an eminent painter, in a speech to his fellow Art Workers, said that within four years from the time he spoke the art of Millet and of Corot would be forgotten and their work commercially valueless. Another painter, now also an Associate of the Royal

Academy, responded in a few words and said he was glad to hear it, for he had long wished to possess an example of both Corot and Millet, and in four years he would be able to gratify his wish.

Up to the present time neither Associate can be gratified, for Millet and Corot are still equally valuable monetarily, and the exhibitions recently held in London reveal the enormous artistic wealth of our country in Barbizon pictures.

For the first time, the Old Masters collection of the Royal Academy contained a sprinkling of the Fontainebleau village painters; and, as we said at the time, if the edge of the wedge was truly somewhat thin, still it had opened the way for other and more representative collections. The Grafton Gallery had its principal salon completely furnished with the collection of one famous patron of the Fine Arts. We are revealing no secret in printing the name



*Evening Glow. By Corot.
In the collection of Humphrey Roberts, Esq.*

of this great collector, for Mr. James Staats Forbes is as well known in France, Belgium, and Holland as in England and Scotland. His pictures by Corot, Daubigny, Jacques, and Dupré vied with the splendid group of pastels and pictures by J. F. Millet. In another salon—as mentioned later—were the almost equally famous works of the Dutch Masters—Mauve, Maris, and Israels, the only real rivals of the Barbizon men.

Later in February, the Goupil Gallery was filled with a score of masterpieces, the choicest specimens from some of the chief collections in London and Paris. Within so small compass never before were so many

thunder; and the poor wayfarer bends the head, and his dog curls his tail, under the violence of the tempest. Smaller in size, but equally vigorous in painting, was the 'Andrésy,' by Daubigny, of which we make a head-piece. In black and white a very fair idea is to be obtained of the quality of this very exceptional picture.

Our other illustration, 'Evening Glow,' by Corot, is from Mr. Humphrey Roberts's collection. This picture is small in size, but it contains in a condensed form all the sweetness and poetic feeling for which Corot is famous. It was the first Barbizon picture to attract the attention of this well-known collector, whose tastes are wide enough to



*L'Orage. By Diaz.
In the collection of M. Donatis.*

really remarkable examples of the school brought together. In 1889, at the Exposition Rétrospective, there were many more, but the finest were scattered and mixed with more or less ordinary specimens.

At the Goupil Gallery the honours were divided among 'L'Orage,' by Diaz, from a well-known Parisian collection; 'Andrésy on the Seine,' from Mr. Alexander Young's renowned Blackheath collection; and a small 'Souvenir d'Italie,' by Corot, of which we are preparing an etching to appear in THE ART JOURNAL next year. There was also a very important Daubigny, 'On the Cure,' one of the large examples medalled at the 1889 Exposition; and a fine characteristic Corot, 'Le Lac, Soir,' from the same collection.

Our reproduction from 'L'Orage,' by Diaz, gives some idea of the grandeur of this noble picture. The storm sways to and fro, the clouds tremble under the roar of

include all that is best in both English and French schools. Another Diaz of wonderful power, one of the most masterly forest scenes of the painter, was Mr. Charles Roberts's 'Forest of Fontainebleau,' full of strong colour, painted with superb impasto, the work of a man who felt he had mastered his material and was giving the best of his life-force to his picture.

Some differences of opinion were expressed as to the quality of this collection, and while one critic declared every work worthy of the title masterpiece, another writer, unaccustomed to stand on the heights of which these pictures were pinnacles, said they were not better than could be ordinarily seen. But those who knew that these were the choice examples from the greatest English collection, were content to revel in the charms, and remain under the spell, of the best group of Barbizon pictures ever seen in London.



ROTTEN ROW IN 1896.
FROM A DRAWING BY "MARS."

AN APPEAL TO OUR READERS:—

“THE ART JOURNAL” FUND FOR ARTISTS’ ORPHAN CHILDREN.

EVERY one, with even a slight knowledge of affairs, is aware that for the past ten or twelve years, the works of the living artist have had to struggle with those of the deceased painters to find a commercial market. Many, also, are aware that the monetary prizes have been almost entirely rendered to the owners of dead artists’ works; while the living painter, more often than not, has found his schemes thwarted, and his powers dulled, by that absence of moderate support, without which all Art inevitably languishes.

Under such circumstances, the artist with a family is chiefly to be pitied, for he finds it difficult to provide that prospective support necessary in case of his early death or disability. In the event of his decease, his children—the offspring of great talent and sometimes of genius—have to bear the burden, and existing organizations are not sufficiently powerful to adequately support the charges of the education of such orphans.

Believing that many of the patrons and lovers of the Fine Arts who read this Journal, and the classes to which it specially appeals, are grateful for the many-sided Art which abounds in our time, and willing to assist the children of those who have untimely fallen, the Editor and Proprietors of THE ART JOURNAL have resolved to inaugurate a fund to be called “The Art Journal Fund for Artists’ Orphan Children,” and subscriptions are hereby invited in support of the scheme.

It is not desired to make the Fund one for nude ostentation, and it is proposed to limit the subscription to one guinea for the ordinary sympathisers with the project; and if any professional artists wish to contribute, their subscriptions—which will be shown in a separate list—are not to exceed half-a-guinea.

These limits are suggested for one or two reasons. In the first place, every one is face to face with subscriptions for all sorts of purposes, and even the most liberal must exercise discretion; while one guinea is not likely to harm the pocket of any. Again, the ordinary professional man outside artistic circles, the lawyer, the doctor, the military or naval officer, or the teacher, who has been gratified with the artistic productions as exhibited in the pages of this Journal, may feel inclined to help the orphan children of recently-deceased artists by a contribution of a guinea to a Fund, of the necessity for which he has perhaps never dreamed. Further, such lovers of Art—connoisseurs, and patrons, as well as art dealers of all kinds, often live far from the British metropolis, and, while they would willingly give their mite to help the artist’s family, they do not know in what manner to convey it.

To all these and to all others this announcement appeals; and it is hoped that the appeal will not be made in vain.

Such expenses as may be necessary for working the scheme will be borne by THE ART JOURNAL, and no deduction of any kind will be made from the amount subscribed.

Each remittance will be separately and immediately acknowledged by post by the Editor’s Secretary, and the name and address will be printed in THE ART JOURNAL for June, published May 25th, if delivered at the office of THE ART JOURNAL before May 12th.

Subscriptions are invited immediately. No list will be issued in the May ART JOURNAL, but it is hoped that a good account of the progress of the Fund will be given.

In order to avoid multiplicity of administrations, it is proposed to hand over the entire sum subscribed to the Benevolent Branch of “The Artists’ Annuity Fund,” an organization existing since 1810. The Secretary of this Fund is Mr. Percy Edsall, 6½, Suffolk Street, S.W.

The Society for the Distribution of the Artists’ Fund is divided into two branches, the Artists’ Annuity branch and the Artists’ Benevolent branch. The first is a purely self-supporting sick allowance society, for which members on election pay an actuarial value for certain specific advantages; and these advantages are certainly more than could be obtained from any ordinary insurance company. As to the Benevolent branch it is intended solely for the relief of widows and orphans of deceased members of the Artists’ Annuity branch “if in want or distress”; and in this case appeal is made to the general public for charity or bequest, and assistance at the public dinner held each year.

There are just reasons for the selection of this organization: to be a member of the Artists’ Annuity branch shows not only the artist was well qualified for his profession, but that he was also a provident and careful man, and that he well deserved such support for his widow and children, should circumstances or early death demonstrate the fact that they are in want or distress. These, according to the Charter, is their sole claim for the assistance of this branch of the society, and no canvassing for votes is permitted. Each case is carefully considered by the committee and judged entirely upon its merits, the limit of such assistance being only governed by the income disposable at the hands of the Committee. The President is the Marquis of Lothian, and the Committee embraces Messrs. T. Brock, R.A., Alma-Tadema, R.A., and F. Dicksee, R.A. Thirty-three widows received assistance last year, the highest being £37 11s., and six orphans received a total of £81.

These amounts, while being acceptable when face to face with poverty, are very far from sufficient to keep the wolf from the door of a delicately trained lady left with a young family. For the orphans the amount is even smaller, and when the average cost of a child per annum to be fed and educated is borne in mind, the need for more liberality is apparent.

Subscriptions will, therefore, be welcomed by either or both the undersigned, at THE ART JOURNAL Office, and cheques should be crossed “Bank of England,” where an account has been opened in the joint names of the Editor and the chief Proprietor of THE ART JOURNAL, and every subscription sent will be acknowledged and paid *in full* to the Fund.

Each remittance should be accompanied by a note of the sender’s name and address in the manner it is desired to have it inserted in the pages of THE ART JOURNAL.

DAVID CROAL THOMSON.
HERBERT D. VIRTUE.

THE ART JOURNAL OFFICE,
201, City Road, London, E.C.

March, 1896.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE various exhibitions of pictures of the Barbizon school have had an unlooked-for corollary in the gift of a number of choice examples of these painters' works to a public institution. It is Glasgow, the second city in the Empire, which has come out first. The five sons of the late James Keir, the head of the Hydepark Locomotive Works, Glasgow, agreed together that they could not find a better way of handing on their honoured father's name than by presenting the best pictures in his well-known collection to the municipality, and they will find a suitable home in the new Art Galleries.

The pictures presented include one of the largest works painted by Corot, 'Pastorale—Souvenir d'Italie,' of which we give a reproduction. This was exhibited in the Salon in 1872, only three years before the death of Père Corot. There is also a cattle piece by Troyon, and a Jaecue entitled 'The Wane of the Day.' Of pictures of similar character is Joseph Israel's famous 'Frugal Meal,' a peasant family at dinner. A number of notable English paintings are included in the gift: Turner's 'Modern Italy,' Linnell's 'Downward Rays,' Orchardson's 'Farmer's Daughter,' Nasmyth's 'Windsor Castle,' and 'A Sculptor's Studio,' by Alma Tadema.

A gift of this kind to the community by some of its members seems a natural proceeding in a city like Glasgow, but in the metropolis it seems barely possible, and in any case except in a very moderate degree has not taken place. When Mr. Henry Tate's fine galleries at Westminster—they are now nearing the top of the ground floor—are ready, it is very likely that other city magnates will follow his munificent lead and present collections to the people of London.

The election of Sir John Millais as President of the Royal Academy was duly confirmed by Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor. The new president is now

much occupied with the details of his new office. There is no doubt he will find these difficult at first, but the loyalty of all concerned is more than assured, and so far as the public are concerned, no changes will be observable.

Considerable interest is felt in the title of the late President of the Royal Academy—First Baron Leighton of Stretton. We find that the Town of Stretton, in the County of Shropshire, from which the late Lord Leighton took his title, came into the possession of the family so far back as the fourteenth century. This was through marriage with the heiress, Miss Cambray, whose arms are still quartered by the Leighton family. "The Leightons of Leighton and Stretton in the Dale," as they were then styled, resided there for many subsequent years, and the branch of the family from which the late Lord Leighton descended settled in Yorkshire. Stretton passed from the family by sale many years ago. It has since attained some importance, being the returning town of South Shropshire when the present Sir Baldwyn Leighton represented the constituency down to the Reform Bill of 1885. All trace of the old family residence has disappeared. On being made a Baronet,

the late Lord Leighton, by the direction of Heralds' College, had to assume the arms with a "difference" in order to prevent confusion between the two Baronetcies. Up to that time both branches of the family bore the arms of the Cambrays. These facts are kindly supplied to us by Sir Baldwyn Leighton, who is a distant relative of the late Lord Leighton's family.

The whole of Lord Leighton's collection of pictures and *objets d'Art* will be sold at Christie's at the beginning of next July. Many of the Academicians and Associates had presented their chief with examples of their works, and these will all be dispersed.



*Pastorale—Souvenir d'Italie. By Corot.
Presented to the Glasgow Corporation.*



Amsterdam. By James Maris.
In the collection of J. S. Forbes, Esq.

RECENT LONDON EXHIBITIONS.

AT the Grafton Galleries the winter exhibition consisted of a loan collection of modern pictures of the Dutch and Barbizon schools, and of two hundred original black-and-white drawings, by M. Paul Renouard, Mr. John Charlton, Mr. W. Small, and Florian. Of the Dutch pictures, the most noteworthy were the seventeen important canvases by M. Joseph Israels, which occupied a room by themselves, and the examples of J. Maris, Mauve, Van Mareke, and one or two others, to which part of the Long Gallery was devoted. Israels was remarkably well represented, for among his pictures, though they were, perhaps, not all in the first rank of his production, were several which illustrated his capacities in the finest way. They had been painted at dif-

ferent periods, and in them the development of his style could be studied with considerable ease. They included domestic and pathetic subjects, as well as others which were simply representations of out-of-door nature. The most memorable were 'The Sempstress,' 'The Sick Mother,' 'The Convalescent,' and 'On the Shore.'



Le Pédicure. By Degas.
By permission obtained through Messrs. Hollender & Cremetti.

Of the fifteen works by James Maris, the largest and in some respects the best, was 'The Bridge,' an astonishingly vigorous rendering of a corner in a Dutch town. The fluent brushwork and depth of colour, the able line composition and the strength of the light and shade relations, combined to impress this picture upon the memory of every one who saw it. Perhaps there were finer qualities—finer because less obvious—in the

more delicate 'Amsterdam'; but it would have been hard, as the two pictures hung side by side, to decide which deserved the preference. The problem set in the 'Amsterdam,' which we illustrate, was probably the more difficult to solve, because the more subtle scheme of tones, the more silvery colour, and the smaller scale of the details accentuated the technical difficulties which were presented by the subject. Mauve was not so adequately presented, as only comparatively small pictures by him were shown, and these were only some of the best of his works which might have been brought together. M. Renouard's drawings were, as indeed they always are, deserving of the closest examination. Their freedom, their power of record, and their originality are invariably marvellous.

More Barbizon pictures made up the bulk of the last show at the Hanover Gallery; but it included besides a considerable number of works by artists who had not fallen under the influence of that school. The most noteworthy piece of painting was by an artist who is not a follower, but the leader of a school of his own, M. Degas. His 'Pédicure,' a quaintly-treated subject, displayed to the very utmost those qualities of colour arrangement and handling which completely justify the influence which he exercises over the younger painters of the present day. The painting of the draperies, of the chintz cover of the couch on which a child, wrapped in a white sheet, is sitting, the quality of the blacks which in the coat of the attendant give value to the more delicate passages in the picture, the luminosity of the tones, all show the hand of a master. The picture, which we illustrate, was painted about twenty years ago, and is still excellently fresh and brilliant.

The exhibition of water-colour drawings which was opened a few weeks ago by Messrs. Agnew and Sons at 1896.

their Gallery in Old Bond Street is more than usually remarkable in quality. It includes nearly four hundred examples of notable painters, living and dead, and nearly all these drawings are of admirable merit. There are nine or ten landscapes by Turner, representing different periods of his practice, and in two or three instances showing to the highest advantage his exceptional capacity for realising effects of light and atmosphere. He is seen at his best, perhaps, in the small but delightfully

delicate 'Brightling Observatory' with its wonderful subtlety of gradations and tone relations; but his superlative qualities of breadth and technical dignity are as successfully illustrated in the simpler and more obvious 'Brecon Castle.' His 'London, from the South,' a perplexing view to present-day Londoners, is less spontaneous, and, therefore, less delightful, but is worth studying as an instance of his manner of composing a large work. By De Wint there are ten drawings, most of which are sketches of a very able and attractive type. The best of the larger examples is his 'Torksey Castle,' a finely drawn subject on the banks of the Trent, and a delightful harmony of mellow colour.



Venetian Washerwomen.
By C. Van Haanen.

The special feature of Mr. Maclean's recent loan exhibition was a collection of twelve pictures by M. Cecil Van Haanen, the artist whose study of Venetian types and of scenes from Venetian life had so much to do with the gathering together of the group of painters of various nationalities who have for some years past been frequent exhibitors in London galleries. These canvases had been well selected, and showed to good advantage the facile brushwork and sense of vivid realism which have contributed to place M. Van Haanen in the front rank of modern genre painters. They presented him, too, as a colourist of distinctly individual power; as a painter, that is to say, of colour effects which are peculiarly com-

plex, and which depend for their result upon strong contrasts and startling juxtapositions rather than upon quiet harmonies and gentle gradations. In them all appeared the decision of touch that has marked his work throughout with its air of confident mastery. He paints always as if he found problems of handling easy to solve; and this sureness of statement became in this exhibition the more emphatic because it was seen not to be occasional, but a dominant quality pervading all the pictures which had been brought together.

Several of the pictures were important ones, which, when originally exhibited, had aided to build up M. Van Haanen's reputation in this country. There were two versions of his well-known subject, the 'Bead-Stringers'; his 'Afternoon Coffee,' a scene in a dressmaker's work-room, which was at the Academy in 1884; his able but less characteristic 'Juliet'; his fascinating 'Venetian

Washerwomen,' with its pleasant composition of lines and sparkle of colour, of which we are permitted to make a reproduction; his 'High Tide in Venice,' an effect of flood, with Venetian maidens wading homewards through the water covering the street; the 'Siesta in Church'; and 'The Coquette.'

The Society of Lady Artists opened its forty-first exhibition at the beginning of February. It consisted of more than four hundred pictures in oil and water-colour, and of nearly two hundred examples of various kinds of handicrafts. The best works shown were Mrs. Jopling's 'Dear Lady Disdain,' and 'Pastel Portrait of John Strange Winter'; Miss Florence Pash's 'Portrait of Miss Stella Maris,' and 'Resting'; Miss Ethel Wright's 'Portrait of Mrs. Halkett'; Miss Fanny Moody's dogs 'Left Behind'; Miss F. M. Pearse's pastel drawing 'Gwen,' and 'A Cloudy Morning on the Wye,' by Miss Jane Inglis.

ART NOTES.



Mr. Colnaghi's Cross.

MR. MARTIN COLNAGHI is so well known, not only in this country but abroad, that the decoration the Emperor of Austria has just conferred upon him might almost be taken as a matter of course. But it is a very uncommon honour for an Englishman to receive, and we have pleasure in drawing attention to it. Mr. Colnaghi, whose portrait by Walery we publish, the chief of the Marlborough Gallery, is probably the first picture expert in England, and his

opinion is always of the very highest value. In recognition of Mr. Colnaghi's lengthy services to Art, the Emperor, through the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, has conferred on him "Das Goldene Verdienst Kreuz mit der Krone"—The Golden Cross of Merit with the Crown.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours have elected Messrs. R. Allan and Arthur Hopkins full members, and Messrs. J. M. Swan, A.R.A., H. S. Hopwood, W. E. Lockhart, and Miss Mildred Butler, Associates.

In bringing his information down to date respecting the decoration of the choir of St. Paul's, Professor Richmond states that there had now been completed nearly 10,000 square feet of mosaic. This includes a figure of The Majesty in the centre of the apse, on either side two groups of recording angels; two panels of the Sea giving up its Dead; six panels of Virtues; the Sacrifice of Noah after the Flood; the meeting of Abram and Melchizedek; the creation of the birds, fishes and beasts; twelve herald-angels proclaiming the prophecies; colossal figures of Sibyls, the Persian and the Greek; similar figures of

David and Solomon, of Alexander and Cyrus, of two of the builders of the Temple, of Moses receiving the law on Mount Sinai, of Job and his friends, of Jacob's Ladder, and of Abraham; three windows in the apse, and six clerestory windows representing angels singing in Paradise; and allegorical figures of Adam and Eve marrying the beasts. There had also been completed panels of peacocks, fish, and beasts, as well as of arabesque designs. The whole of the vaulting down to the main cornice of the choir would be completed by Easter, 1896, and there would then remain six spandrels to be finished, which would be accomplished before Easter, 1897.

Five vacancies in Academic rank, caused by the death of the late Mr. Waller Paton, and by the retirement from the active list of Mr. John Faed, Mr. James Archer, Mr. John Ballantyne, and Mr. Erskine Nicol, have been filled up by the Royal Scottish Academy. It had been previously resolved, in order to preserve the balance between the three arts represented in the Academy, to elect three Architects, one Painter, and one Sculptor. The following were elected:—Painter, Mr. John Lavery, Glasgow; Sculptor, Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, Edinburgh; Architects, Mr. Hippolyte J. Blanc, Edinburgh; Mr. J. Honeyman, Glasgow, and Mr. W. Leiper, Glasgow.



Mr. Martin Colnaghi.

NOTICES OF ART BOOKS.

THERE are few books written, of which it may be truly said that their marked characteristic is charm. In a high degree, this fair possession is the quality of Vernon Lee's latest, and, as must be regretfully gathered from the valedictory note, last work,—“RENAISSANCE FANCIES AND STUDIES.” (Smith, Elder.) The potent attractiveness of all that pertains to the history of the great Art revival, has been enhanced by such writers; and if Vernon Lee does not attain to the high standard of excellence reached by the late Walter Pater, she may yet worthily claim a great share of the sympathies and commendations of the cultured public. The chapter devoted to ‘The Love of the Saints,’ deals exhaustively with the Franciscan overthrow of pessimism, and the awakening of that gentle sympathy which prepared men's minds for the softening influences of the æsthetic awakening to follow. “Imaginative Art of the Renaissance” is perhaps the least convincing of the series, but the chapter on “Tuscan Sculpture” affords a display of erudite and pointed analysis which could scarcely be

Art's sake, but with this addition, Art for the sake of life, as one of the harmonious and harmonizing functions of existence.

In happy and generous vein Mr. Spielmann tells the fascinating “HISTORY OF ‘PUNCH’” (Cassell), a work which has in a very short space of time run through three editions. The volume is almost a history of humorous art in England for the past half-century, for the writer takes a wide view of his subject, and he treats incidentally, but often fully, of illustrations done in other pages. The story of the birth and youth of *Punch* is set forth in full detail, and due consideration is given to the various claims, to the original idea and development, made by those concerned. Each artist receives well-balanced notice, and although it is evident the author has his own likes and dislikes, he never permits his personal feelings to overcome his sense of justice to the man and artist. We give two illustrations from the book—it is a little difficult to understand why so comparatively few are in



“The Mahogany Tree.”
From “The History of ‘Punch.’”

bettered. The valedictory note referred to, is at once the best written and the most regrettable chapter in the volume. There are, by no means, too many of the class of writers of Vernon Lee, and her tribute to the memory of her master, Walter Pater, is the most cogent reason against her determination finally to lay down her pen. As she has shown in her writings, his conception of Art has been thoroughly grasped by her, namely, not Art merely for

it—one being ‘The Mahogany Tree,’ by Linley Sambourne, wherein Mr. Burnand, the editor, at the head of the table, with his left hand outstretched, is giving the toast of “*Punch*.” On his left is Mr. Anstey, and then Mr. Lucy and Mr. E. T. Reed, the late Gilbert à Beckett and Mr. Milliken, Sir William Agnew, the late Mr. W. H. Bradbury, Mr. du Maurier, Mr. Furniss, and Mr. R. C. Lehmann, Mr. Arthur à Beckett, Mr. Linley Sambourne,

and Sir John Tenniel. The portraits and busts along the wall are, from left to right, of Mark Lemon, Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, with, under it, Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Doyle, Hood, Leech, Shirley Brooks, and Tom Taylor. On the easel is a portrait of Charles Keene, then recently dead. Our other illustration from "The History of *Punch*" is a *résumé*, by Mr. Harry Furniss, of all the representations of Mr. Gladstone that have appeared, being originally the work of Leech, Tenniel, Sambourne, and Furniss himself.

It is a very good plan adopted by the authorities at South Kensington of exhibiting separately, for awhile, any recent acquisition of exceptional value. There is now to be seen in a small case in the South Court of the Museum, some very interesting goldsmith's work, bequeathed by the late Carlo Giuliani. His sons, however, have not been content merely to hand over their father's legacy, but have magnanimously added to it a gift of their own. Lovers of ancient Etruscan jewels and admirers of Signor Castellani's exquisite reproductions of them at Rome, may not all of them be aware that for many years past work of similar antiquarian interest and artistic skill has been done here, in Piccadilly, by Signor Giuliano. Through his death England is the poorer by a master craftsman. Pity that we cannot claim him for an Englishman.

"ADVANCED PERSPECTIVE," by H. J. Dennis (Ballière, Tindall & Cox), which has now reached its seventh edition, needs no recommendation to students—indeed, it is well-nigh indispensable to those who wish to pass the "Third Grade" Examination in the subject. Being addressed to them, it naturally takes for granted a thorough knowledge on their part of elementary perspective. As a reference book, it should also be of great service to draughtsmen who, having (perhaps long since) passed their examinations, are beginning to forget what once they knew. The well-planned table of contents makes it easy to refer to any particular problem—which Mr. Dennis will be found to have worked out with a clearness and precision bespeaking the practical teacher. The only fault to find with the book is its shape. The dimensions of the plates indicate what should be its proportions. The folding and unfolding of the sheets must

lead to their prompt destruction, and will be a perpetual source of annoyance.

In connection with the centenary of Thomas Carlyle a photographic portrait taken in 1874 has been again brought before the public. It was taken in Kirkcaldy by Mr.

John Patrick, whose address is now 52, Comiston Road, Edinburgh, at the time when the Sage of Chelsea was on friendly terms with him, and used to look in at the studio for a chat. Carlyle was then 78, and the portrait gives him the venerable appearance of his age. The head leans on his closed right hand in an attitude of meditation particularly suitable to the man, the head and shoulders alone are seen, and as the photograph is of a large size and not at all expensive, it is likely that many will be glad to know where so fine a portrait of Carlyle can be found.

Since the death of the artist in 1887, the works of Anton Mauve have been ranked amongst the best productions of Dutch modern Art. A memorial collection of his pictures was recently brought together in Holland, and twenty-four of his subjects have been issued by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co. in a small portfolio.

Many of these are from the well-known collections of Mr. Alex. Young—whose best example, however, has not been reproduced—Mr. J. S. Forbes, Mr. J. C. Drucker, and Sir John Day.—The Hundred of Munslow forms the second part of Mr. D. H. S. Cranage's important work on the Churches of Shropshire (Hobson, Wellington).

Among minor Art books recently published, the most useful and interesting is the pamphlet on "Bent Iron-work," by Miss Amanda Saunders (Chapman). This gives practical instruction on a kind of artistic work possible for ladies and young people, for producing objects of utility.—"The Art Students' Manual" (Waterlow) aims at setting forth the laws which govern artistic effort.—"The Gaits, Exterior and Proportions of the Horse," translated from the French of Lt.-Colonel E. Duhouset (Percy Young), is another contribution on the movements of animals.—A new edition of "The Life, Works, and Times of Raphael," by Eugene Müntz, translated by Mr. W. Armstrong, is published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.



Mr. Gladstone in "Punch."
From "The History of 'Punch.'"



THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1800
BY
NATHANIEL PHIPPS
1846



W. H. W. 1857

W. H. W. 1857





The Salutation of Beatrice.
By Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

A PRE-RAPHAELITE COLLECTION.

IT was a shock to several persons, myself among them, to hear of the death, in August 1895, of Mr. James Leathart, of Bracken Dene, Gateshead-on-Tyne. I had seen him only a few months before, as active in body, and alert in mind and manner, as ever, and had corresponded with him up to a still later date. My acquaintance with him had dated back to a remote year, perhaps 1855; and there was no man whom I regarded as more trustworthy, amicable, and hearty. Mr. Leathart had a natural liking for pictorial art, and he was already, in 1855, a purchaser of pictures in a small miscellaneous way. With his acquisitions his taste and discernment progressed; and it may have been towards 1858 that he began paying particular attention to works of what we call—more or less accurately—the pre-Raphaelite school, obtaining examples of Millais, Holman Hunt, Madox Brown, Dante Rossetti, and others. Gradually he got rid of the minor productions which had satisfied the less developed stage of his connoisseurship, and he adhered to his pre-Raphaelite sympathies, without neglecting some leading painters of a different order. In his closing years he disposed of a few of his fine things: I may particularly mention that astonishing masterpiece of Millais's central period, the 'Autumn Leaves,' the 'Lange Leizen,' by Whistler, and the passionately energetic 'Romeo and Juliet' (the balcony scene), of Madox Brown. If there were an order of merit for Art collectors, the man who owned those pictures—not to speak of others—might well have claimed it.

With the exception of Mr. George Rae, of Birkenhead (still happily surviving), Mr. Leathart might almost count as the latest possessor of a distinctively pre-Raphaelite collection formed during the evolution of the pre-Raphaelite movement. The collections of Mint, John Miller, William Graham, Leyland, W. A. Turner, Craven, have all been dispersed: the small but choice gathering of Mrs. Combe has been bequeathed to the Oxford Gallery, apart from Hunt's 'Light of the World,' which is in Keble College.

MAY, 1896.

But I must have done with such retrospective considerations, and apply myself to the paintings which formed the gallery of Mr. Leathart at the date of his death. Here the precursor of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Madox Brown, is represented by seven pictures; Holman Hunt and Dante Rossetti, who constituted, along with Millais, the nucleus of the Brotherhood, by two and seven respectively; Burne-Jones, who may count as prime reaper of the harvest which they sowed, by five; Deverell, by one; Arthur Hughes, by three. Other artists will be named as I proceed.

To begin with Madox Brown, a painter whose fame, more than duly kept down and contested during his lifetime, has increased observably, both in England and abroad, ever since his truly admirable picture of 'Christ washing Peter's Feet' (of which Mr. Leathart possessed a



"The Pretty Baa-Lambs," or Summer Heat.
By Ford Madox Brown.

L I.

water-colour drawing), was hung in the National Gallery as a donation by public subscription. Mr. Leathart's septett of examples exhibits advantageously every stage of Brown's pictorial career. The painting called 'Wilhelmus Conquestator,' or more fully, 'The Body of Harold brought to William the Conqueror,' shows the same composition as the surprisingly forcible cartoon which Brown exhibited in Westminster Hall in 1844, and which is now in the South London Gallery of Art. Were I to attempt to do justice to the general historical invention and to the particular incidents of this superb tableau, I could easily exhaust most of the space at my disposal for the entire collection. 'Our Lady of Good Children' (which was exhibited in 1848, before the pre-Raphaelite movement began), clearly shows, in subject and treatment,



The Entombment.
By Ford Madox Brown.

'Brotherhood' were displayed: it is a strongly characteristic and a very admirable specimen of Madox Brown's work, and will be interesting to some persons as containing a very good portrait of Dante Rossetti, in the figure of King Lear's fool—whom we all know to have been a fool only in name. In 'The Pretty Baa-Lambs,' 1851, Madox Brown almost out-P.R.B.'d the P.R.B.: it was an object of great ridicule in its time, and shows some blemishes of hardness and stiffness, yet is a work of marked attainment in its own line. 'The Entombment' dates much later on, towards 1870, when the artist was at his highest level in colour and general freedom and depth of treatment: for moving expression and fine arrangement it ranks among his best works.

Who that has seen Hunt's 'Hiring Shepherd' can



The Hiring Shepherd.
By Holman Hunt.

certain tendencies which we are wont to identify with that movement. 'Cordelia and Lear' was finished and exhibited in 1849, the same year when the first pictures of the

ever have forgotten it? This picture was exhibited in 1852, when the rancour against pre-Raphaelitism was still near its height. It is a typical example of all the qualities



The Merciful Knight.
By Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.

for which Hunt is most remarkable, and I question whether he has ever surpassed it, though 'The Light of the World' and 'The Finding of Christ in the Temple' reach to greater heights of endeavour and result. In 'The Hireling Shepherd' we find his finest and most various landscape-background; consummate accuracy and force, combined with minuteness of realisation, in all the elements of the picture; and, in a group of obvious uaturalism, a motive and undercurrent of that earnest moral or spiritual aim without which Holman Hunt would not be himself.

Of Rossetti, four specimens are 'Paolo and Francesca,' 'Salutatio Beatricis,' 'A Christmas Carol,' and 'Burd-alane': they might indeed be called eight specimens, as the two Dantesque subjects are triptychs. These represent his work from about 1859 to 1862—not his latest phases of execution, nor yet his earliest. The 'Paolo and Francesca' was a special favourite with Mr. Leathart: more than once have I heard him say that its colour is not merely brilliant colouring, but "like jewels": if I were to add that the sentiment in the two principal groups is quite as good as the colour, I might be taxed with fraternal partiality. The second subject in the 'Salutatio' contains, I think, in the Dante, the finest male head which Rossetti ever painted, save only the Dante in the large picture now in the Art Gallery of Liverpool. 'The Christmas Carol' is a water-colour extremely high and glowing in tint, and marked by the artist's romantic grace of inventive arrangement: a term which he abhorred, "quaint," might be applied to it, and not without some reason. 'Burd-alane,' though less winning and impressive than some of his other female types, is a good example of his technique: I do not remember that he ever painted this face again—a fact which might be laid to heart by



Battledore.
By Albert Moore.



The Musician.
By Albert Moore.

those persons who profess that there was only one face that he ever did paint.

The Burne-Joneses are simply superb. The large water-colour of 'The Merciful Knight' illustrates a legend that a knight who had taken pity on his adversary, and who was in prayer before a crucifix, was embraced by the effigy of the crucified Saviour. This, though possibly not destined to be ever so popular as some other works by the painter, is a noble subject nobly treated, in dark smnken tints, and with wonderful potency of glint and sheen. Still more fully satisfying do I count the 'Merlin and Nimue,' which, though a somewhat early work, has such a burning and solemn richness of colour and tone as is scarcely matchable, even in this master's works, save in the 'Chant d'Amour.' 'Sidonia the Sorceress' and 'Clara von Bork' are most gorgeously realised. The former especially is the perfection of a "white devil," such as the wondrous Meinhold invented.

Deverell, who died in 1854, aged only about twenty-six, has left a name memorable to students of the beginnings of pre-Raphaelitism: he is represented here by a pleasing picture, 'A Lady with a Birdcage.' 'Home from Work,' by Arthur Hughes, may perhaps count as the *chef d'œuvre* of this most delicate-minded and delicate-handed painter: anything more exquisite for naïve candour than the small girl in her flannel bedgown, reaching up to kiss her wood-cutting father on his return, is not to be found in the range of Art, and

all the other portions of the picture tally with the perfection of this. If ever painter deserved a testimonial from the mammas of the United Kingdom, Mr. Hughes is the man. 'The Rift within the Lute' is another sweet and refined example of this painter's work, of a more romantic turn.

It is passing strange that so powerful a landscape

painter as Mark Anthony should be but faintly remembered by art amateurs of the present day. Perhaps his heroic record of a scathed oak-tree, with its concomitants of 'Night, Storm, and Darkness,' will do something to stem the tide of ungrateful oblivion. Mr. Inchbold was also a landscapist of exceptional excellence in his time: his 'Bolton Abbey' attests his unsparing truthfulness and disciplined skill. In his later years he seldom if ever produced work so complete as this.

Lord Leighton's 'King David,' 'Oh, that I had wings like a dove!' was exhibited many years ago. It is a very broadly painted work, with forcible tone and appropriate sentiment. Somehow the painter, spite of these good qualities, did not wholly succeed in effacing the impression derivable from a model duly posed and posing. We perceive first the pic-



King David.
By Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

torial construction of the work, and only afterwards that it embodies King David and his yearning emotion—and even embodies these well within the limits assigned.

No picture in the collection is more noticeable than the 'Elijah's Sacrifice' of Mr. Albert Moore. This is an early work, and a very excellent one indeed, totally unlike those Hellenic aestheticisms for which Mr. Moore is principally known and cherished. In the 'Elijah' there is great earnestness of intention and of realisation; the artist presents his mighty subject in a thoroughly natural or "probable" form, but one feels that, before trying to paint it truthfully, he *conceived* it truthfully—a point which many Realists are far from attaining. The wreathing flames on Elijah's altar, pallor-stricken in the clear

daylight, are almost worthy of William Blake—less ideally imagined than his interpretations of fire as a pictorial phenomenon, but in simple truth even better. It seems strange that, after achieving so singular a success in so great a line of subject, Albert Moore should have totally abandoned it for another entirely different.

Of that other style, the Greek one, there are three very choice specimens in Mr. Leathart's collection, 'The Musician,' hardly in any instance surpassed by his highly-refined hand, and the pair of single figures named 'Battledore' and 'Shuttlecock.'

We come to an older phase of British art in the single work by Stothard, entitled 'Intemperance'; it is deft in composition and brilliantly high in colour. This is not a very intellectual work, certainly, nor of a puissant range

of invention, but on its own showing it is a covetable thing for any connoisseur to secure.

Other painters I must pass over still more briefly than the foregoing. Bond (of Liverpool), author of 'Carnarvon Castle,' is a very clever man, who has produced a multitude of landscapes and seascapes, often marked by more of definite attainment than one might be prepared to forecast. G. T. Chapman has painted, 'Three sang of Love together,' from a sonnet by Christina Rossetti: it is a rather slight specimen of an artist who had facility of invention without much executive solidity. William Davis, of Liverpool (properly an Irishman), was a landscape painter of very high gifts indeed—sharpness of perception, seriousness of feeling, excellent truthfulness:



Paolo and Francesca.
By Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Mr. Leathart possessed six of his works, 'Ryewater' being the largest. By Etty are two of the ordinary treatments, 'An Oriental' and 'A Negro Boy.' By Albert Goodwin, three water-colours. By Alfred Hunt, whose mere name is sufficient warrant for right treatment and high tone of work, 'A Stream in Caruarvonshire,' and another landscape. Legros is constantly good in monastic subjects, of which there is one in the collection; also 'Hamlet stabbing Polonius'—somewhat disappointing perhaps at first sight, but gaining upon the spectator as his familiarity with the work increases. 'Katherine and Petruchio' was almost the first picture which Mr. Robert Martineau produced under the guidance of Holman Hunt. The masterpiece of his prematurely-closed life was, of course, 'The Last Day in the Old Home'; but with that exception, it may be questioned whether he ever painted anything superior to this Shakespearean subject. 'Nimrod' represents the always intellectual art of Sir J. Noel Paton: 'The Prodigal Son,' a well-sized and superior example, that of Poole. David Scott almost deserves to rank among great painters; though it must be allowed that his place is with those who have united, to high

faculty and ambition, and large resources of knowledge and work, a fatal propensity for going wrong at times. 'The Challenge' and 'The Spirit of the Lyre' represent him very characteristically; the former, though sketchy enough for so large a canvas, is full of spirit and masterly colour. By his brother, William Bell Scott, there are six works—figure-subjects and landscapes; he also put a great deal of mind into his pictures—the largest owned by Mr. Leathart being 'Returned from the Long Crusade.' Simeon Solomon displayed great artistic powers, not unfrequently marred by a certain morbidity of feeling; with a little more of self-regulation he might easily have developed into one of the most essentially artistic of British-born artists. There are six of his works in the Leathart Gallery. Ewbank, Henry Moore, and Shalders are also here; and a well-sized Italian picture, 'A Gentleman and Servant,' which is doubtfully ascribed to Moroni.

My space has not allowed of my giving many details; yet enough has certainly been said to show that the Leathart collection contains several works of mark deserving of very careful attention.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

M. PAUL DUBOIS,

DIRECTEUR DE L'ÉCOLE DES BEAUX-ARTS, PARIS, AND HONORARY FOREIGN MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE artistic career of the sculptor, M. Paul Dubois, has lately been graciously crowned by a vote of the Royal Academy of England electing him one of its Foreign Members.

The Editor of THE ART JOURNAL having asked me to say a few words to its readers about the recipient of this honour, I called and saw the master in his room at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, where he daily receives visits from artists desirous of completing their studies in the ateliers of the Ecole. At the moment of my arrival he had just received in this way two young English ladies.

He told me how happy he had felt on receiving the honour from the Royal Academy. He has often been in England, was among the friends of the late Lord Leighton, speaks with admiration of the principal artists of this country, and follows with great interest the efforts of the young Englishmen who come to Paris to study under him. He acknowledges and thoroughly appreciates the special character and originality of English art.

His career has been a long devotion to Art, and especially to that branch in which he has attained such eminence. He mentioned to me more than once that the man who in these days becomes a sculptor, does so only for the honour of the thing—*rien que pour l'honneur!* There was an inner satisfaction in his look while he was speaking in this way. One would have said that he was mentally reviewing his own long and worthy labours, and rejoiced profoundly to think that he had loved that marble and that bronze which the crowd can neither understand nor purchase. The word "courage," too, was on his lips when referring to the young statuaries of the present time, who are less known, less supported, and less easily identified by the public than the painters.

M. Dubois was born in 1829 in a small town not far from Paris. His family intended that he should be a

lawyer. When a family destines to a particular profession a son whose tendencies are in another direction, it usually happens either that the son gives way to the family, or that the family gives way to the son; but M. Dubois' action was a remarkable exception to this rule. He went through his law studies, and became familiar with the severe beauties of Roman law and the angular contours of French law; so by a method very seldom adopted by the followers of Phidias, being confirmed in the love of the beautiful, he cast aside his black gown and courageously began to attack marble.

Progress in his difficult task was not too rapid. Already past the age for entering the Ecole des Beaux-Arts—he only entered it as its director—he had to superintend his own technical education. Having missed the Ecole, he could not compete for the Prix de Rome, but Italy had an irresistible attraction for him with its entire nation of statues of all periods; and he started for Rome and set up a studio a few paces from the Villa Medicea, where the French Government provides for the successful students, but whence he had been debarred by age.

From this important period in his life dates his classical love of pure form and of perfect balance of line. His artistic temperament was formed, and thenceforth he became devotedly attached to the great sculptors of antiquity and to the refined statuaries of Italy of the fifteenth century. In the work of Dubois the influence of Donatello is apparent, but it is tempered by an adherence to Grecian purity. His maturer study was to be Michael Angelo, from whom, when designing the celebrated monument to General Lamoricière, he derived the no little of grandeur and striking funereal beauty conspicuous in the mausoleum of Pope Julius the Second.

The French sculpture of the second half of this century seems to depart from the ideas prevailing in the antique.

The greatest names which belong to it are those of artists who have sought life and, above all, action in their working of inanimate matter. And it is curious to note that



Jeanne d'Arc.
By Dubois.

this tendency to revolutionise the secular traditions of sculpture is increasing from day to day, and from exhibition to exhibition. David d'Angers, François Rude, Barye, Carpeaux, and, of living artists, Rodin and Bartholomé, have gradually induced both stone and metal to palpitate and writhe. But M. Paul Dubois belongs to the other phase of Art. He is mindful of the old indebtedness of sculpture to architecture, and of the traditional solidity of beauty, of the eternal elegance of repose. He seeks in the perfection of form that complete inward happiness which was sufficient for the Mediterranean races whose simple life was spent in an environment of purity, grandeur, and serenity. In such a conception of art and of intellectual joy, the statue becomes to a certain extent crystallised humanity, the adamant form of universal passion, the eternal fixedness accorded by a workman of godlike power to a gesture which has appeared to him of such beauty that he must rescue it from Time and the ephemeral fate of Action. It is in this way that the graceful movement of an arm, a transient smile, or an inclination of the head, will not perish at the moment of its birth, nor with the being whom it adorned.

This worship of abstract form led the artist to fathom incessantly the resources of design and the details of his *technique*, and his work became all the more painstaking and slow as it approached its completion. In his conversation with me M. Dubois insisted on this slowness—a peculiarity of his which brings him more in touch with the masters of antiquity; and, whilst he was speaking of his method, I mentally figured to myself what this labour was. First of all there is the idea, a

beautiful model, an attitude of a passer-by in the street, a gesture due to some sensation of pleasure or pain, or some movement connected with the individual's daily work. Then this living type fixes itself in his memory, becomes refined, and is associated with his recollections of beautiful statues already existing; it is compared and assimilated with classical works; all its vulgarity disappears and it assumes the characteristics of universal beauty. Then a happy moment when the inspiration passes from the brain to the fingers is sufficient to fashion in moist clay the masterpiece which has been thought out beforehand. But at present it is only a rough sketch. Now begins the minute assault of this sketch, the efforts to bring it to perfection, the discouraging trials, the references to artistic models, which are his authorities and counsellors, to anatomy and perspective. At last the plaster is cast and the conception seen, but long months are still necessary to reproduce with care and delicacy, in marble, the effigy which has thus issued from the brow of the patient artist.

M. Dubois has exhibited in the Salons many works which have become famous. Fame was his, indeed, almost at the commencement of his career. The first statue he exhibited was an Infant St. John, which to connoisseurs revealed an artist already extremely clever. The work, conceived and executed in Italy, bore all the marks of the influence exercised upon its author by his surroundings. But in spite of the favourable reception given to this first attempt, the name of M. Dubois was comparatively known only to sculptors, until the appearance of his 'Chanteur Florentin.' This time, however, it was the public who received the sculptor with applause, while the artists themselves were mistrustful.



La Charité.
Tombeau de Lamoricière. By Dubois.

Everybody knows the 'Chanteur Florentin'; everybody has it in brouze or plaster or photograph; everybody can recall this statue of a young man in the costume of the time of Donatello, with small cap and luxuriant hair, listlessly playing a guitar. His head is

bent, so as to listen more closely to the sounds of his instrument. The grace of gesture and the careful finish of outline are beyond discussion. The design is perfect, yet the severe critic may draw attention to want of originality, to limited inspiration, and to too



Le Courage Militaire.
Tombeau de Lamoricière. By Dubois.

noticeable influence of the Renaissance. And the critics have not failed to point this out, in spite of the extraordinary fascination which the work exercised over the public. By a curious coincidence, this work did as much harm as good to M. Dubois, for, although the whole of Europe knows him by his 'Chanteur Florentin,' still it knows him only as the sculptor of this figure. This explains why the artist himself manifests some real antipathy towards it; but very rarely does an artist prefer among his own creations what has been most favoured by the public.

In 1873 M. Dubois exhibited 'Eve Naissante,' a very graceful composition; and the following year 'Narcisse'; but they were not much noticed.

It was about this time that M. Dubois suddenly revealed himself a painter. To the surprise of all he exhibited a portrait group of his family, in which, besides the characteristic excellences of form and the purity and precision of design belonging to the sculptor, were found an unexpected knowledge of colour and a masterly resolution of the problems which beset the colourist. Afterwards, his picture of the 'Jeunes Filles en gris' appeared, and evoked admiration of the artist's suppleness of treatment. People were just beginning to think that he had abandoned sculpture, when he produced what constitutes his true *chef d'œuvre* in sculpture, the grand composition by which he may be said to have acquired definitively the freedom of the craft.

In 1876 two detached statues of this *chef d'œuvre* were the great success of the Salon. They represented

'Charité' and 'Courage Militaire,' and were destined for the monument to General Lamoricière, at Nantes. Never was more perfect accord attained between a tomb and him who rests beneath. The virtues sculptured by Dubois are truthful epitaphs of the noble Lamoricière. Never was there a man of more soldierly virtues. He fought as a hero for an ideal and lost cause; and well merited the posthumous glory of inspiring the masterpiece of a great artist. The 'Charité' is represented by a young woman seated, suckling two children. The entire criticism of the day was enthusiastically laudatory. The figure descends in a direct line from the pure creations of Raphael, and, like the Madonnas of this great painter, is divinely pure, preserving, in its majestic maternity, a grace and gentleness associated with the tenderest Christian mystery, and all the charm of perfection in the antique. The symbolically pure living nourishment flowing from her to the two feeble innocent beings at her breast has not diminished her beauty; on the contrary, she is radiant with beneficence, thus adding to the gift of life the gift, no less admirable, of beauty.

This statue required for its mental and ornamental equilibrium another in harmony with it, to form the counterpart of a great soul, and M. Dubois satisfied this aesthetic requirement with his 'Courage Militaire.' A young warrior, in light tunic and the skin of some animal, is seated, calm and dignified, with his hand resting on a long sword. No sooner is this figure seen than one recalls the famous 'Penseur' of the tomb of Julius the Second, and, in the same way as the 'Charité' made one think of Raphael, this warrior suggests the inspiration of Michael Angelo. But here, instead of bending his face towards the ground and seeming plunged in those secret impressive reflections into which a leader most naturally falls after the battle has been fought, this grand type of confident manliness looks the fate of combat full in the face. Whatever happens will not make him bow his head; his youth and strength have no fear of the result; he is the firm, resolute hero celebrated in all literatures and by all arts, and M. Dubois has the glory of having embodied him once again in his beautiful allegory of 'Courage Militaire.'

The Grande Médaille d'Honneur of the Salon was given to the artist on the occasion of the exhibition of this work. He afterwards devoted himself to portraiture and produced a rather large number of busts, among them being those of Henner, Paul Baudry, Pasteur and Gounod. In 1878 he was appointed Directeur of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and a few years later was raised to the rank of Commandeur de la Légion d'Honneur. For several years he has been a Member of the Institute, and, as we have already mentioned, the Royal Academy has added to these honours a new and a great one by electing him a Foreign Member, in company with the illustrious Menzel, of Berlin.

The above is a brief summary of the principal features in the life of the eminent French sculptor—a calm and lofty life, full of will and work; a life indeed of a past epoch, which few artists of the present day could live. The patient sculptor sees, watches, and imagines; but before giving visible shape to his creation, he requires long hours of study. His art extends from the moment of intellectual conception to the minutest details of material realisation. In every sculptor of talent there are a thinker and a worker assisting each other, and the worker often gives ideas to the thinker, while the thinker encourages the worker and quickens his fingers. The infinite detail of sculptural enterprise, the difficulties



LOVE'S CURSE
FROM THE PAINTING BY MRS. ALMA TADEMA.
In the Collection of Gen. McCulloch, Esq.

Alma Tadema



inherent in the refractory material employed, are so many fortunate obstacles to the nimbleness of conception, and to the desire—so human—to be easily contented. A sculptor cannot think in a disorderly manner; he can only work after having reflected a long time. As soon as he touches his material, he finds in it rigorous laws and a logic which is never erroneous. If he has made a

mistake in his meditation and reasoning, the marble never forgives him. And a fine piece of marble is an expensive item. If the artist would raise himself towards grace and strength, he must pass along paths narrower and narrower leading from thought to execution, and the difficulty of execution finishes by teaching the sculptor to think.

PAUL VALÉRY.

TWO PICTURES FROM THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.

'THE INCESSANT ROAR OF HEADLONG
TUMBLING FLOODS'—GLEN AFFARIC, N.B.

PAINTED BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.
ETCHED BY R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

MR. MACWHIRTER has travelled far and painted in many foreign lands. He has shown us the minarets and mosques which rise in glittering tiers on the banks of the Golden Horn, and the matchless view over the fair Sicilian shores, and the blue waters of the bay of Syracuse, as seen from the Greek theatre of Taormina. But, like the true Scot that he is, he always comes back again to the *auld countrie*. Like the hero of the Peninsular wars,—

"Who dreamed, 'mid Alpine cliffs, of Athole's bill,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill":

like poor Louis Stevenson, in his voluntary exile in the South Seas, his "head is filled with the blessed, beastly place all the time." And so he goes back to his first love, and paints the storm raging over Glen Affaric, the giants of the forest nprooted and laid low on the rocks, and the wild roar and tumble of the angry waters.

Another member of the Royal Academy, Mr. Robert Macbeth, whose recent successes as a painter, have not, we are glad to see, led him to give up the practice of the sister art in which he has so long excelled, has etched the fine plate of Mr. MacWhirter's picture, which we here bring to our readers' notice. The effect of storm and wind is rendered with admirable truth, the dark pines and black rocks contrast finely with the white foam of the raging waters. The great volume of water rushing along with irresistible force is the chief feature of this powerful composition. Much of the brilliancy which is so remarkable a feature in the work of this popular Academician is preserved, and even his loose style of brushwork is reproduced with striking fidelity. Mr. MacWhirter's art certainly lends itself very happily to this form of reproduction, and, on the whole, we are inclined to think that we like his landscapes the best when, as in the present case, we see them so excellently translated into black and white.

'LOVE'S CURSE.'
BY MRS. ALMA-TADEMA.

THIS charming little picture, now the property of Mr. George McCulloch, was painted last year by Mrs. Alma-Tadema, and exhibited at the New Gallery, on the same walls where so many of her distinguished husband's masterpieces have hung in turn, and where, of late years, we have also seen more than one poetic dream from the hand of his accomplished daughter. Like the other little genre pieces which this clever lady has exhibited, it bears the stamp of the same delicate refinement which marks everything that issues from the beautiful home in St. John's Wood, where this family of artists work in their separate studios, surrounded by all that is rare and exquisite.

Mrs. Alma-Tadema has shown herself an apt pupil of the gifted master, to whom the phrase, "Captain of the painter's art," once used by Mr. Ruskin of Correggio, may fitly be applied. Every detail in this dainty little subject, the maiden's rich brocade and broad collar, the locks of her hair and the châteline at her side, the oak-panelled walls and parquet floor, is painted with the same careful accuracy and finish; while the play of light through the half-opened shutter recalls the interiors of the Dutch masters of old.

But the real charm of the picture lies in the troubled expression of the girl's face, as half-fearful, half-glad, she looks through the casement and waits for her lover's step. Have the jealous fears, which Tennyson calls the Curse of Love, taken hold of her mind? Does she ask herself why he delays his coming, or is it merely that she is conscious of the torturing bliss, the anxious questionings, to which Cupid's victims are a prey? She has drunk of his fatal draught, and learnt how much of bitter is mingled with the sweet. It is the old story of Clärchen's song:—

"Freudvoll und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein,
Langen und bängen
In schwebender Pein;
Himmel hoch jauchzend,
Zum Tode betrübt,
Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele die liebt!"



Isaac Oliver.
By Himself. (No. 12.)



Charles I. as Prince of Wales.
At Belvoir Castle. (No. 13.)



Lady Mary Sidney.
By Nicholas Hilliard. (No. 14.)

MINIATURE PAINTING IN ENGLAND.*

IN his "Anecdotes of Painting in England" Horace Walpole asserts that this country has very rarely given birth to a genius in that profession (of painting). "Flanders and Holland," he says, "have sent us the

* Continued from page 104.

greatest men that we can boast"; and it is undeniable that if we exclude the foreigners who were attracted to this country during the Tudor and Stuart periods, and found fame and fortune here, our Art record, down to the middle of the sixteenth century, would be very meagre



Sir Kenelm Digby.
By Peter Oliver. (No. 15.)



Venetia, Lady Digby.
By Peter Oliver. (No. 16.)

indeed. Several of these foreigners were painters of considerable eminence, and contemporary records abound in references to them. Their influence must have been strongly felt, and it was from them, no doubt, our native painters derived their inspiration. It is true Cardinal Wolsey, when envoy at Rome, does not seem to have been able to induce

Italian artists of the first rank to come to England, although Raphael, Da Vinci, and others did honour the court of Francis I.; but from Lanzi we learn that Luca Penni and Girolamo da Trevigi were employed here. Vasari mentions a lady miniature painter, viz., Levina Teerlinck, daughter of Master Simon Benninck of Bruges; nor must we omit Susannah Hornebaud, Hornebolt or Horenbout. The latter belonged to a family of miniaturists, of whom Mr. Nichols, in *Archæologia*, has given us some interesting particulars: her father was in the king's service at a monthly pay of 33s. 4d.;

her brother, Lucas Hornebolt, or whatever his correct name may have been, was even better paid, viz., 55s. 6d. per month, which was more than Holbein received. The household books of Henry VIII. show the painter received his salary in April, 1554. But not so in May, when the following quaint entry was made: "Item, for Lewke Hornebonde, paynter, wages nil, quia mortuus." Guicciardini has left an eulogium upon the sister Susannah, of whom we have already spoken, and Dürer records in his diary meeting her with her father at Antwerp in 1521, she being then about eighteen years of age, and how he gave her a florin, for she had made a coloured drawing of our Saviour, of which he says, "It is wonderful that a female should be able to do such a work." She is supposed to have married an English sculptor named Whorstley, and to have died in good circumstances at Worcester.

The Mrs. Teerlinck referred to above must have been held in high repute. Thus, in 1547, Maistris Levyn Teerling, paintrix, was paid quarterly £11, and we read of her presenting Queen Mary with a small picture of the Trinity as a New Year's gift. Again, in 1558, she presents her Majesty Elizabeth with "the Queen's picture finely painted on a card,"

and received in return "one casting bottell guilt," weighing two and three quarter ounces. And, in 1561, she presents "the Queen's personne and other personages in a box finely painted." "One guilt salt with a cover," weighing five and a quarter ounces, was the return made for this.

In spite of the distinction attained by these various artists, to whom may be added Gwillim Stretes, a Dutchman, court painter to Edward VI., mentioned by Strype, I am not aware of a single example being identified as the work of either of them. It is probable that many miniatures painted by them were lost in



Sir Philip Sidney.
By Isaac Oliver. (No. 17.)

the fire at Whitehall, wherein perished so many interesting works of Art. Another plausible reason which may be assigned for the absence of works attributed to these artists, well known though they must have been in their day, is the fashion which has so long obtained of ascribing everything painted about this period to Holbein, in spite of Walpole's caution that "we must not consider every old picture to be a Holbein."

In this connection particular mention may be made of Van Cleef, a painter from Antwerp, who came to England bringing the introduction of his countryman, Sir Antonio More, or Moro, and expecting great prices for his pictures from King Philip, who was making a collection; but unluckily some of the works of Titian arrived at the same time. Walpole gives what one feels instinctively to be an exaggerated account of the frenzy into which "this

industrious painter of Antwerp" was thrown, how he abused More (who was in the service of the Emperor Charles V., and, by the way, was over here to paint Queen Mary's portrait by command of Philip, with whom he afterwards returned to Spain), telling him to go back "to Utrecht and keep his wife from the canons"; how he painted his own clothes, and spoiled his own pictures, till they were obliged to confine him, and in this wretched condition he probably died.

But Van Mander describes him as the best colourist of his time, and particularly noted for the rendering of the hands. Charles I., whose fine taste is well known, purchased two or three of his pictures. James II. had also two examples of his work, and the portrait of Henry VIII. at Hampton Court is by some ascribed to Van Cleeve or Cleef.

Although probably Zucchero, Sir Antonio More, Lucas, de Heere, and other foreigners who practised in this country, painted some miniatures, it is with Holbein that we may most appropriately commence the list of limners.

The art has thus a most distinguished founder, and in all its genealogy of some three hundred and fifty years can show no greater name. But whilst Holbein's fame has stood the test of centuries, and his reputation survived the fathering of countless spurious examples upon it, some of the most salient points in his career were wrapped in obscurity until a few years since, when fresh light was thrown upon the subject by the discovery, made by Messrs. A. W. Franks and Black, of the real date of his death. We may now accept it as established beyond doubt that Holbein died in London, probably of the plague, between October and November, 1543, and not in 1554 as was long supposed. Among the archives of Basle is a letter from one Burgomaster Meyer to a goldsmith of Paris, Jacob David, dated November, 1545; in this, speaking of the painter's son Philip, mention is made that the father is deceased. This very interesting discovery is of obvious moment in dealing with works attributed to him. The whole subject is an apt illustration of the uncertainty which so often attends the history of the lives of eminent men. It is, however, clear that Johannes Holbein came of a family of painters,

and was born at Augshurg, in Bavaria, between the years 1495 and 1498. About 1515 he removed to Basle, where he made the acquaintance of Erasmus, who was settled therein 1521. Various reasons have been assigned for his leaving Switzerland, such as the plague, poverty, and the shrewish temper of his wife: be the real cause what it may, we find him, perhaps attracted by the then well-filled

coffers of Henry VIII., visiting England when about thirty-two years of age, that is to say in 1526. The famous scholar gave him a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas

More, in whose house at Chelsea he remained some time, painting portraits of his distinguished patron's family and friends, amongst others Archbishop Warham, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, Sir Henry Guildford, and Sir Thomas More himself. He returned to Basle, and revisited this country in 1531 to find his friend become Lord Chancellor. Visitors to the Tudor Exhibition at the New Gallery in 1890 can hardly fail to have noticed the group of the More family, the original drawing for which is at Windsor. The example here shown was lent by Major-General F. E. Sotheby, and is thus described: "No. 1087. Family group of the More family in two generations, from the picture in the possession of Mrs. Strickland, of Coke-thorpe, by Peter Oliver." Walpole

mentions six copies, and dismisses them in the following terms: "The two smaller," he says, "are certainly copies; the three larger probably not painted by Holbein; and the sixth, though an original picture, most likely not of Sir Thomas and his family." Lord St. Oswald's fine example at Nostell Priory seems to have established the best claim to be considered the original work.

Redgrave disputes More's having introduced Holbein to the king; but without crediting the scandalous aspect which his biographer Patin gives to his moral character, it is probable that his disposition was in accordance with Henry's taste, and he was soon taken into that monarch's service. On March 10th, 1538, we find him acting as "a sarvand of the Kynges Majesties named Mr. Haunce"; he was at Brussels with Sir Philip Hobby, (whose portrait, by the way, forms one of the incomparable series of Holbein heads from the Royal Library). His business there was to take the likeness of the young widowed Dowager Duchess of Milan. Subsequently he was paid "costis and charges in going to High Burgundy." In this same year he gave the king for a New Year's gift "a table of the picture of the Prince's grace," which has been surmised to be Lord Yarborough's "Edward VI. as a child."

The first mention of payments from the Crown appears in Sir Brian Tuke's accounts

for 1538, from which we learn that the painter's salary was £30 per annum (in judging of this remuneration, the relative value of money then and now, must be borne in mind), and he seems frequently to have had his pay in advance.

There is evidence in these accounts of the Royal Household that Holbein was a favourite of the King's, and



George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
By Isaac Oliver. (No. 18.)



Hans Holbein.
From a Drawing at Basle. (No. 19.)

he appears to have had apartments in the Palace at Whitehall, in connection with which Van Mander tells the well-known story of Henry's rebuke to a troublesome nobleman about the court who came into collision with the painter. To this period, the zenith of his powers, many of his finest works may be attributed, notably the full-length portrait of the Duchess of Milan, now the property of the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Northumberland's picture of Edward VI. as a child, etc. The former, which Mr. Wornum styles "a stupendous picture," was, through the generous loan of its owner, for a long time on view in the National Gallery. It may be remembered that overtures of marriage were made this lady on behalf of Henry VIII. These proposals for her hand she is reported to have declined on the ground that she was possessed of but one neck!

bein; but, says Mr. Wornum, it is next to impossible to identify them now, and the same authority asserts that, of the four miniatures of Henry now at Windsor which have been called Holbeins, three appear to have been executed before the painter came to England, and the fourth after his death!

On the other hand, the critical and learned author of the "Life and Works of Holbein" is disposed to allow that two miniatures in Her Majesty's collection, viz., the two sons of the Duke of Suffolk, who both died in one day of the sweating sickness, may, *perhaps*, be justly ascribed to the Augsburg limner. Illustrations of these interesting portraits were given on page 102. Whoever may have been their painter, they merit a description, which Mr. Wornum gives as follows:—"Henry Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in a black cap with white feather, and a



The Digby Family.
By Peter Oliver. After Vandyck. (No. 20.)

We cannot stop to examine the numerous pictures and drawings attributed to Holbein, of which the Queen contributed so magnificent a collection at the Tudor Exhibition, we must now come to the more particular connection of this distinguished artist with the subject of these articles, viz., miniatures. Mr. Wornum roundly asserts there is not a single one in existence that can be positively assigned to Holbein; although Van Mander tells us explicitly that "he worked equally well in oil and in water-colours, he painted also miniatures of especial excellence, which last art he learned from one Master Lucas then in London, whom, however, he soon surpassed." Moreover, we have the testimony of a distinguished pupil, Hilliard (of whom more hereafter), who says, plainly enough: "Holbein's manner of limning I have ever imitated, and hold it for the best."

Sandart follows Van Mander, and says Holbein began practising the art when in the king's service, having been incited thereto by the excellence of the works of "Master Lucas."

Vanderdoort, in his catalogue of Charles I.'s collection, mentions two miniatures of Henry VIII. ascribed to Hol-

black coat with green sleeves, blond hair cropped allround; he is resting his left arm on a table, on which is written, 'ETATIS SVÆ 5, 6 SEPDEM, ANNO 1535.' Blue ground painted on the back of the ace or three of clubs. The other is his brother, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in a grey and red coat, with black cuffs; his shirt collar is embroidered with black thread, round the outer edge. Blue ground. On a tablet is inscribed, 'ANN 1541, ETATIS SVÆ 10 MARCI.' This is painted on the back of a king. Both are of the same size—one and eleven-twelfths of an inch in diameter. They are said to have been given to Charles I. by Sir Henry Vane, and both are entered as Holbein's work in Vanderdoort's catalogue. . . . They are freely, firmly, and yet elaborately executed."

The Queen also possesses a miniature of Catherine Howard (of which the Duke of Buccleuch has a replica), commonly assigned without hesitation to Holbein. In addition there is in Her Majesty's collection a miniature of Henry VIII., thus described in Vanderdoort's catalogue:—

"Henry VIII. No. 48 item. Done upon the right light (*i.e.*, the subject's right, our left). Another and lesser

picture, as if it were a copy of the aforesaid picture, without a beard also, in a black cap, and a little golden chain about his neck, in an ash-coloured wrought doublet, in a furred cloak with crimson sleeves, his name and age also written on it with golden letters. Being one of the limned pictures which my Lord of Suffolk (Theophilus Howard, second Earl of Suffolk, K.G., *ob.* 1640) gave to the King (Charles I.). On the back is written, probably by Vanderdoort, 'In the cubbord within ye Cabot rooms at White hall, 1638.' It is one and three-quarter inches in diameter."

Upon the question, "Did Holbein paint miniatures?" it may be urged on the one hand, that, as Mr. Wornum justly remarks, we have no *key* to his miniatures, and it is remarkable that there is no contemporary account of his drawings of this class: whilst there were artists living in this country at the same period by whom we know high-class work of the kind was produced, however difficult it may be of identification. On the other hand, none of his works of this nature are signed: the bent of his genius inclined in this direction: and we have the direct testimony of Hilliard that he was "a limner."

The numerous examples attributed to him—there were more than twenty shown in the Loan Collection of Miniatures at South Kensington in 1865—are no evidence; for such is the prestige of his name, that everything of real excellence which could, with any show of reason, or even probability, be assigned to him, has been unhesitatingly thus ascribed.

There is, however, no diversity of opinion upon the extraordinary lifelike and truthful quality of his portraiture, full of subtle delineation of character, constituting a rich legacy, enabling us to realise the counterfeit presentment of many of the leading actors of the stirring times in which he lived as vividly, if not so fully, as we can do with the men and women of the eighteenth century, by means of the pictures of Reynolds.

Again, according to Fuseli, the scrupulous precision, the high finish, and the Titianesque *colour* of Holbein make the least part of his excellence, as those will allow who have seen his 'Design of the Passion,' and that series of emblematic groups known under the name of Holbein's 'Dance of Death'; whilst, apropos to his perfection of "technique," Du Fresnoy says: "As for Holbein, his execution surpassed even that of Raffaele, and I have seen a portrait of his painting with which one of Titian's could not come in competition."

There are several so-called portraits of Holbein himself, one of which, *viz.*, Lucas Vosterman's print, has given rise to the curious tradition, that he painted with his left hand. This has arisen from the engraving being *reversed*, and thus the painter is represented with the brush in the left hand.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

12. ISAAC OLIVER.—From the original by himself at Windsor.

13. CHARLES I. as Prince of Wales; aged fourteen. From the Duke of Rutland's collection at Belvoir.

14. LADY MARY SIDNEY, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Sir Henry Sidney, and sister of Sir Philip. This fine miniature is attributed to Nicholas Hilliard, and comes from the collection of E. W. Harcourt, Esq.

15. SIR KENELM DIGBY, a distinguished soldier, scholar, and courtier. By Peter Oliver, 1627. From the collection of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

16. VENETIA, LADY DIGBY, wife of Sir Kenelm. By Peter Oliver. She is mentioned by Lord Clarendon as a lady of extraordinary beauty, and of as extraordinary fame; rumour, or perhaps slander, having been, at one time, busy with her name. She was found dead in her bed, 1633, and is so represented in a miniature (also by Peter Oliver) now at Sherborne Castle, Dorset. The original of our illustration is in the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and formed part of the Strawberry Hill collection.

17. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, poet, soldier, statesman. By Isaac Oliver. From Her Majesty's collection.

18. GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham, third son of Sir George Villiers, born in 1592, assassinated at Portsmouth 1628; the well-known favourite of James I. and Charles I. By Isaac Oliver. From Her Majesty's collection.

19. HANS HOLBEIN.—From the exquisite small drawing in body-colour on vellum in the *Salle des Desseins*, at Bâle. It represents him when twenty-one or twenty-two years of age; clad in a pale, drab, loose overcoat, with dark brown velvet facings, and a red cap; his eyes are a rich brown. It has been engraved by C. W. Sharpe.

20. SIR KENELM DIGBY, KNIGHT, LADY DIGBY, AND CHILDREN.—By Peter Oliver, after the picture by Vandyck at Sherborne, Dorset; signed and dated 1635. From the collection of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, formerly the property of Horace Walpole.

J. J. FOSTER.



A Tailpiece.
By T. Kunciman.



St. Martin's, Wareham. Chancel Arch.
From a Drawing by A. R. Quinton.

WAREHAM.

IT was quite in accord with the present writer's extreme attachment to those old-world villages and towns, dating from the earliest periods of our history, with which our southern coast is studded, that he found himself at Wareham. Rye, Winchelsea, Pevensey, Shoreham, and Bosham have passed under his view. All these places have glorious records. In the days of the Romans and Normans, and in the case of several of them into a later date, they were important seaports and harbours; but the sea in receding from them has taken their life-blood and left, from a material point of view, mere ruined memories in place of their former prosperity. It is exactly this quality about them, this splendour in decadence, which makes them so full of interest. The impoverished descendants of great families are picturesque; they have the dignity without the inartistic environment which invariably accompanies rank enforced by wealth. A British duke is *per se* quite a commonplace and uninteresting person; the obscure individual, who has neither wealth nor place, but who represents an ancient house which had once both, is, on the contrary, an extremely stimulating personality. And as it is with families, so it is with towns.

Wareham, like Bosham, has an additional claim to distinction in that it is situated on an estuary. Bosham is on an arm of Chichester Harbour, Wareham is on the south-western extremity of Poole Harbour. Like Bosham, too, it is the centre of a most beautiful and entrancing country. To the north-west is Dorchester, the home of Thomas Hardy, and from Wareham one is in striking distance



St. Martin's, Wareham. View from the North Aisle.
From a Drawing by A. R. Quinton.

of all the country the great Wessexian novelist has illumined by his genius. To the south is Corfe Castle, with its thousand memories. The village of Corfe is as full of stimulus for the writer as it is for the painter. I dare not tarry there. It has a charming little inn bearing the heraldic insignia of the family which held the castle so long against Cromwell and his Roundheads. Dorsetshire cheese, Dorsetshire ale, and delicious brown watercresses taken from local streams, refresh the pedestrian who has walked in from Wareham before he essays to mount to the castle hill.

The walk itself has been full of enjoyment; stretches of heath all around with the Downs as a background. Another four or five miles brings one to Swanage, a favourite haunt of the modern landscape painter; and well it may be, for on a bright day the bay scintillates with colour, and at all times the place and its surroundings—Studland and northwards, until one reaches the serrated shores of Poole Harbour once more—is a happy hunting-ground for the artist, be he painter or writer.

As to the great antiquity of Wareham there can be no kind of doubt, though I leave others to decide whether its walls are of Roman, British, or Danish origin. Its rectangular ground plan is sufficient proof that the Romans established a town on its present site. Vespasian landed in Wareham Harbour, and dislodging the Belgic tribes who had possession at that time of the island of Purbeck, elevated what probably had hitherto been merely a temporary encampment into a place of importance. There seems every reason to believe the walls surrounding the town were in existence at this



ST MARTIN'S.
FROM THE EAST

From a Drawing by A. R. Quinton.



St. Martin's, Wareham, from the North.
From a Drawing by A. R. Quinton.

period, though they may have been thrown down and re-erected many times since.

We can never hope to know the exact truth concerning these walls, and this being so, we may resign ourselves to a contented acceptance of their romantic and picturesque aspects. The gates which gave entrance to them were destroyed by Cromwell's forces in 1644, and at this time the fortifications themselves were tampered with. Nevertheless, it is probable that they were never more attractive than they are to-day. As we walk upon this grassy causeway, we can picture in our mind's eye the days when, instead of the green expanse of pasture stretching out before us, the waters of Wareham Harbour covered the whole area, even touching the base of the walls themselves.

In 1291 Edward I. was at Wareham, engaged in fitting out an expedition to the Continent. Edward III. required the citizens of Wareham to furnish him with three ships and fifty-nine men, to be employed by him in prosecuting the siege of Calais. Less than half a century later, the sea began to subside, and early in the fifteenth it had retreated so far as to leave Wareham high and dry. This was a sad blow to the town, but it still retained one of its principal sources of prosperity, the salmon fishery, though little by little the salmon followed the receding waters. The river was treated contemptuously, and its most distinguished inhabitants resenting this treatment, forsook it. Nevertheless, as late as a century



*St. Martin's Church, Wareham.
From a Drawing by A. R. Quinton.*

ago, the Corporation enjoyed three salmon feasts annually.

During the Civil War, Wareham fell alternately to the Parliamentary and the King's forces. Since 1644, when the fortifications and gates of the town were destroyed, Wareham has ceased to be a place of importance. Indeed, the town has not figured conspicuously in history since the Monmouth insurrection, when it became the place of execution for several of the victims of Judge Jeffries. They were hanged on the west wall, on a spot still called Bloody Bank.

Wareham is simply alive with memories of its distinguished past. Throughout the struggles between the Belgic and British tribes, the Romans and the British, the British and the Saxons, the Saxons and Danes, it played an important part in our country's larger affairs. King Alfred rescued it from the Danes in 876. Bede relates how he defeated the enemy at sea, and, coming to Wareham, made peace with the Danes, who swore to him on the holy ring that they would speedily depart from his kingdom. Those who were mounted, however, stole away to Exeter, and lived to fight another day. A little over a century

church in the county, except Sherborne and Wimborne. It was destroyed in the Danish wars, and rebuilt about the time of the Conquest. Hutchins, the historian of Dorset, says that it probably suffered the same fate in the wars between Stephen and Maud.

The features of interest still surviving are the Chapel of King Edward the Martyr, which, as Sir Charles Robinson says, is nothing less than an early fourteenth-century structure erected over the Anglo-Saxon Chapel, which, until they were removed to Shaftesbury, enshrined the remains of King Edward; a fine fourteenth-century chancel, with lateral chapels and chantries, and an imposing Perpendicular Gothic tower. The armoured and recumbent knights have been turned out from under their cusped canopies, to make room for "a rabble of small boys, whose surplices are hung upon an unsightly framework down the middle of the chapel."

Sir Charles Robinson, in his letter to *The Times*, rises in his wrath at the sacrilege of wrong-headed churchwardens and "restoring parsons," and it is impossible not to sympathise with his indignation. The new nave is undoubtedly an ugly and meaningless structure; it finds its counterpart in the numerous abominations with which bloated and pompous Nonconformity has proclaimed its wealth, while evidencing its total and radical divorce from all artistic perceptivity. We may well wonder how it is the leaden font of Anglo-Norman design, which is held by archaeologists to be one of the most important and beautiful specimens of English metal casting and chasing extant, has not been melted down to provide piping for draining the roof, or converted into some hideous "decorative" superfluity for the adornment of the church. However, it is no use crying over the irreparable. St. Mary's is ruined. Before 1841 the nave must have been of Norman, or possibly Anglo-Saxon, work. All this has gone, and the prevailing impression on entering the place is of pitched-pine pews, and other crude productions of a modern carpenter's shop.

There still exists in Wareham, however, a relic of the past which even transcends in interest St. Mary's, as St. Mary's must have been before the restoration. This church dates from pre-Norman times. There is some reason for believing that it was built by Aldhelm, who became first Bishop of Sherborne and died in 705. It is a companion church to that of Bradford-on-Avon, in Wiltshire. It is said, too, that King Bertric—who, in any case, was buried at Wareham, in 800—was interred in this church, though a recent search for his place of sepulture has proved unsuccessful.

The word has gone forth that this church is to be restored. Certainly it needs some structural repair. I agree with the Rector of Wareham that this would be advisable from every point of view. There are cracks in the interior which need to be filled, and there is no reason why the windows should be built up. Of course, to remove the bricks without restoring the mullions would be impossible; as in their present condition—for the most part they are in fragments—they could not hold together. All the two-light windows are of fourteenth-century design and workmanship, and probably date from the time when the aisle was added.

It has been said that to remove these bricks would rob



From a Drawing by A. R. Quinton.

later, in 979, King Edward, as Bede also relates, was "slain at eventide, at Corfe Gate, on the 15th before the Kalends of April, and then was he buried at Wareham, without any kind of kingly honours."

We are brought by this simple narration of the grim tragedy whereby Elfreda secured the throne to her unworthy son, to remember that, if we except the walls of Wareham, its churches are the most prominent of its present attractions. St. Mary's Church is reputed to have been first built in 705, and, so far as this date can be said to represent a structure which has been "restored" out of all semblance of its former self, St. Mary's is the oldest

the church of the subdued lighting, which is undoubtedly attractive, and it is quite true that bricks even are better than the coloured glass which has been inserted in the south window. Again, the plaster work covering the frescoes, of which it is stated there are three separate and distinct paintings, should be removed, and the floor should be covered over with a smooth cement surface. At present there is nothing but a layer of sand on the top of layers of bones, the interior of the church having been used throughout a great many centuries for interments.

Moreover, there would be no particular naughtiness—indeed, I think it would be wise—in replacing the missing marble shafts of the aisle arching; and the roof should be put into repair. In a word, such restoration as could be carried out without in any way tampering with the existing features of the church, provided they were executed by a scholarly, accurate, and reverent architect, and one who had a full and absolute knowledge, is to be desired and encouraged; but it should be distinctly understood that the restoration be carried out in the interests of those who wish to see an ancient and unique monument preserved, not in the supposed interests of the Church.

Wareham does not appear to lack church accommodation for the whole of its inhabitants, and if it does, then let the clergy agitate to build a new church and not attempt to restore one which has not been used for divine service, and only occasionally for christenings and marriages, since 1736. To expose so priceless a relic to the wear and tear of housing rural congregations would be an act of folly. Zeal for the Church *per se*, that is to say, a subtle sense of proprietorship, a desire to stand on its dignity, and to aggrandise to itself everything which owes its prestige to other influences—sometimes, too, to influences quite as spiritual as any of those which emanate from itself—is often mistaken by Church officers and Churchmen for religious zeal. The act of devotion dignifies the place, not the place the act of devotion, and the nervous desire of “restoring parsons” to claim the physical body of an ancient structure is a sign of

weakness rather than of strength. St. Martin's Church should be valued and, so far as necessary, restored in the interests of architects, archaeologists, artists, litterateurs, scholars and students, not in the interests of the Church. St. Martin's Church is, perhaps, the best example, it is certainly among the best examples, of Saxon ecclesiastical work left to us. The Castle, the Mint, the old city gates, St. Mary's Church, and a hundred interesting relics as well of ancient Wareham have been swept away, but by a freak of fortune a more ancient and valuable monument than any of these remains. This being so it behoves us to see to it that its future well-being and its present treatment is committed into the charge of experts, and not into that of unprincipled restorers who would be thinking of some temporary gain of an entirely ephemeral nature, rather than of the national importance of the building committed to their charge. Obviously these remarks are general and not particular. I do not in any way wish to assert that the present Rector of Wareham should do more than he has indicated that he would do. But the next man might do much more. The violation of St. Mary's Church was not wholly accomplished in 1841. I believe the pitch-pine stalls are of comparatively recent date. Mr. Blackett has undoubtedly a keen appreciation of the value and beauty of St. Martin's Church. He pointed out to me with genuine pride the original windows, with pointed arched heads, and the doorways on the south, all obviously original work. Over one of these windows, or rather around it, one can trace the holes or sockets which originally held the cane-guard, a protection against birds. The archway to the chancel is either of late Saxon or Norman work. It is interesting to remember that this church was in the first instance a Clergy House used by travelling monks for holding evangelical services.

Into this controversial matter—the restoration of St. Martin's—I have entered sufficiently. Let it be sacredly and reverently restored by all means; but do not let any idea of utilising it again for a place of worship come in to jeopardise its future.

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

MISS E. M. MACCOLL'S BOOKBINDINGS.

A NEW TECHNIQUE IN TOOLING.

I AM asked, as the designer of the bookbindings here reproduced, to give some account of the modification of ordinary technique by which they have been carried out. The first three bindings were designed at the request of Miss S. T. Prideaux some years ago, and were executed by a bookbinding firm in the ordinary way. They are included to illustrate the difference between the new method and the old. The binding and decoration of the remaining books are the work of my sister, Miss E. M. MacColl, who had the advantage of learning from Miss Prideaux the elements of her craft.

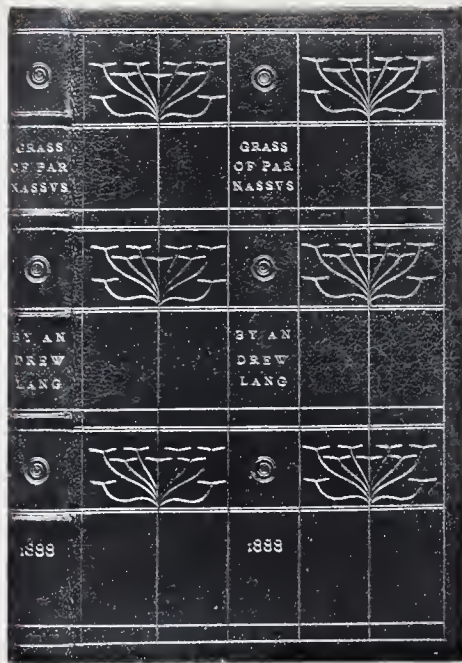
The designing of the first books led me to speculate on the curious limits under which tooling has been done for hundreds of years. What these limits are must be familiar to many people from a number of recent books and articles on the subject, so that it will be unnecessary to go into the matter at length. The early type of cover decoration was of a different sort. Blocks, running from a small to a considerable size, and in character like the

dies used to stamp medals or seals, were employed to stamp a whole device at one blow in a press, and to render it in raised relief. The devices were symbolic, heraldic, or illustrative. In the later type, surviving with many changes of style to our day, instead of freely designing a block in one piece to decorate his cover, the binder builds a design for each book out of a number of hand tools which can be recombined. These tools impress themselves in sunk relief, and the impression is frequently gilded. They divide up into four sorts:—

1. *The Wheels* or “*Filletts*.”—These wheels are employed to draw the straight lines bounding the cover or framing smaller panels.

2. *The Curves* or “*Gauges*.”—For every curved line, on the other hand, and for every separate length of curved line, as well as for short straight lines, an individual tool is cut out.

3. *The Stamps*.—These are small tools cut into the form of spirals, leaves, flowers, dots, stars, and any



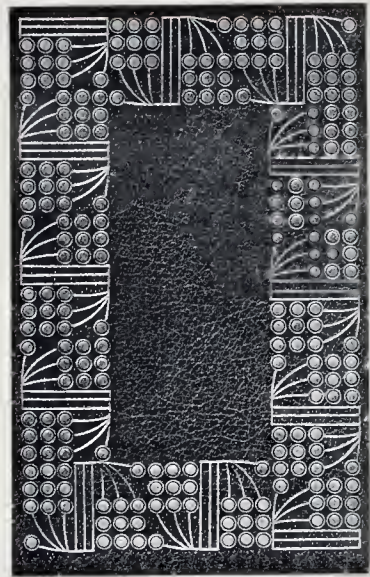
"Grass of Parnassus."
By Andrew Lang. (i.)

other shapes required in addition to curved and straight lines.

4. *Rolls and Pallets* are wheels and segments on which is impressed a running recurring pattern.

The different styles of the bookbinders have differed considerably in the importance of the part assigned to each class of tool. Some have preferred lines straight and curved, others have mingled lines and stamps in elaborate design, others have "powdered" their surfaces with stamps or grouped them in tiny lace-work patterning. The old press-blocks or "plaques" have frequently been revived in combination with the new tooling. The only accepted technique permitting some freedom of drawing with the stock tools has been the marking out of forms with a dot.

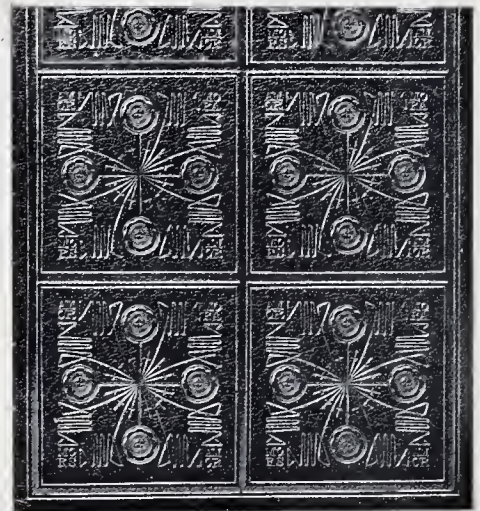
It is sometimes argued that this technical tradition in the matter of tools imposes a valuable check on the taste with which designs are made, affects them with a certain restraint and control. The argument, I fear, is doubly fallacious. A man without taste can produce results as horrible with a few lines and curves as if he had all the forms in the world to choose from. But the supposed check is really no check at all. The only limit is the number of curves and stamps that a binder chooses, or can afford to have cut for each book, and a survey of modern binding will show how absolutely without influence on style is this tradition of technique. It is true, of course, that there is something amusing in the attempt to obtain numerous combinations out of an arbitrarily limited set of forms; this ingenious and acrobatic side of design has its fascination. But where taste and ingenuity are wanting, nothing will come of a negative check but a geometrical reshuffling; where these qualities



Border on a Copy of W. H. Pater's "The Renaissance." (ii.)

are present they can be safely left to determine their own limits, and will determine them with an inherent severity much stricter than any arbitrarily imposed.

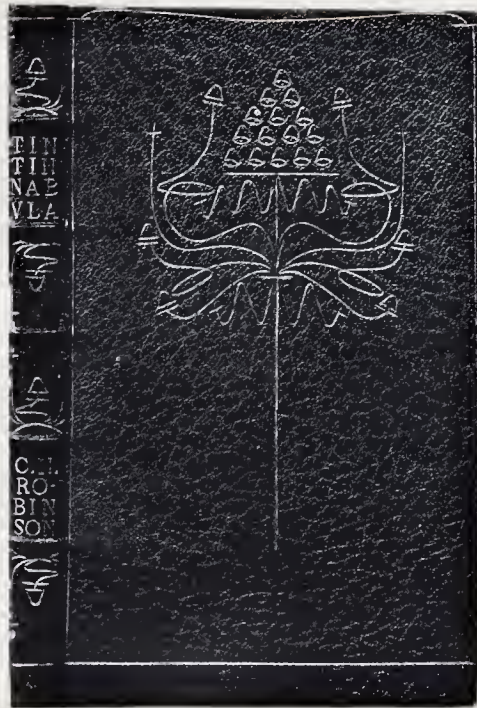
Is there, then, any point at which this tradition of tool-making might be relaxed with advantage, so as to allow the decorator to arrive more easily at results he already makes shift to reach in spite of it? There is surely one such very obvious modification. Already, in drawing straight lines, the binder employs a tool, namely the wheel, which might with equal reason be employed in



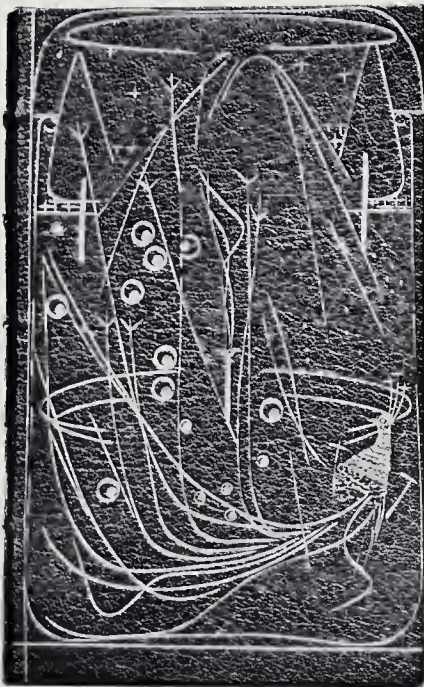
Part of Panelling on Rossetti's "Poems."
Cross and Passion Flower. (iii.)



"Lives of the Fathers." From an early Venetian Press. (iv.)

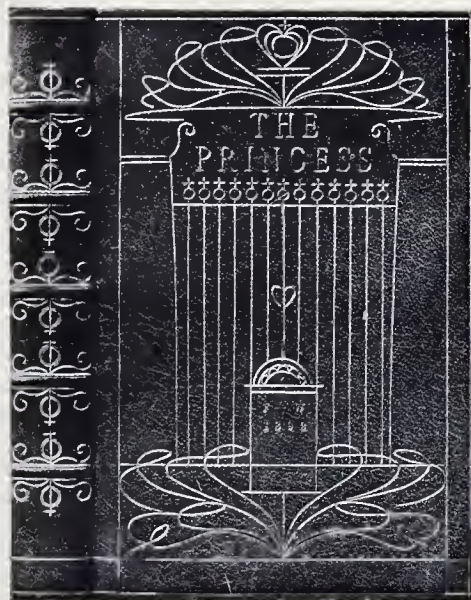


Tintinnabula. (vi.)



Catalogue of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, 1889.
Peacock and Fountain. (v.)

1896.

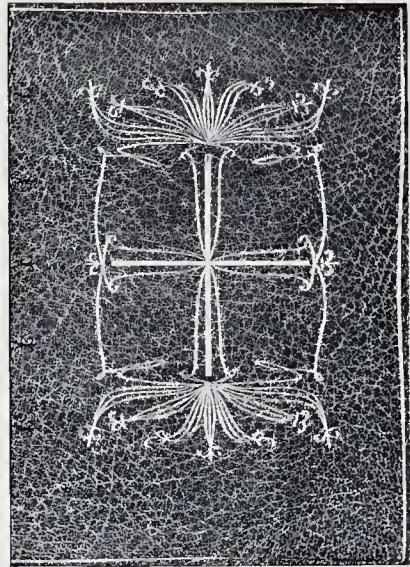


Tennyson's "The Princess."
Ed. P. M. Wallace. (vii.)

Q Q



A Blotter. (In Cowhite.) (viii)



A Volume of Memorials. Floriated Cross. (ix.)

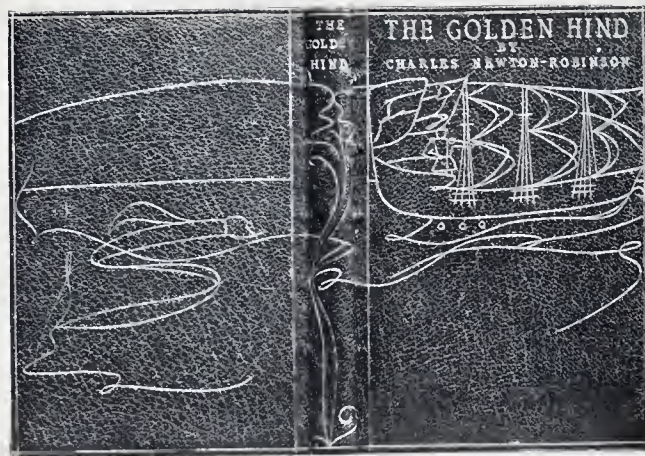
drawing curves. This tool is in the binder's hands; there would appear to be something superstitious in objecting to its extended use. The advantages of its use may be summarised as economy of means with variety of effect. Thus:—

1. All the curves already produced by rigid tools can be executed by a wheel, and even many of the smaller forms for which stamps are commonly cut.

2. In practice, when a binder does not have tools specially cut to carry out a design, but recombines a set of stock tools, the curves he employs are the simpler and stricter curves, chiefly segments of circles of various radius. To get anything near the play and delicacy of curvature that a draughtsman would naturally introduce into a line design, the stock of segment curves would have to be enormous, both in variety of length and of radius; nor would there appear to be any reason in the nature of things why the curves on a book-cover must be of this segmentary character. The wheel, a single tool, displaces all this apparatus, and allows of delicacies of inflection beyond what the largest

stock of fixed curves could execute. In fact, it puts a pencil into the hand of the book-decorator, a natural counterpart of the tool used by the designer. The economy of means may be illustrated from Figs. I. and II., the designs for Mr. Lang's "Grass of Parnassus," and Mr. Pater's "Renaissance." The curved stem-lines in these instances, simple as they are, do not fall among the segmental curves usually supplied to the bookbinder, and had, therefore, to be expressly cut for the purpose. With the wheel these lines can be readily drawn. An examination of the remaining designs will show how much ease and freedom of curvature are possible in

this new technique. Thus the lines of the peacock's tail in Fig. V. could be readily reproduced without any anxious fitting of stock curves to the lines, or the making of new tools expressly to render them. The wheels, it should be explained, which are employed in straight-line drawing have a diameter of several inches, a convenience when a long line has to be drawn, and also



The Voyage of "The Golden Hind." (x)



The Aldine Edition of "The Divine Comedy." (xi.)

"E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle."—Inf.

"Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle."—Purg.

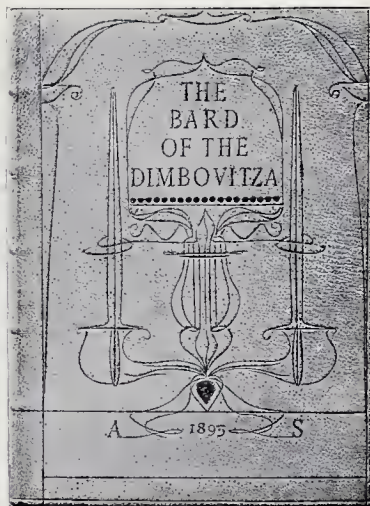
"L'amor che muove 'l Sole e l'altre stelle."—Parad.

because equable pressure comes more easily with a heavier tool, and heat is retained longer by a larger tool. But these large wheels could not turn within a small angle, and our innovation consisted in having a small wheel constructed with a diameter less than that of a three-penny piece. With this all but very sharp turns are possible, and these can be managed with the additional resource of a few links and joints. With this apparatus, as a reference to the designs will show, it is possible to execute forms of considerable intricacy, though we have not, in these illustrations, by any means pressed its powers to their limits. The use of the wheel, it should be added, calls for a certain power of drawing in its handler, in the sense of being able to follow a line, free-hand, with swing and nicety.

It would be strange if a device so simple had never occurred, in the history of the craft, to previous workers, and I should be little surprised if investigation proved that it had been already employed. The old binders were frequently so loose in their handling as compared with the precision of the modern that one finds unintentional curvatures often enough. I have remarked cases where the curvature of a bounding line, at first perhaps involuntary, has been repeated for symmetry, with pleasing effect. An example of binding, from the collection of Mary Queen of Scots, in Mr. Fletcher's recent volume, shows how easily the traditional technique might have passed over into the method I describe. On this volume a large armorial device has been impressed from one block. It might almost equally well have been executed by the wheel, since it is designed, not in masses and jagged line like the old blocks, but in equable line, which is the convention of the wheel. The new method, indeed, opens out the scope of design, not only in greater flexibility of decorative line, but in the semi-illustrative direction that characterised the binding of the older books. Any object may be introduced that can be expressed in terms of a running line combined with stamps.

Cover of a Prayer-Book.
The Lost Sheep. (xii.)

If I have treated as not very reasonable and not at all vital a technical distinction on which collectors and connoisseurs have been wont to lay stress, I may urge certain considerations which they are apt to neglect. The tradition of design in bookbinding is only at certain points respectable, the amount of original talent devoted to it having been small. Now, the governing considerations that make a design fundamentally good or bad are, in binding as in other arts, not the elegance of this or that detail, but the plan and scale of the whole design and the logical beauty with which the parts are compacted or grow from one another. The plan of having a number of stock tools mechanically recombined frequently defeats the operation of such a sense, since a series of curves and of details cut for one size of cover will seldom fit another. The real "limits" of design for bindings are severe enough. The planning should be governed by the fact that not only the spaces of the two sides must be considered, but also the six panels into which the back is divided by its bands, or, if there are no bands, the single



Song of the Blood. (xiii.)

slim panel of the back. The breadth of the back should affect throughout the scale of ornament.

A further complication enters with the title. If a title is put on the back, the scale of lettering adopted in it determines the scale of ornament throughout. This is the real crux of bookbinders' designing, and it is obvious how often designers evade it by attempting no relation between the scale of ornament on the back and on the sides. But if there are bands on the back, as must inevitably be the case in the best flexible work, design is still more strictly conditioned. The panels thus formed at once become the necessary unit of scale in breaking up the sides. More strictly the unit is an imagined common measure of back-panel and sides. The designer does not, of course, geometrically work this out, but it is the sense of this relation that determines him in the proportion and placing of his masses and details, and a lettered panel limits the design very completely indeed.

Starting from this fact of the panels on the back, the designer may actually carry the lines of the bands across the sides, as in "Grass of Parnassus," or he may not; but he must throughout give to these lines an imaginary extension in placing the design upon the sides, and if he puts a title on the cover, this must be considered in its scale and place together with that on the back.

Many treatments of the covers are possible. Each may be considered as one large panel—"Dante" (XI.) and "Catalogue of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition" (V.), or broken up in various ways into smaller panels—"Grass of Parnassus" (I.) and "Poems" by Rossetti (III.), or both taken together as one panel crossed by the back—"The Golden Hind" (X.) and Prayer-Book (XII.) In this last case a design may be thrown across the two covers, but each part must be to some extent self-sufficient, since the whole is rarely seen at one time. In connection with this particular application, it may be added that the treatment of book designs will differ a good deal according to the way in which a book is regarded, whether as put on a shelf with other books and exposing its back, or laid on a table and exposing its side, or most reasonably, perhaps, as something turned about in the hands.

A favourite plan in designing for book-covers, as for

the decoration of the printed page, is to plan a border with a design that runs round. It is a plan seldom satisfactorily carried out, not only from the difficulty of turning the corner—a difficulty more often cut mechanically than solved—but because a design that turns a second corner is almost necessarily broken-backed in effect. An ideal law of growth or motion controls ramified or wave design even when least naturalistic in its forms. A design returning into itself is more satisfactory on a circular plan than on one that is right-angled.

It may be added, in this connection, that when a highly abstract or conventionalised ramification is introduced, a displeasing effect will result from giving those branches naturalistic leaves or flowers. It is for this reason we feel uncomfortable when in certain designs attributed to the Eves, and much imitated, we find little leaves tied on at intervals to a rigid segmental form. It is better to follow in the path of the best Gothic designers, who gave a pillar-tree pillar-leaves that the ingenious have in vain tried to identify with any one plant. So should the book-tree have book-leaves and flowers at an equal remove from nature with its stem.

These are general considerations that must occur to anyone who considers with attention the problems of book-designing. Of the designs here given I will only say, to prevent misunderstanding, that the merits or demerits of the technical method, and of the general principles sketched in this note, need not be prejudiced by their presence. They represent experiments mainly with the wheel-line along with a sparing use of stamps. There is no reason why the proportion of stamps should not be greater, or the character of line executed by the wheel very different. The last design, originally executed in line for a card-case (XIV.), is a combination of line with colour obtained by the inlay of different leathers. We propose to carry out some book-covers in this fashion.

D. S. MACCOLL.

NOTE.—Thanks are due to the owners of the books, Mrs. G. W. Prothero, Mrs. Charles Strachey, Mrs. James Wallace, Miss J. E. Harrison, the Rev. G. W. Davies, Dr. W. Milligan, Messrs. C. R. Ashbee, C. Newton-Robinson and F. York Powell, who have kindly allowed them to be reproduced for this article.



Panel inlaid with leathers of five colours, the lines tooled and gilt—Visitors. (xiv.)

PASSING EVENTS.



Initial.

By Miss E. M. Dobbin.

THE Royal Academy from simple natural causes is rapidly changing its complexion. During the last few years death has been unusually busy amongst its members, and in close succession to the late President, one of the oldest Academicians, George Richmond, R.A., died on March 19th, at the age of eighty-six. It is thirty-nine years since Mr. Richmond was elected an Associate; and it was in 1866 he was chosen full member. There are still, however, a number of Academicians of older date, J. C. Hook having been elected Associate in 1850, and R.A. in 1860; Frederick Goodall, Academician in 1863, and Mr. J. C. Horsley, and the President, Sir John Millais, both Academicians in 1864.

Mr. George Richmond aspired to be a portrait painter, and few other works passed from his brush. Most of the principal leaders of politics, science, and literature, were portrayed by him between 1840 and 1880, and soon afterwards he became a "Retired" Royal Academician. He took a lively interest in the Winter Collections of Old Masters, and from their inauguration in 1869, and for many years, he devoted much time to searching for and obtaining works of Art worthy of the distinction of exhibition. In those days it was easier than now to obtain really first-class specimens. Mr. George Richmond was the father of an even more distinguished artist in Mr. W. B. Richmond, R.A., whose work in St. Paul's we frequently mention.

The election of Mr. Geo. H. Boughton as an Academician, although a tardy acknowledgment, is welcome as showing that the members look on an artist whose chief merit is tone and colour, as being worthy of the full honour. Subject pictures, of course, Mr. Boughton has frequently painted, but it is his manner of work more than his themes that has brought him the distinction he amply merits.

Another remarkable incident in connection with the Academy, is the reception the students in the Royal Academy Schools have given to two of the new Associates. Mr. J. S. Sargent and Mr. George Clausen, as part of their office, have to take a month's duty as teachers in the Art Schools. To Mr. Sargent the students were absolutely enthusiastic; when the Associate entered the rooms, and, in workmanlike manner, threw off his coat and commenced operations in his sheet-sleeves, the hearts of the students were taken by storm, and every morning they gave Mr. Sargent a round of applause on his entrance. To Mr. Clausen, who followed Mr. Sargent, the students were almost equally cordial. Should such signs continue we shall soon have as much enthusiasm and movement in the Royal Academy Schools as there once was under Robert Scott Lauder in Edinburgh, forty years ago, or as there was in Paris in the time of Tribby.

1896.

It has been wisely decided not to hold an Academy banquet this year. This is a mark of respect to the late President, and of kindly thoughtfulness, for the new President that is both becoming and considerate.

The Hanging Committee of the present exhibition were Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Fildes, Mr. Orchardson, and Mr. Waterhouse, with Mr. Onslow Ford for sculpture. This is one of the strongest Hanging Committees brought together by the Academy, and ought to have a marked effect on the arrangement of the works of Art in the annual exhibition.

The opening of the National Portrait Gallery on April 4th was imprudently unattended with any ceremonial, but this omission has happily not been attended with any bad results. The opening day brought several thousand visitors, and general satisfaction was found with the pictures. No one, however, can defend the architectural defects of the staircases and passages within the building. The curator has done his best to hang the best portraits in good light, and if all the space is already filled with the works in hand, it may be said posterity must be left to look after itself. The collection of portraits is intensely interesting, and many visits must be paid to it before all its branches can be properly appreciated.

Another remarkable event has been the opening of the chief government Museums in London on Sundays. Notwithstanding all the argument against exhibiting Art treasures of the nation on the first day of the week, a simple vote of the House of Commons under a strong government has brought the change about with very little fuss, and practically no difficulty. South Kensington Museum and Bethnal Green Museum have been the first to be opened, but the National Gallery will shortly follow suit. For the opening of the latter, the only reason for years against Sunday opening was expense, and as soon as the Treasury agrees to pay the slight additional cost the matter will be accomplished.

We regret to say that up to the 10th of April there have been comparatively few replies to our appeal for the Fund for Artists' Orphan Children. We would fain hope that the delay is only temporary, and that before next month we shall be able to report a substantial sum to the credit of the charitable scheme of which details will be found in THE ART JOURNAL for April, page 122.

Forty-five of the chief pictures by Mr. Alma-Tadema are now on exhibition in the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, and no better opportunity could be found to study the learned subjects so artistically maintained for many years.

Considerable stir is being made on the Continent about the dispersal in Vienna, on May 6th, of the famous collection of old engravings brought together by August Artaria, a well-known connoisseur, who died there two years ago. The collection contains many rare specimens, mostly first-rate, of Rembrandt and his school, Albert Dürer, and others. The Etchings, which are equally important, will be sold later.

R R

AN ENGLISH PICTURE FOR THE LOUVRE.

THE acquisition by the Louvre of Sir Thomas Lawrence's fine group, 'Mr. and Mrs. Angerstein,' is an event of considerable interest to both the English and the French sections of the world of art. It is only of late years that official France, or the public opinion of the few thousand Parisians who speak for France, has become aware of the existence of an English school of painting; and this in spite of the fact, which has become a commonplace in our day, that it was Constable who gave the first impulse to the new school of French landscape, and that Delacroix, who spent much time in London, felt and expressed a profound admiration not only for Reynolds and Gainsborough, nor only for his intimate friend Bonington, but also for Lawrence, Wilkie, and many of their contemporaries. During the last twenty years a few moderately good English pictures have come to the Louvre by gift and purchase, but whether as to their number and quality, or as to the quarters provided for them, it cannot be said that France has treated England much better than our own National Gallery has treated France. Let us hope that on both sides of the Channel an improvement in this respect will soon be visible. It is always open to an English millionaire to do what Americans have done for Washington, Chicago, and New York—to earn immortality by presenting a few Corots and Millets to the National Gallery; and, on the other hand, the Louvre may do some good to Art and may greatly increase its own attractiveness by developing its English department and by providing it with a well-lighted room.

French critics and amateurs have always assigned to Lawrence a relatively higher place in the list of English artists than has been conceded at home during the last fifty years. Taste in England is now setting Lawrence-wards again, perhaps because we have been taught by the French to appreciate his marvellous draughtsmanship and his other fine technical qualities, and to forgive, in consideration of these, his self-consciousness and mannerism. The opinion of the last generation unconsciously echoed the saying of the sour critic who declared that "Lawrence made coxcombs of his sitters, and his sitters made a coxcomb of Lawrence"; and people who, after the manner of their time, thought so much more of meaning than of method, of tendency than of technique, left the great President thus condemned. But even the critics of this date and school made exceptions in favour of the fine Lawrences of the first period—that is, broadly speaking, the pictures painted before the year 1805, while the influence of his master, Sir Joshua, was still strong upon him. It was during Reynolds's lifetime, in

1790, or not later than 1792—for there is a doubt—that the young man of genius, then barely of age, painted his famous 'Portrait of Miss Farren,' a portrait which, as his biographer says, "placed him above all competitors except Hoppner." We must date the picture before us between that and the most enchanting of all the full-lengths, the group of Lord and Lady Exeter—the hero and heroine of Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh"—which fortunately still hangs at Burleigh House.

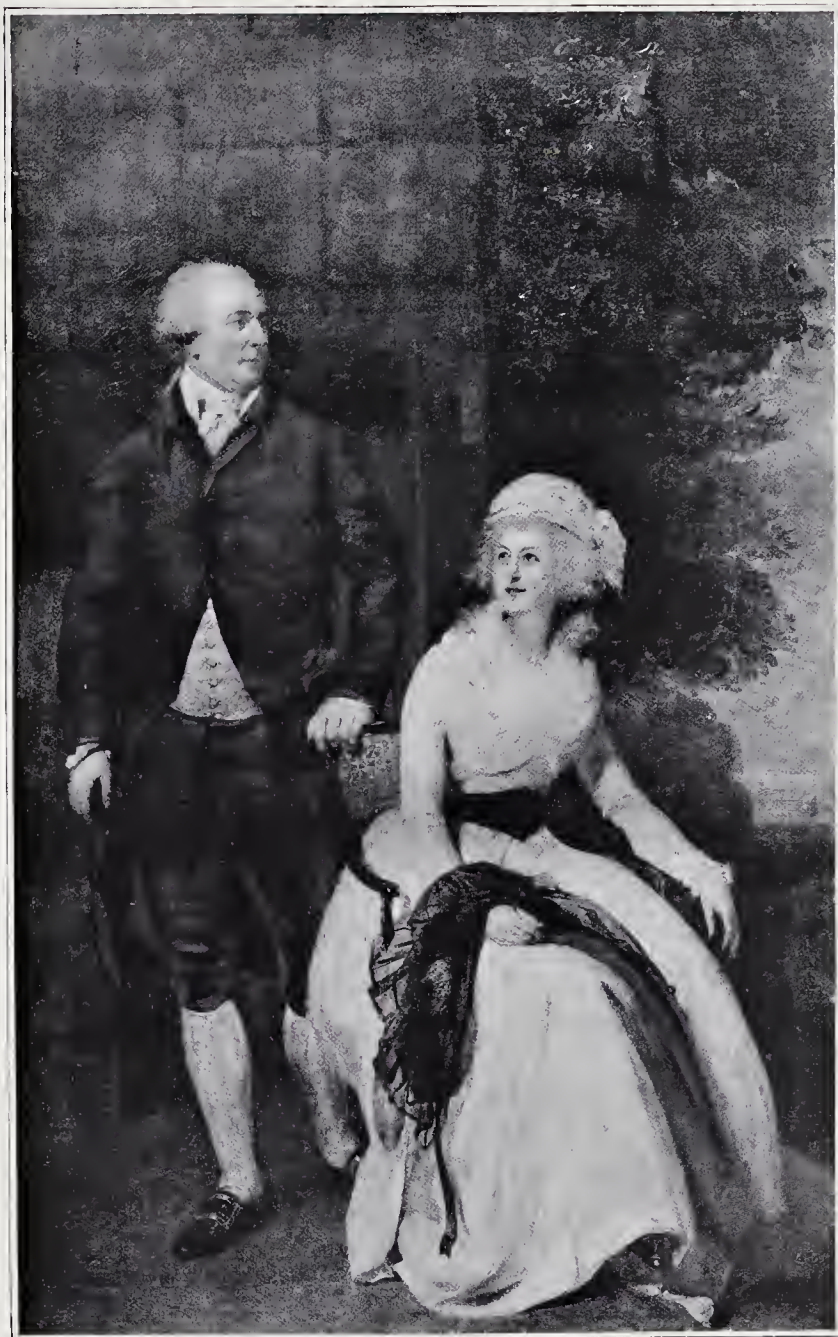
The Louvre picture is one of several family portraits which Lawrence painted for the Angerstains; of the others we may mention the 'J. J. Angerstein,' now in Trafalgar Square; the 'Angerstein Children,' now, we believe, in America, and the 'Mrs. Angerstein.' John Julius Angerstein was not only of immense indirect service to Art in England, through forming the collection of masterpieces which afterwards became the nucleus of the National Gallery, but he was one of the soundest and most discreet patrons of living artists, and of Lawrence in particular. He was born at St. Petersburg in 1735, of a German family, but he came to London as a boy, and became to all intents and purposes an Englishman. "To him," according to that tiresome, unindexed, but informing book, D. E. Williams's "Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence," "the little world of underwriters, called Lloyds, owes its present form and segregation, as well as the rooms and offices at the Royal Exchange in which the business has for so many years been conducted." Angerstein lived to a great age, and made a very large fortune, and during the last half of his life was an enthusiastic collector of fine pictures, his principal advisers being Lawrence and Benjamin West. One story is told which shows him in a most admirable light; let millionaires take example from it! At M. de Calonne's sale, in 1795, hearing young Mr. Lawrence speak in terms of admiration of a fine half-length Rembrandt, he promptly bought the picture for a hundred guineas and presented it to the artist. Happy times, when one could buy a half-length Rembrandt for a hundred guineas, and when an artist had such appreciative friends! In our picture he is represented at about sixty years of age, with his beautiful second wife beside him; he is hale and erect, in his fine scarlet coat, and she is seated in all the loveliness of her prime, in a white dress whose texture, on Lawrence's canvas, emulates Van der Helst or Terburg. The colour scheme is of the happiest, the handling most masterly. The picture, in a word, is fit to hang in the Louvre, among the masterpieces of all schools. We trust that, having acquired it, the authorities will now take care that it is properly seen.

HUMPHRY WARD.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE opening of the seventieth annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh was marked by a pleasant exchange of courtesies between the City Corporation and the Council of the Academy. The Lord Provost, magistrates, and Council officially

attended the private view, and reflected thereby the reawakened interest which lately the public has shown in Scottish Art. The exhibition is an excellent one, the best that has been held for several years. The liberal-minded policy inaugurated by Sir George Reid, which recognised



Mr. and Mrs. Angerstein.
By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.



Hallowe'en Sport.
By R. Gemmell Hutchison.

that the Glasgow school should have part and lot in the National Academy, continues to bear fruit, so that on this occasion Edinburgh and Glasgow artists alike are worthily represented. All over there is a marked improvement in the artistic quality of the works displayed.

Pictures by honorary members help to give character to the walls. Among these are 'Teresina,' by the late Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais's pre-Raphaelite 'The Bride,' and Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Strayed Sheep.' To

much distinction, and there is good quality in the head by Mr. Coutts Michie of Mr. Kenneth Anderson.

Pictures in which the figure plays either the principal or a prominent part, are more numerous than usual. Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid has painted, with effective draughtsmanship and colour, an incident of Prince Charles Edward's occupation of Edinburgh, as related in the romance of "The White Cockade." Of it we give a reproduction. A large Salon-like picture called 'Floating,'



Prince Charles presents his Sword to Lord Dalquharn.
By G. Ogilvy Reid, R.S.A.

Mr. G. F. Watts the exhibition is much beholden for his portraits of Mrs. Ellice, of Invergarry, and Mr. Walter Crane, and for 'Sic Transit.'

The portraiture by Scottish artists includes vitally painted three-quarter lengths of the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, St. Andrew's, and Dr. Arthur Mitchell, Edinburgh, by the President, Sir George Reid; Mr. James Guthrie's admirable full-length of Miss Hamilton—a study in pink and grey—and an artistically-treated head of Mr. W. J. Woodman Smith; Mr. E. A. Walton's Velasquez-like figure of a girl in white—Muriel Wylie Hill; Mr. J. Lavery's beautiful portrait of Mrs. Park Lyle, and a pictorially-treated figure of a lady in 'A Rocking Chair,' one of the best pictures in the rooms. A portrait by Mr. A. Roche of Mrs. Robert Selkirk is painted with

is contributed by Mr. Robert McGregor, in which a boat with three Finisterre peasants is truthfully represented afloat under a grey vaporous effect. Mr. R. Gemmell Hutchison, one of the ablest painters of Scottish peasant children, has had placed on the line a picture, of which we give a sketch, of children engaged in Hallowe'en sport. In 'Rowans,' two girls bearing home boughs of the mountain ash berry-laden, Mr. G. Henry has presented one of the strongest and finest bouquets of colour to be seen in any picture in the exhibition.

Admirable landscapes are contributed by Mr. J. Lawton

Wingate, whose feeling for refined colour was never more uniformly displayed in association with accomplished craftsmanship; by Mr. W. D. McKay, who has painted a beautiful late-autumn lowland Pastoral, and by Mr. David Farquharson, whose landscape study in green and grey is remarkably fine. Younger artists who show much promise, are Mr. Joseph Milne, Mr. George Smith, Mr. Marshall Brown, Mr. Robert Burns, and Mr. W. S. McGeorge. To the water-colour room, the chief contributors are Mr. Arthur Melville, Mr. R. B. Nesbit, and Mr. T. Scott.

W. M. GILBERT.

NOTES ON LONDON EXHIBITIONS.

THE exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours is very well up to the average of the preceding shows held by this society. There is more variety than usual, and more sign that water-colour painters are anxious to try new ways of doing things—a change that is welcome, for hitherto at the Institute the tendency towards repetition of stock ideas and conventional mannerisms has been too apparent. This improvement in the manner of the show has been accompanied by a reasonable curtailing of the matter of it, and there are quite enough important things in it to make a strong exhibition.

One of the best drawings hung is Mr. F. J. Gregory's 'Leslie, Son of W. Newall, Esq.,' a very strongly painted, yet delightfully delicate, study of childhood. The great difficulties of the brilliant scheme of colour and the



Wanderers.
By W. Rainey.



Fish Market on the Dutch Coast.
By Prof. Von Bartels.

subtle relation of tones have been mastered with conspicuous ability; and the expression of character in the face and figure is admirable. The one fault is the exaggeration of the warm browns in the background, which are out of keeping with the whites and pale blues of the more prominent part of the picture. Sir James Linton's 'Jessica' is well handled, but is a less favourable example of his learned technique than the smaller 'Katharine and Petruchio.' Perhaps the most able work by a figure painter is the 'Fish Market on the Dutch Coast,' of which we give a representation. This is by Professor Hans Von Bartels, a robustly designed and painted composition, searchingly drawn and yet full of beautiful qualities of atmosphere. Mr. Arthur Burrington's 'Arrested,' a deserter caught by his comrades, shows no sacrifice of technical quality to mere storytelling; and Mr. W. Rainey's 'Wanderers,' which we also illustrate, is, as his work always is, treated with fine sense of style, and yet with quite judicious observation of the necessity of telling the story of the picture. 'The Mother,' by Mr. Carlton Smith, if possibly trite in subject, is undeniably skilful in execution.

Among the studies of landscape and open-air motives one of the most interesting is Mr. W. Hatherell's 'Mending Fishing Nets,' strong in colour, large and effective in its light and shade relations, drawn with decision, and painted with commendable directness. A large effect gained by simple means is also the merit of Mr. Aumonier's 'Old Chalk Pit,' in which the main intention is the expression of colour and luminous tone. Mr. Albert Kinsley's

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'Fringe of the Moor,' also illustrated, is another capital example of sound landscape painting, and of observation and good judgment in selection of subject. It is full of



The Fringe of the Moor.
By Albert Kinsley.

detail which keeps its place well in the general scheme, and is fresh and wholesome in colour. A different school is represented by Mr. R. B. Nisbet's hold and decisively stated 'October Landscape,' a fine example of broad brushwork and of the harmonising of heavy tones of colour; and Mr. G. C. Haité's 'Sunlight on the Hills.'

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers brought together for its fourteenth exhibition a quite respectable array of work. The most important things in it were the exquisitely-drawn sketches—for they hardly professed to be anything else—of M. Paul Helleu, with their amazing suhtlety of line and freedom of drawing. Something of the same quality, but with a difference, gave distinction to 'The Kitten,' a prettily-composed group of young girls, by Mr. Jacomh-Hood. His best contribution was, however, a three-quarter length study of a nude figure, a dry point with many technical beauties.

Mr. Albert Goodwin, whose collection of pictures and drawings of "Imaginative Landscape" was lately on view in the galleries of The Fine Art Society, is an artist of an unusual type. In these matter-of-fact days, despite the prevalent fashion of being realistic at all costs, he prefers to remain a dreamer of dreams, and to put, by the help of paint, these dreams before the public. His imaginings are sometimes rather grim and terrible, as in 'The Last Victim,' here illustrated, with the skeleton hanging over the rock; or the 'Heathendom,' with its overpowering masses of rock; but at other times he can be as gentle and subtle a painter of nature as one could wish. This quieter side of him shows best when he is working directly from nature, when he is painting such subjects as 'New College and All Souls,' a beautiful architectural study; or 'Corfe Castle,' with its delicate colour; or 'Modern Portsmouth,' a tinted drawing, with many charming qualities. Indeed, to many people this phase of his capacity will appeal as most attractive, and most suited to his technical methods.

'The Duel,' the latest completed work by Mdle. Rosa Bonheur, was put on exhibition at M. Lefevre's gallery on the recent anniversary of the artist's birth. The picture is in many respects one of the most remarkable that she has produced. It is painted with amazing force, and

with extraordinary decision of drawing and design; it is full of technical triumphs over difficulties of modelling, light and shade, colour, and texture; and it is, despite the carefulness of its composition and the studied arrangement of its lines, emphatically spontaneous and living. The scene represented, a struggle between two famous stallions, "Hohgohlin" and the "Godolphin Arabian," was an actual incident, and had consequences of some moment to breeders of horses in this country. The artist, in painting the picture, has faithfully followed history, so that her work is, in a sense, a record as well as a composition, and has as much interest to students of turf traditions as it has to lovers of admirable technique. To the general public it will be chiefly welcome as a proof that Mdle. Bonheur's skill shows no sign of waning.

Mr. W. J. Laidlay with some courage held, during March, a show of over one hundred and twenty of his sketches and pictures at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery. He is one of the few artists whose finished pictures are better than his sketches, and who can get into large canvases finer quality than is attained in smaller and more workable areas. Therefore it was not entirely impolitic of him to bring together so many works, because he was



The Last Victim.
By Albert Goodwin.

enabled thereby to make the most of his powers, and to present himself to the public in his happiest guise. His best picture was certainly 'Gisli, the Outlaw,' a rich piece of colour, and full of well-painted detail; and, in a way entirely different, the 'Burning of King Hakon Haki' was as effective.

Mr. W. Strang, at Mr. Dunthorne's gallery, was not content to limit himself to one or two methods of expression; for his show included oil-paintings, etchings, engravings, and drawings in red chalk and silver point. The variety was distinctly welcome, and all the more because Mr. Strang is equally proficient in all these mediums. His etchings, one of the best of which was his portrait of 'William Sharp, Esq.,' are always notable; his silver points, especially when he is drawing the figure, are peculiarly facile; and his oil-painting has qualities of colour and brushwork that give it a place among the best modern work.



ILLUSTRATIONS AND ILLUSTRATORS.
FROM A DRAWING BY HARRY FURNISS.

RECENT ART BOOKS.

ONE of the most authoritative writers on biography has recently laid down the stern code of rules which should govern the labours of the biographer. An unswerving allegiance to truth and the most summary repression of the imagination must be equally exercised; the subject must be considered with his environment and its effects upon his work and character. Signor Ricci's task in "ANTONIO ALLEGRI DA CORREGGIO," translated by Florence Simmonds (Heinemann), has been conducted on these rigorous lines. In the first place, it should be observed that the author's labours have apparently been in no wise lightened by the mass of Correggio literature extant. He has carefully analyzed the statements of previous authorities, pitted facts against theories, and at infinite pains has succeeded in producing a book which leaves the convincing impression that the last word on Correggio must have been spoken.

In the chapter on Mantegna's influence on Correggio, the conflicting arguments of other writers are sifted, and then rejected or accepted on clearly stated grounds. This chapter is a good illustration of the judicial character of the work. The conclusion also that the painter never visited Rome is based on cogent evidence logically arranged. It is interesting to follow the writer in his description of that period of the painter's life which he terms a "painful interlude." This period of transition and unrest occurred when Correggio was between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-four, that is, between the painting of the 'Madonna of San Francesco' and the frescoes in the Camera di San Paolo.

The reproductions of these works in the book are almost sufficient to inform the student of the difference between Correggio "hesitating and embarrassed" and Correggio "in the full possession of his powers." In the second portion of his work, Signor Ricci deals fully with the artist's life in Parma, and as, it should be recalled, the author is the Director of the Royal Gallery in that city, this section is especially complete. The laxness and luxury of Renaissance conventual life must have been the causes of the commission to Correggio, by the Abbess Maria Benedetti, to decorate the Convent of San Paolo with the frescoes of undevotional themes taken from joyous mythology. It is interesting to note in this connection that the last years of the painter's life were devoted to the composition of those mythological and allegorical pictures on which much of his fame deservedly rests. Signor Ricci describes, with much circumstantial detail, the history of every important work. A large number of illustrations is given, and the translator may claim a reasonable share in the success which should attend the publication of a volume bearing on every page the evidence of recondite study and soundness of judgment.

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse has contrived, in the series of lectures entitled "IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY" (G. D. Innes & Co.), to write pleasantly and clearly about the examples of the Italian Schools in the National collection. He does not claim any higher value for his work than that of affording instruction in an agreeable form to the general public desirous of learning how best to appreciate the art of the old masters. In this respect the volume should be useful to many a casual dilettante. With reference to the

statement that although Correggio was formerly looked upon incorrectly as a sort of *lusus natura*, his subsequent development remains as much in the dark as ever, the researches of Signor Ricci discussed above should go far towards removing this obscurity. The illustrations to the work must be valued as reminders, rather than as satisfactory reproductions, of the pictures they represent.

The letters, even of the cleverest correspondent, when they are given on one side only, are somewhat like a listener to a conversation by telephone; the said listener only hearing what the friend beside him says, while he has to guess at the replies at the other end of the wire. "THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF LADY EASTLAKE" (Murray) are inevitably of this character, but the conversation is interesting, and a careful editor (C. I. Smith) has been sensible in pruning. Lady Eastlake, like many another who has been trained in Edinburgh society, was a good deal of a prig, and she severely rates every person who thought differently from herself. Rossetti's pictures were styled "horrors without a single merit," and those who liked them "knew nothing about Art." Browning's admirers were "peculiar," and "Dissenters" was her name for Scottish Established Presbyterians. Her views were bounded by the people she esteemed, and a good-looking man was always a *persona grata*. By her ability to reflect the opinions of her friends, combined with a certain facility in writing, Lady Eastlake succeeded in posing as a great critic; when, in sooth, she was only a small-minded, prejudiced lady, whose opinions are worth very little. Her only claim to remembrance is her account of life in English and Scottish artistic circles at the middle of the nineteenth century, and then not her own or her forgotten husband's doings, but the workings of the cliques of her acquaintance.

Amongst recent plate publications, the subject by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, called 'Going to meet Daddy,' holds an honourable place because of the quality of the reproduction, the work of the Swan Electric Company. A better title should have been found so as to take the pretty little goat-cart picture out of the "namby-panby." Of far different character, and of a masculinity even more marked in the reproduction than the original, are the two fine plates from pictures by Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., 'The Smithy,' and 'The Quarry Team.' These subjects have been reproduced by Mr. F. Hanfstaengl, Pall Mall, and the rich deep colour of the reproductions give an effect very pleasing for room decoration.

The illustration of 'The Mahogany Tree,' on page 127, from "The History of Punch," was published both in the volume and in our review thereof by special permission of Sir William Agnew, Bart., owner of the drawing and copyright, and this ought to have been so stated in our pages.—"The Queen's London" (Cassell), a series of three hundred and seventy admirable views of the metropolis, is to be specially commended to those resident in other parts of the world as giving a correctly educational idea of London and its surroundings.—Reeves' Artists' Almanac, given gratis to buyers of the well-known colours, is a handy pocket memorandum-book, with useful information.



Haddock Boats beating to Windward.
By Colin Hunter, A.R.A. (p. 178)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1896.

IT is interesting to note year by year how closely the tendencies of modern art are in agreement with the influences which sway the outside and unæsthetic world. Each spring, as the visible results of the working of artistic conviction are gathered together, and as the art productions of the past twelve months are harvested into their various market-houses, we find in each gathering the most characteristic evidences of the climatic conditions which have prevailed during the preceding period of germination and growth. Sometimes there is a rank luxuriance about the way in which the seed has shot up, a fanciful excess of straw over the trifling amount of grain which fills the ears; at others there is a sad stunting of the delicate plants that have had to struggle up through a season of nipping winds and unsympathetic frosts; now and again a full harvest is garnered, excellent in its yield and strong in its development. The breath of public opinion, according to its varying, can make or mar the efforts of the most skilled husbandmen. When it blusters with the rude violence of Boreas, the corn is
JUNE, 1896.

taugled in strange confusion, difficult to reap, and hard to save from blight and mildew; when it is cold with the carelessness of indifference, there is little to show in the way of growth, and scarce anything worth the gathering; but when it whispers like a zephyr in genial appreciation, the budding possibilities of the fields expand and there is full measure of success within the reach of every worker.

For these changes the meteorological department of the Art community is ever on the watch. When a storm warning goes the round of the studios, it is curious to see with what alacrity artist after artist reduces the amount of his production, and limits the extent of his effort. The inclination to defy the coming disturbance, and to risk failure for the sake of deserving success, is hardly one that can be said to be generally popular. The risk is too great, the hope of compensating gain too remote, for many Art producers to view with equanimity the chance of a fight against influences both powerful and adverse. When the weakling feels that the world to which he makes his appeal has decided, for a time, to



Boy Threshing.
By George Clausen, A.R.A. (p. 178)

look coldly upon him, and to treat his best work with neglect, he is very apt to surrender at once, preferring to try, by various devices, to adapt himself to the change of conditions. He is ready to throw himself upon the mercy of the public, to assure them that he will do exactly what they want, in the hope that by his adaptability and subserviency they will be conciliated. Perhaps he gains a new lease of favour by such devices, and by the sacrifice of his independence secures fresh prosperity; but more probably he meets the fate that is always lying in wait for the waverer, and, having sunk his own identity in the second-hand one he has borrowed from his taskmasters, is no longer recognised by the very people whose smile he has courted by his disguise. Either way his fate is to fall out of the ranks of really worthy workers, to relapse into incoherent and aimless uncertainty, and to become a mere slave to popular caprice.



Pope Urban VI.
By Honourable John Collier. (p. 174)

in artistic quarters. Many of the less robust followers of the artist's profession are showing already grave symptoms of the disease. Times have been bad of late, and the task of ending troubles by opposing them, has proved to be beyond the strength of many men who have been enticed into the practice of Art, by its fascinations and delightful irresponsibilities. They are slowly but surely falling away from whatever faith they once had in æstheticism of the better kind, and are banding themselves together in an unholy association for the promotion of popular principles. From their point of view, perhaps, they are justified in so touting for support. There is a fashion in pictures as in everything else, and they are among all fashion-worshippers the most zealous and devout; therefore by studying and catering for the changeable tastes of everyday people, they are making propitiatory offerings to the idol in which they put their



Four Heroines out of *Morte d'Arthur*.
By G. Frampton, A.R.A. (p. 182)

There are signs now all round that this destruction of individuality is in danger of becoming a sort of epidemic

own belief. To have aspirations is to them a sign of "bad form," an eccentricity only excusable in those rare



The Confession.
By Frank Dicksee, R.A. (p. 171)

intervals, when some unexpected trend in public opinion, permits the encouragement of Art which has a distinct and individual purpose.

What is the cause of the now prevailing spirit, the spirit which, possessing already the various classes of society, is beginning to demoralise also these weaker painter brethren, it is not easy to say with absolute certainty. There are many things that have contributed to it; commercial uncertainty for one, artistic indiscretion for another, and, as a strongly helpful matter besides, reckless and indiscriminating worship of the Old Master. The habit which has of late grown up even among painters themselves, of dragging into unnecessary publicity, in season and out of season, not only the few masterpieces of the great men of other days, but even the less worthy examples of minor workers whose enforced abstinence from further production is not a matter for regret, has probably had a large part in making the position of too many of the more capable living



Miss Messel.
By Marcus Stone, R.A. (p. 172)

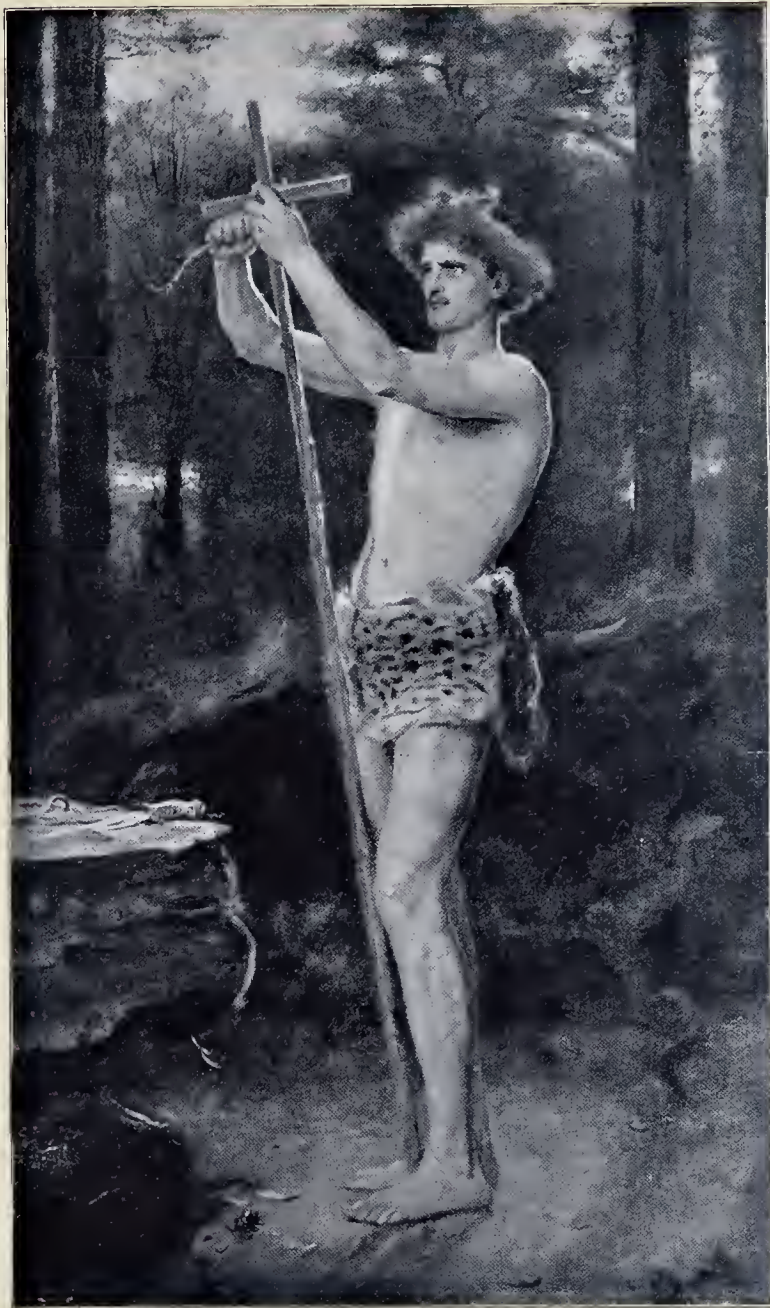
Nature; but if this unreal result once comes, as indeed seems unpleasantly probable, to be accepted as the cor-
appreciation of these withered and crumbling relics, there will be little hope of gaining for present-day pictures, whatever their merit, anything like a fair share of attention. There are qualities about even the inferior canvases of a third-rate Old Master which a modern work cannot show. These qualities are more often than not purely accidental, the outcome of all sorts of chances and unforeseen circumstances; they arise from odd vagaries of pigments, from unholy pranks played by oils and varnishes, from weird darkenings and fortunate fadings; but they all contribute to give to the older work a mysterious respectability, to which the picture of to-day in its chubby juvenility dare by no means pretend. The sum of all these chemical freaks produces a departure from Realism which is very grateful to the many sorts and conditions of men who have not even a nodding acquaintance with



Summer.
By Miss Henrietta Rae (Mrs. E. Normand). (p. 76)

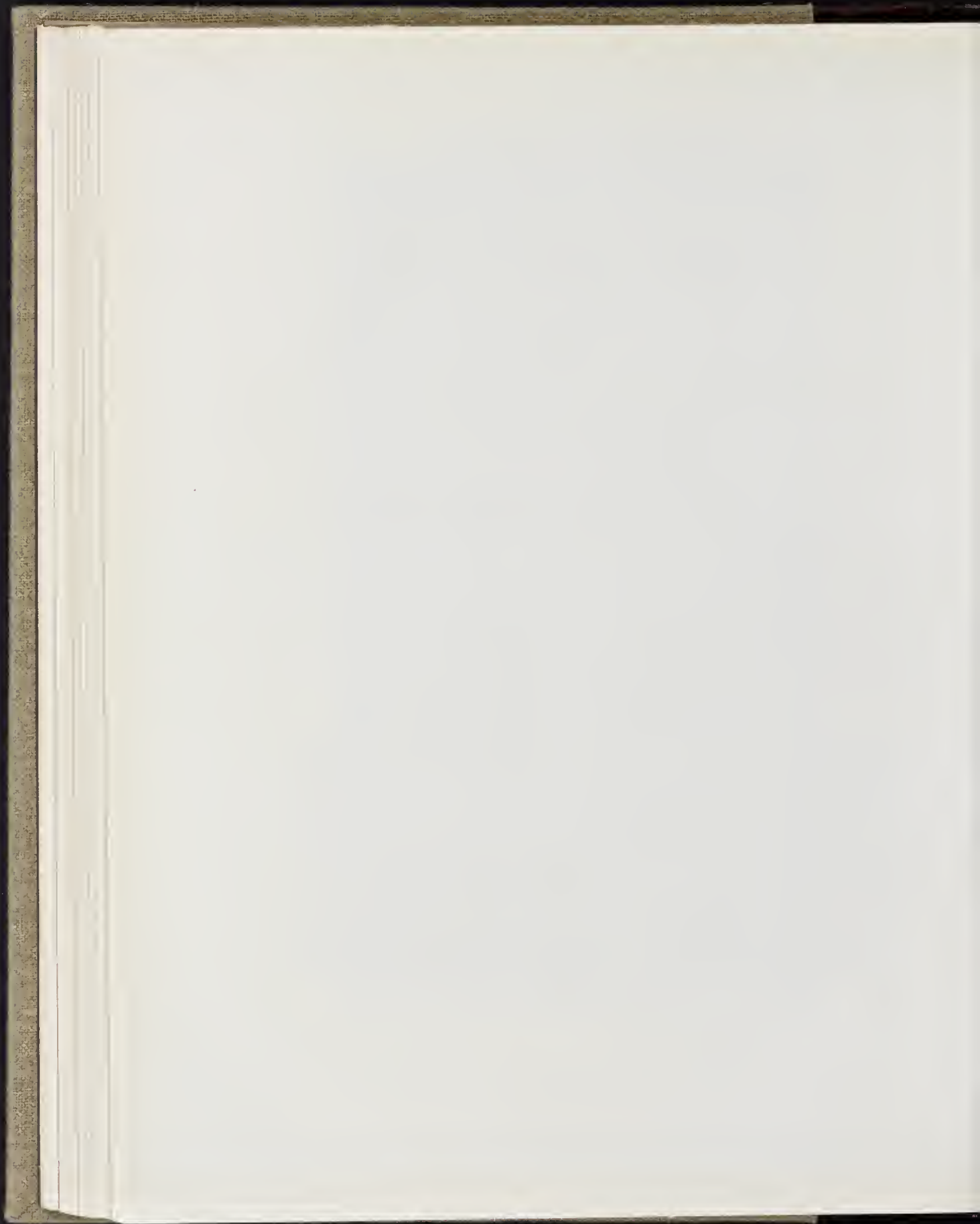
men far harder than it should be. It is obvious that it once the public taste, depending as it does more upon fashion than conviction, becomes fixed in an imaginary

rect standard, our more faithful and less matured productions hanging on the walls of this gallery, or that, must surely lack both admirers and purchasers.



THE FORERUNNER.
FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART, P.R.A.

J. E. Millais





Crippled, but Unconquered. An Incident in the Battle of Trafalgar.
By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A. (p. 178)

It may be the growth of this acceptance of a false standard that accounts for the arctic atmosphere of neglect in which contemporary painters have been shivering during recent years; but, after all, what concerns us most at the moment is less the cause of the atmospheric condition, than the effect which it has produced upon the Art harvest which is now before us. That is at all events evident enough.

The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1896 has certainly a most frost-bitten air. It is nipped and stunted, lacking in a promising show of well-ripened fruit, and boasting no satisfactory proportion between its bushels of success and its acres of effort. Unfortunately its deficiencies have been increased by other circumstances than those created by the public attitude. Men of note, whose pictures are annual centres of interest, have been prevented from sending what would fully represent them.

Good intentions, and the desire to be ready in time for the fatal sending day, have not availed against unforeseen delays, and more than one large canvas which would have aided to raise the level of the show remains on the easel to be finished later. Some other great workers have fallen out of the ranks, and no one as yet has come forward to fill the gaps which they have left. But the chief cause for lamentation is the lessening of the general inclination to make excursions into the realms of imagination. All around there is proof of timidity, of hesitation to give rein to fancy, or to try new departures in subject or manner. There are too many repetitions, too much harping on the one accustomed note, too great reliance upon motives which have become threadbare from frequent use. We feel in the galleries a lack of vitality and robust health; and in their place there is not the animation even of hysterical excitement; everything is too decorous and respectable to inspire more than a merely perfunctory acceptance.

However, to all rules there are, and we may be that kful



Mary Margaret, daughter of E. Sleinkoppf, Esq.,
In Florentine Costume of the Fifteenth Century.
By G. H. Boughton, R.A. (p. 172)

for it, exceptions enough to save us from the terror of absolute monotony. Despite the general failure to be either interesting or original, there are in the Academy exhibition enough pictures worthy of attention, to occupy us not unprofitably during the hours that we may feel called upon to spend in Burlington House. Some at least of the men whose work hardly ever fails to be important have refused to give way to the prevailing fashion, and have done their best to uphold reputations that are based securely upon long years of sound and wholesome work.

Sir John Millais, for instance, has signalled his succession to Lord Leighton in the office of President by the production of some quite admirable canvases. There is no hint of failing vitality, no suggestion of formulated practice in his 'Fore-runner' (of which we give a large illustration). This recalls by its vigour of design and mastery of execution the great achievements of his earlier years. Drawn with real sense of noble form, composed with dignity and large simplicity, and painted with rare technical power, it takes its place among the best of the artist's works. In it he renews his youth, and at the fullest tide of his maturity proves himself to possess still unimpaired the enthusiasms which have made his career and performance unique among those of his contemporaries. The same union of the knowledge that only comes by many years of close application, with a vivacity of intention and manner that rarely survives the period that ends with middle-age, characterizes his large portrait of 'The Marchioness of Tweeddale.' This is a three-quarter-length figure, seated and life-size, in a black satin evening dress, partly covered by a black opera cloak trimmed with brown fur. The painting of the textures of the flesh and dress is full of science, and the massing and



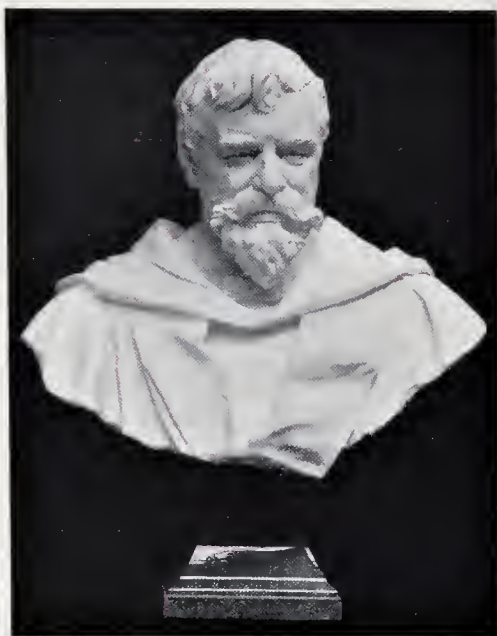
The Infancy of Jupiter.
By Geo. F. Watts, R.A. (p. 174)



The Sirens. By J. M. Swan, A.R.A. (p. 176)
(By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.)

arrangement of the colour, and the placing of the important facts of the picture, are managed with exceptional discretion.

Mr. Alma Tadema, too, has more than recovered the ground which he seemed to have lost last year, when he exhibited his troubled and much-laboured 'Spring.' 'The Coliseum,' as his chief picture is called, is not only greater as a work of Art than the 'Spring,' it is greater in many of its technical qualities than most of his more recent pictures. For one thing he has departed from his ordinary custom of lighting, and has replaced his habitual mid-day effect with the glow of early evening; for another he has avoided the undue crowding of his canvas with details, and has treated his subject in a larger and simpler manner. His imitative skill remains as extraordinary as ever, and the painting



L. Alma Tadema, R.A.
By E. Onslow Ford, R.A. (p. 182)

of the marble balcony from which three classically-draped maidens are watching the crowds pouring out of the Coliseum below; of the bronze figure which decorates the parapet; and of the rope of yellow daffodils which is festooned about the base of the figure and along the edge of the balcony, is as highly finished and exact as his most devoted admirers could wish it to be. His smaller canvas, 'Whispering Noon,' is more in accordance with his usual custom. Two girls, one dark the other fair, are seated on a white marble bench, their draperies of pale blues, purples, green, and warm cream colour, relieved against a mass of deep blue larkspur flowers, while behind is a cold blue sky and a faint green-blue sea. The

motive is one which he has often used, a theme on which he has constantly played with but slight variations; but



The Valley of the Chess.
By Alfred East. (p. 181)



The Birth of Love.
By S. J. Solomcn, A.R.A. (p. 170)



Bringing Home the Stag.
By C. E. Johnson. (p. 181)

the picture will scarcely appeal to the public any the less because it is reminiscent of so much that he has done before.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has wofully disappointed all Art lovers of the better sort by not exhibiting the more important of the two pictures which have occupied him during the past twelve months. Unfortunately, his 'Hylas and the Nymphs' lacked at the last some finishing touches that his labours on the Academy jury left him no time to add, and so this admirable example of

his great capacities has had to be put aside for future exhibition. We may, however, congratulate ourselves that in his 'Pandora,' he had a second of such importance. His rendering of the unfortunate victim of feminine curiosity, kneeling beside a stream in a dark fir-grove and peeping timorously into the fatal coffer, is exquisitely poetic, and at the same time admirably decorative. The reserve of the colour scheme, the subtle agreement between the deep blue of her transparent robe and the dark greens, greys, and browns of the background, give to the composition a significance and strength, that no one but an artist, entirely in sympathy with the finest principles of decoration, could have hoped to secure.

Decoration of a different type has occupied Mr. Solomon J.

Solomon in his 'Birth of Love' (see page 169). Mr. Waterhouse adds to his designs a certain mystic suggestion—a touch of that sad wonderment which troubles the deep thinker. Mr. Solomon, on the contrary, does not afflict himself with introspection. He appeals not so much to the mind as to the senses, and, with representations of the highest perfection of physical charm, stirs the blood that has been chilled into sluggishness by too close contact with squalor and ugliness. His motive is to show us, in the wholesome spirit of pure paganism,



"The Sleep that is among the Lonely Hills."
By J. MacWhirter, R.A. (By permission of Geo. McCulloch, Esq.) (p. 181)

what is most beautiful in nature, and what of all natural forms is most responsive to artistic idealising. So he paints feminine nudity, and glorifies it with the attributes of divinity. His Venus, nude, passionate, responsive to the whisper of Love, bathed in sunlight and wafted on the wings of the summer breeze, is a personification of æstheticism of the most comprehensive kind. To have treated this motive decoratively was discreet, for realism, except by implication, has no place in such a creation.

has the faculty of coming suddenly to the front in all sorts of new branches of Art. He has made, this Spring, an astonishing success with his picture of the wooing of the Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne, a success for which he has worked honestly and devotedly. As a piece of composition, of colour arrangement, of dramatic, as opposed to theatrical, effect, for qualities of earnest observation and careful painting, this canvas deserves praise that can scarcely be exaggerated. In drawing and



"While there is Life there is Hope."

By F. Bramley, A.R.A. (p. 178)

It is only by the selection of what is impersonal, by making up a design of which the component parts have been gathered from the best that nature can offer, that work of this kind can be made acceptable. Mr. Solomon has done his choosing with good taste, and the result which he gives us is a more than satisfactory declaration of his convictions.

Between him and Mr. E. A. Abbey, though they both esteem the decorative side of Art as the highest and most valuable, there is a contrast more curious even than that which he affords to Mr. Waterhouse. Mr. Abbey is one of the artistic surprises of this century, an artist who

movement it is admirable, and the audacity of the contrast between the deep, luminous blacks and the vivid reds of the colour scheme is delightful. The picture ranks distinctly as one of the greatest of its year, a welcome relief to the commonplaces which too plentifully surround it.

Mr. Frank Dicksee seems to alternate between rather morbid suggestion and a certain sumptuousness of detail painting. The Academy now contains an example of both phases of his practice. 'The Confession,' illustrated on page 163, is a somewhat painful subject, treated in a manner which, without being realistic in



A Fairy Story.
By Mrs. Stanhope Forbes. (p. 178)

the ordinary sense, accentuates the melancholy motive. A wan, emaciated woman, in the last stage apparently of illness, is telling her story to a saddened man, who is sitting with his face in shadow, and his head resting on his hand. The picture is in a scheme of pale colours, greys and greens, and its curious indefiniteness of effect seems somehow to add to the hopelessness of the whole subject. There is much more healthy feeling in 'The Mirror,' an Eastern, dark-haired woman, seated on a mother-of-pearl throne, against a background of peacock's feathers, and looking intently at her reflection in a small hand-glass. She is wrapped in thin white draperies, over which is thrown some thicker stuff, elaborately embroidered in red and gold; beside her, and banging over the arm of the throne, is a piece of purple drapery. The combination is a strong one, and is carried out not unskillfully.

Mr. G. H. Boughton has dealt with a subject which is, in some respects, akin—at least, it is akin so far that the purpose in his picture has been, like Mr. Dicksee's, to paint a rich effect of colour, and a costume which has greater picturesqueness than is discoverable in the less attractive forms and less gorgeous colouring of modern clothes. His 'Portrait of a Lady in Florentine Costume' (see page 166), is an arrangement of contrasting tones of pale apple green and salmon red. The lady is seated on a terrace of white marble, overlooking a stretch of blue sea, against which some dark cypresses, growing below the terrace, tell effectively in strong

relief. He is showing also a landscape, a Scottish "bit," painted with particular appreciation of delicacy of tone and colour; and a thoroughly characteristic three-quarter-length figure of a girl, in a white muslin dress and cap and gaily adorned with sash and bows of pale blue, standing in a pretty garden. She is seen in profile, and in her hands is a pot of carnations. The title of this picture is 'The Gardener's Daughter.'

Neither Mr. Poynter nor Mr. Marcus Stone has been able to complete an important canvas in time for exhibition. Mr. Poynter has sent two small pictures, one an illustration of the ode of Horace in which Neobule laments her hard lot, the other a half-length of a lightly-draped mountain nymph. The Neobule subject is treated in the artist's usual manner, with considerable elaboration and high finish, and is in colour pleasantly refined. The 'Oread,' with her rippling gauzy draperies of creamy white and pale blue, and with her pretty frightened face framed with brown curls, is posed and painted with much less formality and with more suggestion of personal sympathy. Mr. Marcus Stone's only contribution is a portrait of 'Miss Messel,' a small canvas which shows his technical methods to peculiar advantage. It is illustrated on page 164, and is dainty and graceful, painted with delightful appreciation of the personality of the sitter, and arranged with judicious attention to the advantage of securing a good pictorial result. Mr. Orchardson also has a portrait for his chief contribution, an originally-treated painting of the Lord Provost of Aberdeen in crimson robes and wearing his badge of office. As a piece of well-considered technique this portrait ranks high among his more important works; it is effective without being artificial, full of suggestion of not over-realised details, and it displays quite admirable brushwork and handling. He has also one of his charming illustrations of the life of the Empire period, a single figure of a young girl in a white dress standing before a console table and looking, over a bunch of roses, which she holds in her hand, at her own reflection in the mirror before her.

Mr. Arthur Hacker's 'The Cloister or the World?' (illustrated opposite), is far more important both in scale and subject than the 'Daphne,' which he exhibited last year.



Drawing Lots for the Gueiph Succession at Celle, A.D. 1592.
By Eyre Crowe, A.R.A. (p. 178)



The Cloister or the World ?
By Arthur Hacker, A.R.A. (p. 172)



The Glow of Evening.
By E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A. (p. 180)

It is possible to raise against it the objection that it has a certain falseness of sentiment, that the motive of the picture is unsatisfactory; but against the manner in which he has treated his subject, there is little to be said. As an experiment in colour placing the arrangement of the white-robed angel, the rainbow-tinted spirit of pleasure, and the dark dress of the kneeling novice, against the bright greens and yellows of the orchard that serves as background and setting for the figures, is distinctly audacious. An artist, however, is always right in attempting bold experiments. Unless he adopts an aggressive policy, and sets out year by year in search of new worlds to conquer, he can never hope to remain in the front rank of his profession. When once he begins to settle down into a particular groove, and to limit himself to one class of subject or to one mode of treatment, the probability of his being able to hold against newcomers the place he has gained is at once diminished. Mr. Hacker has clearly no intention of allowing himself to lose any of his standing in the Art world.

Mr. G. F. Watts holds with extraordinary tenacity to his position as leader of the school of imaginative decoration. His 'Infancy of Jupiter' (page 166) has marvellous qualities of design. It is a superb arrangement of line and colour, full of learning and thoughtful statement, fine in colour, and essentially classic in its management and manner. It is dramatic, too, in the sense that the purpose and significance of the picture are expressed with absolute directness and definiteness, and with a clear meaning that enhances the sumptuous nature of the form in which the motive of the whole work has been clothed. It is in its peculiar qualities, comparable with nothing else that is to be found in the Academy.

A sort of kinship in technical point of view connects Mr. Blair Leighton's 'In Nomine Christi' and the Hon. John Collier's 'Pope

Urban VI.' Both are studies of human passion, and both are treated with a certain precision of good brushwork. 'In Nomine Christi' (opposite) is a representation of the favourite mediæval sport of Jew-baiting, a scene from the life of our forefathers which, if history is to be believed, must have been very frequently witnessed. The action of the picture takes place in the courtyard of a nunnery in which an aged Jew has taken refuge from the violence of a crowd that surges in through the gateway. The abbess with uplifted crucifix interposes, and the nuns crowd round the terrified victim. The colour scheme is pleasant, a subdued harmony of white, grey, and dull red; and the turmoil of the subject is well suggested without exaggeration. There is no hint

of mercy about Pope Urban VI. (page 162), as Mr. Collier has represented him. The idea of relentless cruelty and inflexible resolution is very happily given in the expression borne upon the face of the venerable pontiff, as in robes of white and crimson he walks, breviary in hand, beneath the window of the chamber in which certain of his cardinals, whom he has detected conspiring against him, are being tortured. Mr. Collier has made his points with almost cynical humour, and the contrast between the real motive of the picture and the simplicity of the old man in his spotless white tunic lingering beside a bed of tall white lilies is distinctly telling. Into the same class of historical genre comes the 'Story of the Spanish Main' (below), by Mr. Seymour Lucas, a study of life in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the mastery of the sea was the constant subject of strife between the naval forces of England and Spain. There is in the picture most effective contrast between the excited action of the sailor, the carefully attentive pose of the old man who sits listening at the table, and the expression of deeply excited interest of the



A Story of the Spanish Main.
By Seymour Lucas, A.R.A. (p. 174)



"In Nomine Christi."
By E. Blair Leighton. (p. 174)



September Sunshine.
By Geo. D. Leslie, R.A. (p. 180)

younger man, who stands behind, and is fired by the stirring recital.

Two young artists who have done notable work are Mr. H. J. Draper and Mr. Brangwyn. Mr. Draper in the 'Vintage Morn' has set himself a task from which many older men would have shrunk. That he should, nevertheless, have gained so full a measure of success is a very strong testimony to his capacity, and a most unquestionable evidence of his fitness for the artistic career. His treatment of the string of nude Bacchantes, who, in the glowing light of the autumn morning, have returned to earth to sport for a brief moment, is audacious; but the boldness of his attempt is justified by the power with which he has treated his subject, and by the animation of his technical method. Mr. Brangwyn's subject (on this page), illustrates a Bacchanal procession of a different type, a modern-life festival which is still kept up by the Spanish peasants. It is as wild and picturesque as the older classic orgie, and as susceptible of pictorial treatment. He has painted his picture in a lower key than Mr. Draper has used, but with a larger touch and less precise definition that give an effect of sketchiness which is most valuable in a subject that might with fuller realisation have easily become extravagant.

Mr. J. M. Swan has turned his delicate sense of colour and feeling for subtlety of tone to excellent effect in painting his 'Sirens' (page 167). The harmony between the silvery greys of the nude figures seated on the rocks, and the pale grey blues of the sea and misty sky is quite admirable in its reticence; and the suggestion of the dim effect of atmosphere, which is characteristic of all districts in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea, is given with especial accuracy. The picture is not only one of the most ambitious compositions that Mr. Swan has exhibited for some time past, but is also one of the happiest realisations of his eminently original and intelligent view of nature. His 'Study of East African Leopards' is more after the fashion that people expect of him, a remarkable study of the deliberate and stealthy movement of these great cats, and

a very strongly handled piece of texture painting. It is fine, too, as an example of rich colour tones, set down without flinching, and managed with discretion.

Miss Henrietta Rae's 'Summer' (page 164) is a nudity of a definitely academic type, conventional in design, but effective in line disposition, and pleasant in its richness of setting. The posing of the figure is graceful and free from affectation; and the work as a whole, despite its close adherence to an accepted form, is not wanting in artistic qualities. It is, as it were, a compromise between the traditions of the old school in which style was placed first, as the indispensable basis upon which all other qualities had to rest, and the more modern custom of considering realism as of greater moment than exact study of hard-and-fast rules of composition. In the same kind of manner is Mr. J. R. Weguelin's 'Cupid bound by Nymphs,' a fanciful composition in which the placing of the figures, and their relation to the background, have been given all possible thought, but in which care has been taken to preserve the more momentary suggestions, which appeal with characteristic vividness to the less deliberate minds of present-day Art lovers. In technique, too, Mr. Weguelin is purely modern; despite the classicity of his motive, and the imaginary nature of his subject, he paints with none of the preconception as to manner which would have governed an artist of the last century who might have set himself to realise such a scene.

It is a long step from these playful pretences to the matter-of-fact motives of the schools in which Mr. Stanhope Forbes or Mr. Clausen are hailed as leaders. 'The New Calf' (page 177), which is Mr. Forbes's chief picture this year, is a record of life as we find it, a reflection as exact as the most strenuous efforts of the painter can make it, of certain accompaniments of provincial existence. In this work, however, the subject is hardly the representation of certain types of individuals, nor even a dramatisation of some one of the small comedies, or tragedies, which are daily and hourly available for the study of those painters, who insist upon having before them the actual warrant for everything that they put upon canvas. It is rather a piece of nature painting, which concerns itself with certain effects of light and colour. The story is modern, and perhaps trivial, so that the sympathies of modern people, who lack imagination to fill up the gaps in ideal work, may be enlisted; but the reason



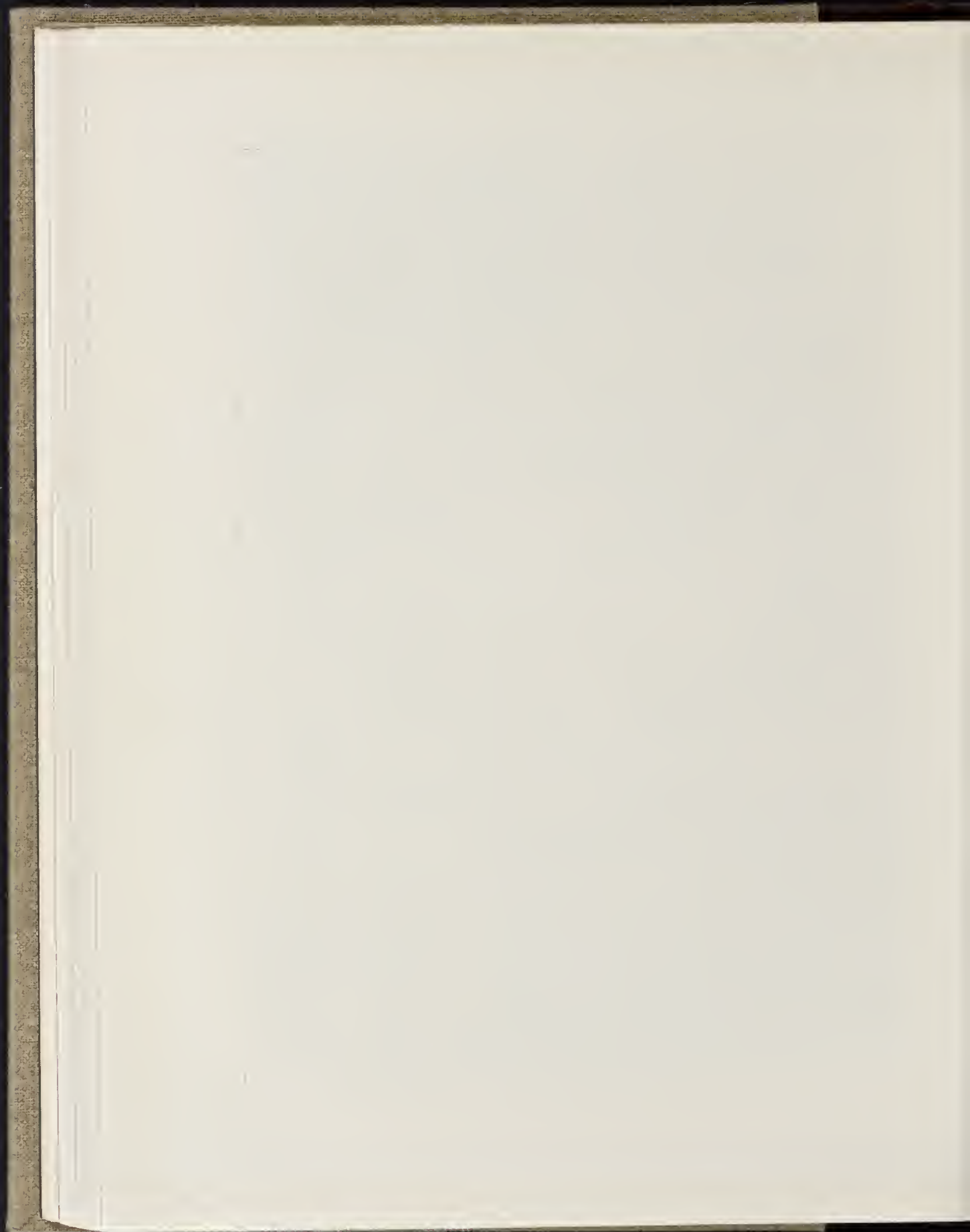
The Blood of the Grape.
By F. Brangwyn. (p. 176)

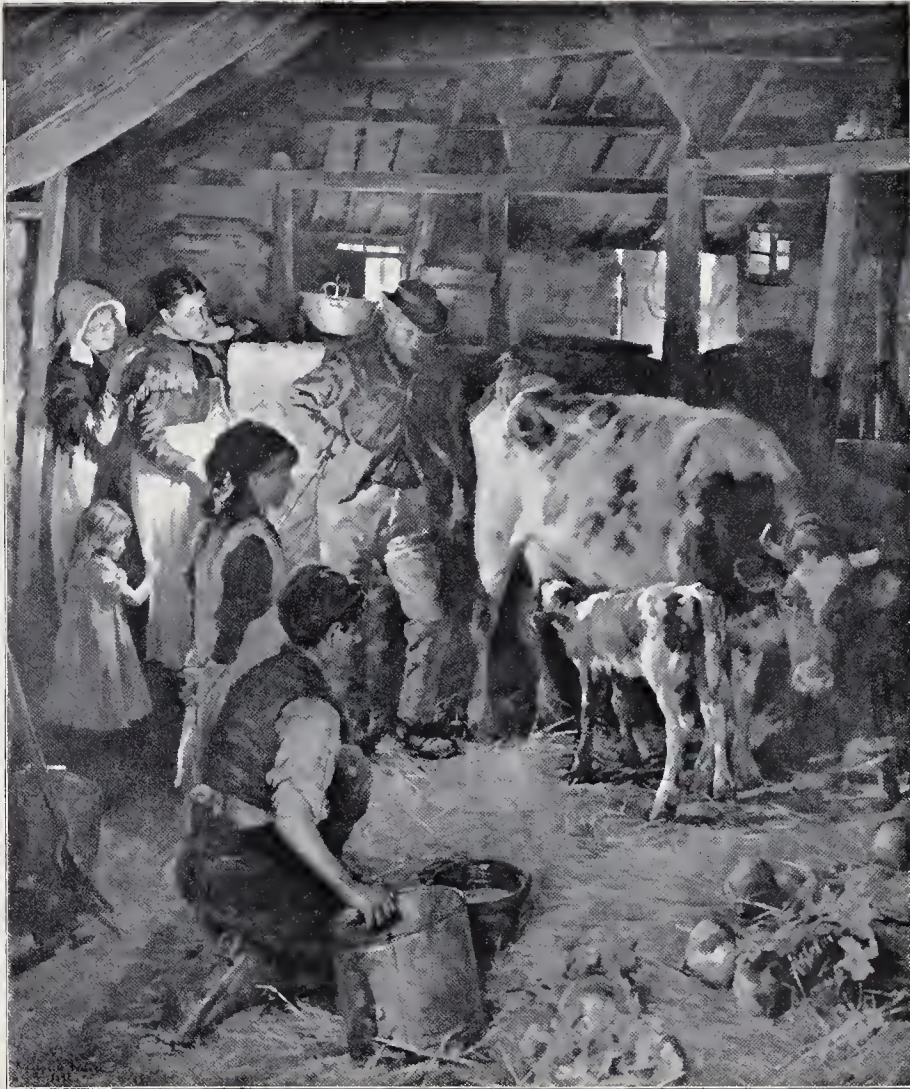
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London 1876





The New Calf.
By Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A. (p. 176)

which has chiefly induced the artist to put before us this stable interior, with its occupying group of peasants, has been the frank statement of certain curious contrasts of different coloured lights, and the massing of shadows. From this point of view, the picture gains a dignity and a reason for existing which might otherwise have seemed denied to it. Mr. Clausen, in his 'Boy Threshing' (page 161), and 'Bird Scaring,' has less incident still, but in his art there is the invariable intention to follow very definite ideas of style and technical manner. These ideas are partly inseparable from his individuality, and partly results of the study which he has given to the work of certain of his contemporaries. He is a follower of the French school of rustic realism, but his adherence is now hardly a question of imitation so much as a matter of close sympathy and parallel belief. He has gone through the more youthful stage of repetition of those things only which others had seen for him, and has found his way into a path which brings him face to face with just that phase of nature which influences him most strongly. Mr. F. Bramley's 'While there is Life there is Hope' (page 171), is, like Mr. Stanhope Forbes's large work, a record of rustic interests. Two girls and an old woman are tending a sick lamb, and a more or less sympathetic sheep-dog looks on with a certain amount of professional feeling. The subject is again a trivial one, but it has been made the excuse for a good deal of sound painting and of earnest attention to an arrangement of colours and tones. Mr. La Thangue deals with a tragedy, which is greater because a human life is concerned, in his powerfully symbolical 'Man with the Scythe,' purchased, with Mr. Gotch's very successful 'Alleluia,' by the Council of the Royal Academy under the Chantry Bequest; and Professor Herkomer, in his 'Back to Life,' shows us the brighter side of the picture, a happy recovery, and the turning aside of the threatening scythe.

An artist who stands practically alone is Mr. William Stott of Oldham. His 'Idlers' we illustrate on a large

scale (page 179), for although its uncommon frame earned it the gloom of a corner position, the picture is one that is bound sooner or later to be looked on as a masterpiece. The delicate treatment of this charming subject is well represented in our reproduction.

Mrs. Stanhope Forbes makes the domestic motive of her 'Fairy Story' (page 172) subservient to a colour scheme of a subtle kind, the relieving of tones of white against a background of flowers, which repeat the colour of the hair of the two girls, whose occupation with some old-world tale gives the picture its subject.

In the class of historical genre we find one or two canvases that deserve attention. Mr. Eyre Crowe's 'Drawing Lots for the Guelph Succession at Celle, A.D. 1592' (page 172) has a quietly dramatic manner, which is effective in telling its story, and which makes a subject only moderately paintable sufficiently convincing for pictorial purposes. Mr. Gow's picture of the British troops crossing the Bidasoa, although it treats of military matters, is in method and handling too precise to rank as anything but a piece of genre. Mr. Wyllie, in his 'Crippled but unconquered' (page 165), glorifies another incident in one of our great campaigns. He gives a stirring moment in the Battle of Trafalgar, when a British line-of-battle ship finds herself helpless and dismantled, but is still active in the fight,



Cupid bound by the Nymphs.
By J. R. Weguelin. (p. 176)

her crew undaunted, continuing to defy every effort of the enemy. The composition of the picture is excellent, and the point of the story is made to tell with undeniable effect.

Among marine pictures pure and simple, among studies, that is to say, of open sea and coast subjects, the most interesting are Mr. Hook's 'Breadwinners of the North,' and 'A Dish of Prawns.' Both are renderings of bright daylight and delicate colour, painted with all the artist's exact appreciation of atmosphere, and with the technical facility which hardly ever fails to distinguish his work. Mr. Colin Hunter's 'Haddock Boats beating to Windward' (page 161) is one of the best studies of waves that he has shown for a long time. It is sombre



Idlers.
By William Stott of Oldham. (p. 178)



Monsieur de Blowitz.
By Benjamin Constant. (p. 181)

in colour and low in tone, but it has a certain large simplicity of design and arrangement which gives it a special dignity and strength. His other works are more in his accustomed manner, paintings of bright-coloured seas breaking upon stretches of silvery sand, through which reefs of dark rocks show grimly. Mr. Brett continues his curiously minute interpretation of nature, and shows four examples of his laborious work; and Mr. William Stott of Oldham, in 'The Memory of an Island,' paints the sea with a delightful sense of colour harmony.

The painters of landscape are, on the whole, seen to very good advantage this year. Mr. David Murray is, as usual, represented by four large canvases, painted on the same stretch of the Kennet and Avon Canal where he found the subjects for his four pictures last spring. He has aimed this time at a certain fanciful delicacy of colour, and by his 'River and Rail,' 'Silvery Summer,' and 'Musk Mallows' has added distinctly to the attractiveness and brilliancy of the exhibition. His sense of atmospheric gradation, and of complex and subtle tone relations, is more than ever acute and accurate.

Of all his four canvases, the most remarkable, both in its effort and its realisation, is 'Woolhampton Bridge,' of which we give an etching by Mr. David Law. It is an excellent composition, in which the placing of the facts of the picture is managed with thorough knowledge of exigencies of pictorial arrangement. In matters of balance and in the distribution of light and dark, in relations of colour, and in the judgment with which the space is filled, this picture has claims to rank as one of

the finest that Mr. Murray has, as yet, painted. It is, too, very able as a study of atmosphere. The quality which comes from observation of the manner in which varieties of out-of-door light adjust themselves, gives it a distinct charm of aspect; it is luminous and yet full of tone variation, rich, and yet in no way tending towards heaviness. In handling it is easy and fluent; and the sky especially is painted with delightful freedom, and with a notable absence of convention, either in its colouring or in its definition of cloud form.

Another landscape which is attractive by reason of its happy choice of subject and gaiety of colour is Mr. E. A. Waterlow's 'Glow of Evening' (page 174). It is a pleasant harmony of golden yellow and warm greens with touches of purple grey in the distance and sky. Mr. G. D. Leslie has achieved an effect of the same sort in his 'September Sunshine' (page 176), but he has adopted a more precise and mannered style of handling which gives a somewhat different character to the picture. His aim has seemingly been to give the definiteness of relief and smooth evenness of lighting which is presented by a landscape viewed from a point of view which brings the sun directly behind the spectator. He has avoided in this way any large surfaces of shadow, and depends for what modelling he requires upon the smallest possible touches of darker colour. A method similarly precise gives their character to Mr. Alfred Parsons's spring subjects, 'A Mid-May Morning,' and 'The Rain is over and gone,' both exercises in the painting of wide



Hillside Pines.
By B. W. Leader, A.R.A. (p. 181)







Woodsford bridge & mill pond, Conn.

Woodsford, Conn. 1877

Photo by J. S. Jones



expanses of blossoming fruit-trees. Mr. Alfred East, however, aims at a far larger scale. His 'Pastoral' is a very vigorous piece of painting, an impressively designed and strongly handled composition in which the impression of nature's effects is preserved without any effort to secure exact and detailed realism. The more imitative side of his art is seen in his other landscape, 'The Valley of the Chess' (page 168), a direct reflection of a well-chosen subject treated with very close attention to the rendering of the smaller forms which make up the larger features of the picture. In this his effect has been gained

broad effect of light and atmosphere. Mr. MacWhirter has made such an effect the absolute motive of his 'Sleep that is among the Lonely Hills' (page 170), the best landscape that he has painted for many years. It is particularly happy in its suggestion of stormy twilight, and in the manner in which the angry colours of the grey and crimson sky are carried out in the deep blues of the hills and pinewoods, and in the purples and browns of the tempest-torn foreground. The sleep that the picture suggests is hardly a placid one; it is rather the exhaustion that has resulted from a long



Study of East African Leopards.
By J. M. Swan, A.R.A. (p. 176)

by a process of building up, by painting the minute details that such a varied tangle of luxuriant vegetation presents. That with so much labour he should have been able to preserve the breadth of effect which nature, with her astonishing power of putting everything in its right place, never loses, is of all evidence in favour of his accuracy of observation the most convincing and important. Mr. C. E. Johnson, in his 'Bringing Home the Stag' (page 170), and 'A Temple not made with Hands,' subordinates detail to general effect in a marked manner, and only allows just so much colour variation as will save him from monotony, and will prevent his pictures being pitched in a key too simple and undemonstrative. Mr. Leader, on the contrary, runs to the opposite extreme and sacrifices the general unity of his selections from nature for the sake of demonstrating with what astonishing facility he can paint every tiny accident and every microscopic trifle which close searching can discover. Because of this character in his art most people will probably prefer this year his smallest picture, 'Hillside Pines' (page 180), in which he has insisted less than usual upon small matters, and has given instead a

period of fierce strife, of which the renewal is near at hand. There are more smiles in Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Environs of Algiers,' in Mr. E. A. Waterlow's silvery 'Clouds o'er the Sea,' or in Mr. G. C. Haité's glowing sunset subject, 'There's Shadow in the Valley, and Sunlight on the Hill.' More or less into the landscape category comes also Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch's 'Summer Drought,' with its groups of admirably-drawn New Forest ponies, although as a painter of trees and the other details of woodland scenery she has still much to learn.

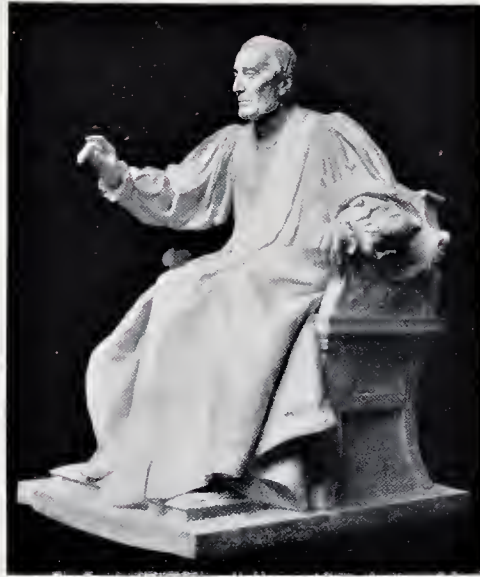
The Portraits in the Academy are numerous enough, and for the most part commonplace. Happily, however, for the credit of the show, Mr. J. S. Sargent is very well represented, and two at least of his contributions, the three-quarter-lengths of 'The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.,' and of a lady in a white dress and a crimson cloak, are among the best things he has ever painted. They divide with Mr. Orchardson's large portrait, already mentioned, the credit of being the finest things of their class that the galleries contain. M. Benjamin Constant's 'Monsieur de Blowitz' (page 180) is an astonishing realisation of a curious facial type,

and is painted with an emphasis that is discreetly not allowed to run into exaggeration.

Professor Herkomer shows five portraits, of which the happiest is that of 'Dr. J. L. Williams,' a gentleman very well known in artistic circles; and Mr. Luke Fildes sends his sturdy representation of 'Frederick Treves, Esq., F.R.C.S.,' and his charming version of 'Mrs. Stuart Samuel' in the costume of a shepherdess of the Watteau type; and three others besides. Mr. Hal Hurst's large painting of his wife is audacious, but distinctly clever; and Mr. Stanhope Forbes has put some excellent work into his two portraits of members of the Bolitho family. There is too an excellent

study of 'Alfred Gilbert, Esq., R.A.,' by Mr. G. F. Watts.

A much higher level than has been reached of late years is attained by the collection of sculpture, and this, despite the fact that many of the more notable men are but indifferently represented. Mr. Gilbert shows only two busts, and a statue of St. George in aluminium and ivory; Mr. Onslow Ford two bronze busts, both distinctly excellent, of L. Alma Tadema, Esq., R.A. (page 168), and George Henschel, Esq. The first of these is his diploma work, and will be added to the Academy collection. Mr. George Frampton's coloured reliefs representing the Seven 'Heroines out of "Morte d'Arthur"' (pages 162 and 182) are admirable as decorations, and are treated with notable refinement, but they are on a comparatively small scale. Mr. Thornycroft has one large statue, 'Sir Stewart Colvin Bayley, K.C.S.I.,'



*The Rt. Rev. Henry Philpott, D.D., Bishop of Worcester.
By T. Brock, R.A.*

and some smaller works in bronze; Mr. Bertram Mackennal only bust and designs in metal. However, Mr. Harry Bates has a huge equestrian figure of Lord Roberts, which has been erected in the quadrangle outside the entrance to the gallery, and Mr. Hope-Pinker a marble statue of much importance of Lord Reay. Mr. George Cowell's 'Cupid cheating Pandora' is an attractive group, treated with much fancy and sense of decorative line; and there are also notable contributions from M. L. Chavalliaud, Mr. W. Reynolds Stephens, Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. Bruce Joy, and Mr. Alfred Drury, whose 'Griselda' has infinite charm of treatment and type.

There is a sad interest attaching to this exhibition in that it contains the last work by Lord Leighton. In the centre of the north wall of the large room hangs his 'Clytie,' the picture on which he was engaged at the time of his death. It is a worthy example of a great artist, a piece of work that he might well have been content to know would remain to bear evidence to the manner in which his powers of painting and his keen sense of all that is beautiful in Art had endured to the last. There is no sign in it of failure, no suggestion of haste or struggle against over-mastering destiny; it is graceful, accomplished, deliberate as ever. To those that are left it is, perhaps, saddening in its suggestion of yearning for life, its hint of the craving that is in us all for light; it is pathetic to see this passionate appeal made by a man to whom had come the last moment of his waning vitality.



*Three Heroines out of "Morte d'Arthur."
By G. Frampton, A.R.A. (p. 182)*

IT is not without feelings of great diffidence that I have undertaken to carry on that share in "THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY," which has hitherto been the work of my old and much-loved friend, John Evan Hodgson.

Feeling how impossible it must be for one who, like myself, lacks entirely the erudition and brilliancy of ideas that so much distinguished our late accomplished librarian, to supply his place, and however flattering Mr. Eaton's request, to assist him in his labours, was to me, I should have hesitated to accept the task were it not that the work is fast approaching that period in the history of the institution, with which I have, perhaps, had greater opportunities of becoming familiar than have fallen to the lot of other Academicians. From my father's lips I learnt much about all those that were members of the Academy at the commencement of this century, whilst as to most of those who were still living during the forties I can speak myself from personal recollection. For my own part, I can only say that, trusting to my readers' forbearance for any shortcomings, I will do my best to carry on the work in a faithful and unprejudiced manner.

G. D. LESLIE.

THE dear friend to whose bright fancy and appreciative critical faculty the articles on the Royal Academy which have already appeared in this journal owed so much of their interest has passed away. Entirely devoid of self-assertion and the very soul of modesty, only those who knew him well were aware of the fund of information he possessed on all matters connected with Art, and of the facility with which he gave expression to it in writing. He was always accurate but never dull; and a vein of gentle humour, which often took quaint and unexpected turns, was constantly present in his writing. Moreover, Art was not his only pursuit. He was a scholar, a sportsman, a naturalist, and a lover of outdoor games; and, last but not least, a most genial and sympathetic companion.

That his work in connection with these articles should be taken up by one so competent as Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., is a subject of congratulation to the readers of THE ART JOURNAL and to the writer.

FRED. A. EATON.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.*

BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A., AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

Born 1785; A.R.A., 1809; R.A., 1811; Died 1841.

"THERE is a queer, tall, pale, keen-looking Scotsman come into the Academy to draw. N.B.—There is

something in him! he is called WILKIE." So wrote a Royal Academy student, named John Jackson, in July, 1805, to another Academy student, named Benjamin Robert Haydon, who was away in Devonshire at the time. The said student Haydon when he came back to town found in the queer, tall Scotsman an artist already possessed of very considerable accomplishments rather than a raw student. From his infancy David Wilkie had evinced a strong propensity to draw whatever he saw, beginning when a wee, bare-headed, bare-footed urchin, with a burnt stick to the walls of his

father's house at Cults. All the aversion of father and mother and grandfather to his following, what they considered, as usual, an idle and unprofitable pursuit, only served to verify, as it always does, the adage of Horace—

"Naturam expellas furcā
tamen usque recurret."

His father's successor in the ministry has mentioned that when he first came to Cults he found the walls of the nursery completely covered with eyes, noses, hands, and other parts of the human body, boldly executed, not with crayon, but with the charred end of a stick. These early drawings were afterwards obliterated by an energetic house painter.

The parents and the grandfather often shook their heads at little David, and one day, as he was drawing, the old man said:—"Ah,



*Boys Digging for a Rat. By Sir David Wilkie, R.A.
By permission of the Council of the Royal Academy. In the Diploma Gallery.*

* Continued from page 247 of THE ART JOURNAL for 1895.

my mon Davie, it will be a long time ere daubing wi' a stick wull do anything for thee." David was not to be deterred, however, and carried his predilection to such lengths that though the son of a Scottish clergyman, and more accustomed than others to have the sanctity of the Sabbath continually impressed on his youthful mind, he could not help at church, in the intervals of prayer, filling up the blank edges and pages of his Psalm books with sketches of any peculiar characters that caught his eye amongst his father's parishioners; who, after a bit, went to his father in a body, and complained of master Davie.

At length Wilkie's father and friends, seeing it would be cruel, if not hopeless, to attempt crushing his pre-

he received £25 from Kinnear of Kinloch. Burnet writes of him "that from the first he surpassed all his companions in comprehending the character of whatever he was set to draw."

In a letter to a Scottish friend, Thomas Macdonald, March 17th, 1805, Wilkie says, "I assure you I am getting into extensive business, and am covering a great deal of canvas in the country, for, in addition to what you send, the carrier brings me great pieces of it every week; and there is one advantage attends me, that is, I am well paid, and I believe I will raise as much money as will keep me in London for some time." Having accumulated the necessary sum he sailed from Leith, and on arriving in London took up his abode at 8, Norton Street.



The First Council of Her Majesty the Queen, June 20th, 1837. By Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

By permission of Her Majesty the Queen. From the Picture at Windsor Castle.

dominant passion, considered it more sensible to regulate than extinguish the passion, and with great judgment David was sent in 1802 to Edinburgh, and placed in the admirable school then kept by Graham. Wilkie always spoke of Graham with respect and affection. Whilst at this school he contended for a prize in historical painting, the subject given being the murder of Macduff's wife and children.

One important lesson that Wilkie learnt from his father, whose income was rather straitened, was the value of money; he began, therefore, very soon to exercise his profession as a means of subsistence so as to relieve his father, and by means of portrait painting between the years 1803 and 1805 had by his exertions and thrift saved money enough to enable him to carry out the project he had formed of coming to London to study at the Royal Academy. It was at this time, too, that he painted 'Pitlessie Fair,' a large picture containing about one hundred and forty figures, mostly portraits; and for which

Haydon gives several characteristic anecdotes of the early years of Wilkie in London. One morning Haydon was invited to breakfast with the young Scotsman. On his arrival he was greatly astonished to see David sitting, *in parvis naturalibus*, drawing himself from the glass! Without the slightest apology for this position, he, with the greatest simplicity, replied to Haydon's inquiry as to breakfast, "It's capital practice, let me tell you: just take a walk," upon which Haydon did as he was bid, and walked till the study was finished and the breakfast ready.

Not long after this practice from the nude, Wilkie made his first great success with 'The Village Politicians.' This picture was painted on commission for Lord Mansfield for £15, which sum, after a little fencing with the artist, who had in the meantime been offered £100 for it, his Lordship increased to £30. On the Sunday following the private view of the Exhibition of 1806, a very flattering notice of Wilkie's picture appeared in *The News*.

"Wilkie, my boy, your name's in the paper!" cried his fellow student Haydon. "Is it re-al-ly?" said David. The puff was read and with a cheer Wilkie, Jackson, and Haydon joined hands and danced round the table until they were tired.

This success introduced Wilkie at once to the notice and patronage of Lord Mulgrave and Sir Geo. Beaumont, and he was dined and fêted as the artistic lion of the season by all sorts of people of fashion: but we learn from his friend Haydon that, amidst all this triumph, much to the honour of his heart, his thoughts went homewards, whither he despatched two new bonnets, two new shawls, ribbons and satins, and other things for his mother and sister; these his landlady and her daughter helped him to pack so that they should escape injury on their voyage northwards. "All the time" Haydon writes, "Wilkie stood by, eager and interested beyond belief, till his conscience began to prick him, and he said to me, 'I have just been very idle,' and so for a couple of days he set to, heart and soul, at 'The Blind Fiddler' for Sir George." Haydon tells us of an expression that Wilkie continually made use of, "Come, jist be doing," which might have been taken to heart, to their great advantage, by his friends, the easy-going Jackson and the combative Haydon.

Wilkie followed up the successes of 'The Blind Fiddler' and 'The Village Politicians,' both painted in 1806, by a goodly series of pictures of a similar style and class of

subject, which do not perhaps excite so much wonder and admiration now, as in the days when they were first exhibited, nor indeed as they are entitled to; chiefly, no doubt, owing to the number of inferior pictures that have since been painted by innumerable artists, either in direct imitation of them or on their lines. The most remarkable pictures of this early period by Wilkie are 'The Rent Day' (1807); 'The Card Players' (1808); 'The Jew's Harp,' 'The Cut Finger' (both 1809); 'The Wardrobe Ransacked' (1810); 'The Village Festival,' 'Boys Digging for a Rat' (both 1811).

It is in 1809 that we first find his name among the list of candidates for the Associateship, and on November 6th in that year he was elected. Nor had he to wait long for the full honours of the Academy, being chosen R.A. on February 11th, 1811.

In 1812 he tried an exhibition of twenty-nine of his pictures at 87, Pall Mall, but the result financially was a failure.

Then followed 'Blindman's Buff' (1813); 'The Letter of Introduction' (1814); 'Distraint for Rent' (1815); 'The Rabbit on the Wall' (1816); 'The Penny Wedding' (1819); 'The Reading of the Will' (1820); and in 1822 he painted for the Duke of Wellington his 'Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo,' for which he received £1,200, besides selling the copyright of the engraving for another £1,200. Of 'The Penny Wedding' we give a large reproduction, by permission



John Knox dispensing the Sacrament.
From the unfinished Painting, by Sir David Wilkie, R.A., in the National Gallery of Scotland.

of the Queen, taken direct from the original in Buckingham Palace.

These pictures, which all belong to what may be termed his first style, are no doubt those on which Wilkie's fame will chiefly rest. The greater number of them were engraved, and the plates secured an extensive popularity. Wilkie was much interested himself in extending the sale of these engravings, for on a visit to Paris in 1814, with his friend Haydon, he took a selection of them with him which he tried to introduce to the notice of the French publishers. Wilkie's extraordinary ability in the composition of groups of figures and accessories, and in rendering truth of character and expression, is seen at its best in these earlier works; no painter has, perhaps, ever exceeded him in the deftness with which he could express the twinkle of an eye or the quiver of a lip.

As a superlative example of his brush work at its very best we should be inclined to select the marvellously painted monkey in the picture of 'The Parish Beadle' (1823), in the National Gallery. The expression and character of the animal has certainly never before or since been given by any other painter with equal truth and fidelity. The little face has just that look about its eyes which caused Jeffreys to say of monkeys that they always seemed to remind him of poor relations.

After Wilkie's visit to Spain, he adopted a change of style, for which no doubt the fascinating works of Velasquez were answerable. In such pictures as 'The Maid of Saragossa' (1828); 'John Knox preaching before Mary Queen of Scots' (1832); 'Columbus' (1835); 'Napoleon and Pope Pius VII.' (1836), we still find Wilkie's powers of composition standing him in good stead and wherever he gets a chance he still displays his old dexterity in the expression and character of the heads; though he is not nearly so much at home with lords and ladies or Spanish monks as he is with Highland pipers or Fifeshire peasants.

At this period of his life he had become the abject slave of asphaltum, which seductive but treacherous pigment, though it might for a time produce something approaching the deep shadow tones of Rembrandt, would by no means help him to the sombre and sedate greys of the mighty Spaniard. You cannot teach an old dog new tricks. Excited to a new departure in breadth of treatment by seeing the works of Velasquez, it is marvellous how Wilkie totally failed in catching the aspect and spirit of the Spanish master.

In one respect indeed he may claim resemblance to him, and that is in the intenseness of his nationality. Just as Velasquez was the very essence of a Spaniard, so Wilkie was the most Scottish of Scotsmen; he might almost be considered the Burns of Art, for his picture of 'The Penny Wedding' breathes with the very soul of Burns. He is never so successful in the expression of life and character as when the scenes and the people he represents are those of his native land. So imbued is he with this

feeling that he imparts a sort of something Scottish into the greater part of all the faces he paints. Even in 'Her Majesty's First Council' there is something of the Scottish lassie plainly discernible in the Royal countenance. This picture, painted in 1838, is perhaps the most remarkable of all Wilkie's later works. None of the Royal Pictures that have been painted of late years excels this in the happiness of the subject and in masterly composition; it is in every sense a perfectly satisfactory historical work of Art, and it is even more, for surely there is poetic sentiment of a very high order in the sweet simplicity of this figure of the Maiden Queen seated amidst the representatives of the strength and wisdom of her kingdom. When Wilkie was engaged on this picture he told C. R. Leslie that Mr. Croker made so many objections to this and that in the composition, "that," said Wilkie, "though I don't like to have words with any man, I was re-ally obliged to have words with him." This little story shows how confident Wilkie must have felt in his true sense of composition as well as how ignorant of the subject Mr. Croker must have been.

Mr. Leslie tells of another occasion on which Wilkie stood out for his composition even against so great a personage as The MacCallum More, for when he was painting 'George IV. entering Holyrood House,' he had a good deal of difficulty with the Duke of Argyll, whose fine face and figure are conspicuous in that picture. The Duke, among other things, protested strongly against the round Highland shield, because he had not carried one on the occasion; but Wilkie, who wanted its form in the composition, persisted in retaining it.

We also give an illustration of Wilkie's unfinished 'John Knox dispensing the Sacrament,' a canvas which has had the most powerful influence on John Phillip and on all Scottish artists.

The following extract from Leslie's Autobiographical Recollections, as it gives a very reliable account of the personality of Sir David, ought to find a place here:—

"The recollections of all my intercourse with Wilkie, and I knew him for about twenty years, are altogether delightful. I had no reason ever to alter the opinion I first formed of him, that he was a truly great artist and a truly good man. The little peculiarities of his character, as they all arose from the best intentions, rather endeared him to his friends than otherwise. He was a modest man, and had no wish to attract attention by eccentricity; and indeed all his oddity, and he was in many things very odd, arose from an extreme desire to be exactly like other people. Naturally shy and reserved, he forced himself to talk. I can easily conceive, from what I knew of him, that he had a great repugnance to making speeches at dinners or public meetings, yet knowing that from the station he had acquired he must do such things, he made public speaking a study. He carried the same desire of being earnest into lesser things, not



Picture of Sir David Wilkie, R.A. By Himself.
In the National Portrait Gallery.



*The Penny Wedding. By Sir David Wilkie, R.A.
(By permission of Her Majesty the Queen. From the Picture in Buckingham Palace.)*

from vanity, but from a respect for society, for he considered that genius did not give a man the right to be negligent in his manners, even in trifles. When quadrilles were introduced, Wilkie, who like most other people of his rank had danced reels and country dances only, set himself in the most serious manner to study them. His mind was not a quick one, and I am told he drew ground plans and elevations of the new dances to aid his memory in retaining the lessons of his master. Then, in dancing them, he never omitted the proper step, never for an instant walked, and never took a lady's hand without bowing. All this, so different from common hall-room habits, gave a formality to his manner that was extremely amusing, and his dancing, as indeed his mode of doing most things, was from the same cause very unlike that of anybody else. He was always ceremonious; but, as I have said, from modesty and not from pride or affectation, for no

man had less of either. Long as I knew him, and latterly in very close intimacy, he never addressed me but as Mr. Leslie."

His death took place on the 1st of June, 1841, when he was returning from a visit he had paid to the Holy Land, on board the steamer *Oriental*; he was seized with illness between Alexandria and Gibraltar, which in a few hours terminated fatally. His old fellow student, Haydon, thus alludes to his burial:—"As his death was touching, so was his burial romantic; for what Briton, 'whose march is o'er the mountain wave, and home is on the deep,' would not glory in anticipation at the poetry of such an entombment as Trafalgar Bay!" It is no doubt partly the romantic character of this burial and partly his desire of paying a tribute to the memory of his friend, that induced Turner to make it the subject of his remarkable picture, now in the National Collection.

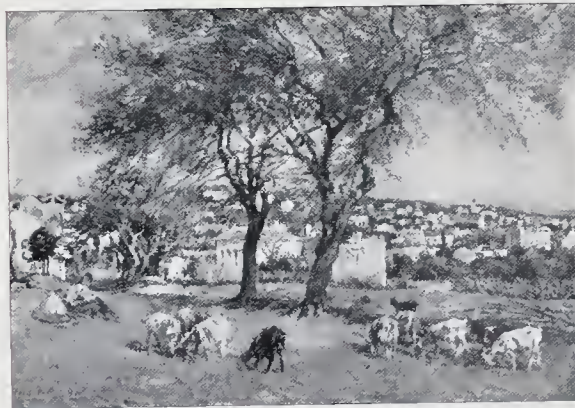
OTHER LONDON EXHIBITIONS.

THE New Gallery, like the Royal Academy, reflects the outside conditions of the Art world in a manner which admits of comparatively little doubt as to the effect which bad times are apt to have upon the effort of the studios. With the exception of the few contributious of the rare artists who are safely beyond the influences of the moment there is little to be enthusiastic about, and little to welcome as giving evidence of any new intention. Most of the exhibitors in the Regent Street rooms are content to repeat themselves, to show smaller and less ambitious versions of earlier successes. Happily the directors in their labours of selection have been aided by the fact that some of their more prominent supporters have had available more than usually interesting canvases; and these canvases are seen to be of sufficient number to give to the show as a whole a reasonably satisfactory air.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, though he limits his contribution to two pictures only, has in his 'Aurora' given us one of the most charming single figures that he has

exhibited for many years. In its delicate colour and fanciful setting and arrangement, in its design and composition, shown in our illustration, this picture is emphatically entitled to a place among the greater achievements of his life. It has, too, a character of joyousness and physical pleasure in existence, which separates it from much of his other work. His 'Dream of Launcelot' is a picture of a different class, sombre, impressive, and melancholy in colour and sentiment, full of careful imagining, and intensely dramatic in a quiet and subdued manner. It is extraordinarily impressive, but in both subject and treatment there is a certain hint of hopelessness which is often present in the more deeply considered of the artist's paintings.

Mr. G. F. Watts takes a robuster view of symbolism in his 'Earth,' a ruddy, vigorous figure holding an armful of fruits of various kinds; and in his small version of 'Time, Death, and Judgment,' a powerful colour composition painted with extreme skill and with rare sense of decorative purpose. His two smaller canvases are equally attractive, and equally illustrative of his sound view of Art. Perhaps the best example of symbolism which is indefensible, and of a mode of treatment which is repellent, is M. Fernand Khnopff's 'Des Caresses,' in which animalism is typified with a realistic suggestiveness that goes near to being offensive. The picture is an unnecessary one, and the very skill with which it is painted makes its offending the more evident. Far preferable is the spirit which led Mr. Walter Crane to paint 'The Rainbow and the Wave,' or Miss A. Alma-Tadema to grapple with the impossibilities of 'Hope—the Phoenix'; and even the comparative failure of Mr. Olivier's 'Garden of Chances' leaves upon the beholder a pleasanter impression.



Algiers—European Quarter.
By Mark Fisher.

The two best landscapes in the exhibition are Mr. Alfred Parsons' 'On Cotswold,' a study of sunset colour and tone, and Mr. Adrian Stokes's 'Behind the

Dunes,' which deals with an effect of light and atmosphere that is of the same type. Twilight at a later hour, when the colour has faded from the sky, is the motive of Mr. Alfred East's 'Haut of Ancient Peace,' with its exceedingly subtle scheme of greys, purples, and cool greens; and the golden radiance of an autumn afterglow has occupied Mr. Moffatt Lindner in his strongly individual and acutely observed canvas, 'Autumn.' Professor Costa has made no departure from his customary classicism in his important pictures of 'Risveglio' and 'The Sleeping River'; Mr. Edward Stott and Mr. La Thangue repeat themselves agreeably in various representations of rustic life; and Mr. William Padgett, in several landscapes, but more especially in 'A Dutch Village,' shows himself to be, as ever, accomplished and full of poetic intention.

The New English Art Club seemed somehow to have escaped the influences that have injured the other shows. Its sixteenth exhibition, which was open during the greater part of April and May, was of unusually high quality, and of remarkably level merit. Very few indifferent pictures had found their way into the gallery, and there was no instance discoverable of wilful eccentricity. The show was strongest in landscapes, and in studies of out-of-door effects. Mr. Mark Fisher sent a couple of the best canvases that he has lately exhibited; his 'Pond and Willows' was altogether delightful as a frank setting down of an effect of light and colour, and his 'Algiers—European Quarter,' which we illustrate, was, in a different way, as remarkably realised and as true in its expression of diffused light. It was brilliant without being garish, and well defined and precise without any loss of subtlety; and, above all, it was drawn with real power. Professor Brown, too, in his 'Glimpse through the Wood,' showed technical skill and appreciation of colour that called for very high praise; and Mr. Moffatt Lindner, in his 'Hengistbury Head,' 'After Sundown,' and 'The Bjora River, Norway,' reached, perhaps, the most advanced stage to which he has as yet attained in his career.

Mr. Francis Bate's study of a cottage garden, with a wide stretch of cornfields beyond, had all his usual qualities of well-considered design and careful painting. Mr. Wilson Steer, in a portrait of 'Miss Molly Dixon,' and two landscapes, 'Easby Abbey' and 'Richmond Castle,' was more than usually vigorous in colour,

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and particularly expressive in his method of painting; and Mr. George Thomson's 'Strand-on-the-Green,' Mr. Arthur Tomson's 'Near Brockham,' Mr. Buxton Knight's 'Bohemia,' Mr. J. L. Henry's 'Dover Castle,' Mr. H. B. Brabazon's three exquisite water-colour drawings of landscapes in Southern Europe, Mr. Walter Sickert's Venetian bits, and Mr. Charles's 'Peasant Proprietor,' were all exhibits that held their place in the gallery most satisfactorily.



Photo, F. Hollyer.

Aurora.
By Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.

by Professor V. Brozik, and examples of M. E. Charlemont, August von Pettenkoffen, and M. Stanislas Lauri, the sculptor.

Amongst several other good collections open in May the collection of the works of Mr. William Stott of Oldham, at the Goupil Gallery, was noteworthy. This painter's delicate perception of exquisite tones of colour mark him as one of our foremost artists. He is a little in advance of his time, however, and the usual lack of support accorded to an original man during his best days is exemplified to some extent in his artistic career.

Perhaps the happiest contributions, however, were the three canvases of Mr. H. Tonks; 'The Toilet' especially, the most interesting of them all, was admirable in its qualities of painting. It was painted with directness and simplicity, agreeable in colour in a subdued way, and drawn with considerable ease and freedom. His larger portrait of 'Miss Margaret Falcon' was not so pleasing as 'The Toilet,' but displayed much really fine handling. As a special attraction, the show included three examples—two oils and one water-colour—of the exceptionally imaginative art of Mr. W. L. Windus, the veteran pre-Raphaelite. These were specially invited by the committee, under one of the rules of the club.

The Grafton Gallery was occupied at the end of April by a collection of some eighty canvases, brought together by M. Chas. Sedelmeyer. Of these pictures, the most important in scale were Professor Julius von Payer's four huge compositions, representing the loss of Sir John Franklin's Arctic expedition. From the artistic point of view, however, these works were of only moderate interest. The remainder of the collection included a number of pleasant landscapes by M. Eugene Jettel, several closely and minutely handled genre pictures by Signor Tito Lessi, a couple of tolerable examples of M. Munkacsy, two pictures



The Hemicycle of the Sorbonne. By Puvis de Chavannes.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE hanging of the pictures in the Royal Academy has been the theme of much adverse remark amongst painters. As we have noted, the Hanging Committee was this year looked on as one of the strongest possible; but instead of the result being an artistic triumph, something almost the reverse has taken place. The principle on which the Hangers appear to have gone is the alternating a deep-toned picture with a light-toned one, the idea being apparently that in this way the better qualities of both would be brought out.

But the opposite has been the effect, for never did pictures "swear" at each other more than in some of the rooms. What is remarkable, however, is that even the pictures by the Hangers themselves have not been treated to the best advantage. To take two examples, Mr. Tadema's more important canvas, 'The Coliseum,' is fairly well seen, but for the near neighbourhood of a brilliant Venetian picture, by Mr. Henry Woods; but his smaller work, 'Whispering Noon,' is very unhappily placed, both for position and surrounding tones, and it suffers considerably in consequence. Mr. Waterhouse's 'Pandora' is even worse, and two most unfortunate pieces of blue are seen in close proximity in this picture and in Mr. Gow's 'The Crossing of the Bidassoa.' Separately, both are good pictures; placed side by side they simply kill each other.

The Gem Room (Gallery IX.) and the water-colours are the best-arranged picture-rooms, and the somewhat poor show of sculpture is redeemed by an excellent set-off that renders the sculpture-room almost attractive. Miss M. L. Simpson's 'Book Cover,' a beautiful work of Art, is a welcome innovation.

It is worthy of comment that neither M. Paul Dubois of Paris, nor Herr Adolf Menzel of Berlin, esteem their honorary rank of Foreign Academician worthy of recognition by sending any of their productions, new or old. Far different is it with Mr. Orchardson, who, recently honoured in France as Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, has courteously responded with special contributions to the last two Salons.

Mr. Whistler has taken a studio in London and is busy painting portraits in oil. He is in excellent health, and is producing vigorous work showing qualities of strength and colour in advance of all his previous achievements.

The 'Pictures of the Year,' now issued from the office of THE ART JOURNAL, was published on the opening day of the Royal Academy. It is a notable journalistic feat to offer the reproduction of over two hundred pictures, excellently printed, at the same hour the exhibition opens. As every picture represented is actually hung on the walls of the Royal Academy, New Gallery, or New English Art Club, the public unable to visit the galleries can therein obtain a fair idea of the present display of pictures in London.

The Sporting and Military Exhibition at Olympia is one of the entertainments that render London "shows" different from all others. A Derby Day that is better than the reality because only the droll and the gay side of things is shown, and a military expedition in full swing that causes the spectator to forget he is not looking at actual warfare, and real military displays, is only possible in the British metropolis. From an artistic point of view the arrangements of colour are worthy of serious study, and the correctness of the uniforms can be reckoned on by artists.

We are not publishing the list of subscribers to our Fund for Artists' Orphan Children (page 122) until next month (July 1896) so that contributions from abroad may be included. The result so far is not so good as was anticipated, but as every penny sent is to be handed over to the administrators without any deductions for expenses or otherwise, the Fund will be a sensible addition to the amount at present available.

In our note (at page 123) on the magnificent gift to the Glasgow Corporation Galleries "in memory of their father," the names of the donors should have been given as the sons of the late James Reid, of Auchterarder, and the Hyde Park Locomotive Works, Glasgow.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

THE sumptuous volume, by Marius Vachon, which M. A. Lahure has lately published, cannot fail to receive a cordial welcome in this country, as well as in France. The name of Puvis de Chavannes is already

well known here, and his claims to a foremost place among the decorative painters of the age are widely recognised both in England and America.

The problem of mural decoration, that revival of fresco

painting for which, in this country, Mr. Watts pleaded so long in vain, has been more successfully solved in France than in any other modern state. The enterprise and liberality of the French Government and of municipal councils have adorned the town-halls and museums, not only of Paris but of provincial cities, with a series of monumental works of Art which may well excite our envy. When we look at the noble paintings which decorate the Hôtel de Ville of Paris, or the Museum of Amiens, we cannot but feel a keen sense of regret at the great opportunities which have been wasted in England. Such wisely-directed patronage of Art serves a double purpose: it is valuable not only for the sake of the public, but of the artists themselves, who stand sorely in need of sympathy and encouragement. The career of M. Puvis de Chavannes himself is the best proof of the good results which can be produced in this way.

The son of a distinguished engineer of Burgundian race, Pierre Puvis de Chavannes was born at Lyons, in December, 1824, and was originally intended for his father's profession. But a serious illness interrupted the course of his studies, and a journey to Italy, when he was twenty-one, inspired him with the desire to become an artist. He studied successively in the ateliers of Henri Scheffer, brother of the well-known painter Ary Scheffer, of Delacroix, and of Couture, but learnt more, we are told, during three years of solitary and assiduous labour in his own studio. In 1850, he exhibited a Pietà at the Salon, but during the next nine years he shared the fate of Corot and Millet, of Delacroix and Rousseau, and saw the doors closed upon him. His pictures were steadily rejected, until, in 1859, he painted a 'Retour de Chasse,' which attracted general attention in the Salon, and was afterwards presented to the Museum of Marseilles. As early as 1854, he had undertaken the decoration of a pri-

vate house, and when, in 1861, he exhibited his large canvases of 'War' and 'Peace,' which adorn the Musée de Picardie at Amiens, it was plain that he had found his true vocation. For the same public gallery he executed his 'Work' and 'Rest' (1863); the noble allegory of the industries and products of Picardy, entitled 'Ave, Picardia Nutrix' (1865); and, fifteen years later, his 'Ludus pro Patria,' an idyllic representation of a village festival, where stalwart youths hurl the lance in a green meadow, and peasant maidens spread the rustic feast, under the shade of immemorial elms. His reputation was now made, and commissions for the decoration of public buildings flowed in upon him from every quarter.

In 1868 and 1869, he painted two subjects representing the ancient Greek colony and port of Massilia, for the staircase of the Palais de Longchamps at Marseilles. Three years later he received an order for a scene from the life of S. Radegonde, and a representation of the victory of Charles Martel, to decorate the new Hôtel de Ville at Poitiers. In 1876, he commenced the famous series of subjects from the childhood of S. Geneviève in the Panthéon, upon which he was engaged during the next four years. We give a reproduction of the beautiful picture in which the child saint is seen kneeling at the foot of a crucifix fastened to the trunk of a tree, while her parents look back at her, with an expression of awe and wonder on their simple faces; and the sheep and oxen feeding on the quiet hillside, remind us of the pastoral scenes among which her youth was spent. After an interval which he devoted to the production of several panel-pictures, amongst others the pathetic composition of 'Le Pauvre Pêcheur,' now in the Luxembourg, the artist, ever eager for new walls upon which to display his thoughts, gladly accepted a commission to decorate the Palais des Arts of his



Sainte Geneviève at Prayer.
By Puvis de Chavannes.



Le Pêcheur.
By Puvis de Chavannes.

native city of Lyons. The painter's next important work was the decoration of the Hémicycle of the new Sorbonne in Paris, which occupied him during two years. We offer our readers a small reproduction of this allegory, which is, in some respects, Puvis de Chavannes' finest work, and worthy of his reputation both as a thinker and artist. Here in a flowery meadow, in the heart of olive groves, the Virgin of the Sorbonne, a fair, serene woman, is seated between attendant genii, bearing palm and laurel crowns in their hands, while young and old alike drink of the perennial waters of knowledge from the stream that flows at her feet, and groups of symbolical figures recline under these classic shades.

of seventy years old, his powers of brain and hand are as great, his ardour for work as keen, as ever.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.



The Studio of M. Puvis de Chavannes at Neuilly, near Paris.



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Promenade de la Cour.
By Jean Léon Gérôme.

THE PARIS SALONS OF 1896.

THE SALON CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.

IT having been announced that this would be the last year of holding the annual exhibition in the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs-Élysées, a special effort was made by the Société des Artistes Français, ordinarily designated the members of the Old Salon, to give variety and attraction to the collection. It has since transpired that in all probability the space will not be required for the great Exhibition of 1900 until another Salon has been opened and closed, but the effect of the original announcement remains, and the 1896 Salon of the Champs-Élysées is one of the best held in recent years, and the hanging of the pictures is very well managed.

There has been a disposition to modify what may be called the standing arrangements, and this lends unusual interest to the exhibition. The water colours are still to be found mostly in the unfrequented Balcony, but they have now invaded, and apparently captured, two of the rooms given over to oil paintings; the etchings and lithographs are equally favoured with new apartments, and these, with a general alteration in the rooms themselves, lend an air of variety that is very welcome.

The Old Salon still revels in canvases of many square yards in size, and neither good times nor evil times seem to permit change in this respect. At a period like the present, when many living artists cannot find a market, the Salon painter covers his acre with skilful work which no home of ordinary measurement, and few mansions of the largest size, can accommodate, and he seems to continue serenely rejoicing. Provincial museums account for much, but even they must speedily be filled if the rate of production continues so rapid and so great in dimensions.

But while the Old Salon has a great number of very big canvases, it is remarkable this year for the quantity of
JULY, 1896.

"petites toiles" of good quality, both as regards artistic workmanship and colour. It takes a powerful picture, when in small size, to make an impression in the Salon with its three thousand exhibits, but this year there are



Un Brave.
By Henry Bacon.

many cabinet works which attract the attention, and of a size suitable for the smallest *appartement*.

Of the artists whose works mark an advance this year, there are, at least, half-a-dozen deserving special mention, although their names are scarcely yet known to the British public. M. F. Jacomin, in his brilliant sketch of the 'Environs of Port-Manech, Finistère,' contributes probably the most masterly piece of painting in the collection. It is a representation of a windy day on the coast, with a cloudy sky and a rough sea, painted in the manner of William Muller in his 'Eel-Bucks at Goring,' which he "left for some fool to finish," as he inscribed on the back of the canvas. Mr. Frank M. Boggs, of New York, who once held an exhibition of his works in Bond Street, is equally impressive in his strong view studies of Paris in low tone and fine colour. M. Benjamin Constant's portrait of his son André breaks away from a previous

Several men come to the front, the most promising being George Inness, son of the celebrated American landscape painter, and himself already a capable artist. on the lines a little too much of the Barbizon masters perhaps, but with hint of originality that is very hopeful. E. Azambre with fine colour, and B. L. Eymieu in a Nocturne that has no suggestion of Mr. Whistler and yet manages to be successful, are older men who have struck new notes, and found themselves more satisfied with quality than quantity.

Of the artists who give open evidence of decay, Jules Breton and Pierre Billet are two unfortunate examples; and for his earlier reputation it is almost regrettable that M. Jules Breton, once so successful an artist, should exhibit the jejune peasant pictures of this year. As for M. Billet, no man ever had a better chance than he, but it would seem that the success of about a dozen years ago



La Rencontre.
By Pierre Petit-Gérard.

somewhat pedantic style to breadth of treatment and general largeness of view, and carried further in this respect even than his portrait of M. de Blowitz in the present Royal Academy. This artist has been honoured with the Medal of Honour of the Salon this year, more, however, for his general position than for his special work this year. A. E. Pointelin forges ahead with his 'Octobre' and 'Lever de Lune,' and with still more evidence of form and prevalence of pure daylight, he has all the makings of a fine artist.

turned his head, for his pictures are now only weak echoes of previous seasons. M. Gérôme is, fortunately, more judicious, for although almost the *doyen* of French artists, he confines himself within narrow limits, and his 'Promenade de la Cour dans les Jardins de Versailles,' which forms our headpiece, is a charming composition, whose colour does not pretend to be of the chief importance.

The illustrations we have chosen give a fair idea of the scope of the Salon, and although they are neces-

sarily selected somewhat for their anecdotal interest, they represent what the average painter artist is satisfied to produce.

'Un Brave,' by H. Bacon, an American artist, tells the story of the sailor returned with high reputation from an over-sea fight. He has come once again to the church of his native place, and his presence causes some evident commotion in the breasts of his fair neighbours.

'La Rencontre,' by Petit-Gérard, represents an incident in the military manœuvres, the cavalry passing along quickly while the officers of both regiments punctiliously salute each other.

Of a very different character is the 'Empty Cradle,' by E. Buland, an anecdote of sorrow, an event of the greatest grief, of the trials that come to most families, and reminding the



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Manon Lescaut.

Albert Lynch.

mourners of the sad moment when it is realised the cradle is of no further use.

'Manon Lescaut,' by A. Lynch, is a sweetly painted picture of the embarkation of Manon for Mexico, where after the gaiety of Parisian life she is to find a grave in the sand. Our last illustration is a typical French military piece continually produced since the war of 1870. The Germans have attacked the village of Rambervilliers in the Vosges, and at the end of the bridge the French have set up a barricade and made a serious stand, holding the enemy in check, and finally repulsing them, at least for the time.

Of horrible realistic pictures it is sufficient to remark that they are as abounding as ever, and these with the representations of vierges and demi-vierges occupy one-half of the Salon. 'Les Bouches Inutiles,' by Tattelain, is the largest and most repugnant in subject of all. In the fosse of a fortified town of the early Middle Ages are gathered together the lame, the halt, the maimed, the old, the very young,



Le Berceau Vide.

By Eugène Buland.

and the blind. Turned out by the besieged as useless for the purposes of defence, and thrust back by the besiegers as a proper means of bringing the town to reason, they are forced to dig in the snow-covered ground for herbs. There are about a hundred seen altogether, and the majority are in the last stages of life.

THE SALON CHAMP DE MARS.

Of the New Salon, still held in the building erected for the 1889 Exhibition, a great deal could be written, for there the artistic traditions are attacked, and sometimes so successfully, that the formula of declaring a picture ugly because it is done in a new way no longer can be expressed. The many-sidedness of Art can here be seen to the greatest advantage, and probably all that the next twenty years has for the artistic world is shown or indicated in the works now presented.

To accept the official invitation—not always a wise course to pursue—and begin at No. 1 Salon, we are at once face to face with the finest panel in the galleries and one of the best Paris has seen for a dozen years. In the centre is the impressive creation by Dagnan-Bouveret of the Last Supper, 'La Cène,' by far the best religious picture for many years, and in some ways even worthy to be compared, not disadvantageously, with Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' at Milan. In an upper chamber of plain yet massive appearance, not in the least pretentious yet solid and secure, the Christ institutes the last solemn ceremony of the Christian religion, surrounded by the apostles, whose characters it is possible to read without difficulty. While all others are seated, Jesus has risen to His feet, and with the cup in His hand, He delivers the few sentences, the best-known and probably the most revered of all words in the Bible. The apostles have their eyes fastened on the Saviour, gazing with affection engendered in the past combined with the awe for the future which none could fathom. No words can convey the greatness of the pic-

ture, which surpasses all the other religious pictures of recent times, Doré, Tissot and others, and fills the spectator with the proper sentiment of humility and adoration which has been the aim of all painters of all ages.

Such is the centre of the first panel. To the left are two splendid portraits by Mr. John Lavery, of Glasgow, the 'Femme en Noir,' the portrait of a lady in black, so well remembered as having been in the Royal Academy of last year. Farther off, and completing the setting of the Dagnan to the left, is another fine portrait, by E. A. Walton. On the other side of the 'Last Supper' are three equally strong pictures, by William Stott of Oldham, and the same artist's tender and delightful 'Ophelia.'

Of the other pictures, space forbids any great detail, but it may be remarked that, while Mr. Whistler does not himself exhibit, his followers crowd every gallery with well-painted works, low in tone but not unpleasing. Sir Edward Burne-Jones's single Portrait is killed by bad hanging, and Mr. Walter Crane's water-colour, 'L'Été,' does his reputation no good.

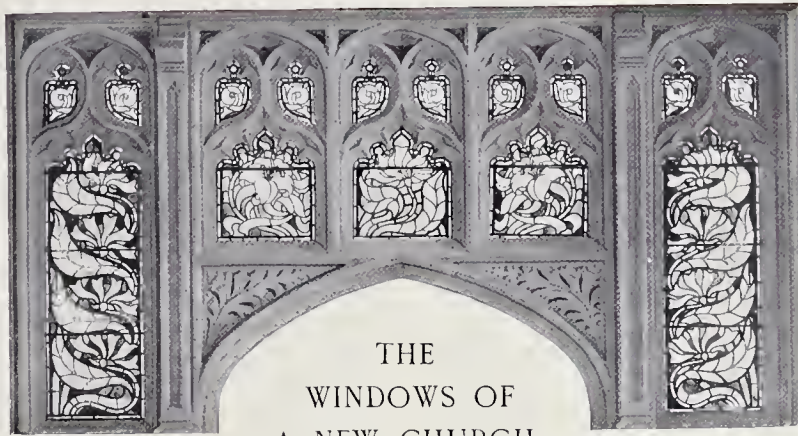
Cazin, Billotte, and Raffaëlli are as fine in tone and colour as ever, Cazin especially keeping up well his great reputation. Henri Courtens, since his visit to London, paints more like Constable than ever, while Corot's influence dwells in the works of Griveau; and Mr. A. K. Brown, of Glasgow, does not need to be anything but proud of the same power over his own charming works.

Besides pictures many decorative objects are shown at the Champ de Mars Exhibition, notably rose-water dishes, vases, jugs, and bookcovers, and it is curious to observe how the majority of these objects turn themselves into female forms in distress. A handle of a vase is a woman writhing in some deadly agony, a hookcover finds her sinking in the sea, and never once does one obtain a gracious, happy form, such as one would think an artist ought rather to search for than an unhappy woman.



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Défense de Rambervilliers.
By Jules Benoit-Lévy.



THE
WINDOWS OF
A NEW CHURCH.

STAINED glass was dedicated from its infancy to the Church, to the last its most powerful patron. For good or ill it has taken mainly the ecclesiastical course—for good, inasmuch as we owe to Catholicism works of art which, but for the religious impulse, would never have been; for ill, inasmuch as it directed the effort of the glass-painter in a groove of narrow tradition from which it has never quite freed itself.

In mediæval days there was more latitude of expression. You see the artist in his work—perhaps because his religion was so vital a thing that he could afford to be himself, even in church. Latterly, for whatever reason of unfaith or insincerity, "Ecclesiastical Art," so called, has got very much into the hands of trade, and has become more and more timid. It has become also stereotyped and tedious. Year after year we get the same stock subjects in stained glass, treated in the same set way. There have not been wanting among us, within the last quarter of a century or more, artists in glass of very marked ability and of great experience in their craft; but they seem to have found it to their interest to submit themselves to the demands of their patrons, with the result that their work ceases very often to have the interest of art spontaneous and alive. And this state of things seems likely to go from bad to worse. The only hope of amendment is that the clergyman, or his lieutenant the architect, may, in his extremity, address himself, not to a manufacturer, but to an artist, leaving it to him to execute his own design, or, at least, to see it carried out in a manner not so wholly commercial as to deserve the misnomer of "ecclesiastical."

This is what has been done in the case of the windows under review, in the church of the Ark of the Covenant, at Stamford Hill. Mr. Walter Crane was approached through Messrs. Morris and Son, of Reading, the architects, and the result is a scheme of decoration in glass designed throughout by him and executed under his direction by Mr. J. S. Sparrow.

Even so, the course of art did not run altogether smooth. It was imperative upon him that he should picture in his glass ideas of doctrine which proved sometimes, if not beyond the range of glass-painting, at least unamenable to satisfactory decorative treatment. That is seen in the central window of the apse. To balance the Lion of the tribe of Judah, in one light, bearing a

banner emblazoned with the Lion lying down with the Lamb, by the Holy Spirit in the shape of a dove, and the words "Oh, hail, Holy Love," in the other, is a quite impossible treatment of a two-light window. Mr. Crane has designed a very vigorous standard-bearing Lion, glazed in the richest of deep tawny yellows, and he has done something to hold the two unequal lights together by means of a background of conventional lily growth; but, for all the good work in it, this, which from its position should be the most striking window in the church, is, in fact, the least effective. The imagery to which this must be set down does not even effect its end, for it is difficult to make out; and, obviously, the symbolism which wants explaining is wasted.

In the four-light window facing it, at the West (No. 1), the artist has triumphed over another difficult subject. The idea given to him to embody was "The Rising Sun of Righteousness." His first notion was to represent the Chariot of the Sun, four white horses forming a base to the glory of golden rays which, with the lurid cloak of the Sun-god, filled the upper part of the window. This, of course, was too pagan a picture for acceptance. In the second version of the design Sun-god and chariot no longer appear; two sea-horses only remain to suggest the breaking waves of the blue sea stretching across the lower half of the window. Thence rises the Sun, and from its rays issue the forms of Angels with flaming wings bearing a scroll inscribed, "Then shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings." To the right and left of the window stand the figures of a man with upstretched hands, saluting, and a woman with hands clasped in contemplation. In the window, as executed, the place of the sea-horses, objected to as too mythological, is supplied by equally mythological dolphins, which, however, are so much in tone with the colour of the sea as to lose themselves in it. This is in effect a strikingly original window, and framed as it is with shadow (it is, as it were, recessed above the entrance porch) its colour tells splendidly.

In the two-light windows flanking this are depicted the Powers of Darkness put to flight; Sin and Shame on the one side, on the other Disease and Death (No. 2). These emblematic figures are imaginatively conceived. Sin, draped in white, the cloak of pretended innocence, huddles herself together in the attitude of fear and

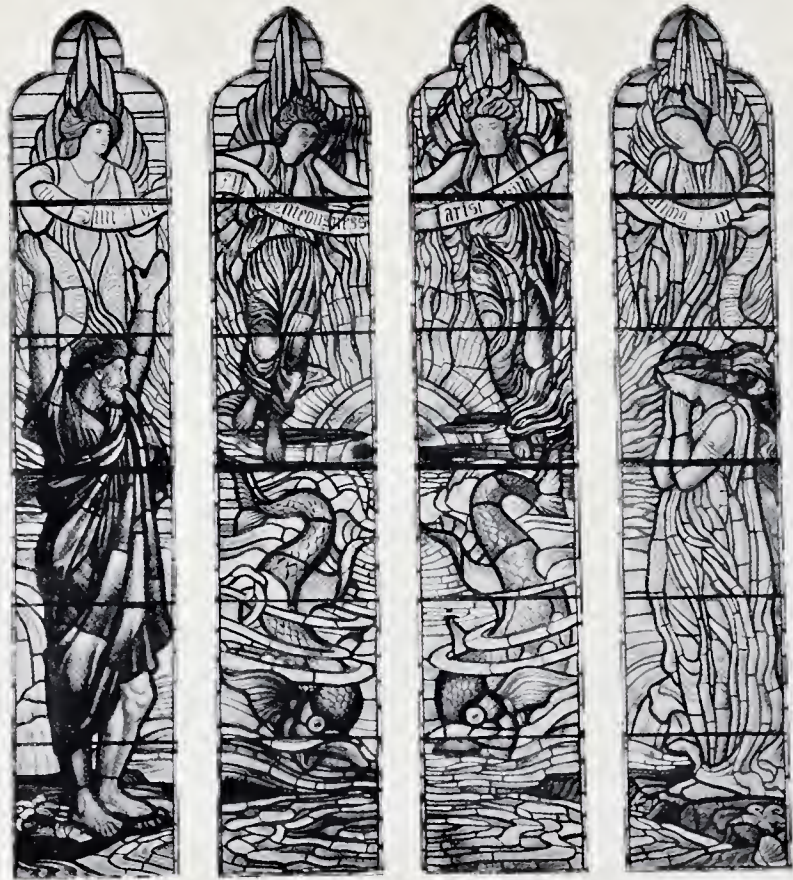
shrinking; her hat-shaped wings break with deep purple the blue sky which forms the background to the greater part of the window. The blue below represents the sea, leaden towards the horizon, against which are seen flames, radiating, it may be presumed, from the Sun of Righteousness. A snake, encircling the figure, whispers the counsel of evil; and fulfils at the same time the decorative function of connecting, by the prismatic colour of its scales, the purple of the wings above with the colour of the flames below.

No less expressive is the companion figure of Shame, crimson-robed, with dull green wings, ruddy-tipped; about her somb're figure also leap the flames; her bent head, and the painful clutch of her hand upon it, are full of meaning.

There is something most appropriately morbid in the many-hued raiment of Disease, crossed by forked tongues of flame; but it lends itself to strangely fascinating colour. The head is crowned, Medusa-like, with wriggling snakes, in place of locks of hair. The action of the arm behind the head, and the hand clutching the drapery on her breast, are indicative of intense pain.

The white-shrouded figure of Death counterbalances in colour the figure of Sin. It again is encircled by a snake, which fulfils much the same decorative purpose as before; but in this case Death's livid hand grips it by the neck. The other hand, uplifted, lets fall a blood-stained dart. It is a grim and ghastly figure enough; but at the same time admirably decorative. Imagine a white-clad figure, with greenish flesh and purplish wings, against a blue background, the blue and purple echoed, in fainter key, in the snake against the drapery. Its coils break the mass of white, whilst the greenish flames below, growing yellower as they begin to wrap the figure about, carry the lighter tones of colour into the lower part of the window. A clever point in the construction of these designs is the way the faces of Disease and Shame are artfully set in the colour of the drapery, as Death's dark visage is wrapped in the folds of her white garment. To have made these painful subjects not only dramatically impressive, but at the same time decoratively delightful, is something of a triumph in design.

The subjects in the two side windows of the apse, Elijah taken up to Heaven (No. 3), and the Translation



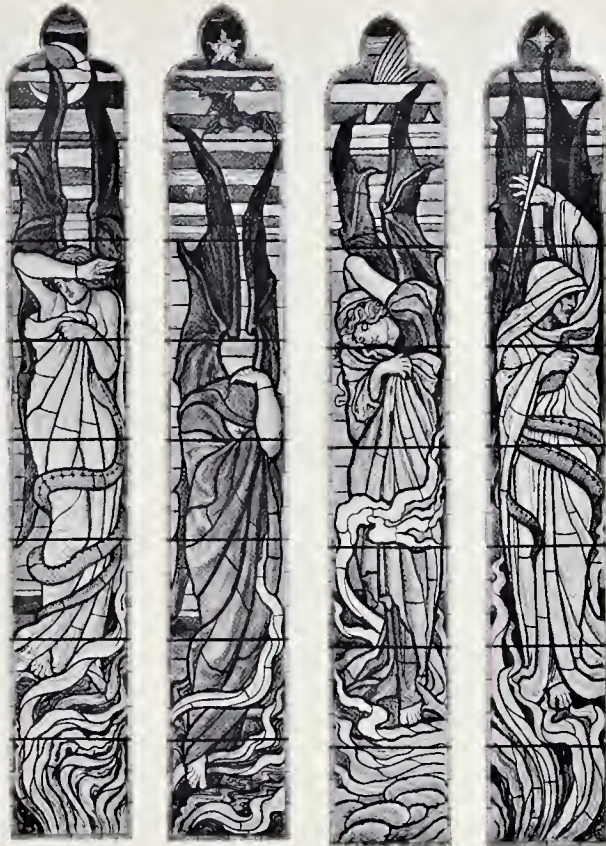
West Window—The Rising Sun of Righteousness.
(From the Glass.) No. 1.

of Enoch (No. 4), are of a type more familiar in glass; but Mr. Crane, as far as he was allowed, has treated them quite in his own manner. Elijah ascends in a chariot of yellow flame, drawn by white horses with flaming opalescent wings. The prophet is robed in white; his mantle descends literally upon Elisha, who wraps it devoutly about him. In the companion window, Enoch is carried up to Heaven in a swirl of vaporous colour. The three on-lookers are an almost inevitable concession to the necessities of composition. In the design as at first conceived, the place of the Angels above was occupied by a flight of doves, which helped very much the action of Ascension. But Ascension was not thought to be enough; it was held necessary to show whither. So the artist was called upon to indicate the more conventional peep into Heaven, with welcoming angels seen through the clouds, one of whom actually bears up the holy man.

What a pity it is that considerations of Art and sentiment should sometimes pull in opposite directions! Mr. Crane, however, has had at Stamford Hill wider scope and greater license than would have been allowed to him in an Anglican Church. And there is another point to bear in mind: fanciful as may appear to us the imagery an artist is called upon to set forth in church decoration, to those by whom, and for whom, the building is raised, it is of truest and deepest import: Art is not all in all.

The side windows of the nave, nine in all, are filled with flower and fruit designs, in considerably paler colour than the figure compositions. These include the rose, the fig, the pomegranate, the bay, the lily, the vine, the olive, corn and poppies, and the iris. They are naturally of less interest than the subject windows; but they are boldly, simply, and effectively treated, and in a fashion that is thoroughly glass-like, without too nearly following the lines of old work. Perhaps they are a trifle large in scale. It is characteristic of the thoroughness of the artist that no two of these windows are alike; and, more than that, there is absolutely no repetition whatever in them: even when one light seems at first sight to be the counterpart of the other, it is not actually so; each, it will be seen upon comparison, has been separately drawn.

In these more strictly ornamental windows there is very little painting; and one can the better appreciate the beautiful quality of the material employed—a comparatively recent manufacture of Messrs. Britten and Gilson, delightfully uneven in quality and admirably chosen. So good is much of this glass that it wants no painting, and is, indeed, better without it, as may be seen in the screen over the West door (headpiece),



Sin.

Shame.

Disease.

Death

(From the Cartoon.) No. 2.

which is executed in simple glazing. The effect of this pattern-work in white and green upon a strong yellow ground is all that could be desired. Some still simpler lights in the passage, by the South entrance, show how conscientiously the work has been designed, to the slightest detail.

It need hardly be said of Mr. Crane that, even in the least orthodox of his designs, the treatment is that of an accomplished craftsman. He is indebted, as he quite frankly admits, to Mr. Sparrow for his assistance in the execution of the work; but had he not designed in absolute sympathy with his material, it would not have been possible to translate his cartoons into such glassy windows as these.

The least satisfactory part of the execution is the management of the flesh, which (for example, in the Angels receiving Enoch) is sometimes unpleasantly green, and in the white drapery, which appears in places to be painted with rather a heavy hand.

But there is always extreme difficulty in combining white glass with colour so intensely deep as that here used. The thirteenth-century glaziers, who used equally full colour, adopted a brownish pink flesh tint, and the fifteenth-century glass-painters, who used white glass



Elijah taken up to Heaven.
(From the Glass.) No. 3.

The Translation of Enoch.
(From the Glass.) No. 4.

largely (and always for the flesh), employed pot-metal of less dense quality. The quite satisfactory introduction of masses of white glass into windows of the deep tone characteristic of Early Gothic windows, remains yet to be effected—if, indeed, it be worth while.

Finally, the effect of these windows, as a whole, is such as to make one thankful that Mr. Crane and Mr. Sparrow should have come together. The association of their hieroglyphic signatures is quaint. Birds of a feather!

LEWIS F. DAY.

‘PAUVRE FAUVETTE.’

FROM THE PAINTING BY JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

THIS picture, in the collection of Mr. George McCulloch, is one of the most interesting works produced by the French peasant painter who died at the early age of thirty-six in 1884.

Bastien-Lepage carried on the best tradition of the peasant painters of this century, and although he cannot be said to have received the mantle of Millet, yet he was a worthy successor of the Barbizon master, and he has exercised in his time a very strong influence on certain British painters, such as Mr. George Clausen, Mr. La Thangue, and Mr. Charles.

‘Pauvre Fauvette’ is a little cattle-guardian such as Bastien found in his native fields at Damvilliers in Lorraine, and it is closely akin to his ‘Joan of Arc.’ It is a realistic representation of the everyday life, quaintly

composed and solidly painted, and this individual picture is probably better known in Britain than any other Bastien-Lepage painted.

‘Pauvre Fauvette’ was one of a series of peasant pictures projected by Bastien-Lepage, part only of which he lived to carry out. The unconventional treatment of the composition brought his works into continual discussion; this picture and ‘Joan of Arc,’ wherein the heroine is represented by a very poor peasant of to-day, were subjected to the severest hostile criticism. Since then the world has agreed to accept Bastien-Lepage as one of its artists of whom it might be proud, and it may safely be said that if one cannot see any charm in ‘Pauvre Fauvette,’ the modern school of painting can say nothing to him.





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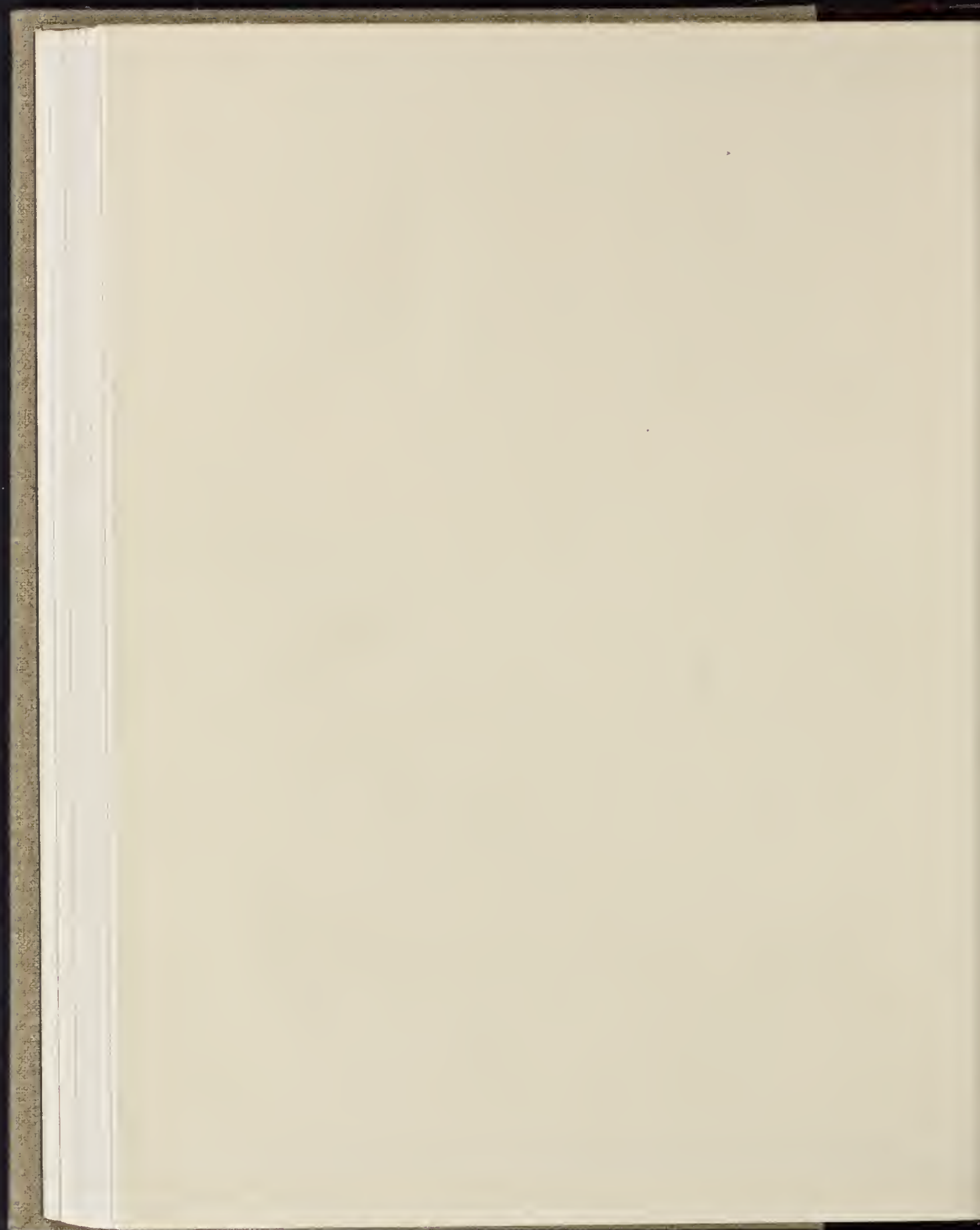
no. 512 Year - in - Land - 21



J. BASTIEN - J. PACL
AMSTERDAM

from a painting by J. Bastien-Lepage

surv. "survette"





The Edge of the Wood.
By A. D. Peppercorn.

A. D. PEPPERCORN.

THE year 1875 will ever be memorable in the annals of Art. In that year two of the greatest landscape painters the world has ever seen—Jean François Millet and Jean Baptiste Camille Corot—were laid in their graves. Rousseau had gone before, in 1867, and Troyon in 1865. Diaz followed Millet and Corot in 1876, and Dupré in 1889. Of the men who represent the Romanticist School in France, one at all events, Harpignies, survives until to-day; while, if he will not resent the inclusion of his name in the band of Romanticists, Cazin keeps the flame of poetic landscape Art burning, and throws its light far into the future. Still, so far as generalisation can be truthful, it may be said that, when the first three-quarters of our century had run their course, landscape Art began to languish in France.

In England it had practically died a generation, or nearly a generation, earlier. Throughout those glorious days for French Art, the half century or so which saw the rise of the Barbizon School, landscape Art was in a dead or moribund condition in these islands. Turner died in 1851; Constable in 1837. It is true the men of the Norwich and Nottingham schools had left witnesses to their genius, as the great Dutchmen and Flemings of the seventeenth century had left witnesses in Richard Wilson and in Gainsborough. Francis Danby was living in 1861, James Baker Pyne in 1870, Henry Dawson in 1878; but Dawson's artistic life had come to a close long before his death. There were, too, James Clarke Hook and Henry Moore, the latter essentially a seascape painter, and Henry Mason, great beyond the dead level of greatness; but when Fred. Walker died in 1875, those critics whose judgment of landscape Art, being founded on scholarly knowledge, was something more than the mere registering of fashionable preferences, had

1896.

to count the masters upon the fingers of one hand. It is not too much to say that, beginning with the thumb, it was difficult to get beyond it. Cecil Lawson was then the only individual landscape painter to obtrude himself above the dead level of mediocrity, though it was not until 1876 that he began to be known outside a very limited circle of admirers. Five years later, in 1881, his career, already rich in result, but more opulent still in promise, was brought prematurely to a close.

So it was: but students, amateurs, and critics, born in or about the sixties, men with eyes to see and brains to



Dartmouth.
By A. D. Peppercorn.

comprehend, knew the hour of re-birth was at hand. As the Norwich school in dying gave birth to the school of 1830, so the painters of Barbizon became the artistic forefathers of that small band of poet-painters, living and working in our midst to-day, of which some are already

proclaimed, though others yet await general acknowledgment.

It was doubtless due in a measure to their seniority that Mark Fisher and A. D. Peppercorn secured a somewhat earlier recognition than many of their artistic congeners. Certain it is that it was to these two, first to Mark Fisher and then to A. D. Peppercorn, the eman-

had little or no influence upon his style. This he created for himself; that is to say he discovered it, and in the process of the discovery he encountered kindred spirits in the men of the Barbizon School, and a foster-brother in Corot. He had met this great painter in the flesh, but that was nothing; the acquaintance was merely nominal. That he had communed with him in the spirit is



Bosham.

By A. D. Peppercorn.

ipated young men of the early eighties, whether Art workers or critics, turned their eyes, hailing them as beacons in the dark places of British Art. It was not, however, until 1884 that Mr. Peppercorn made his first definite appeal to critical England. Then it was Mr. Peppercorn held an exhibition at the Goupil Galleries. The works shown were for the most part illustrative of woodland scenes. Certain critics found them sombre, and undeniably they were conceived in a serious vein. They had grandeur; they were impressive; they had that indescribable quality, scarcely of pathos, scarcely of melancholy, which nature invariably assumes in her intense moods. At that time Mr. Peppercorn dealt almost exclusively with nature in her more reticent manifestations; his pictures were always in a low key; his subjects the fringes of forests arched in by heavy foreboding clouds. The discerning recognised in them at once the work of a master; of an independent thinker and worker, though that Peppercorn would have painted exactly as he did paint had there been no Corot was obvious to his strongest admirers. But what of that? Corot himself would not have been the Corot we know and love had it not been for Constable. I do not propose, however, to take up the cudgels for Mr. Peppercorn in regard to a matter in which he needs no defence. Mr. Peppercorn is at no pains to deny that Corot's art had a definite influence over his own.

It was in 1870 that Mr. Peppercorn went to Paris to complete the studies he had begun in England. At the Beaux-Arts he was in Gérôme's *atelier*, but like all great landscape painters, the academic instruction he received

however of importance. The French, with one or two of our leading dealers, appeal to the great public by placing in their windows the best pictures in their keeping. At that time, 1870, the Parisian dealers were beginning to do a brisk business in the works, so long neglected, of the Barbizon painters, though even then the prices these canvases commanded in the market were insignificant as compared with their present value. As he passed up and down the streets of Paris, Peppercorn made himself acquainted with the Barbizon painters, and especially, as we have seen, with Corot. It is, however, a great mistake to imagine that Peppercorn's art is imitative of Corot's; it is not, properly considered, derived from Corot. Peppercorn has always gone to nature direct; he has seen her with his own eyes, and if that outlook has often been in accord with Corot's vision, that is neither here nor there. He has been called, it is true, our English Corot, and this description is so far correct. Still I repeat here what I have so often said before, that in nobility and depth of feeling, in largeness of soul, Peppercorn excels Corot, even if he lacks the Chopin-like fancy of his forerunner. That he does not fall behind him in versatility he has proved.

Mr. Peppercorn did not mature early; indeed, it is true to say of him that he is still growing. From 1884 until some few years since, he was known as the painter of woodland scenes. Now he is in a fair way to take the first place among living marine painters. The late Henry Moore painted the open sea as few painters have painted it, but his pictures, with all their distinction, had a tendency to repetition; they insisted, too, on a



A Sunny Day.
By A. D. Pepperscorn.

somewhat insular view of the ocean—a British view. Mr. Peppercorn's rendering of seascape is not tainted with this quasi-patriotic sentiment; it is infinitely less assertive and infinitely more poetic and elemental. At the May exhibition of the New Gallery two seasons since, there was an unassuming seascape from his brush, 'On the Cornish Coast,' so quietly beautiful and unassertive in its excellence that ninety-nine in a hundred visitors passed it by unseen. It was, however, eminently a painter's picture. Grey and green of exquisite delicacy consorted with each other in chaste counterplay; the composition was supremely dignified; the swirl of the waters was rendered in a masterly manner. On the bosom of the ocean a tiny vessel almost lost itself in the horizon, adding accent to the work. Such a picture as this could never move the ordinary man to enthusiasm; he would see nothing in it; its artistic *ensemble* would be lost—its accomplished technique, its admirable brushing, its wonderful balance.

I instance this picture as an example of Mr. Peppercorn's departure from the tracks he has beaten so sedulously, and be it remembered with such admirable results, in previous years. In his studio, at Goupil's, and at the Dudley, I have seen other examples of his seascape art, painted at Falmouth, St. Ives, and Bosham, which go to strengthen my conviction that he has entered upon a fresh lease of artistic life. A close study of this recent

work cannot but result in giving one a heightened respect for the artist's powers. Incidentally, it may be remarked that Mr. Peppercorn has realised the beauty and picturesque possibilities of Bosham, and of that wonderful country about the Chichester estuary, in a manner which puts to the blush almost all the painters, and their name is legion, who have attempted to deal pictorially with that beautiful district. It would be absurd to say of Mr. Peppercorn's water-colour drawings that standing alone they would carry their creator into the first rank of landscape painters; but it must be remembered that no really strong painter can show his full strength when working in this medium. They have served, however, to emphasize the fact that Mr. Peppercorn's art takes a much wider range than many of his earlier critics have been prepared to admit. Mr. Peppercorn has himself said that his first love was for twilights, but that with growing years he has expanded with the growing day, coming at length to daylight. It is, however, none the less true to say of Mr. Peppercorn now than it was so to say of him in earlier years, that he chiefly concerns himself with nature in her grander moods. Being, as he undoubtedly is, a fine stylist, intuitively as well as by training a master, it is not presumptuous of him to devote himself, as in the main he does, to the interpretation of the most exacting, as they are the highest, themes. He grapples with difficulties which, were he a lesser man, he would do well to shirk altogether. Thus it is that in the very highest sense of the word his pictures are always admirably decorative. That is to say they are always well contained within their frames; they have always what the French call *enveloppe*; they cohere; they are well-balanced designs, delightful patterns. Beneath them there is



Cornifield—Evening.
By A. D. Peppercorn.

work cannot but result in giving one a heightened respect for the artist's powers.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that Mr. Peppercorn has realised the beauty and picturesque possibilities of Bosham, and of that wonderful country about the Chichester estuary, in a manner which puts to the blush almost all the painters, and their name is legion, who

always a living soul: a truth is subtly enforced, an effect emphasized.

As to Mr. Peppercorn's career, little need be added to what has already been said. He did not embrace Art as a profession very early in life, but when he made up his mind to devote himself exclusively to its pursuit, he went to Paris, as we have seen. Here he was, I believe,

the contemporary of Swan, Bastien-Lepage, and Sargent. As soon, however, as he was fairly started on his artistic life, he began at once, instinctively, so to speak, to form

with the eminently commonplace pictures of the ordinary British brand, stories of small moment, indifferently told in paint, the delicate qualities of his palette are lost.

At the Grosvenor—while it lasted—at the New Gallery, and at the New English Art Club, Mr. Peppercorn's effort has met with far more hospitable treatment, and it need not be said that wherever it has been honoured it has conferred honour in return. It must be admitted, however, that at Dowdswells', and more conspicuously at the Goupil Galleries, Mr. Peppercorn's art has been most at home. Here it has been associated with the work of his co-relatives, the Barbizon men, assisted by Dutchmen of to-day, and the few Britons

among living landscape painters who are producing serious work.

For the rest, the man who has been honoured at Munich, at Chicago, at the Cercle Artistique at the Hague, who had Gérôme for his master and the Barbizon School for his mother, who for intimate friends and co-workers has Matthew Maris and Leslie Thomson, will live far into history, and, in years to come, his work will be scrambled for by the dealers as that of the Barbizon men is to-day. He is still full of physical and mental good health and vigour, and he is already fairly on the road to being admitted our finest marine painter. Finally, let it be remembered that he is not a painter of "subjects," he is the painter of nature's poetic and mystic moments—of her grand moods, in fact.

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.



The Bend of the River.
By A. D. Peppercorn.

around him that natural *entourage* which it is a part, and an important part, of a painter's life-work to create. He has had, of course, to content himself with a very limited public, the public which can appreciate in a picture a beautiful effect registered and emphasised by genius, but free from inartistic insistence on details and aspects which should be subordinated to the central idea. To this point of appreciation he must bring his *clientèle*, that his *clientèle* should accept his work without reservation. Then they will derive from it a distinct and highly pleasurable sensation.

His work has been seen occasionally at the Academy, but rarely in positions at all adequate to its merits. Art such as his needs to be on the line, and quite out of the range of disturbing influences. When juxtaposed



Morning at Rye.
By A. D. Peppercorn.



Rest. By Alfred Boucher.

MODERN FRENCH SCULPTURES IN THE LUXEMBOURG.



The Siren.
By Puech.

and genre pictures, seem to affect the public to the almost entire exclusion of the simpler, grander and graver, if not more beautiful works of the sculptors. So marked is this apathy that "South Kensington" has lately distinguished itself by removing the very noble collection of casts of the antique from the hall where, though greatly crowded, they could be fairly well seen, into an unsuitable and ill-lighted gallery. This was done in order that, not fine pictures or beautiful drawings might be studied at their best, but simply to display more effectively than before a number of tapestries which are good in themselves, but, at best, the representatives of an inferior art—if artistic at all they can be called, which are but decorations of a secondary order.*

* It is well known that Rossetti, a great decorative artist, and one of the subtlest and most potent colourists and chiaroscuroists known in Art, condemned what he called "the uncompromising uncomfortableness of this class of art-manufacture." "These things," he added, "some tapestries, constantly obtruded upon one in a bright light, become a persecution."

THAT few Englishmen know much about the finest school of the higher art now existing in Europe, is strange indeed, and almost enough to prove that there is in this country little love of pure design for its own sake, and apart from those more attractive, if not sensuous, elements of colour and imitativeness which prevail in painting. Those amusing, if not instructive, qualities which rule in the subjects, rather than the art-proper, of an-

Almost as much apathy is evinced by those of our countrymen who, when in Paris, go to the Luxembourg, and, entering that Palace of Art, pass between rows of statues of the choicest sort—masterpieces picked from a long series of *Salons* and veritable *chefs d'œuvre* of "the finest school of art of the higher sort now existing"—and yet these visitors look neither to their right hand nor to their left hand in that avenue of marbles, each of which is, artistically speaking, worth a king's ransom, the whole being a gallery full of noble instances of a noble art. Nevertheless, our countrymen pass heedlessly to the picture galleries within the Musée. For this indifference there is the apology that, not minor decorations only—"art-manufactures" copied at second hand by mechanic fingers from designs the most puerile, as at South Kensington—but powerful, beautiful, and world-honoured paintings are in the interior of the French Art-Valhalla.

Of course, it is impossible within the limits of an essay to give a history of that wonderful sculpture which, alone of France's great Art-inheritance, remains uncorrupted, undegraded by the whims and follies of half-taught, but self-sufficient sciolists. Yet one may, even in these narrow limits, and with the aid of engravings, show a part of the bronze and marble treasures of the Luxembourg which our easy-going countrymen too hastily pass by. Thus constrained, it is incumbent on me to say that, apart from the natural gift which enabled our neighbours to produce in Gothic times the finest sculptures out of Greece, modern French sculpture has its remotest origin in the efforts of Francis I. to procure fine casts in bronze from antiques which, before his day, had been recovered from what Sir Thomas Browne finely called "the great subterranean world." Later, Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and Louis XV. (the second with the most zeal and success) obtained from Italy similar casts of the antiques which were so frequently exhumed from the ruins of classic Rome. Of course these relics were not usually of Greek origin, or ancient and admirable copies from Grecian originals. The Louvre, Versailles, and other French palaces attest the taste, zeal, and wisdom of those royal collectors.

The chastening influences of these comparatively pure types upon the florid, not to say *flamboyant*, tastes of the sculptors of Bernini's school in France are manifest to

every technically trained observer, and not unrecognisable by such amateurs as care to look below the surfaces of those impressions which are their stocks in trade. John of Bologna, the great master of Douai, whose example impressed the French, did not for nothing live in Italy and consult Michael Angelo; there is quite as much of antique types in Jean Goujon's treatment of flesh and drapery as there is of the cruder and less reticent modes

which prevailed in France at his time. The choice voluptuous plumpness of his 'Naiade,' now in the Louvre, affirms her sculptor's love of style, and his superb naked 'Diane' (for which Diana of Poitiers is said to have been the model), in the same museum, refers to antiquity for the basis of its style. The "Italianism" of Jean Cousin's stupendous recumbent statue of Philippe de Chabot, Amiral de France, could not have been developed without regard to a Roman model, of which it preserves that dignity and reserve which belong to sculpture. 'Les Grâces,' of Germain Pilon, are open to the same criticism, which may be

extended to Freminet, Berthelot (see his 'La Renommée'), Michel Anguier, and the brothers Marsy. The 'Milon de Crotona' of P. Puget is a powerful exaggeration of the antique and as classic as its subject. Girardon of Troyes, Coyzevox, witness his 'La Paix' on the tomb of Mazarin, Théodon, Le Paultre, G. Coustou, and other sculptors of the *Grand Monarque*, were masters whose reverence for antique art was manifestly, if not injuriously, deep. But they were anything but mannerists and slaves to their ancient models.

From these masters, of whom, I am sorry to say, our

living Art critics seem to have no high opinions, the existing or recently deceased sculptors whose works through the Luxembourg, descend in regard to their art, which owes not a little to Coyzevox, who died in 1720, and to Coustou, who died in 1746. The pupils of both these worthies carried on the studies of which some of the fruits are fairly represented in the cuts before the reader. L. S. Adam, Slodtz I., pupil of Girardon; Slodtz II.

(*ob.* 1758); Pigalle, whose 'Mercure' is a superb piece; Bouchardon, pupil of G. Coustou (*ob.* 1762); Vassé; Allegrain, whose 'Baigneuse' is a graceful gem (*ob.* 1795); Falconet, whose art reminds me of our own Richard Wyatt (*ob.* 1791); Caffieri; Pajou (*ob.* 1809); Houdon, a master of masters; Boizot; Claude Michel, otherwise known as the ever-delightful "Clodion" (*ob.* 1814), brought, so to say, antiquity to our doors, and the last concludes this pedigree of design. The veritable pattern of modern French sculptural art was, as it seems to me, "Clodion," whose taste, skill, genius, and vigour were of the highest order. A pupil of his uncle, J. S. Adam, and



The Mother of the Gracchi.
From the Marble Group by Cavellier.

educated in Rome, of him let it be said that what the lovely figurines of Tanagra were to Greece of old, such are to modern French sculpture the scarcely less lovely statuettes in terra-cotta of the incomparable "Clodion."

I shall have studied the subject of this paper in vain if, among *les Anglais* who read it and admire its illustrations, any considerable number pass through the Salle des Sculptures of the Luxembourg without a glance to the right or left; there in magnificent ranks stand the best works of M. M. Aizelin, Barrias, Bonnassieux, A. Boucher, Carlès, Carrier-Belleuse, H.

Chapu, Coutan, Craux, Croisy, P. Dubois, Falguière, Frémiet, L. Gérôme, Guillaume, Hiolle, Idrac and Injalbert; Lanson, Marqueste, Mercié, Puech, Salmson, and Schoenewerk. It may be said in passing that until *les Anglais* visitors of the Luxembourg vouchsafe to notice the masterpieces of these artists, and study them with the admiration they deserve, there will be all the weaker hopes that the honourable sculpture of England will be appreciated as it exists in the works of Armistead, Foley, Onslow Ford, G. Simonds, Hamo Thornycroft, Woolner, Richard Wyatt, and one or two more.



The Silk Winder.
By Jules Salmson.

These sculptors have produced examples which may be matched with all but the finest in the Salle des Sculptures, and yet how few of the Academy's visitors have gone to the rooms where they were exhibited at Trafalgar Square and Burlington House!

The Musée in the Rue de Vaugirard, containing the statues copied for this essay, occupies part of a building begun in 1612, and where Rubens painted for Marie de Médicis—the Salle des Sculptures which, much to the injury of the design of that Vanbrugh of France, Salmon de Brosse's building, was a few years since erected to contain the State's purchases of statues too numerous for the Louvre, the original habitation of these marble wonders. The painters Poussin and Philippe de Cham-

pagne, and Claude Cochet the sculptor, followed the great Antwerper in decorating the *palais*, which has, apart from its present function, a history of singular moment that does not concern us now. The sculptured contents of the Musée are of the greatest importance because they illustrate the present state of that branch of design which, unlike French painting, is not descending to the depths of popularity, playing to the galleries where the *proletariat* sits supreme, nor ignoring that glorious past which the former of the groups of names I have quoted affirms to be the inheritance of French art. In French sculpture, at least, culture, studies, the love of beauty and noble motives still happily rule, although there are not wanting signs to affirm a desire to depart from the time-honoured and logical canons of the art, and, in vulgarising it, to seek a lower fortune by adapting the quite different canons of painting. These departures are more than elsewhere manifest in the picturesque terra-cottas of M. M. Rodin and similar craftsmen. Of course it will be understood that the honours of the Luxembourg have seldom as yet been given to sculptures the crude naturalism, half-trained execution or mere imitativeness of which have made them popular outside artistic ranks. Little of this sort claims the visitor's attention, while it offends his taste. It is so because, despite Impressionism and all its pictorial devices, French Art criticism is too well informed to tolerate imitative sculpture as a Fine Art.

Immediately on entering the Salle des Sculptures, the visitor encounters in 'La Jeunesse' of Carès, a pupil of Joffroy and Hiolle, a statue which charms us by its execution and finish, which are such as only a life energetically devoted to the cult of beauty could produce. This just fully adolescent girl sits erect before us, naked in the virginal perfection of her form, while her full, yet chaste, contours are worthy of the finest epoch of the art. Innocent, the dreamy happiness her face bespeaks, as it is half-shadowed by her almost coil-like hair, is as charming as it is pure. She holds out the emblematic flower of her virgin-life. The modelling of the flesh is not quite so fine, searching, and super-subtle as that of several other female nudités in this Musée, while the pathos and simplicity of the statue are unsurpassed. Without the least commonness, 'La Jeunesse' is of the life, life-like. Close to it stands Cavalier's grave and noble group, the subject of our block, called 'La Mère des Gracques,' and, apart from one or two of M. Guillaume's fine classic pieces, the choicest of the sculptures which look for their types to the Roman art as it was perfected in Greek hands. It is a life-size group of the stately, somewhat stern and austere, but still beautiful, matron, sitting between her sons, one of whom wears the *toga virilis* and the *bulla* which affirm his adolescence, although all the grace and sweetness of boyhood have not left his features; while the other brother, still a child, stands between his mother's knees, naked, and, with a tender action which is as beautiful in nature as it is original in Art, he yields his right hand to her caressing fingers. Her grave and steadfast eyes, and lips a little depressed, belong to her character and the incident the sculptor has selected. She rests her left hand upon her elder son's shoulder, as if she would restrain his eagerness for action as it is expressed by his erect air, the grasp of his fingers upon the scroll, and the movement of his left arm. A strenuous energy in repose inspires all these otherwise intensely animated figures. The draperies are masterpieces of their kind, and the whole is worthy of one of the greatest artists of his time.

Madame Bertaux's 'Psyche sous l'Empire du Mystère,'



The Quays and Custom House, Dublin, in 1896.

PICTURESQUE DUBLIN.

DUBLIN is eminently picturesque; its architectural buildings have pretensions of no mean order, they are mostly in the same style and of the same date, and are disposed to the best advantage with an evident eye to picturesque effect. The broad streets, the statues; here and there what looks like a Greek temple; the bridges that span the river; the narrow quays; the shipping, all tend to give a foreign and attractive air.

When we come to Dublin from the busy activity, the struggle for the very breath of life which is such a salient feature of such provincial towns as Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool, we are struck with the *dolce far niente* that pervades the Irish capital. There is no struggle for room here; all is empty in what Carlyle was pleased to call the "vapid, inane streets, full of side ears and trashery"; we move amidst traditions; the past is everything, the present has small place.

In the last century this cheerful city was the second capital in the British dominions; it gave itself all the airs of a centre of fashion and gaiety, and

so far it was in its right, for the Viceroy's Court exceeded in brilliance that of George the Third. Lords and commoners of distinction dwelt within its walls. They were as fine as any of the fine gentlemen in Europe,



The Quays and Custom House, Dublin, 1796.

magnificent in their profuse expenditure, in their dress, their equipages, their establishments. Every nobleman had his town mansion, some palatial in size and design. One of these, now degraded into a counting-house, might fit an artistic corner in Venice. Some have been

scheme met with an organized opposition, principally because it was proposed by John Beresford, the unpopular Commissioner of Public Works. He, however, carried his point, and in 1781 it was commenced, the architect being Gandon (Sir William Chambers' pupil).



The Four Courts and the Liffey, 1802.

turned into barracks, others are public institutions, but all testify to a rich, costly taste and boundless expense. In Stephen's Green there are rows of stately old-fashioned houses with spacious halls flowered over with elaborate stucco devices, wrought by Italian artists imported specially for the purpose. Here, too, we have broad stone staircases, exquisite Italian chimney-pieces, ceilings and door panels decorated with medallions painted by Angelica Kauffmann and Marinari. The public buildings are Grecian in character and are generally of very elegant proportions, so much so that foreign architects have been especially charmed with the unity of design.

Thackeray, who received a much more favourable impression of Dublin than did the sage of Chelsea, is loud in his praise of the large squares, the tall handsome houses, the well-built old-fashioned streets. "A handsomer town it is impossible to see on a summer's day," he says, and goes on to praise the prospect from Carlisle Bridge. "Beautiful the Four Courts and dome to the left, the Custom House and dome to the right, vessels in the river, the scene animated and lively."

Much of the picturesque appearance of Dublin is due to the quays which intersect the city, and the bridges which span the Liffey. These impart a foreign air somewhat resembling the quays in Paris. The old Custom House stood upon Essex Bridge, a situation which was considered unsatisfactory, as large vessels were unable to come up the river to discharge, and occasionally struck upon a massive rock called "Standfast Dick." Although it was for the manifest advantage of trade that a new site should be found for a Custom House, the

estimate was £10,000, but it cost five times that sum. Beautiful as the Custom House is, there is no doubt that it would have been far handsomer had it been placed as originally intended, farther from the water's edge. Beresford, however, wanted all available space for the building of a crescent, which he hoped would be occupied by the commercial men of the city. This hope was not realised. The passing of the Act of Union was not favourable to commercial enterprise, and the wear and yellow of decay has fallen upon Beresford Place. It wears, like most of the streets and squares on the north side of Dublin, a faded appearance of gentility like as of having "seen better days."

From the Custom House the shining waters of the Liffey flow eastward towards the sea, westward in the direction of Island Bridge and Chapel-Izod. Dear old Liffey! Insalubrious and ill-smelling as your uncleaned waters may be, there lingers round you a certain feeling of romance that condones the unsavoury odours you exhale. Of a summer's evening, when the sun is setting on your turbid waters, it touches the great dome of the Four Courts and slants across the dark old houses on Essex Quay, carrying back one's thoughts to the days when La Belle Isoult or Isolde, daughter to Anguish, King of Dublin, dwelt in Isoud's or Izod's round tower, mentioned by Stanihurst as being in this neighbourhood. Here came the knight, Sir Tristram, to escort to his uncle's court his promised bride: the knight fell sick and the maiden nursed him with the result told by Gower, a versifier of the fourteenth century:

"In every man's mouth it is
How Tristram was of love dronke
With bebe Isolde."

The Law or Four Courts, as they are called, were begun in 1771 by Thomas Cooley, an architect of great merit, who designed the Exchange. From various causes, principally want of funds, the work was constantly stopped, and in 1793 they were not finished. In 1802 Gandon was entrusted with the work, when the arcade and wings were finished. Before the modern Courts were built, the law offices were situated in Christchurch Lane, or Yard; a passage adjoining was styled Hell, in which lodgings were let to lawyers. Here, too, was the statue of the Devil, mentioned by Burns in his "Death and Doctor Hornbook":

"But this I'm gawn to tell,
Which lately of a night befell,
Is just as true as the Deil's in Hell
In Dublin City."

Close to the old Law Courts stands the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church. This ancient pile dates back before the days of St. Patrick, its vaults or crypts being built by the Danes. In one of these the Saint, it is said, celebrated the first mass said in Ireland. The vault used by the saint may

transept and some of the choir arches remain. They are strictly Norman in character, exhibiting the semi-circular arch enriched with chevrons and other ornaments. The nave is Gothic, with foliated capitals, and dates from 1230. The chapels which formed part of the cathedral were destroyed in the Reformation era. Christ Church was restored by Henry Roe, Esq.

Strongbow was buried in Christ Church. His monument, representing a cross-legged figure in chain armour, was broken to pieces by the fall of the roof in 1562. The Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, caused a monument of the Earl of Desmond to be brought from Drogheda to replace that of Strongbow. A truncated figure of Strongbow's son adjoins that of the warrior. This effigy is cut off from the knees, which gave rise to a story that the father in a fit of fury had cut his son in two. He did no more than run him through the stomach.

Fishamble Street lies close to Christ Church. About the old Music Hall, where Handel sat at his chamber organ, float the ghosts and clouds of a hundred fairy scenes and glories. Here it was that the amiable *dilettante* nobleman, Lord Mornington, of musical



Christ Church, Dublin. Restored by Henry Roe, Esq.

have been a stone-roofed structure, somewhat similar to the mysterious chapels, or oratories, mentioned by Dr. Petrie, and supposed to be as old as the fifth century. In 1074 Bishop Donough laid the first stones of the cathedral, which was continued by Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, with the assistance of the Norman invader, Strongbow. Of this original church only the

celebrity, founded an Academy of Music which was strictly independent of all *mercenary* professors. The list of the amateurs and their doings would take too long to tell. Then came the Ridottos and Masquerades, another chapter in the history of Fishamble Street. Its highest glory, however, rests on its association with the German composer. Handel came to Dublin in a fit of pique

and remained five months as the guest of the then Viceroy, the Duke of Devonshire. During his visit he produced for the first time his masterpiece, "The Messiah."

Not far from Fishamble Street stands the small, elegant-looking church of "St. Werburgh's." Its steeple was one hundred and sixty feet high and the roof a masterpiece, but in 1810 both were found to be in a ruinous condition, and had to be removed. Now it is little known and rarely visited, but in Handel's time it was the fashionable church of the City, which the Viceroy (when in residence) attended on Sundays with his suite, when some fashionable preacher like Dr. Delany would give a sermon suited to his august listener. The Viceregal seat is still to be seen facing the organ upon which Handel, during his stay in Dublin, played to the delight of his hearers.

We now descend the hill into the squalid but picturesque Patrick Street, which winds down the incline to the Close. It is quite as unsavoury as the Jews' quarter in Frankfort; but here, especially of a Saturday night, when Patrick Street is seen and smelt to most advantage, an artist can find innumerable studies for his canvas. Along the slope of the irregular street are hoots filled with every conceivable second-hand article, from broken crockery to cast-off clothing. The clothing often overflows, and, finding no place in the owner's hooth, is flung in a promiscuous heap on to a carpeting of



Organ played upon by Handel, 1741-2.



St. Patrick's Close, Dublin.
From a Sketch by Miss Rose Barton, R.I.

sacks spread out to save the merchandise from the mire. The owners of these inodorous bundles are adepts in chaffering and cheapening, and to a stranger their dialect, which belongs to the Coombe, is altogether incomprehensible. They present an endless variety of pictures; hoys, like street arabs, with hardly a shred of clothing, yet with faces Murillo would have loved to paint; girls with all the grace of girlhood gone; old women, veritable hags, horrible to look at, disfigured as they are by drink; mothers with babies; babies without mothers, sprawling on the pavement.

Now we are in front of the heavy stone cathedral, restored and made beautiful for ever. In its rags the old St. Patrick's was more picturesque; still one must not look a gift horse in the mouth, and Dublin owes its thanks to the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, father of the present Lords Iveagh and Ardilann, who undertook the task.

After all, the great charm of St. Patrick's rests on its association with Swift. The Cathedral is merely his tomb, writes Sir Walter Scott, who could see nothing but the Dean's "dark Saturnine face" in every corner of the church. His gigantic personality effaces all minor personalities except that of Stella. Her name is for all time bound up with his—even here she is with him. As Professor Dowden says: "The tomb of Swift must needs be Stella's tomb—she lies beside him, their secret known only to themselves." "Poor injured Stella, the sweetest of her sex," said Lord Orrery. "One thinks of her as we look at the Deanery House, and remember how, on the night of her funeral, Swift sat there writing of her virtues, her courage, gentleness, vivacity of heart and brain. 'Night, dearest little M.D.,' he had so often added as the farewell word of the diary to Stella. Now with her it was night, and a cloudier night with him. And so the darkness deepened, indignation giving place to rage, and rage to imbecility, with no stars aloft, but murk and despair rising thick from the unwholesome earth, and throttling him in their shadowy coils."*

* "Dublin City," Professor Dowden.



St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Restored by Sir Benjamin Guinness, Bart.

This fine passage, unfortunately, is not verified by fact. Swift enjoyed ten years of various platonic attachments before the gloom of imbecility finally darkened his soul.

Close to the Deanery is an iron gateway; we go through, mount a flight of steps, and find ourselves in Bishop Narcissus Marsh's library—a regular students' haunt, solemn and silent with the respectability of age. Bishop (afterwards Primate) Marsh loved his books, and lived amongst them. Finding the Archbishop's Palace, which was close at hand, not large enough to hold them, he built a large house upon part of the Archbishopial palace, wherein he determined to establish a public library. He appropriated the second floor of the building to the purpose; the lower part he gave to Dr. Elias Borroher, his librarian, and between the library and his own residence he made a door of communication so that he could come in at any moment.

His anxiety for the preservation of his beloved volumes is touching. He cared for them as men do for the children of their old age, making every provision for their comfort and for that of the reader. Loving silence himself, he appreciated its advantages as a necessary adjunct for the good digesting of literary food. All down the library are recesses for the students, constructed much after the fashion of church pews, and carefully separated from one another, so that solitude is easily attainable. The library itself is built in the form of two long galleries running at right angles to one another; in the centre is

the librarian's room, from which he can command a bird's-eye view of the whole.

Christ Church is said to stand in a peat bog, and the foundations of St. Patrick's are sunk in the Coombe, or valley of the River Poddle. The Coombe, on account of its proximity to the river, was the principal quarter where the trade of the city was carried on.

Here the weavers had their home, and at one time 550 looms were going and 3,700 persons were engaged in manufactures. In the very centre of the Coombe is Weavers' Hall and Almshouse. The Almshouse has fallen into ruins, but the Hall is in good preservation. There is a fine full-length statue of George II. over the door, in court suit and full-bottomed wig; over his arm hang the implements used by the weaver's trade—shuttles and the like. The Hall itself is well-proportioned; the cornices and architraves are carvings of elegant design, as also is the chimney-piece.

We are now in the heart of the Liberties, by far the most interesting portion of Dublin city to those who know the story of the past. The Liberties or Franchises extended all round the city, including outlying districts such as Clontarf and Donnybrook; these were ridden over or "perambulated" every third year by their respective Corporations or Guilds, headed by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen. The guilds or trades of the city were well represented, the tanners, weavers, wool-merchants being all men of substance.

F. A. GERARD.

(To be concluded.)



Glaciers west of the Klukhor Pass. i.

FINE ART AND MOUNTAINEERING.*



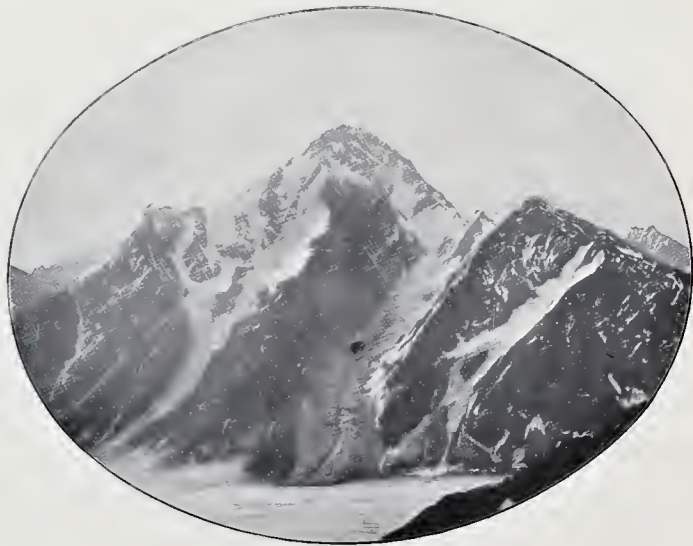
On the Heights. ii.

number of magnificent mountains, and an enormous extent of glacier the very existence of which the Government surveyors almost ignored, and geographers were disposed wholly to deny. They showed that the peaks could be climbed, by making the first ascents of Elbruz (eastern summit) and Kasbek. They proved that the high passes could be crossed, by traversing from the Uruk valley on the north to the sources of the Rion on the south, over the formidable ice-falls of the Karagom glacier. For many years, however, little more exploration was done. Mr. Crauford Grove's party, in 1874, working on the same lines as the 1868 expedition, did much good work, especially in drawing attention to the central group. M. de Déchy visited the country in 1884 and 1885 with Swiss guides. It was not till 1886 that the third English moun-

taineering party went out. They accomplished little more than the ascent of one of the peaks of the central group.

But the apathy was now at an end. During the last ten years the exploration has been carried on in the most vigorous fashion. Perhaps the slow development was in part owing to the fact that publishers, who have more to do with mountain exploration than is commonly admitted, had not realised the value of the country. Meanwhile the conditions were far more favourable. A large part of the main chain has been re-surveyed on the one-verst scale. Moreover, Russian rule has rendered the country safe for the traveller, and access is easier and quicker. The store of information gathered by successive travellers was necessarily scattered. Most of it was hidden away in journals, much of it was only to be found in private diaries and note-books.

In writing these volumes, Mr. Freshfield has set himself three tasks. One was to collect all this miscella-



Dykhtau from the West. iii.

* "The Exploration of the Caucasus," by Douglas W. Freshfield. With illustrations by Vittorio Sella. 2 vols. Edward Arnold, 1896.

+ "The Central Caucasus and Bashan," by D. W. Freshfield. Longmans, 1869.

† "The Frosty Caucasus," by F. C. Grove. Longmans, 1875.

aneous material, to correct the errors of topography and nomenclature into which the earlier explorers had fallen, often from the imperfections of the maps available, and to present in a connected form the history of the exploration achieved. The second was to give, in a series of sketches, some picture of the country, and to set forth its infinite variety of beauty. In the fulfilment of this object he has secured an invaluable colleague in Signor Sella. Lastly, to produce an accurate map of the

entire mountain chain, founded on the one-verst survey, on the unpublished and as yet incomplete five-verst survey, aided by personal knowledge, by photographs, and the topographical notes of other explorers. In all these objects Mr. Freshfield has succeeded. The map is a specially fine piece of work, well drawn and modelled, and not unduly encumbered with names.

The volumes are hardly adapted in size to the traveller and mountaineer's requirements, and Mr. Freshfield will, we hope, be induced to reprint in compact form his Appendix B, consisting of topographical notes and climbers' record. The notes are concise and clear, while they avoid the mistake too often made in "Climbers' Guides" of introducing too much detail. Elaborately minute instructions as to a particular



Ushba. iv.

But though the public does not yet seem satiated with this particular literature, Mr. Freshfield's pages will come as a pleasant relief. The author is not above climbing for climbing's sake, but he mainly utilises his mountain skill to the end that he may see the finest sights the country can afford. The details of climbing are passed over lightly. While others concentrate their attention on the provision bag, he notes the panorama. The author neither writes a mere drum and trumpet

history (playing himself the latter instrument) nor does he seek to paint the attractions of the country by dwelling only on the discomforts and petty hardships of travel. Thus it results that the chapters entirely avoid the common fault, to borrow the phrase of a well-known wit, of thrusting



Shitavler. v.

the private I too much into the public eye. While perfectly at home on a snow peak or in an ice-fall, the author is never bored in a valley. He feels the grandeur of such giant peaks as Dykhtau (No. 3) or Ushba (No. 4), but never misses the beauties of scenery to be found at every level on the south side of the chain.

The first ascent of Tetnuld, a peak of nearly 16,000 feet, is described with the evident enjoyment of the keen mountaineer, but the walks through the forests of Suanetia and the bold and valuable journey through "the solitude of Abkhasia," appeal as strongly to the author. Without this much width of sympathy no one could really appreciate Caucasian scenery on the southern side. The contrasts are at once striking and harmonious. An afternoon's stroll may take the traveller from the snowfields to pastures so rich that the fantastic descriptions of the old Alpine legends become quite prosaic by comparison. Thence over great rolling downs covered with white rhododendrons relieved by patches and belts of glowing azaleas, into dense tangled forests through which the pedestrian fights his way; suddenly emerging on to smooth grassy lawns bordered by tall birches through which show the huge towers of Ushba, the glittering cone of Tetnuld, or the massive walls of Djanga; down the rough tracks into wide fertile valleys patched with barley fields and relieved by the innumerable village towers, while the purple distance softened by the Suanetian haze closes in the scene.

To the variety of the landscapes Mr. Freshfield does the fullest justice. Indeed, there are no better passages of writing in the book than the descriptions, and there is nothing more difficult to write. Here and there the author may appear, though only to those unacquainted with the country, to let himself go a little too much. But the illustrations alone suffice to show that it is not easy to exaggerate the splendour of the scenery. We can call to mind no book more effectively illustrated by pictures which consist solely of photographic reproductions. In the Preface, Mr. Freshfield sets forth his reasons, almost apologetically, for selecting photographs rather than drawings. The choice was no doubt wise. In the case of the mountain views the pictures are in many instances almost

maps, and the mountaineer skilled in interpreting topography from photographs (a rare gift) gets from the views just the help needed for understanding the country. The Panoramic Views, three in number, are admirable. Most successful from the photographer's point of view is the panorama from the Fytnargyn Ridge, taken we suppose at a height of about 13,000 feet. The giants of the central group are shown off superbly. The remarkable view from a height of 16,500 feet in Elbruz might have been quoted by the author when he pleads for the attractions of summit views. No further argument would have been needed. Signor Sella obviously took most of his photographs with an utilitarian object. In a country of which the minute topography of the high regions is still to a great extent imperfectly known, clear definition of distant ridges and peaks was imperative. Artistically this mars some of the views. The accentuation of detail is excessive and the pictures are hard, though the photogravure reproductions by their well-chosen tone do something to diminish the defect.

A large proportion of the illustrations are far more than mere transcripts, and nothing can exceed the softness and the truth of the cloud studies. In these views Signor Sella's skill had fuller play. The 'Laila in October,' vol. ii., page 220, with the snowy range literally glittering above the lake of mist that hangs over the valley, the glimpse of the 'Mountains North of the Shtulu-vsek' (vol. ii., page 110), with the peaks rising mysteriously out of the cloud into the pure air and sunshine, are both gems. Equally good are some of the forest scenes. The Frontispiece to vol. i., 'The Weeds of the Zesko Valley' and the 'Flowers of the Nakra,' may be instanced among many others. The photogravures are of a high standard of excellence; but our illustrations are necessarily taken from the type blocks alone.

The volumes are dedicated to the memory of the late Mr. W. F. Donkin, a pioneer of the second generation of Caucasian explorers, a leader in mountain photography, a man whose work was always controlled by the refined taste of an artist. The volumes are worthy of the dedication.

C. T. DENT.



A Suanetian Homestead.

MINIATURE PAINTING IN ENGLAND—IV.*

TO Hilliard—in conjunction with Zuccherò—has been given the credit of having instructed a limner, “inferior,” says Peacham, “to none in Christendome for the countenance in small,” viz., Isaac Oliver or Olivier. There were two Olivers, Isaac, the father, and Peter, his eldest son and pupil. Walpole could find no account of the origin of the family; he adds, “nor is it of any importance; he (Isaac Oliver) was a genius, and they transmit (*sic*) more honour by blood than they can receive.” He notes that in the elder painter’s pocket-book was a mixture of English and French. Nichols, in his “History of Leicestershire,” quotes an authority which relates that the family held lands at East Norton in that county.

The careers of these two distinguished artists extend over more than a century, and great events mark the period embraced by their lives. The father, to whom for the present we shall confine our observations, is said to have been born in 1555 or 1556, in those dark days when Latimer and Ridley “fit the candle which, by God’s grace, in England shall never be put out,” and when Cranmer was brought to the stake in Oxford whereat “he never stirred nor cried” till life was gone. Isaac Oliver died in 1617 (the date of Raleigh’s execution) at his house in Blackfriars, a year after Shakespeare passed away.

What would we not give for a portrait of the poet by the hand of such a painter?

Unlike the Hilliards, Oliver does not appear to have held any court appointment, but in an office book of Lord Harrington’s (Treasurer of the Chambers) was an entry of payment by warrant, dated Lincoln, April, 1617, “to Isaac Oliver for four several pictures drawn for the Princes Highness £40,” and in the Windsor Collection is a profile of Anne of Denmark, mother of Charles I., which, by the way, was long regarded as a portrait of Queen Elizabeth; also a fine portrait of Henry, Prince of Wales, “the finest extant,” says the Queen’s Librarian, who characterizes it as possessing a minuteness of execution combined with a breadth of effect which is admirable. This last-named and most interesting miniature is described in Charles I.’s catalogue as follows: “No. 17, done upon the right light, the biggest limned picture which was made of Prince Henry, being limned in a set laced ruff and gilded armour, and a landskip wherein are some soldiers and tents: in a square frame with a sheeting glass over it. Done by Isaac Oliver, 5½ inches by 4.”

At Windsor, too, is the celebrated full-length of Sir Philip Sidney sitting under a tree in an arcaded garden (alluding thus to Arcadia) with formal beds of flowers. It belonged to Walpole, and was sold at West’s sale for £16 5s. It is well known, having been engraved by Vertue as a frontispiece to the Sidney correspondence, and it is illustrated here at page 139.

Amongst the finest Olivers in existence must be ranked those possessed by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. They were shown in Messrs. Dickinson’s Loan Exhibition in 1880, and comprise the famous Digby collection, of which Walpole was so proud; of these we give illustrations at page 138. These hung in “the blue breakfast room” at

Strawberry Hill, and at the famous sale fetched sums ranging from a few guineas to £178, prices which it is not too much to say are such as to make a modern collector green with envy. The way these treasures came into Walpole’s possession is remarkable, and so aptly illustrates the vicissitudes to which miniatures are exposed that his account may be quoted. He says, in a note *apropos* to Peter Oliver’s habit of making duplicates of his works for himself, “since this work was first published, a valuable treasure of the works of this master, and of his father, Isaac, was discovered in an old house in Wales, which belonged to a descendant of Sir Kenelm Digby (Mr. Watkin Williams). The latest are dated 1633, but being enclosed in ivory and ebony cases, and the whole collection locked up in a wainscot box, they are as perfectly preserved as if newly painted. They all represent Sir Kenelm and persons related to or connected with him.”

“There are three portraits of him, six of his beloved wife at different ages, and three triplicates of his mistress, all three by Isaac Oliver, as is Lady Digby’s mother, which I have mentioned before. But the capital work is a large miniature copied from Vandyck of Sir Kenelm, his wife, and two sons, the most beautiful piece of the size that I believe exists (see illustration, page 141).

“There is a duplicate of Sir Kenelm and Lady Digby from the same picture, and though of not half the volume, still more highly finished. This last piece is set in gold, richly inlaid with flowers in enamel, and sluts like a book. All these, with several others, I purchased at a great price, but they are not to be matched.”

It is noteworthy that nearly all the portraits of Sir Kenelm and his wife ascribed to Isaac Oliver must be by Peter, as Isaac died when the originals were boy and girl. Isaac Oliver was buried in October, 1617. Sir Kenelm Digby was born in 1603. This discrepancy in Walpole’s account, wherein, as we have seen above, he speaks of Sir Kenelm, his wife and two sons, may be owing to his misreading the monogram.

There are many more well-authenticated examples of the work of the Olivers, *e.g.*, Lord Derby has a portrait of the wicked Countess of Essex, and, in addition, an unfinished miniature on card of Robert, Earl of Essex, and another of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, both bought at Walpole’s sale, the latter for thirteen guineas, whilst the former most interesting portrait, which has an undoubted pedigree, having belonged to Lady Wolsey, a descendant of Elizabeth’s ill-fated favourite, went for seven guineas only.

The Duke of Buccleuch exhibited at Burlington House, in 1879, twenty works by Isaac and eight by Peter Oliver. Mention must be made of one other specimen of the powers of the elder Oliver, which, if it alone survived, would be sufficient to prove Walpole’s assertion that “we have no one to put in competition with Isaac Oliver except it be our own Cooper.”

I refer to the group of the three brothers, Anthony Maria, John, and William Browne. This remarkable work is now at Burleigh (the noble owner of which historic house, by the way, is descended from the eldest of these young men). In Walpole’s time it was at

* Continued from page 214.

Cowdray, and he thus refers to it: "At the Lord Montacute's at Cowdray is an invaluable work of Isaac Oliver's. It represents three brothers of that Lord's family, whole-lengths in black. These young gentlemen resembled each other remarkably, a peculiarity observable in the picture, the motto on which is *figura conformis affectus*. The black dresses are relieved by gold belts and lace collars, and contrasted by the silver-laced doublet of another young man, presumably a page, who is entering the room." The finish throughout the work is exquisite. It is signed I. O., 1598. It measures 10 by 9 (not 10 by 7, as Walpole says). Its superlative quality and its

of the three brothers, owns a copy in oils upon copper beautifully painted. By his lordship's courtesy I am able to show a reproduction of it on this page.

Isaac Oliver's talents were inherited by his eldest son, Peter, who first saw the light in the closing years of Elizabeth's reign, 1601 and 1604 having both been assigned as the date of his birth. He died comparatively young, viz., two years before the execution of Charles I., and not in the year of the Restoration as was long supposed. This seems proved by the result of researches in the registers of St. Ann's, Blackfriars, wherein, according to Mr. Propert, occur the following entries—



*The Brothers Browne. By Isaac Oliver.
In the possession of Earl Spencer. (No. 29)*

important scale fully justify Walpole's encomium, and make it one of the very finest portrait miniatures in existence. I believe it came into Lord Exeter's possession through his mother, the daughter of Stephen Poyntz of Cowdray, who had married the only sister of the eighth Lord Montague. It is in perfect preservation, having, with three other pictures, escaped the fire at Cowdray in 1793. A strange fatality is said to mark the end of the race of Lords Montague, for its last scion lost his life over the Falls of Schaffhausen just at the time the flames destroyed the old family mansion, and messengers bearing tidings, one of the death of the last Lord Montague by water, the other of the destruction of the home of the race by fire, are related to have met in Paris. Earl Spencer, who is a descendant of the eldest

"Isaac Oliver buried 2 October 1617."

"Mr. Peter Oliver buried 22 December 1647."

Vertue saw a model of the bust which was erected with a monument in this church by Peter Oliver to the memory of his father. Both monument and church perished in the Great Fire of 1666. Peter Oliver is always termed the pupil of Isaac, but whether 1604 or 1601 be the correct date of the son's birth, there was but little time for tuition. At any rate the young painter must have made the most of his opportunities, as is shown by the description in Charles I.'s catalogue of "a great limned piece of the burial of Christ, which was invented by Isaac Oliver, and was left unfinished at his decease, and now, by his Majesty's appointment, finished by his son, Peter Oliver." This measured 11½ by 15½ inches, and there is refer-

ence to another interesting work in a copy of Raphael's 'St. George,' dated 1628, measuring $9\frac{1}{2}$ by 7 inches, being about half the size of the original, which was sent as a present to Henry VII. by the Duke of Urbino in return for the Order of the Garter. This found its way back to the Royal collection when the Hamilton Palace treasures were sold in 1883. Mr. Holmes surmises this copy may have been given by Charles to the Marquis of Hamilton. The original was sold at the Rebellion, and is now at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

Mrs. Oliver, who seems to have called a spade a spade, expressed herself in very plain terms about the persons upon whom the King bestowed them when he acquired the miniatures. This coming to the ears of the Court led to a discontinuance of the poor woman's salary.

In distinguishing the works of these great limners it is important to observe that the elder signed his productions with the monogram Φ , the younger with the initials "P.O." connected.

Both artists worked upon card and upon "pecorella," or abortive vellum, duly prepared, and Sandrart speaks of Isaac as "Membranarum Pictor Londinensis"; he also testifies to the durability of his colours. These references show that his fame had extended to the Continent.

As regards their style, Isaac's work bears an impress of Zuccherò, and is a decided advance upon Hilliard's. Peter Oliver is even more free from stiffness, and examples by him seem to show the influence of Vandyck, whose works, he being Court Painter from 1632 to the time of his death in 1641, may have been, and probably were, closely studied by Oliver.

We may sum up the merits of these two distinguished miniaturists in Walpole's words, who says: "We have no one to put in competition with Oliver except it be our own Cooper, who, though living in an age of freer pencil and under the auspices of Vandyke, scarce compensated by the boldness of his expression for the truth of nature and delicate fidelity of the older master. Oliver's son, Peter, alone approached the perfection of his father."

There were two other Olivers living at this period, viz., John, a glass-painter, whom Redgrave asserts was a nephew and pupil of Isaac Oliver, and this John Oliver had a son, Isaac, an engraver.

The mention of Samuel Cooper, whose work demands

special consideration, recalls the name of his reputed master, John Hoskins.

Even if the last-named artist did not possess the claim upon our notice which tradition has assigned to him, his



*Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset. By Isaac Oliver.
In the South Kensington Museum. (No. 30.)*

miniatures are of sufficient excellence to arrest our attention; indeed, Sir Kenelm Digby, in his "Discourses," says that "by his paintings in little he pleased the public more than Vandyke." This is high praise indeed, and is an opinion not shared by Walpole, who, whilst allowing his heads to have great truth and nature, finds fault with the carnations as "too bricky and want a degradation

and variety of tints." It is remarkable how little is known of Hoskins. Vertue knew no more of him, says the author of the "Anecdotes," than what was contained in Graham's "English School," viz., "that he was bred a face painter in oil, but afterwards taking to miniature far exceeded what he did before. He drew Charles (see page 211), his Queen, and most of the Court, and had two considerable disciples, Alexander and Samuel Cooper, the latter of whom became much the more eminent limner." It may be observed that mention is made but of one Hoskins, and the opinion (to which, however, Redgrave gives his support) that there were two John Hoskinses, viz. father and son, seems to rest upon the very slender foundation of a variation in the manner of signing the portrait. Thus the mark + is said to distinguish the works of the father from those of the son, which have I. H. simply. But if this be the test, then it may be urged there must have been several John Hoskinses, since amongst the miniatures shown at Burlington House by the Queen and the Duke of Buccleuch, ascribed to Hoskins, there were the following different signatures, viz., H. only; I. H. 1645; I. H. fc; IH (connected). This last is on the limning of Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, which belonged to, and is mentioned by, Walpole, and is now her Majesty's. It was formerly Dr. Mead's.

Hoskins was buried in Covent Garden Church, Feb. 22nd, 1664.

The fame of Hoskins has been eclipsed by that of his nephew, Samuel Cooper, in whom, it has been said, the art of miniature painting culminated. Memorials of his life are few, nor does this signify: "His works are his history." He lived much on the Continent, and was intimate with many of the eminent men of his day. He was a linguist and an excellent musician. Probably the latter accomplishment endeared him to Samuel Pepys, who frequently mentions him in his "Diary," thus:—"1668. July 10th. To Cooper's, and there find my wife. . . . And here he do work finely, though I fear it will not be so like as I expected; but now I understand his great skill in musick, his playing and setting to the French lute most excellently, and he speaks French, and, indeed, is an excellent man."

This visit is explained by a previous entry, viz., March 29th:—

"Harris . . . hath persuaded me to have Cooper draw my wife's (portrait), which tho' it cost £30 yet I will have done." The next day he goes to "Common Garden Coffee House," where he meets "Mr. Cooper, the great painter; thence presently to his house to see some of his work, which is all in little, but so excellent as, though I must confess I do think the colouring of the flesh to be a little forced, yet the painting is so extraordinary as I do never expect to see the like again." Then follows a description of several portraits he saw in progress. "Mrs. Stewart's when a young maid," before she was disfigured by the small-pox; "and it would make a man weep to see what she was then and what she is like to be by people's discourse now; my Lord Arlington's and Ashley's, and my Lord Generall's picture" (by the way, there was nearly a score of miniatures of Cromwell at South Kensington in 1867, nearly all ascribed to Cooper), and several others. He appears most struck by a miniature of "one Swinfen, Secretary to my Lord Manchester. . . . This fellow died in debt, and never paid Cooper for this picture. . . . Cooper," says Pepys, "himself did buy it (from the creditors), and give £25 out of his purse for it, for what he was to have had but £30."

Thirty pounds seems to have been Cooper's price for

a miniature. For the immortal pages of the Diarist record a visit to the painter's on August 10th, in the following characteristic manner:—

"To Cooper's, where I spent all the afternoon with my wife and girl, seeing him make an end of her picture, which he did to my great content, though not so great as I confess I expected, being not satisfied in the greatness of the resemblance, nor in the blue garment; but it is most certainly a most rare piece of work as to the painting. He hath £30 for his work, and the chrystal and case and gold case comes to £8 3s. 4d., and which I sent him this night that I might be out of his debt."

Elsewhere Pepys speaks of the artist being "a most admirable workman, and good company." Evelyn, too, refers to him, and relates (January 10th, 1662) being called into his Majesty's closet when "Mr. Cooper, ye rare limner, was crayoning of the King's face and head to make the stamps by for the new milled money now contriving. I had the honour to hold the candle whilst it was doing; he choosing the night and caudlelight for ye better finding out ye shadows."

Samuel Cooper died on the 5th of May, 1672, and Mrs. Beale, herself a miniature painter, records his death in her diary as that of "the most famous limner of the world for a face." He was buried in St. Pancras Church.

His wife, who was sister to Alexander Pope's mother, survived him. In the Dyce bequest at South Kensington there is a portrait of his lady, and of the painter himself; the latter is reproduced. Its history I am unable to give.

The paucity of Cooper's works anterior to the Commonwealth has been accounted for by his residence abroad.

What Hilliard did for the court of Elizabeth that did Cooper in a more admirable manner for the distinguished men and women of a later, but not less interesting, period. He has stamped their express image; and, often in the small space of three or four inches of cardboard, has revealed their mental characteristics, and well deserves the title which has been given him of a Vanduyck in miniature.

Perfect specimens of his work are delightful for sober sweetness of colour, and are especially remarkable for truthful simplicity of manner, for delicate finish combined with unequalled breadth of treatment. A French critic, F. de Conches, has remarked that he, Cooper, was a man who knew how to enlarge the style of a miniature, and describes his portrait of Cromwell (which we illustrated at page 214) as being vigorous as oil, perfectly modelled, and firm in touch. *Apropos* to this portrait of Cromwell, Walpole has admirably summed up the painter's merits in a familiar passage wherein he declares that if a glass could expand Cooper's pictures to the size of Vanduyck's, they would appear to have been painted for that proportion.

"If his portrait of Cromwell could be so enlarged, I do not know but Vanduyck would appear less great by the comparison."

In a letter to Sir Horace Mann, Walpole makes a further reference to this portrait of the Protector. Thus, writing February 9, 1758, he says, "but our glaring extravagance is in the constant high price given for pictures. . . . I know but one dear picture not sold—(this was at Mr. Furnese's auction)—Cooper's head of O. Cromwell, an unfinished miniature. They asked me four hundred pounds for it." Cunningham correctly assumes this to be "the one mentioned elsewhere as in the possession of

Lady Franklin, widow of Sir Thomas, a descendant of Cromwell, of which there is an exquisite copy in the Harley collection at Welbeck, made in 1723 by Bernard Lens."

Dallaway says of this masterpiece, it is recorded in the family that Cromwell surprised Cooper while copying this picture, and indignantly took it away with him. The original was shown at Burlington House in 1879, having passed into the hands of the Duke of Buccleuch. It formerly belonged to Mr. Henry Cromwell Frankland, of Chichester, who inherited it through a daughter of Lady Elizabeth Claypole.

Cooper, it would seem, had a habit of making copies of many of his works, and, judging by the close similarity between the portraits of the Digby family preserved at Sherborne Castle, and those belonging to the Baroness Coutts which have been already described, Oliver seems to have done the same, for although the latter, which, it will be remembered, came from Strawberry Hill, are in the finer state of preservation, I have not heard it suggested that the Sherborne examples are copies by another hand; indeed the presumption would be the other way.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses the profile drawing of Cromwell on paper in pen and brown, by Cooper, from which Houbraken engraved his portrait.

In the loan collection of 1865 some eighty or ninety miniatures ascribed to Samuel Cooper were exhibited. These comprised seven of Oliver Cromwell, and almost as many of his son, Richard Cromwell, and his daughters: in fact the Protector's family seems to have been repeatedly painted by Cooper. There is another Cooper in the Buccleuch collection of unsurpassed interest, viz. of Cromwell's Latin Secretary. To this miniature Aubrey's description of the Poet's appearance applies. Milton "had light browne haire. His complexion exceeding fayre, oval face, his eie a dark gray. He was a spare man."

The Queen has a head of Charles II., which, together with George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and the youthful Monmouth, form a trio of portraits, difficult to surpass in character and expression, grace and simplicity. These two are reproduced at pages 212 and 213. Both are unfinished, as is not uncommon with Cooper's work, he being apparently content, when the likeness was obtained, to leave the rest. This peculiarity doubtless gave rise to Walpole's disparaging, and, it must be contended, unfounded remark, that "Cooper, with so much merit, had two defects. His skill was confined to a mere head; his drawing even of the neck and shoulders so incorrect and untoward, that it seems to account for the numbers of his works unfinished. It looks as if he was sensible how small a way his talent extended (!). This very properly accounts for the other [defect], his want of grace, a signal deficiency in a painter of portraits, yet how seldom possessed."

As to the latter deficiency, those who have seen the Monmouth at Windsor will hardly be disposed to allow it. As to the former, it goes without saying that the artist who could delineate such subtleties of expression and character as Cooper has done could have "extended his talent so small a way" as to draw necks and shoulders had he been so minded.

In speaking of Cooper's manner, there is one detail which almost invariably distinguishes his work—that is the admirable way in which the hair is treated. It

may also be noted his miniatures are generally signed "S.C." connected, and nearly always painted on card, ivory not being used until later.

The Dyce collection at South Kensington contains portraits of S. Cooper by himself (engraved here at p. 211), and I am indebted to Mr. R. F. Sketchley for the following extract from the catalogue concerning them: "Portrait of the artist painted by himself, signed, S. C., 1657." Of the larger portrait (which is shown in the same collection), the catalogue says: "Portrait of himself drawn in chalk. Round the neck a lace kerchief tied with black ribbon. It is believed to have been in the Royal collection at Kensington, and is supposed by Walpole to be by Jackson, a relative of Cooper, but it is surely by the great miniaturist himself. It is taken at a later period of life than the last miniature, but the likeness of the two is identical."

Amongst the miniature painters of this period must be named a family, the initial letter of whose name was the same as Cooper, whilst their work resembled his in style. I mean the Cleyus, John and Francis, and Penelope their sister. They were children of Francesco Cley, who is well known as a designer employed by James I. at the Tapestry Manufactory at Mortlake. He was a German, who attracted the notice of our minister at Venice, and was by him recommended to Charles I., then Prince of Wales. Evelyn has described him as "a most pious man, father of two sons who were incomparable painters in little, and died in London."

According to the Register of Mortlake there were several children, of whom Francis was born 1625, and died 1650. According to Redgrave, John also died young. Vertue saw a miniature, by Penelope Cley, "like Cooper's manner but not so well," of Dorothea, youngest daughter of Richard Cromwell, February 4, 1618, signed P.C.; and at Burleigh is a head of Cecil Lord Roos, 1677, with the same letters.

At South Kensington is an interesting pocket-book of unfinished miniatures, which have been ascribed to Cooper, but are probably by Thomas Flatman (born 1633, died 1688). Whilst he painted in Cooper's style (but using more body colour), he is far inferior to his eminent contemporary, as is clearly shown by a portrait of himself in the Dyce collection, which may be termed a weak yet heavy imitation of Cooper. This is described in the catalogue as the Strawberry Hill miniature, finely painted by himself, which was vilely engraved for Walpole's "Anecdotes."

He seems to have been ambitious of literary renown; but Granger says one of his heads is worth a ream of his "Pindarics." Lord Rochester was severe on him, and calls him—

"That slow drudge,
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
And rides a jaded muse, whipt with loose reins."

Vertue pronounces him equal to Hoskins, and next to Cooper.

J. J. FOSTER.

(To be continued.)

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BROTHERS BROWNE. By Isaac Oliver. From the picture in the possession of Earl Spencer.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET. By Isaac Oliver. From the Jones collection in the South Kensington Museum.

ART THEMES FROM HINDUISM.*

IN the later developments of Hindu religion an important place is taken by the female energies, or consorts, of the three divinities, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. Saraswati, the consort of Brahma, is invoked as a muse. She is goddess of wisdom, learning, letters, eloquence, art, music, and song, fair in complexion, and young; and even the native artists sometimes give to Saraswati more gracefulness of figure than to many of their deities. On her brow she may wear a slender crescent. As goddess of speech, she may hold in her hand a palm-leaf scroll, and as goddess of music, a viol formed of two gourds.

The consort of Siva is a most extraordinary compound of inconsistent characteristics, resulting from the fusion of Aryan and non-Aryan elements. As Kali, the black fury, she is a prodigy of ugliness, alike in person and character. And yet as Uma, "light," she is reckoned a type of high-born loveliness. But although in her higher and attractive form this goddess is charming enough, it is better to study the Hindu ideal of feminine beauty—the Hindu Venus, if we like to call it so—in the person of Lakshmi, the consort of Vishnu, or in the person of the nymph Rambha. According to one account, Lakshmi, the goddess of fortune, beauty, and love, rose from the ocean of milk when it was churned by the gods, thus distinctly recalling the myth of Venus rising from the froth of the sea. She still further resembles Venus in being the mother of the god of love. The legend runs that she rose from the milky ocean in the first bloom of youth, endowed with transcendent beauty, resting on a lotus flower, and lavishly decked with ornaments. Often she is represented as a lovely and benign woman, robed in yellow, and holding a lotus in her hand. On the occasion of her special festival, she is honoured with offerings of water and rice, perfumes, and white flowers.

The other character who specially embodies the Hindu ideal of womanly grace and beauty, the nymph Rambha, was also yielded by the sea when churned by the gods. These beautiful nymphs, known as Apsarases, the winsome and kindly maids of heaven, are a most delightful feature in the later Hindu mythology and legends. In one aspect of their character they are ministering angels; yet withal they are wonderfully human in their charms. It could not with strict accuracy be said of the Apsarases: "They neither marry, nor are given in

marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven." Their beauty and womanly charms are such as might bring into jeopardy the saintship of an anchorite; nay, not only might, but did. Even the famous Visvamitra, saint and austere recluse that he was, on one occasion found his saintship shaken by the charms of the nymph Menaka. To borrow a suggestion from Sir George Birdwood, if we picture to ourselves a beautiful ballet-girl and a sister of mercy thrown into one, we have something like an Apsaras. Originally these nymphs personified the vapours drawn forth by the sun, forming into mists and clouds. In Indra's paradise the Apsarases have a favourite tree, whose blossom perfumes the whole world; and along with them are frequently associated the Gandharvas, or heavenly choristers, who are said to have a mystic power over the fair sex.

But of all the Apsarases, Rambha is pre-eminently the popular type of feminine beauty, of womanly grace and amiability. Surely there is immortal fame in store for the artist who shall give us a worthy presentment of this Hindu ideal of perfect loveliness, the beautiful, bright-eyed, gracious Rambha.

The story of the "moon-like" Rama and the fair and faithful Sita, forming the theme of the glorious epic poem, the "Ramayana," abounds in suggestive material of the highest character for the painter who cares to use it. In some respects the "Ramayana," which is rather a lengthy work, though short in comparison with the "Mahabharata," may well be regarded as fully on a level with the Homeric poems of Greece. In the opinion of Sir Monier

Williams its exquisite touches of true poetic feeling, its graphic description of heroic incidents and of nature's grandest scenes, the deep acquaintance it displays with the workings and emotions of the human heart, entitle the "Ramayana," notwithstanding various defects, to rank among the most beautiful compositions of any period and any country. Here, too, is the verdict of a native scholar on this great national epic:—"Nowhere else, I believe, are poetry and morality so charmingly united—each elevating the other—as in the pages of this really holy poem. . . . Yet there is an ample profusion in it of true poetry—glowing delineations of human passions, delicate paintings of natural beauties, and magnificent descriptions of battle-scenes."

In all probability the history



Draupadi a Victim of Kichak's stratagem.
By Raja Ravi Varma. (See p. 245.)

* Concluded from page 245.

of Rama, who belongs to the great Solar Dynasty of the ancient Aryans, is founded on real facts. A few of the leading incidents of the narrative are in briefest outline as follows:—Rama

was born the son of Prince Dasaratha, King of Ayodhya or Oudh, and, like Krishna, was an incarnation of Vishnu, though possessing but one-half of the divine essence. Throughout his career, his half-brother, Lakshmana, was his faithful friend and companion, as devoted as Patroklos to Achilles. There were altogether four semi-brothers, whose friendship was never broken. The childhood of the great hero is described with simple and pleasing detail—his dresses, his toys, his first attempts at walking, how he called himself "Ama," because unable to pronounce the letter "R," and how, when he cried for the moon, the chief minister of the king consoled his grief by fetching a looking-glass, with which he could hold in his hand the moon's reflection. Rama grew up a bright and beautiful youth, as did also his brother, Lakshmana.

At this time the great bow of the god Siva was kept at Mithila by a neighbouring Raja named Janaka, who had promised his daughter, Sita, in marriage to that hero who could bend the bow. The beautiful Sita, though called the daughter of King Janaka, was really his daughter only by courtesy. One day when the king was out ploughing, Sita rose from the furrow in front of the plough: whence her name, which signifies "furrow." Rama, hearing of the offer of King Janaka, and having pondered over the matter in his heart, repaired with his brother, Lakshmana, to Mithila, and there, with a smile on his face, bent the great bow till it broke, and obtained his beautiful bride. With her he returned to the kingdom of his father, King Dasaratha, who, being advanced in years, wished to retire from the world. But now, just when Rama was on the point of being installed as *yava-raja*, or heir-apparent, a palace intrigue resulted in his banishment for fourteen years to the forest. King Dasaratha had three queens, of whom Kausalya was the mother of Rama, and Kaikeyi the mother of a son named Bharata. Kaikeyi, instigated by a hunchbacked female servant, had entrapped the king, wholly against his will, into ordering the banishment of Rama and the installation of Bharata instead as *yava-raja*. Nor did Rama for one moment—such was his high sense of honour—desire that his father's word, once given, should be broken. Amid the lamentations of all the city, and accompanied by his young wife Sita and his brother Lakshmana, he bade farewell to the aged king and the three queens, and went forth into the forest. In the course of their wanderings the three exiles visited the hermitage of Valmiki, the reputed author of the "Ramayana."

King Dasaratha was so overcome with grief that, in the very act of imploring forgiveness of his queen, Kausalya, the mother of Rama, he fell back and died in her arms.

Thereupon Bharata, though installed as *yava-raja*, refused to assume the sovereignty, and casting bitter reproaches on his mother, Kaikeyi, because of her intrigue, declared his unwavering loyalty to his exiled brother. Having called a great council, and announced his intentions, he set out on a visit to Rama. But while on the one hand Bharata refused to ascend the throne, Rama, on the other, refused



Sita received back by Mother Earth By Raja Ravi Varma. (See next page.)

to return from exile till the term of his dead father's sentence on him had expired. At length it was arranged that Bharata should occupy the throne in the meantime in his brother's name.

So Rama and Sita and Lakshmana remained in exile. And then came the rape of Sita by Ravana, the demon king of Ceylon. A sister of Ravana, haunting the woods where the exiles dwelt, had been smitten by the sight of Rama; but enraged at the reception her addresses met with, she fell upon the innocent Sita, whom Lakshmana stoutly defended. The she-demon lost her nose and ears in the encounter, and then sought her revenge by inducing her brother to carry off Sita to adorn the monster's harem. Ravana came over from Lanka—the old name for Ceylon—and lured Rama out of the way; and artfully approaching Sita in the guise of a pious mendicant, seized her and carried her off in a magic chariot through the air. Rama and Lakshmana searched everywhere in vain to find her; and at last came upon a fabulous creature, who had received a mortal wound from Ravana in attempting to frustrate the wicked scheme. From him, while on the point of expiring, they learned the fate of Sita.

Then followed the great expedition for Sita's recovery. Rama and his brother proceeded southward, and entered into an alliance with the aboriginal tribes, whom Hindu imagination delights to picture as a race of monkeys. Hanuman, the general of the aboriginal forces, was one of the most prominent figures in the expedition. The leaders and their army crossed over to Ceylon; and there, after many a battle, Ravana, the demon, was killed, and Sita rescued, her honour having remained untarnished through all her long and terrible trials.

The noble Rama and the faithful Sita were at last united again. But it was deemed proper, on account of what the world might say, that Sita's purity should be demonstrated by means of the ordeal by fire. She entered the flames, but the flames were powerless to hurt her; for Agni, the god of fire, himself watched over her, and leading her forth, placed her unscathed in her hero's

arms. This striking episode of Sita's ordeal by fire is a common subject of pictorial representation in India, and is sometimes less barbarously treated than many subjects. Sita may be seen in the flames, with Agni standing by to comfort and strengthen her. Or we may have the triumphant issue of the ordeal, with flowers falling from the sky on the chaste Sita's head—a pretty conceit, which often recurs in Indian literature. The natives, of course, too often destroy what little charm their renderings of the scene might have, by introducing Hanuman or his forces as half monkeys and half men. But in any serious attempt at a worthy rendering, if these characters are brought in at all, the inartistic tradition, which gives them tails and monkey faces, could perhaps without much violence be set aside.

Rama and Sita returned in triumph to their kingdom of Ayodhya, and there commenced a glorious and happy reign. This is properly the end of the story, to which, however, there is a later addition. Sita on one occasion had been telling her maids about her captivity, and had drawn a figure of Ravana on the floor; and Rama happened to catch sight of it, without understanding its object. His jealous suspicions were roused, and he banished his faithful wife to the hermitage of Valmiki, where she bore her husband two sons. These grew up valorous youths, and came into conflict with Rama, who was on the point of giving them battle, when their identity was recognised by him. They and Sita were taken back, and all lived happily for the rest of their days. But another account ends in a more heroic and painful manner. Sita, "daughter of the furrow," calls upon her mother, the earth, to attest her innocence. Thereupon the earth opens, and a glorious throne rises from it, whereon is a beautiful woman seated. Holding out her hand to Sita, as represented on the previous page, she takes her daughter to her, and the throne sinks again into the ground, and the soil closes over it for ever. Rama throws himself, in bitter anguish, into the neighbouring stream, and is drowned.

"As long as the mountains and rivers shall continue," it is said, "so long shall the story of Rama and Sita be read in the world." "And nightly to listening millions," adds Sir George Birdwood, "are the stories of the 'Ramayana' and 'Mahabharata' told all over India," the audience, far into the night, held "spellbound" by the history of the "pure loves of Rama and Sita." That such a national hero and heroine, whose characters are so beautifully drawn, and whose names are as household words in India, should be without worthy representations in stone and on canvas, is little short of a public shame. Rama is the Hindu ideal of human heroism: calm and controlled, generous and brave, divinely unselfish, tenderly fond of his wife, loving his brothers, and superior to all feelings of resentment. Sita is the type of the chaste and perfect wife of ancient India: lovely and lovable, faithful and intensely devoted, pleading, when her husband is banished from the palace to the forest wilds, that she could not live in heaven without him, but here and hereafter close as his shadow must follow him.

There are scenes and episodes in the "Ramayana," some of them apart from the main story, which, in point of pathos and artistic effect, could hardly be surpassed from any other source. Here is one in particular—the death of the hermit boy. When the old King Dasaratha has been entrapped into banishing Rama, and is broken-hearted and overwhelmed with grief, he tells the following story of his earlier days to account for his cruel fate. I give the essence of it as coming from his own mouth, condensed from the translation of Sir Monier Williams.

"One day," said the King, "when the rains had refreshed the earth, and cooling breezes chased away the heat, and all was joy and gladness, longing to breathe the fresh air, I took my bow and my arrows and sallied forth [not unlike a modern sportsman, wishing "to kill something"]. Down to the stream I wandered, where various animals came to drink. It was evening and growing dusk, and I heard a sound, and I let fly my arrow. Then there came back a cry as of one in mortal agony, the cry of a human voice; and a poor lad fell bleeding and mortally wounded by the stream. He cried and asked, wherefore had he, an innocent hermit's boy, been struck down, having come at eve to the brook to fill his water-jar? by whose hand was he smitten? to whom had he given offence? Not for himself he grieved, but for his parents, old and blind, by him guided and supported, who in his death would perish also. Hearing that piteous voice, I, Dasaratha, became palsied with fear; my bow and arrows dropped from my hands, and in horror I drew near to the spot. There, stretched on the bank and writhing in pain, and smeared with dust and blood, I beheld a harmless hermit lad, and a broken jar lying beside him; and I stood as one who is dumb. He fixed full his eyes upon me, and, having asked me what he had done, charged me to go to his father and mother, who awaited his return, and to tell them of his fate. I slowly drew out the arrow from his side, and then, with a piteous look, he expired. Sadly I betook myself towards the hermitage. There I perceived his parents sitting forlorn, like two clipped, wingless birds, old and blind, anxiously waiting for their boy, and talking tenderly of him. They caught the sound of my footsteps, and I heard the old man chidingly say: 'Why hast thou lingered, child? Quick, give us both to drink a little water. . . . Thy mother yearneth for her son. If she or I in aught have caused thee pain, or spoken hasty words, think on thy hermit's duty of forgiveness. . . . Why art thou silent? Speak!' He ceased, and I stood as one who is paralyzed. Then, by a resolute effort, I told him with faltering voice how it was. For a time he was struck senseless by my pitiless words. At length he bade me take him to his child, and I led the blind and aged couple, bitterly weeping, to the fatal spot. There they fell upon the body of their son; and the father, thrilled by the touch, poured out his soul in anguish. 'Hast thou no greeting for us? no word of recognition? Wherefore liest thou here on the ground? Art thou offended? or am I no longer loved by thee, my son? See here thy mother. Thou wert ever dutiful towards us both. Why wilt thou not embrace me?' And he went on to ask, whom should he now hear reading the sacred books in the early morning hours? who now would bring him roots and fruits for his food? how could he, feeble and blind, support the dead boy's aged mother? He ended by bidding me strike him also down; while on me he pronounced the curse that sorrow for a child should one day bring me, too, to the grave."

And so it was; for King Dasaratha died of his grief.

One other striking episode in the "Ramayana" is that in which Ravana, in his earlier life, comes across Vedavati, the maiden fair and brilliant as a goddess. Vedavati is in rough and ascetic garb, her hair unkempt and matted, seeking by a life of austerity to carry out her dead father's will, and become the spouse of Vishnu. Smitten with her natural beauty, Ravana tries to persuade her to abandon her high purpose and become his own queen. When the holy maid indignantly spurns the presumptuous fiend, he seizes her hair in a rage, and she even tears her locks to free herself from his hated grasp. Unable, however, to survive the insult, she deliberately

walks into the fire and perishes—to be reborn as Sita. So much for the scenes and characters of this famous epic poem, the "Divine Ramayana."

Another delightful character of the old legends and myths, one, too, immortalised in drama by Kalidasa, is the beautiful forest flower, Sakuntala. But the story of the loves of Sakuntala and King Dushyanta with its exquisite touches, the record of Sakuntala's simple childhood in the hermitage, her courtship, and her many sorrows and trials, would take me too far to summarise. One of our illustrations represents Sakuntala writing to King Dushyanta. It would furnish highly suggestive material to the artist who could throw himself into the life of ancient India. So, too, in a very different way would the curious legend of Sunahsepa, to whom Sakuntala was related. For the sum of one hundred cows, Ajigarta, the father of Sunahsepa, agreed to sell his son for sacrifice. The day appointed for the tragic rites arrived, and all things were ready, but there was none among the ministering Brahmans to bind the victim to the stake. Thereupon the father, for another hundred head of cattle, offered to perform the office himself. The victim was bound, and the priests walked round him with burning brands of grass in their hands. But still there was none to act as the immolator. Here again Ajigarta's business instincts were roused, and for yet another hundred head of kine he offered himself as the immolator, and went forth to sharpen his knife. Then the victim, seeing that his case was desperate, realised that his only hope lay in divine succour. He lifted up his heart in prayer to all the gods, and his prayer was answered, and his bonds fell from off him. But what an ideal father! "Such a sight," said Sunahsepa, in bitter reproach, "was never beheld even among Sudras."

The legends related of the god Siva are not generally of a pleasing and poetic character; but he is very differently conceived by different classes of his worshippers. He represents the principles of destruction and reproduction, and is addressed at times in the sacred books

with the utmost awe. In his wild non-Aryan form as the Terrible and the Very Terrible, he is an intruder in the Hindu system. But Siva is also thought of as a fair-skinned man, seated in profound meditation, as on the occasion when Kama disturbed him. The trident is his emblem. He is clothed sometimes in an elephant's hide or a tiger skin.

It would be highly interesting to touch upon other features of Hinduism: on the tales and fables, the

knights and the saints; on Ramanand, wandering from place to place, with his twelve disciples, preaching the one god, Vishnu; on Chaitanya, the itinerant preacher, spectacle of self-sacrifice and soul-consuming devotion; on Yama, the judge of the dead; on Kartikeya, the Hindu Mars; on the typical Brahman of old, in the four distinct stages of his life; and on the extraordinary ascetics sitting for hours and days in the forest, as motionless as a stock of wood, and almost as insensible to pain, the expression of their faces calm and passionless, sometimes sublime and spiritual. But I trust that I have said enough to bring home to the mind of the artist, who may not have thought of the matter in this light before, that Hinduism, though mingled with barbarous elements, is not unworthy of study; but, on the contrary, is singularly rich in characters and scenes, whose wealth of beauty and pathos and grandeur, whose depth of meaning and intensity of interest, entitle them to serious attention from the Art world. The efforts of a competent artist in the field of Hinduism would no doubt meet with appreciation, not only from Raja Ravi Varma, but from many of the other rajas and influential natives of India. But apart from that, there must surely be plenty of Europeans besides myself, both in India and at home, who would feel grateful for the opportunity to see the old characters of Hindu mythology live, as it were, on canvas before their eyes. Anyhow, many of the subjects in their Indian setting would make highly effective pictures, and would come with a novelty and freshness which it is not always easy to impart to classical and Biblical scenes.



Sakuntala writing to Dushyanta.
By Raja Ravi Varma.

ERNEST M. BOWDEN.

'THE ISLE OF WIGHT.'

THE etching before us is of special interest as the work of one of the most distinguished collectors and lovers of art in England. Mr. J. P. Heseltine's name is widely known among art circles, both in this country and abroad. He is one of the Trustees of the National Gallery, a post for which his thorough knowledge of art and keen discrimination, qualify him in a peculiar manner. His own house is adorned with the

choicest examples of antique and modern Art, while his magnificent collection of drawings includes a large variety of admirable specimens by the greatest Italian and German, French and English, masters. He is the fortunate possessor of one of the finest and best-preserved Botticellis in existence, and his collection of Rembrandt drawings and etchings is unrivalled both in the quantity and quality of the work.

But Mr. Heseltine is not only an enlightened patron of art; he is an artist himself, and one of no mean capacity. Many are the plates which he has etched directly from nature, whether on his excursions to foreign lands or from the shores of his country home on the Hampshire coast. The present subject belongs to this neighbourhood, a locality rich alike in historic associations and picturesque scenery. In the foreground we have the marshy ground and brackish pools of the ancient salterns, where the monks of Beaulieu Abbey, whose farms extended all along the coast, evaporated salt, and carried on a flourishing industry. On the right, beyond the waters of the Solent, on a promontory connected with the mainland by a narrow tongue of shingle, is the island fortress of Hurst Castle, one of the forts built by Henry VIII. for the defence of the coast against the French invaders.

The old tower, built, like Yarmouth Castle on the opposite shore, with the stones of Beaulieu Abbey, bears the date 1535, and is flanked by a long granite wall, mounted with guns, which command the narrow channel, only a mile across, that here divides the Isle of Wight from the mainland. This ancient fortification, one of the first in England where artillery was employed for the defence of the coast, recalls the dangers to which the inhabitants of the Island were exposed in former times. Again and again their coasts were ravaged and their homes destroyed by the French invaders. Yarmouth, that quaint, sleepy little port at the mouth of the estuary to the left of our picture, was repeatedly sacked and burnt by the French in the thirteenth century, and fragments of the iron shot fired from the enemy's guns during the last bombardment, in 1524, are still found in the

streets of the modern town. On that occasion, the church bells were carried off by the invaders, and may still be seen at Cherbourg with the name of Yarmouth inscribed upon them. But these troublous times are happily over, and since the Tudor king reared his line of forts, no foreign foe has dared to threaten the peace of these quiet shores. To-day the yachts lie lazily at anchor in the Solent waters, where of old the French invaders came with fire and sword, and nothing mars the serene loveliness of the summer seas,—

"Where the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
The silent, sapphire-spangled, marriage-ring of the land."

Beyond the batteries and lighthouse of Hurst Castle, we see the long ridge of down and the glittering line of chalk cliffs which rise above the bright-hued sands of the Isle of Wight at Alum Bay, to end in the jagged outline of the Needles. The sharp spire of rock, nearly a hundred feet high, which originally gave its name to these famous cliffs, was struck by lightning in the last century, and has now crumbled away; but the other three rocks remain, and their deeply-indented forms, as has often been pointed out, bear a curious resemblance to the teeth in the jaw-bone of some marine monster. Between the Needles rocks and the mainland is the narrow water-gate which leads round the point to the lofty precipices of Scratchell's Bay, perhaps the grandest bit of cliff-scenery in the whole of England. And just beyond, under the green downs of Freshwater, lies a spot dear to English hearts, Farringford, the home where Tennyson spent so many years of his life, and which, in its sweet and sheltered beauty, remains for ever associated with his immortal verse.

PICTURE SALES OF 1896.

IN reviewing the prominent features of the recent season of Art sales, the insistence of the early British School becomes more and more manifest. During the last decade the auction worship of Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, and their compeers, has increased with remarkable fervour, and the comparative absence of "Old Master" collections from the sale rooms has had the natural effect of encouraging this worthy and patriotic cult. Not that the desire to acquire Early British examples is confined solely to British collectors. There was a time when American picture-buyers satisfied themselves with securing the magnificent masterpieces of the French School to the exclusion of other works. Now, however, they also acknowledge the attraction of a fine British canvas, and the result is evident in the increased competition at auction.

In connexion with the general question of this appreciation, a most remarkable and unique illustration is afforded on analyzing the sale particulars of the season just over. Custom has fixed the auction test mark of 1,400 guineas for a picture to be considered extraordinary. Annually, certain works, of course, attain or exceed this amount and become especially mentionable. The feature, however, of the 1896 list of works of this class is, that each of the twenty-eight pictures sold for £1,470 and over, is an example by a British master.

This is a most striking point to be noticed, and the importance of it is not diminished even when it is

recalled that, in 1895, out of forty-five works of this standard, thirty were also British. But the sale season of 1895 was exceptional in many ways, containing such memorable dispersals as the Price, Clifden, and Lyne-Stephens sales. Mention of these matters naturally raises the question as to the relative rank of the 1896 season, and in the statistical connexion it will be of interest at the outset to quote the parallel figures of the previous ten years, as these certainly afford a fair index of comparison:—

| No. of Pictures sold for £1,470 and over. | | No. of Pictures sold for £1,470 and over. | |
|--|----|--|----|
| 1886 | 26 | 1892 | 55 |
| 1887 | 20 | 1893 | 26 |
| 1888 | 35 | 1894 | 20 |
| 1889 | 17 | 1895 | 45 |
| 1890 | 39 | 1896 | 28 |
| 1891 | 37 | | |

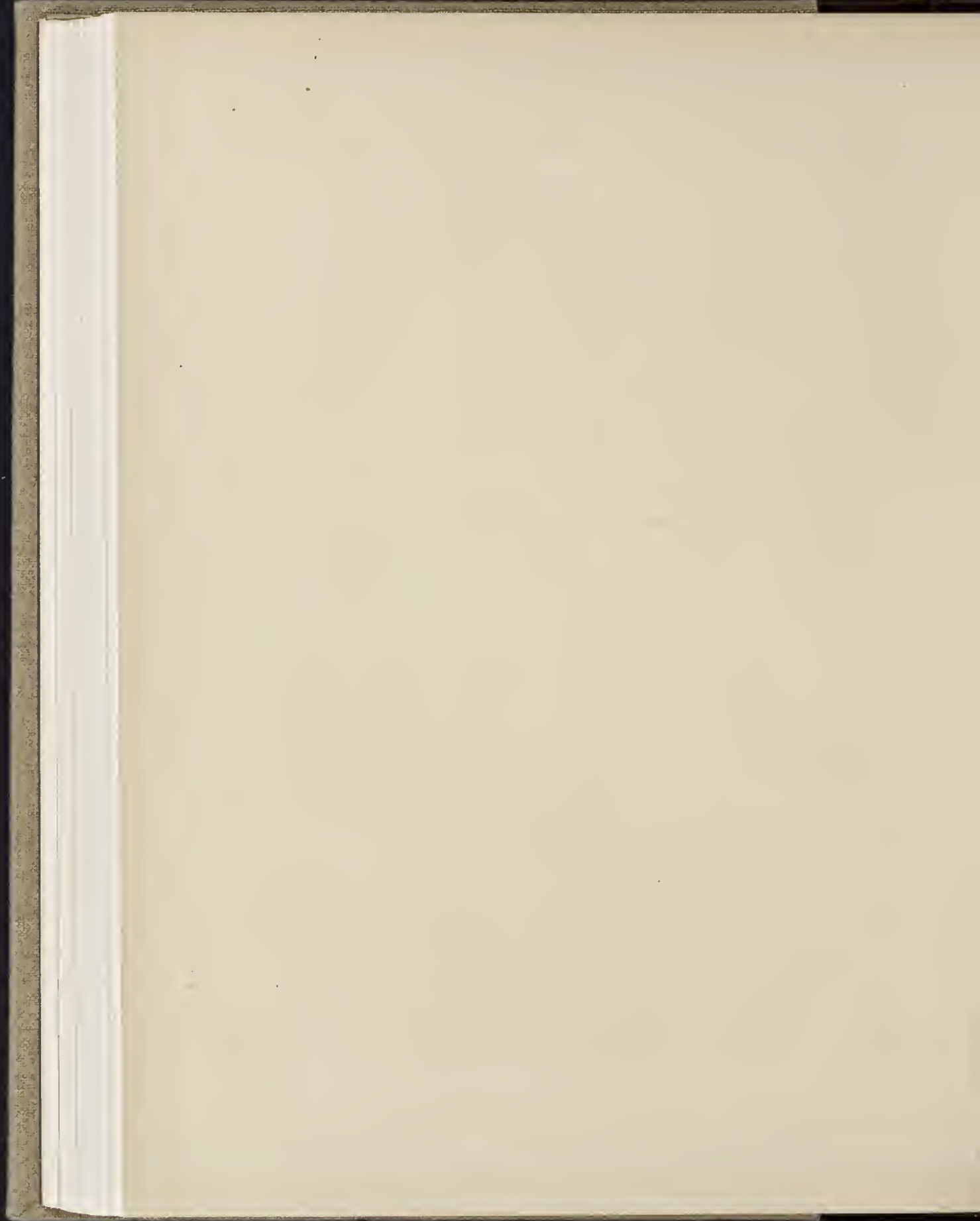
The conclusion to be drawn is inevitable. The 1896 auction season must be summed up as of merely rather more than average interest. One sale does not make a season, and the past series included only one collection of paramount importance, namely, the Goldsmid. True, there was the dispersal of the artistic properties of the late Lord Leighton, but, divested of all sentimental interest, the sale cannot be advanced into the category of sales of classic rank. It is quite possible that future records of the prices to be obtained for the late President's works will necessitate frequent reference to the



View looking by the river

View of the river from the bridge

1875





Morning, Panel, By Corot.

ingly strengthened by the leavening. Seventeen pictures went at the sale for 1,400 guineas or over; a goodly proportion of the total of twenty-eight of this class during the season. The highest price attained in the Goldsmid sale was 7,500 guineas for the well-known portrait of 'The Hon. Mary Monckton,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds, this amount being exactly what the portrait realized in 1894. Other Reynolds portraits were:—'Mr. Mathew,' one of the portraits left by the painter to his niece, the Marchioness of Thomond—4,000 guineas. In the Wynn Ellis sale, 1876, this fetched 900 guineas, and in the Duchess of Montrose's collection, 1894, 4,400 guineas. 'Barbara, Countess of Coventry,' exhibited at Burlington House last winter, reached 3,800 guineas, and 'Charles Mannors, Fourth Duke of Rutland,' 1,400 guineas. Although there was no Gainsborough at auction to rival the 'Lady Mulgrave' of last year, the success of this painter in the sale rooms continues without any sign of abatement. In the Goldsmid sale there were: 'Dorothea Lady Eden,' 5,000 guineas; 'Mr. and Mrs. Dehaney and daughter,' 2,100 guineas; the latter's sale history speaks for itself—£409 10s. Traill sale, 1880, £157 10s. 1882, and £840, 1889. 'A Grand Landscape' fetched 3,100 guineas. The examples by Romney submitted at the sale were of much interest, even if the disposal of the Clifden Romney two days before at Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's, to which reference will be shortly made, was somewhat overshadowing. In the Price sale of 1895 the 'Lady Urith Shore' and 'Miss Harriet Shore' fetched respectively 1,800 and 1,860 guineas. A period of twelve months was apparently quite sufficient to cause an increase in the case of the former portrait of 200 guineas, and in the latter, 890 guineas: profitable investments certainly. Another Price portrait, 'Catherine, Duchess of York,' by Sir W. Beechey, which had realized 1,200 guineas, reappeared to be sold at 1,400 guineas. Advertising to the Romneys, the fine 'Mrs. Oliver' went

comparatively low sums paid in 1896. With this desirable reaction the present chronicle has little connexion; the bare statistical facts measure the position in the history of Art sales attained by the Leighton collection. Presently detailed reference will be made to this sale, but in the first place, the Goldsmid collection should be reviewed. It was known that the late baronet had made judicious additions to his gallery during the few years previous to his death, and, as these additions were of the British school, now so much in vogue, his collection was exceeding-

for 3,100 guineas. The portrait represents the lady with a baby asleep in her lap. It is interesting, however, to recall the fact that originally the portrait was painted when the sitter was Miss Shakespear. She then held a fan. On becoming Mrs. Oliver, the lady persuaded Romney to alter the portrait as described. The splendid seascape by Turner, 'Rockets and Blue Lights,' from the Hooton Hall and McConnel collections, fetching in the sale of the latter, 710 guineas, reached the greatly enhanced price of 3,700 guineas, and another 'Sea Piece' from the Gibbons collection went for 2,050 guineas. 'A Guarda Costa,' by Clarkson Stanfield, was also well contested—2,300 guineas as against 1,900 guineas in the Londesborough sale of 1884. Constable's large sketch for the finished picture, 'Embarkation of George IV. from Whitehall, on the opening of Waterloo Bridge,' reached the good price of 2,000 guineas. It is not inappropriate at this time to recall the expression of public sympathy, in the shape of an outburst of cheering, which greeted the submission of Sir John Millais' 'Little Speedwell's Darling Blue,' exhibited in the 1892 Academy. Such demonstrations are rare, and in this case the applause was significant of the President's hold on popular appreciation. Although not a large picture, the example in question sold for 1,400 guineas. A characteristic work by Mr. Alma Tadema, 'Expectations,' for which Sir Julian Goldsmid paid 1,000 guineas, occasioned even greater competition, and it was not until Mr. Agnew had bid 1,950 guineas that the contest ended. Other noticeable lots in the sale were as follows; previous sale prices being appended in brackets:—G. Romney, 'Lady Hamilton as Contemplation,' 1,210 guineas (Carwardine sale, 1890, 1,050 guineas); J. Hoopner, R.A., 'A Lady,' 1,100 guineas; L. Deutsch, 'Egyptian Dealer in Bric-à-Brac,' 245 guineas; A. Schreyer, 'Horses Frightened by Fire,' 520 guineas; R. Ansdell, R.A., 'Crossing the Ford,' 165 guineas (Threlfall sale, 1864, 340 guineas); T. Creswick, R.A., 'Mountain Pass,' 110 guineas (210 guineas Threlfall sale, 1864); F. Goodall, R.A., 'Post Office,' 95 guineas (285 guineas Threlfall sale, 1864); ditto, 'Cranmer at the Traitor's Gate,' 350 guineas (670 guineas Threlfall sale, 1864). That Edwin Long's pictures have ceased to cause the furore of fourteen years ago, when 'The Babylonian Marriage Market' was bought for the Holloway College Picture Gallery at 6,300 guineas, was evident in the submission of this painter's large 'Street Scene in Madrid,' which realized only 520 guineas. Keeley



Evening, Panel, By Corot.

Halswelle, 'Il Madonnajo,' 205 guineas; J. B. Burgess, R.A., 'Una Liuosnita,' 320 guineas; E. W. Cooke, R.A., 'Chiooggian Fishing Vessels,' 400 guineas (320 guineas Londresborough sale, 1884); J. C. Hook, R.A., 'Catching Sand Lance,' 550 guineas; T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Canterbury Meadows,' 330 guineas (240 guineas Threlfall sale, 1864). Two of Mr. Poynter's works followed—'Knucklebones'—a finished study for the picture—460 guineas, and 'On the Temple Steps,' 300 guineas. Lord Leighton's 1895 Academy picture, 'Listening,' reached 490 guineas, and a 'Grand Landscape,' by John Linnell, from the Mendel collection, 800 guineas. The only Old Master of importance in the sale was Jan Steen's 'Guitar Lesson,' which realized 550 guineas. In the Clewer Manor sale, 1876, this fetched 300 guineas, and again in the Addington sale, 1886, a few guineas less.

Before dismissing the Goldsmith sale it is worth mentioning that seventeen pictures between them were responsible for 49,550 guineas. The total of the sale was actually £67,342—a sum which may be compared with the following records:—Becket Denison (1885), £71,050; Bolckow (1888), £66,567; Wells (1890), £78,312; David Price (1892), £69,577; Murrieta (1892), £50,092; Dudley (1892), £99,564; Adrian Hope (1894), £49,884; and James Price (1895), £87,144.

The highest individual price, however, paid for a picture in 1896 was given by Mr. Charles Wertheimer, who has established a great reputation for colossal bids. The well-known Clifden Romney, 'Portraits of Caroline Viscountess Clifden and Lady Elizabeth Spencer,' exhibited at Burlington House in 1892, appeared at Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's on June 11th, and, after some spirited competition, fell to the gentleman in question at the huge price 10,500 guineas, the highest sum ever realized by a Romney at auction. Recently the same collector purchased by private treaty the famous Warwick Castle Rembrandt, 'The Standard-Bearer,' for a similarly great sum. It is becoming evident that private sales are growing in number, and another development has lately been witnessed in the case of Mr. William Leathart's celebrated collection of works by the pre-Raphaelites, which was submitted for exhibition and sale at the Goupil Gallery. In fact it is quite an open secret that nowadays many important collections, particularly of modern examples, change hands without appearing at auction at all.

With reference to the Leighton sale, the most prominent feature was the disposal of his properties, which he had gathered in his capacity of private collector. It is unquestionable that the four fine Corots, 'Morning,' 'Noon,' 'Evening,' and 'Night,' painted on the plaster walls of Decamps' dining-room at Barbizou, attracted most attention. These were knocked down *en bloc* for the great price of 6,000 guineas to an English nobleman. Mr. Alma-Tadema's 'Corner of The Studio,' realized 1,800 guineas, and Sir J. E. Millais' 'Shelling Peas,' 710 guineas. This part of the sale totalled £14,673 8s. 6d. The bric-à-brac and bijouterie went specially well; private buyers attending in force, and paying "souvenir" prices, which reached upwards of £6,900. As regards the actual works by the late President himself, the studies in oil fetched good average prices, and were largely responsible for the £10,000 odd obtained. But the cool reception which met the finished pictures will long linger in the memory, and the Frauk Holl sale of 1889 was ominously remembered. Some day a great reaction may set in; it is only three years ago that in the Baring sale the 'Daphnephoria' realized £3,937.

To touch upon other matters of interest in the past

season, mention should be made of the representative Morlands offered in the Haskett Smith sale. One of these, 'The Cherry Sellers,' went for the high price of 1,000 guineas to Mr. Wertheimer; being only 50 guineas less than the 'record' Morland price paid last year by the same gentleman for the exquisite 'Visit to the Child at Nurse.' Altogether the collection contained twenty-five examples of this fine painter, and in many cases enhanced prices were realized; for example, 520 guineas for 'The Wreckers,' as against 170 guineas in 1864. The sale recalled the successes of the Levy collection in 1876, and the Huth sale of last year. On the same day the late Viscount Eversley's pictures were sold, including J. Hoppner's 'Emma Whitbread,' which fetched 1,800 guineas, and Gainsborough's 'Samuel Whitbread,' 1,750 guineas. The Thomson-Bonar family pictures were noticeable chiefly for Romney's 'Mrs. Anne Bonar,' which sold for £1,500 guineas. The sale of the Angerstein properties also merits attention. It will be recollected that it was by the purchase of a former Angerstein collection, for £57,000 in 1824, that the nucleus of the present National Gallery was formed. Lawrence's 'Mrs. Auelia Angerstein' went for 2,150 guineas, and Reynolds' 'Mrs. Angerstein,' 1,150 guineas. On the same afternoon, Fuseli's 'Deluge,' a huge canvas ten feet by seven, fell for one guinea! The pictures of Mr. Arthur Seymour included Romney's 'Maria and Catherine Thurlow,' which sold well at 2,550 guineas. In this connexion the remarkable auction success of Romney during the season calls for special mention, six examples having realized £23,520.

The sale of the late Col. Hargreave's collection, which totalled £13,000, was principally noticeable from the fact that most of the pictures had appeared before at Christie's in 1873, on the death of the late owner's father. Consequently some remarkable changes in prices were witnessed. Most of these were for the worse, the following being conspicuous:—J. Philip, 'Gathering the Offerings,' 95 guineas (Philip sale, 1867, 630 guineas, and Hargreaves sale, 1873, 1,050 guineas); Sir E. Landseer, 'The Pensioners,' 760 guineas (1873, 1,600 guineas); P. Calderon, 'Near Poitiers,' 155 guineas (1873, 590 guineas); Sir A. W. Callcott, 'View of the Thames,' 30 guineas (1873, 390 guineas); A. Egg, 'Scene from The Monastery,' 58 guineas (1873, 495 guineas), and W. P. Frith, 'The Winning Hazard,' 46 guineas, which sold in 1867, in the Potter sale, for 645 guineas.

As already mentioned, the season was almost devoid of works by foreign old masters, the Dean Paul collection of Dutch examples being the only sale of importance in this connexion. 'A Frozen River Scene,' by A. van der Neer, went for the very high price of 1,170 guineas, and a cabinet Hobbema reached 1,050 guineas, the latter being a greatly increased price on the 151 guineas paid in the Nieuwenhuys sale, 1833. Backhuysen's remarkably fine 'Zuyder Zee,' which fetched £270 in 1828, and 370 guineas in the Bagot sale, 1836, attained the much enhanced price of 840 guineas. A. van der Nelde's 'Maternal Occupation,' sold for 760 guineas; its previous sale history being £144, 1778, and 280 guineas, Erard sale, 1833. Another picture of the same title realized 600 guineas (1776, £40, and 210 guineas, Morant sale, 1832). J. Ruysdael's 'Woody Landscape,' which went for only 75 guineas in the Nieuwenhuys sale, 1833, now fetched 500 guineas. Two fine works by Wouverman, 'La Chasse aux Canards' and 'Three Horse Soldiers,' realized respectively 450 guineas and 480 guineas, each price showing a great advance on former realizations. By way of conclusion it will be of interest to give par-

Particulars of the more important picture prices obtained during the season, and, as was pointed out in the beginning of this article, it will be noticed that each example mentioned is a work by a British artist.

A. C. R. CARTER.

| Artist. | Title of Picture. | Sale. | Price. | Artist. | Title of Picture. | Sale. | Price |
|-----------------------|---|---------------|---------|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------|--------|
| Romney | 'Caroline Viscountess Clifden and Lady Spencer' | Clifden .. | £11,025 | Stanfield, C. .. | 'Guarda Costa' | Goldsmid .. | £2,415 |
| Reynolds, Sir J... .. | 'Mary Monckton' | Goldsmid .. | 7,875 | Gainsborough .. | 'Mr. and Mrs. Dehanev' | Goldsmid .. | 2,255 |
| Gainsborough .. | 'Lady Eden' | Goldsmid .. | 5,250 | Turner, J. M. W. .. | 'Sea Piece' | Goldsmid .. | 2,152 |
| Reynolds, Sir J... .. | 'Mrs. Mathew' | Goldsmid .. | 4,202 | Constable, J. .. | 'Embarkation of George IV.' | Goldsmid .. | 2,100 |
| Reynolds, Sir J... .. | 'Countess Coventry' | Goldsmid .. | 3,990 | Romney | 'Lady Urith Shore' | Goldsmid .. | 2,100 |
| Turner, J. M. W. .. | 'Rockets and Blue Lights' | Goldsmid .. | 3,885 | Alma Tadema .. | 'Expectations' | Goldsmid .. | 2,047 |
| Romney | 'Mrs. Oliver' | Goldsmid .. | 3,255 | Hoppner | 'Emma Whitbread' | Eversley .. | 1,890 |
| Gainsborough .. | 'Grand Landscape' | Goldsmid .. | 3,255 | Alma Tadema .. | 'Corner of Studio' | Leighton .. | 1,890 |
| Romney | 'Miss Harriet Shore' | Goldsmid .. | 2,887 | Gainsborough .. | 'Samuel Whitbread' | Eversley .. | 1,837 |
| Romney | 'Maria and Catherine Thulow' | Seymour .. | 2,677 | Turner, J. M. W. .. | 'Boats to Dutch Men of War' | Houldsworth | 1,627 |
| Lawrence, Sir T. .. | 'Amelia Angerstein' | Angerstein .. | 2,257 | Reynolds, Sir J... .. | 'Mrs. Angerstein' | Angerstein .. | 1,627 |
| | | | | Romney | 'Mrs. Anne Bonar' | Thomson Bonnar | 1,572 |
| | | | | Hoppner | 'Hurdy-Gurdy Player' | June 6 .. | 1,550 |
| | | | | Gainsborough .. | 'Lady Mary Bowley' | June 6 .. | 1,522 |
| | | | | Millais, Sir J. .. | 'Little Speedwell' | Goldsmid .. | 1,470 |
| | | | | Beechey, Sir W. .. | 'Duchess of York' | Goldsmid .. | 1,470 |
| | | | | Reynolds, Sir J... .. | 'Duke of Rutland' | Goldsmid .. | 1,470 |



Imperial Delhi. The Emperor Shah Jehan leaving the Great Mosque of Delhi.
By E. L. Weeks.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE election of Mr. Ernest Crofts to be Royal Academician is, we fear, one that will not greatly interest the public. As one of the oldest Associates Mr. Crofts has earned his new position; and if it rouses him to greater exertion, and this is very likely, there will be no cause for regret.

1896.

There is a certain amount of risk lest in the reputation which the exhibitions at Earl's Court have gained as places of amusement their serious artistic side should be forgotten. The India and Ceylon show this year includes a very remarkable amount of Eastern Art work of exceedingly high quality, and lovers of the traditional

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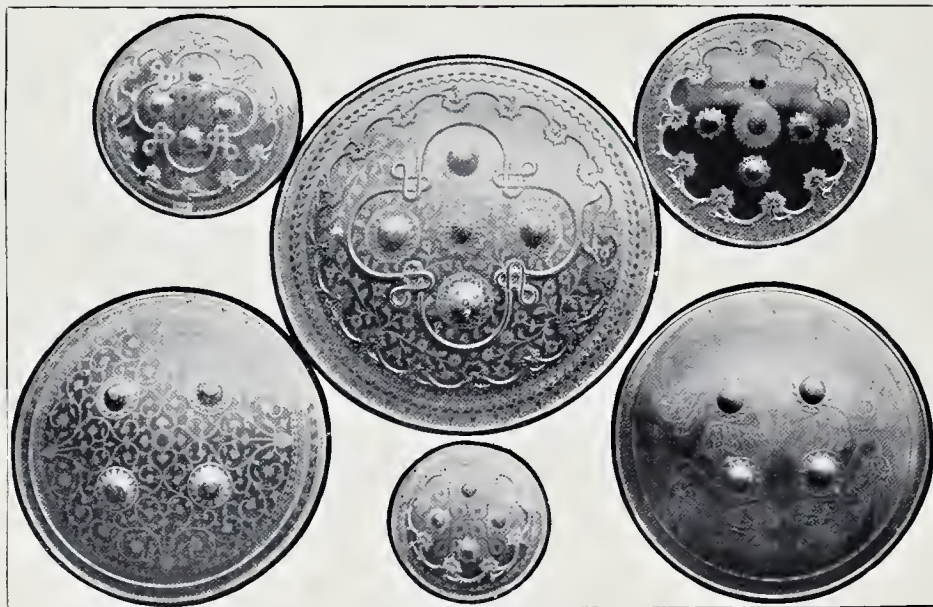
decoration of India and the adjacent countries, will find in some of the galleries at Earl's Court very ample material for study. There is, for instance, a very complete collection of metal work, arms, and armour; and there are besides a great many specimens of exquisite embroidery and woven fabrics, some good pottery, and various other instances of the application of those artistic principles which have guided Eastern artists through many centuries. The inlaying of metal surfaces, which has been brought to such perfection both in India and Japan, is specially well illustrated in a large group of round shields ornamented with intricate patterns in gold and silver; and chased and damascened metal utensils are also well represented. Among the textiles are patterned silks of beautiful design, and some eminently characteristic printed hangings and draperies; while a small series of costume models shows in an interesting fashion the picturesqueness of the dress worn by some of the Indian tribes.

In the section allotted to pictorial examples there are many drawings by native artists, brilliantly coloured studies, for the most part, of gaily-dressed potentates; and there are also various sketches of Indian scenery. The more important pictures are, however, those of Mr. E. L. Weeks, an English artist who has painted for a long time in the East. He works with great technical ability, and with unusually acute sense of the effect of brilliant sunlight upon strong colour. His large studies of the out-of-door life of India are especially successful,

artists working under the unaccustomed conditions which prevail in tropical countries. He is, indeed, a painter of more than ordinary power, and his canvases provide at Earl's Court an attraction of rather unusual value.

Mr. George E. Cook, an American artist, showed, in Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries, at the end of July, a small collection of oil sketches chiefly of American scenery. His work is new to the British public, but has merit enough to deserve attention. It is, perhaps, not quite in the first rank, but is certainly well observed and not unskilfully treated. Most of his bits were painted in the Chenango district, which has a considerable local reputation as a sketching ground; and in them he had succeeded in presenting many of the facts of nature in an undeniably straightforward and workmanlike manner. That he has, too, the faculty of observing shrewdly was shown by a couple of paintings done in this country, 'Chester,' and 'St. James's Park,' in which he had succeeded in rendering with a good deal of fidelity the peculiar character of our atmosphere.

The water-colour drawings by the late H. G. Hine, which were recently on view in the galleries of the Fine Art Society, were those only which at the time of his death remained in his studio. Yet among them were many remarkable examples of his peculiarly able interpretation of nature, many of those finely expressed studies of atmospheric gradation which gained for him his great reputation as a painter of landscape. The special



Indian Inlay Metal Work at the Earl's Court Exhibition.

and give an excellent idea of the aspect of the country and its people. He views his subjects with intelligence and discretion, and avoids those conventions of colour and light and shade that have too often misled other

charm of his work was always in his delicate appreciation of subtleties of lighting and of those qualities of colour which are obtained by the representation of stretches of far distance. In the refinements of aerial perspective,

and the modulations of gentle tints which afford the painter of atmosphere his greatest opportunities, he found the best scope for his capacities, and it was by devotion to this most exacting class of landscape that he established his position among the artists of our times. There was never in his work any touch of triviality or prettiness; it was always large in style and able in treatment, and handled with unaffected straightforwardness.

These particular merits were very well seen in such drawings as 'Houghton Bridge, near Amberley,' with its fine suggestion of bright sunlight; 'Midhurst Common,' with its admirable rendering of atmosphere

and its abundance of minute detail, kept most successfully in right relation to the general scheme; 'An Ancient Oak, Cowdray,' with its fine expanse of distance; and 'Below Gravesend,' with its delicate colour and truth of open-air quality. A more gentle harmony gave charm to the well-chosen view of 'Corfe Castle,' surrounded by ranges of rounded chalk downs; and a more ambitious intention made notable the large study, 'In the Malling Hills—Bible Bottom,' with its large, simple forms and rich mellow colour. One of the strongest of all the drawings, powerful in design, and conspicuous for its expressive certainty of technical statement, was 'The Agglestone,' a near view of the curious rock which is one of the sights of East Dorsetshire. Hardly any other artist who has attempted to paint "The Devil's Nightcap," as the stone is locally called, has succeeded so well in realising the wildness of the scene in which it is the prominent feature, or has reproduced so faithfully the colour and character of the sandstone mass and of the heath-clad slopes around.

The Fine Art Society was showing at the same time a collection of twenty-four pictures by Mr. J. J. Shannon. These were partly new productions and partly canvases that had been previously exhibited, so that the exhibition had a double interest, as a brief summary of past achievements, and as an assertion of the artist's present position. It was pleasant to see again such well-remembered works

as the splendid full-length of 'Henry Vigne, Esq.,' the prettily designed 'Tales of Japan,' or the elegantly formal portrait of 'The Marchioness of Granby'; but it was even more satisfactory to see in Mr. Shannon's just completed pictures how thoroughly he is maintaining the reputation of which he laid so secure a foundation a few years ago. He has, despite the successes he has

made almost continuously since the commencement of his career, done few things better than his 'Babes in the Wood,' with its agreeable suggestion of Bastien Le Page's best manner, or than his vigorously prismatic colour study, 'In the Springtime,' with its masses of bright fruit blossoms. There was



The Agglestone Rock.
By H. G. Hine.

extraordinary merit, too, in 'The Stairs,' an example of ingenious and yet graceful posing and of soundly considered technical device. The quieter side of his colour-sense was seen to greater advantage in 'Spot Red,' an arrangement of low-toned greys and browns; and his admirable appreciation of the graces of childhood appeared prettily in 'The Doll,' 'The Squirrel,' and 'The Green Vase.' In many respects, indeed, this small show was one of the most important of the season.

A few water-colours, by Mr. Claude Hayes, of landscape subjects in Berks, Suffolk, Sussex, and Surrey, were hung in an adjoining room under the same roof. They were, as this artist's work always is, delicate in colour, sufficiently well drawn, and handled with directness and fluency. A certain lack of variety in manner to some extent detracted from their charm as a series, and made them suffer in juxtaposition. Their merit, however, was far from slight, for they had many good qualities as studies of open-air effects, and they expressed quite adequately some of the most paintable subtleties of sunlight, and some of the best of the colour harmonies which the rich landscape of the southern counties affords. Mr. Hayes is an artist with an individual method, and he has based his style in water-colour upon study of the worthiest of the older masters, so that any display of his productions could scarcely be otherwise than valuable and interesting in a very high degree.

NEW ART BOOKS.

THE Horn Book has long ceased to be found in the hands of the children, and so scarce has it become that only a small number of perfect examples are known to exist. Yet at one time they were more plentiful than any other kind of alphabet. For at least three centuries the youth of these lands learned from them their first ideas of education, and during last century it is authentically known that thousands were in use throughout the length and breadth of the country.

Now, a perfect example of a Horn Book is considered a

"to save from fingers wet the letters fair." Tale was occasionally employed, but being difficult to obtain, the transparent portion of a bull's horn was generally used.

Mr. Tuer's "HISTORY OF THE HORN BOOK" is filled with illustrations, and while we cannot defend many of the modern drawings (introduced with very little reason), we are equally unable to suggest anything but praise for the illustrations of nearly all the best examples of Horn Books known, together with the very remarkable reproduction of Horn Books themselves ingeniously inserted in the

volumes. It is a daring idea to give exact facsimiles, horn and everything, of the first Horn Books; but the result is specially successful, and these specimens give a living interest to the subject that goes a long way to render the publication remarkable.

Queen Elizabeth's Horn Book was given by Her Majesty to Lord Chancellor Egerton, the ancestor of the present possessor, Lord Egerton of Tatton. The covering, however, is not horn but talc. The filigree work at the back is shown up by a foundation of red silk faced with talc, and all the silver work is singularly perfect.

In addition to an exhaustive account of all the Horn Books known, in which the art of the author keeps the reader interested from first to last, there are several rich issues Mr. Tuer discusses that are almost of equal interest. The chapter on the "Sampler," the *magnum opus* of our grandmothers' childhood, touches an article to be found in every home, and some day, perhaps, Mr. Tuer will give us a separate history of it.



The Horn-Book of Queen Elizabeth, with filigree back.

treasure to be honoured with a description, an illustration, and a centre place in a collector's library. Mr. A. W. Tuer has devoted two bulky volumes to their history, and even from the justly renowned Leadenhall Press no better or more interesting books have ever issued.

At first, Horn Books were written on vellum, but after the introduction of printing they were mostly type printed. They were usually of the shape of the example we illustrate, but, of course, seldom of the artistic value of this particularly choice specimen. Frequently the wood on which the alphabet and Lord's Prayer were mounted was quite plain, and surrounded by some bordering tacked to the wood, fastening a piece of transparent horn in front,

The application of modern methods of reproducing facsimiles of famous old works of Art allied with literature of the better sort gives promise of some unexpected developments. The Bishop of Peterborough's "QUEEN ELIZABETH" (Boussod, Valadon & Co.), is a serious historical treatise, and practically—extraordinary as the statement may seem—the first biography of the great English queen yet written. It defends the personality and the projects of Elizabeth, and shows her in a light that lends itself easily to discussion, while it pleases with its generous fairness to those opposed to her many schemes. The style throughout is well maintained, and the volume will add greatly to the already deservedly high place taken by the Right Rev. Mandell Creighton's work. The frontispiece is a facsimile in colours of the Queen at Ham House.



"Action." A Portrait of the Artist.
From a Drawing by S. E. Waller.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A SUBJECT PAINTER.

MODEL CHARACTERS.

"SO you use models," said a very distinguished lady to me one evening. "I am surprised. I thought only students and, excuse me, second-rate artists needed them." I hastened to assure her I *was* second-rate. Resuming, she inquired, "Where do you get your subjects? Are they from books, or do you get people to send you ideas?"

"They are mostly my own, and original; that is, as much as anything can be original in the nineteenth century."

"Oh, but that's impossible. How could you think of these things? You must get them from some one."

"Very well. Let us allow, for the sake of argument, that I do. Then who did 'some one' get them from?"

"From some one else."

"Then suppose we trace back to the very fountain-head, where do you suppose the very first person got them from?"

"Ah," she said, "that's what always puzzled me."

In a former article* I alluded to the difficulties which beset the painter in finding a good subject, and afterwards in carrying that subject to a successful completion. Not the least of these is the uncertainty of procuring suitable models. Speaking from experience, my most successful heads have been worked from amateur sitters, the professional model bearing the burden and heat of the day, *i. e.*, sitting for the pose, costume, etc. It is not often one can complete a careful study entirely from the amateur sitter, especially if the pose is difficult, as it is impossible to keep telling a lady, for instance, who is obviously fatigued, and is evidently doing her best, that she is altogether wrong in attitude. By the judicious assistance, however, of the "professional," the trouble may generally be overcome, a really well-trained sitter keeping any reasonable pose with almost equal facility. I have found people extraordinarily good-natured on the whole. Times without number have I asked permission to paint a fine horse I have seen in the street, to make sketches of old houses, or of men

and women, gentle and simple, and I never remember to have met with a refusal; but I must add here, cynically, that sometimes much more solicitude has been expressed lest a horse should take cold than that a similar misfortune should befall the wife or daughter of the owner. I could fill a volume with these experiences, but space limits me.

In the pursuit of subject one experiences many difficulties, many heart-burnings and disappointments, but all compensated for a hundredfold by the incidents and adventures that crop up from time to time, and, beyond all, by the fascinations of research, as to literary matter, costumes, hearsay tales and legends, in searching out old mansions and landscape for backgrounds, and in happy days spent in watching and sketching animals, wild and tame.



Pony with Lady's Saddle.
A Sketch by S. E. Waller.

* THE ART JOURNAL for 1893, page 314.

One of my first efforts after new material took me rather far afield. I was a little crazed at the time over the Njal Saga, the discovery of America by Eric Rauthr and Karlsefne, and other Scandinavian matters, and went to Iceland, where I had a rough but most enjoyable time, spending nearly two months there, and making many sketches; and to show how important it is never to part with sketches, I may mention that I am using some of them in a drawing now in progress, and when I pinned the Icelandic cap on my model's head to-day, and saw the pretty contrast of the black and silver on her fair hair, nearly a quarter of a century seemed to be obliterated, and I felt as if I had never left Aruar Bœli (Eagle's Nest), and was twenty-one again.

My first model (that is, the first one I ever painted in a *real* picture), how well I recall her. She was a pretty child of about twelve. One day she began crying bitterly, and, in answer to my query, said she had a headache. I told her she had better go home. "Oh no," she replied, "it's bound to ache somewhere, and it may as well ache here as ache at home; so I'll just stay on and earn my sixpence."

In the country, perhaps, the chances for adventure are more certain, as in London the whole thing is so cut and dried. When painting at Gloucester, on one occasion, a village boy ran screaming to his mother about an "awful summat" he had seen in the field. It seems he had climbed up the palings to look over to see what was going on. What he did see must have astonished him vastly. It was a young man mounted on a big white horse, and clad from head to foot in glittering armour. He wore, too, a splendid red velvet surcoat, emblazoned with the Lions of England and the Lilies of France on the back and breast. Poor boy, he had probably never heard of Shakespeare or of Henry V., but he will never forget them now.

But tragedies as well as comedies cross one's path. Amongst my schoolfellows was a boy whose path seemed strewn with roses. Good-looking, active, popular, the son of very wealthy parents—in fact, a boy of mark

even amongst our seven hundred. When I left school few were more envied than he. I saw him many years later, when he called at my studio to beg for sittings at a shilling an hour.

Sad, too, are the tales one so often has to listen to from would-be sitters—of illness, poverty, and misfortune—and it happens, moreover, so frequently, that those who apply are of no use whatever, and, much as one may feel for them, it is not possible to help all. For some animals, too, I have felt deeply; they seem to suffer so, despite the fact that it is to the artist's interest to

treat them with every kindness. It is a mistake to be over-sensitive, however, and I have often found my work the worse when an animal's aspect has made me feel unhappy. On one occasion, a gentleman, hearing I was in want of a fawn, kindly told me that if I would drive over to his deer park on a certain day, he would arrange with the keeper to catch me one. Delighted with the chance, I kept the appointment. I found the keeper waiting for me, with half a dozen men carrying nets. It was a terrifically hot day, and we toiled over miles of ground, breast high in bracken fern, till I was ready to drop. The *modus operandi* was as follows. Each net was stretched between two poles; to each pole a man. One, two, or three nets would then be extended in a continuous line across some likely spot.

The poles would then be fixed in the ground, and at intervals thinner ones—more like bean sticks—were driven lightly into the turf as well, to carry the intervening portions of the net. The impact of any object in swift motion was sufficient to throw down the lighter supports, and entangle it in the meshes. All being ready, we would beat up the neighbouring bracken, all converging in a semicircle towards the nets. There was no lack of fawns, but their powers of jumping were beyond belief, and the little creatures sprang over the nets (in some places six feet high) like—well, "like deer." It was not until about two o'clock in the afternoon that we caught a fawn. It was a lovely spotted creature, as perfect a model as I could desire. It was carried to the enclosed



"Awful Summat."

From a Drawing by S. E. Waller.

yard of the keeper's house, where it lay on its side panting, with the most terror-stricken expression in its beautiful eyes I ever remember to have seen. Presently its mother approached the house and called to it, and the poor little thing answered her piteously. It was too much for me altogether, and try as I would I could do nothing, and, finally, when the call had been repeated twice, I thought of the poor mother, so opened the door and let her baby go.

I have sought models in less pleasant places by far than these. Once I wanted an Italian baby for a picture of 'Romulus, Remus, and the Wolf,' and in order to find one made an expedition to Leather Lane and Saffron Hill. To my surprise there were but few babies visible, and I was told that nearly all were out with the barrel-organs, they being an important part of the stock-in-trade. I was recommended for information to an Italian tradesman, by a by-stander. I found the man referred to in his shop, and he proved to be most obliging and spoke excellent English.

"Come round with me about 8 o'clock, when the children are in bed," he said, "and you can look them over quietly."

I kept my appointment, and found my new friend invaluable. He took me into a series of the most curious and awful dens I have ever had the fortune to enter—through dark passages, down into cellars, up broken, rickety stairs, with sometimes a greasy rope by way of balustrade, through dirt and grime of all descriptions, and the whole pervaded by every evil smell under the sun. We saw acres of children. I put it this way as it best describes what we did see. One child alone in a cot seemed to be a thing unheard of. In all cases at least three or four were huddled together, and at one house lay twenty-four babies asleep in one gigantic bed which almost filled the room. They were placed feet to feet—twelve on one side of the bed and twelve on the other, and at right angles to the long side so as to economise space. It was a curious sight, indeed. I looked carefully over them all, and at last selected a very pretty little boy about ten months old, and desired he might be awakened for a minute or two that I might see his eyes. He opened them and regarded me with a stern, massive sort of expression (he was very like an embryo Cæsar), and then burst into a howl of rage.

This, of course, awoke the other twenty-three, who instantly took up the cry. The awful clamour went forth over the house, waking every other child at hand. It was carried on to the houses adjacent—up and down the street it spread, and finally seemed to sweep over the neighbourhood. It was like the Fiery Cross—or the raising of the Sacred Banner of Islam. All that heard took up the cry and followed, and in a few moments every baby within a mile was helping the affair forward with all his little heart. I do not remember much more save that amidst the yells and screams of a thousand outraged infants, and the mournful wailings of many weary, weary mothers, I fled away. But my picture was painted from the head conspirator after all, and I am sorry to say it was an utter failure.

One man, a dog dealer in Seven Dials, whom I will call Rookwood, was the source of stories innumerable, for which I have not space here. He supplied artists with animals, and seldom came to me but he left some keen remarks behind. Totally uneducated, unable to read or write, he was yet remarkably shrewd, and of much original thought, as exemplified here. A sad time had come to me when I was laid by with typhoid fever. A report had got about that I was dead, for I had been in bed eleven weeks. One of the first things I did when I was able to get about a little was to drive down to Rookwood's shop in order to get a dog, as I wished to start a little picture—one small enough to paint sitting. It was a brilliant spring evening,

I drove up to the door as the sun was setting. The strong light being at my back as I entered the place, I must have formed a black silhouette, and in the doorway—my features being undistinguishable—I could see Rookwood and his family sitting at tea in the inner room.

"Rookwood," I called. No notice was taken. I called again, "Rookwood."

"Eh?" from within.

"Come out," I said sharply. "Don't you know me?"

Very leisurely he came forward, and shading his eyes from the brilliant sunshine pouring into the shop, looked me in the face.

"You—good gracious! You? Why you've cheated him then after all."



Alice.
By S. E. Waller.



Pony.
A Sketch by S. E. Waller.

"Cheated who?" I asked.

"The only one I know of as can't be bribed—Death."

It is not necessary to say anything about my 'Fugitives in Peril,' which, I hope, tells its own story, but I wish to relate a last romance to close with, one that is true in every particular, showing in a marked degree "how small the world is." I had come to terrible grief over a girl's head in a picture of some little importance. Late one afternoon I had left my work in disgust, and business taking me to Oxford Street, I stopped to look at some photographs in a shop window. There were several people similarly engaged, and presently one of them moved up next to me. Against some dark object within the shop, I saw my neighbour reflected "as in a looking-glass." She was a young lady, rather short, but with a most picturesque head and very sweet expression. Just the very thing I wanted. But I was in a dilemma, for I thought it more than probable that any attempt on my part to explain what I wanted might very readily be misunderstood. However, I was nearly desperate with vexation, and thinking "nothing venture nothing have," I offered her my card with many apologies, and asked if I might speak to her for a few minutes on business. She

was, at first, a little surprised, but soon saw that I was very much in earnest, and at last arranged to come to my studio next day. The last morning she was sitting an artist friend called, who was much struck by her appearance, and he inquired if she would consent to oblige him in the same way. I wrote to her later to ask if she would sit again, but her reply informed me that she was engaged for the next four months, so it was evident

she was in great demand. One or two years later I travelled up to London with a gentleman, quite a young man, with whom I had a great deal of conversation. At last he caught sight of my paint-box and sketching easel in the rack overhead.

"You are an artist, I presume?"

"Yes."

"By the way, do you know Mr. S. E. Waller?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, I wish I could meet that man, as I should like to thank him. He was very kind once to some one I know."

"Who was that? if it is not a rude question."

"Oh, no. It was Miss Alice——. She sat for him once, and through him got an immense lot of work at a time she most needed it."

I then told him who I was, and we laughed over the curious coincidence of our meeting. As we parted at Paddington I asked, "Where is Miss—— now?"

"Now?" he repeated, smiling. "I have every reason to believe that she is at this moment in my house awaiting my return. In fact, she is my wife."

S. E. WALLER.



A Tailpiece
From a Drawing by S. E. Waller.



"FUGITIVES IN PERIL."
FROM THE PICTURE BY S. E. WALKER.

By permission of Messrs. Boness, Tindon & Co., Publishers of the Large Plate.

S. E. Walker





mind I am not going to be "shot out the gun" at every fence.

JOHN LEECH IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FACSIMILES OF SKETCHES BY LEECH.

PERHAPS no artistic contemporary was so capable of delineating horses, with all their physical peculiarities and temperaments, as John Leech. His pictures of them are so exquisite and true to Nature that, as a great writer has said, "a dealer could tell you their ages and price, possibly their pedigree." In 1862, all London was captivated by an exhibition of "Sketches in Oil," which formed, probably, the most striking record, by drawing, of the manners and customs of a people ever produced. They were the work of John Leech, who, until then, had been known only by the engraved reproductions of his drawings as they appeared in various publications. The "Sketches" were magnified replicas of his woodcuts in *Punch*, the outlines being filled in with colour by the artist, under the supervision of his friend, Millais. When examining these remarkable paintings, the majority of which portrayed scenes in the hunting-field, a distinguished admirer of the artist's genius, Thackeray, said of them: "You see that he has ridden many a good horse in his day;" while another critic, more skilled in matters equestrian, opined that "Nothin' but a party as knows 'osses cud have draw'd them 'ere 'unters!"

It was at an early period in his career that young Leech became on very intimate terms with a young man some two years his senior, Charles Frederick Adams, to whom many allusions will be made in this paper. In him Leech found a congenial spirit, and it was a happy coincidence that his friend was the proud possessor of a couple of horses, and could afford sufficient time in which to exercise them. Being closely occupied in business all day, his only chance was after sunset, when it was the delight of both to ride, or drive tandem fashion, frequently throughout the night. Doubtless to such unconventional excursions we are indebted for many of Leech's clever bits of driving life, of visious of savage and sleepy toll-keepers, of strange sights in dark country roads, and of discomfited wayfarers suddenly charged by reckless charioteers.

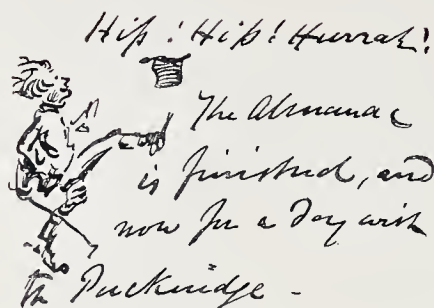
John Leech, believing how fruitful of subject the hunting-field, the stubble, and the stream would prove to the artist who was also a sportsman, was persuaded to join the "Puckeridge," the well-known Hertfordshire hounds, in company with Sir John Millais, and as often as cir-

cumstances permitted he would "run down to Barkway" for a day's sport. Barkway, near Royston, is in the very heart of the hunting country, and it was here that, by good fortune, his friend Adams resided. It occasionally happened that, after all necessary arrangements had been completed, stress of work frustrated their plans, for it must be remembered that Leech was usually crowded with commissions from all quarters, so much in demand was his ever-busy pencil. In a letter addressed to Mr. Adams, which we illustrate, there is a portrait of himself as he appeared "working to come down and see you," to which is appended a humorous request to his friend, "Don't forget the bed-steps for me to get on the horse."



Don't forget the bed-steps for me to get on the horse.

Portrait of myself as I appear working to come to you and see you.

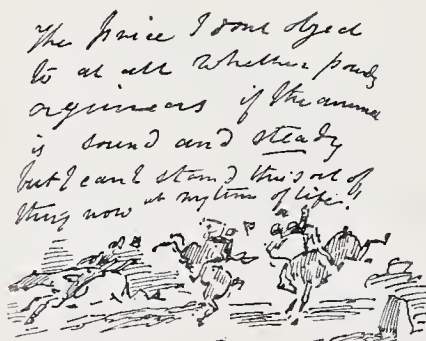


On another occasion, while enjoying a temporary respite from his labours, he triumphantly wrote: "Hip! hip! hurrah! The Almanac* is finished, and now for a day with the Puckeridge,"—this jubilant note, illustrated above, being accompanied by a sketch depicting the artist in hunting costume, and representing him in the act of kicking his hat into the air.

Although John Leech was never physically strong, he was capable of considerable fatigue, owing to his energetic and peculiarly nervous temperament. In early boyhood his arm had been broken by a fall from his pony, and was weak for a long time in consequence. This accident was apparently never forgotten by him, and doubtless originated his excessive timidity as a rider. "Give me an animal on which you can carry an umbrella in a hail-storm," he once said to his friend Dr. Hole, the present Dean of Rochester; and in his letters to Mr. Adams he invariably implored him to procure for his use an animal warranted to prove a placid steed. "If you can get me," he wrote on one occasion, "a rocking-horse, or a clothes-horse, or any horse excessively quiet and accommodating, I will go out with you on Monday. Mind, I am not going to be 'shot out of a gun' at every fence"; then follows a sketch, reproduced as our headpiece, executed with characteristic skill, representing himself on horseback, a high fence in front and a cannon being fired in the rear, thus humorously illustrating a possible contingency.

Again, in 1847, he wrote: "If you see a nag likely to suit me, I wish you would keep your eye on it; if a 'good fencer' and it doesn't *rush*, all the better, as I fully intend having a day or two with the Puckeridge with you, please the pigs." Another letter, here re-

* "Punch's Almanac," 1852.



produced, belonging to the same period, contains careful instructions respecting the purchase of a certain animal, provided it was "sound and steady; but I can't stand this sort of thing now, at my time of life!" The "sort of thing" alluded to is here clearly indicated. "You must let me know," he wrote on February 18th, 1849, "when the hounds meet within a hundred miles of Barkway, and whether I can have an 'unter from Ware . . . [Then follows the usual proviso] but mind, I won't have a beast that pulls, or bolts, or any nonsense of the kind. I come out for pleasure, and not to be worried."

These epistles afford ample testimony as to the truth of the statement having reference to Leech's nervousness as an equestrian. Although such an enthusiastic follower of the hounds, he was always extremely careful in selecting a mount suitable, as he himself expressed it, "for a timid, elderly gentleman." Notwithstanding this precaution, he did not always escape accidents incidental to the chase; for example, on one occasion he came down at the first fence, an incident which he afterwards depicted in the pages of *Punch*.

Inveterate huntsmen will doubtless wonder how Leech could so fully appreciate the excitement of hunting when they are told that the artist preferred to avail himself of a gap or a gate rather than incur the risk of negotiating a hedge or a ditch; but it must be pointed out that the hunting-field possessed an attraction for him beyond those enjoyed by the ordinary follower of the hounds. In a letter dated February 18th, 1852, he writes: "I want much to see some hunting, as I want some materials for the work I am illustrating." Here, then, we discover the principal source of the delight he experienced when on horseback, in the company of his friend Adams and others, for it was his pleasure to note, with a view to securing ideas for his pictures, anything ludicrous or striking that might occur—events perhaps unimportant in themselves, but which he afterwards invested with his inimitable humour. Says Dr. Hole: "No incident or object of interest escaped his keen observation. He directed his attention to circumstances which were exceptional, characteristics which were quaint, things beautiful or ugly, where ordinary eyes saw nothing worthy of notice." Well known to his friends was a certain little pocket-book, in which he was always quietly and unobtrusively jotting down pictorial memoranda, and when he went to enjoy a day's hunting, he would probably pick out some fox-hunter that took his fancy, and would keep behind him the whole day, watching all his attitudes in the saddle, and marking every item of his dress, even to the last hutton and buttonhole. No wonder, therefore, that there is such an air of reality in his drawings.

It has been said of John Leech that, notwithstanding his familiarity with every detail of sport—a knowledge resulting from his habit of keen observation—his own hunting-dress invariably presented an incongruous appearance; either he would wear the wrong kind of boots, or dispense with some article of apparel which would be considered as an unpardonable omission by the orthodox sportsman. This want of exactness in his attire was accounted for by his friends as an instance of his modest disposition and unwillingness for prominence in the field. Being well aware of his deficiencies as a rough rider, he was greatly amused when it was whispered about among his friends that he, "as the celebrated Mr. Leech," was expected to perform some wonderful feats of horsemanship! It seems to have been the general impression of the yeoman who followed the Duke of Rutland's

hounds that, when a fox was found, "the celebrated Mr. Leech would utter a wild, Irish yell, clench his teeth, put both spurs to his steed, and bound over Lincolnshire like a mad buck." It may be inferred from a letter of Mark Lemon that the artist did, however, distinguish himself on one occasion. As the general editor of our humorous contemporary wrote: "I hope that Jack will again do credit to *Punch*, and bear off the brush. If he continues to hunt and with equal success, he'll be keeping a hound on his own account!" If Leech was ever "in at the death," we may be sure it was by accident rather than by design, for he was the most retiring of riders.

The death of the artist's ever-constant friend, Mr. Charles F. Adams, occurred in March, 1894, he having attained the ripe age of seventy-nine. A few months previously it was my privilege to enjoy his hospitality, and I was certainly surprised to find my host was still (as Mr. Frith has described him) "the beau-ideal of a country squire—handsome, hale, and hearty." Like Leech, he was a Londoner by birth. A surveyor by profession, his ability and sound judgment soon brought him under the notice of large firms and companies, and besides other important engagements he acted as surveyor for the Great Eastern Railway Company for a period of half-a-century, having purchased for the Company most of the land required for its lines. His passionate love of Art, exemplified in the large collection of pictures by Old and Modern Masters which adorned the walls of Barkway House, was doubtless fostered by his association with Leech and other artistic friends, including Sir John Millais, R.A., and Sir John Tenniel, who, at one time, were frequently numbered among his guests. Not the least valued of his Art treasures were some characteristic drawings and sketches by Leech, many of which were specially produced for members of his host's family during his visits to Barkway. It was Mr. Adams's wish to die "in harness," as did John Leech, and he often remarked that "it is better to wear out than to rust out." His desire was fulfilled, and, amidst sincere manifestations of grief, he was laid to rest in the rustic graveyard at Barkway Church.†

That the association of John Leech with his "earliest,

* "The Life and Work of John Leech," by W. P. Frith, R.A. This is dedicated to Mr. Adams.

† It is interesting to know that in the same burial-ground repose the remains of the prototype of one of Leech's principal sporting characters, the jovial Jorrocks. His name was James Nicholls, and he acted as Colonel Clinton's coachman. He is described as being quite a little man, and a member of the "old school"; he had a round, jolly face, and always wore a wig. On Sundays he would attend Lady Clinton to Barkway Church, and, after handing her the necessary books of devotion, would sit outside the pew. His personal peculiarities, together with the antique cut of his dress, always attracted Leech, and the old man became an unconscious study for the artist's pencil. Mr. Frith has pointed out that Leech's sketch of Nicholls was afterwards exactly reproduced in the "hunting lecture," given in the pages of "Handley Cross."

warmest, and most constant friend" was something considerably more than mere acquaintanceship is sufficiently testified by the contents of a certain diminutive volume, bound in calf, consisting, for the most part, of letters familiarly addressed by the artist-humorist to Mr. Adams. Nearly all this correspondence relates to hunting appointments, and the interest of almost every letter is greatly enhanced by pen sketches, vigorously executed. One of these epistles concludes with the familiar rebus, illustrated on the next page, representing a leech in a bottle, which is prefixed by that particular form of his Christian name, "Jack," which he very rarely adopted.

Owing to the fact that the artist had once allowed a considerable time to elapse without paying his friend the usual visit, Mr. Adams inquired if he had altogether discontinued his favourite sport, and the query speedily brought the following characteristic reply: "Given up hunting? not a bit of it"; while the significant sketch, reproduced overleaf, was appended.

In this other illustrated letter here (1847), the artist writes: "Is there anything in the shape of a good cob, that could hunt if wanted, down in your parts? Possibly I could get rid of the mare in the way of a chop—if, as I said before, something very neat indeed could be met with. I have been riding a nearly thoroughbred chestnut mare for the last week on trial—a very nice thing, but too much in this way. I want something more of this kind, a good one to go, and pleasant to ride."

A letter, dated from London, February 26th [1853], reads as follows:—

"MY DEAR CHARLEY,—

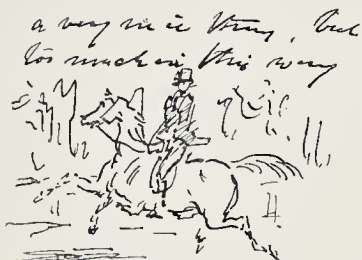
"I suppose the frost has departed in the country, and that you have now what is called 'open weather.' It is very disagreeable here—wet, cold, and boisterous. However, if you can spare time (after riding your own, of course), I wish you would give the mare a benefit. I expect she will otherwise be a great deal too much for me. I want to get the second number of 'Handley Cross' finished before I leave town again, and it will be, I expect, quite a week or ten days before that desirable end is accomplished. Old Leigh,* whenever I see him, talks of the delightful day he had down with you. It seems to have suited him amazingly. I have been close at work, and I again begin to want my horse exercise. Drop me a line at your leisure to let me know how you all are, and whether there is any hunting going on. I hope we may have another day or two before the season is over, but the weather seems very unsettled. . . .

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN LEECH."

On the final page there is an amusing sketch of himself

* Percival Leigh, author of "The Comic Latin Grammar," etc.




I want some thing more of this kind: a good one to go, and



pleasant to ride.

astride the mare which is being kept in readiness for him at Barkway, hut, in consequence of enforced idleness in the stable, she is evidently "a little fresh!" The other figure in the picture (see opposite page) is probably intended for Mr. Adams.

In the next epistle Leech again expresses his concern respecting the possible frisky condition of his animal: "The meet on Monday is Dassells, I see, so pray give it

ever yours
Faithfully and Obediently
Jack. 

the mare. I have been so queer myself that I shall want her particularly tranquil." He had, meanwhile, encouraged a hirsute growth above his upper lip, for he says: "I have sacrificed the moustaches for fear of frightening the horses in the field. They were getting too tremendous." Here follows our representation below of the aforesaid moustaches, showing the effect that might possibly be produced by them. In a postscript he adds: "IF, IF, I can get away next week at all, depend upon it I will. For I want fresh air and a little horse exercise. Saturday is Great Munden. With kindest regards, old fellow, believe me always,

"Yours faithfully,
"JOHN LEECH."

One of the most humorous sketches in this collection is that which appears at the foot of a letter dated July 31st, 1852. Observe, in our facsimile of it opposite, the consternation depicted on the artist's face as his friend, already half-dressed, arouses him from his slumbers at some unearthly hour with the information that "there's no time to lose. We've ten miles to go to cover!"

Most of Leech's sketches were the upshot of his visits to Hertfordshire. Indeed, it was not difficult for his friends to recognise in his *Punch* drawings prominent members of the "Puckeridge," the most familiar portrait being, perhaps, that of Mr. Adams. For instance, one illustration represents an unhappy horseman who has been caught in a tree when leaping a fence, while beyond are seen the more fortunate riders who have safely surmounted the obstacle. The man in the tree is Leech himself, while the foremost figure represents Mr. Adams, who calls out to his comrade in distress, "Give her her head, Jack! Give her her head!" advice which, if followed, would prove disastrous to the discomfited horseman, who would obviously be swept from the saddle by



the branches through which the animal is plunging. Another engraving depicts a scene in the Puckeridge country, where there is a deep gully having precipitous sides; in the foreground is seen a regular cockney sportsman (Leech himself), who surveys with dismay the prospect of a steep descent and a stiff climb to follow, and feelingly remarks: "Oh, if this is one of the places Charley spoke of, I shall go hack!" The original sketch was in the possession of Mr. Adams, who clearly remembered the incident which it delineates. Among other scenes of "Life and Character," there is an amusing illustration of a sportsman who has been thrown from his horse, being stunned and bewildered by falling on his head. His sensations are pictorially represented by innumerable stars, Catherine wheels, and horses' hoofs, mingled together in a whirl of confusion round the prostrate figure. This was an actual experience of the artist, who, in charging a fence, was thrown, his horse coming to grief at the same time. The distant rider is undoubtedly intended for his Barkway host.

Naturally, during my brief visit, Mr. Adams favoured me with a fund of anecdote and reminiscence concerning the adventures and misadventures of John Leech and his hoon companions in the hunting-field. As an instance of his friend's timidity on horseback, Mr. Adams informed me that one Sunday morning, while he and Leech were enjoying a walk across country to acquire an appetite for their next meal, a happy inspiration seized the artist, who carefully left open all the gates they met with, "for," he explained, "we don't want any gymnastics this afternoon!" They intended having a little horse-exercise after lunch, hence this thoughtful precaution. Leech



evidently endorsed the sentiments of the youthful equestrian (another of the artist's creations) who had a "splendid day with the 'Queen's,'" and "none of yer nasty 'edges an' ditches, either; hut a prime turnpike road all the way!"

On another occasion the two friends were riding together when suddenly a tremendous noise was heard, which much resembled the heating of a big drum. "What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Adams, much puzzled by the mysterious sound. "Oh!" Leech calmly replied, "it's only my horse kicking yours!" After that, Mr. Adams considered it desirable to give his companion a wider berth.

I have already said that Sir John Millais sometimes joined the hunting party. Like Leech, he was not a remarkable horseman, and once, when he came to a stiff fence, the former advised his brother-artist to "stick to his hack and he'll carry you," advice which he himself would have hesitated to follow. The first experiment,



Only a little Fresh!

however, was successful, but at the next fence Millais came to grief, much to the amusement of all except

Leech, who now suggested greater caution, "for," he added, "we want some more 'Huguenots' out of you yet."

In 1862, John Leech's hunting days were drawing to a close, for it was during this period that excessive work, followed by great nervous prostration, began to seriously affect his health. He was, indeed, not only forbidden to take horse exercise, but to refrain from rapid walking, which induced palpitation of the heart, causing anxious concern for his welfare. Notwithstanding this, there still remained in him a lurking desire for another day's sport, for we find a letter, written from Brunswick Square in the above year, containing the inquiry, "how about the hunting? I am continually tormented here by noble sportsmen going by my window in full fig." But alas! the "Puckeridge" never saw him again. A brief note, forwarded by Mark Lemon to Mr. Adams in the late autumn of 1864, contained the melancholy intelligence that John Leech was no more. "It is very sad," were the concluding words of this sorrowful announcement. All that was mortal of the genial artist, the sincere friend, the courtly gentleman, was interred at Kensal Green Cemetery on November 4th, 1864, his grave being contiguous to the final resting-place of his old friend and schoolfellow, William Makepeace Thackeray.

F. G. KITTON.



"Now Jack my boy! There's no time to lose we've ten miles to cover!"

ENGLISH LACE IN 1896.

THANK heaven we still have the "apples and the onions of different opinions"! and there he still those in this world of shams who want, as the children do, "the truest things," prizing one inch of handicraftsmanship honestly rendered above yards of what can't be called the "rue thing."

The recent return of Fashion into Lace lines can scarcely be counted a love for reality. A filip it may have given to a failing trade in what is mostly mock; but there be many who hanker for an evident hand-touch. Indeed, no pranks played by fickle Fashion have ever altered the fancies of those who, while they don't forget "what's worn," still press the best of the embroiderer's, the lacemaker's, and the jeweller's art into their service

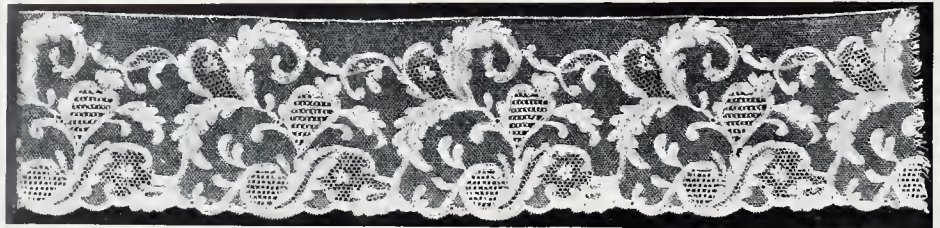
1896.

as beautifiers, apart from those who wear silks because they rustle, and diamonds because they glitter.

Everybody knows *le secret d'être eunyeux*, so having no wish to annoy everybody, I will confine myself to the Lace districts with whose work I am well acquainted, leaving the *tout dire* to some more distant period. Since all the Laces here shown have been made by my own and Miss Audrey Trevelyan's workers within the last eighteen months or so, I claim this as an unrivalled opportunity of showing what English fingers can do to-day, and I consider I have a tempting set of texts for my talk, with which I will proceed, touching each text—lace, I mean—in its turn.

Five years ago the aspirations of modern men in lace

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The Hip Pattern Lace, 5 inches wide.

were as narrow as the edgings to which their energies were devoted. The art was in some respects in the position of those lifts one meets in foreign parts unfrequented by ourselves and our cousins of America: "*L'ascensoir ne marche pas.*" It is unfortunately stationary in many districts still. But it is to be hoped that we are not losing that energy, born doubtless of a common ancestor with these cousins, to whom we owe the real fillip given to our art during, and since, the Chicago Year. Before that year the tone of the letters from lace latitudes can only be described as lamentable; to-day they are so jubilant and independent that one is almost tempted to call them *Jeshurun-esque!* Progress we have certainly made in increase of trade, and to the question, have we improved our art? I point, "to witness if I lie," to the Heraldic, as showing approximately our widest effort for Chicago, while to-day we produce easily the Tulip, the Lily and the Diagonal, and by the

aid of skilful *rassembleuses* I wot of, I expect to accomplish a flounce before Fashion decrees that we must wear them.

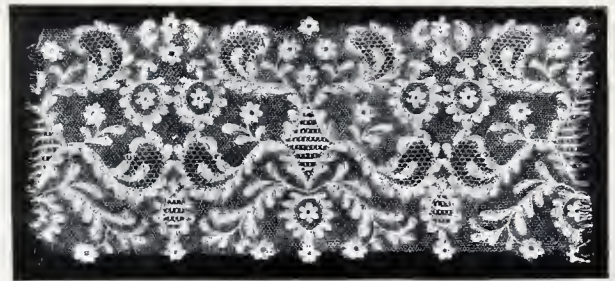
In the industry which Miss Trevelyan and I work together, she in Devonshire, where the efforts of her

great-aunt forty years ago are well known, and I in the three Midland counties of Bucks, Beds, and Northamptonshire, we have made it our great object to reproduce all the oldest and best patterns which belong to the most flourishing periods of the art, to obtain really good modern designs, and to adapt the work to modern modes. Torchon and "*Maltee*," which the dear deluded dames will make, we do not encourage except in small quantities as pot-boilers for the aged. These can be turued out better and cheaper by foreign fingers, and there is no market for this home produce. Beer, the stronghold of Miss Trevelyan's workers, is a small fishing village. Taught some years ago by Miss Bowden to copy Italian laces, their productions in this line are unique, while they are also adepts in the ordinary Honiton, in pillow-sprigs appliqué'd on machine net, and in some cases are returning to the old needle-point groundwork for connecting their sprays. Their cleaning and mending are excellent; which is worthy of remark, our art suffering as badly as the painter's from a lack of such talents.

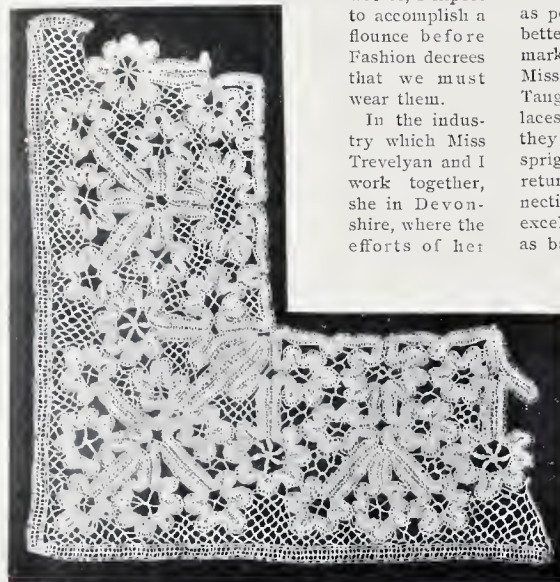
They also make the Duchesse Lace and the Brussels appliqué, and while it is only possible at present to keep a small number of women employed, the neighbourhood is full of skilled workers.

Honiton being too well known to demand illustration, and Beer being a comparatively small district, two reproductions of Italian lace only are given. The Iris, which for excellence of design and execution obtained a "blue" and a "gold" at the recent Home Arts Exhibition, is an original design by a man, Colonel Jenmitt Browne. The corner is a copy from an old Italian pillow, and is applicable to various uses.

English Lille, the falsely called Bucks "*Point*," being the product of three counties, is naturally more numerous illustrated. The

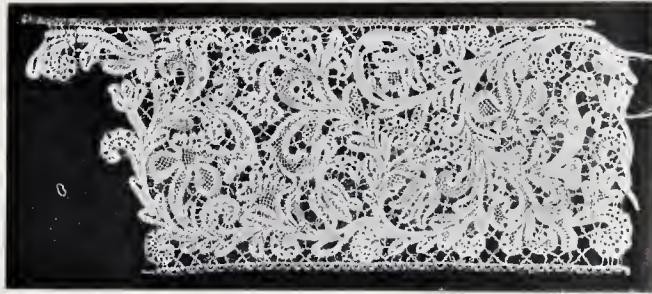


The Hip Pattern Insertion, 6 inches wide.



Corner for Table-cloth, 34 inches wide.

reproductions before us are from very old parchments, many of which have not been worked for one hundred years. The assertion "your laces are not typical of the industry," I count as my greatest compliment, my aim being a revival of the older and more graceful as well as more useable patterns. Narrow laces like the "stripe" are made in the three counties generally, but in Northampton in particular, Bucks being more under the influence of open work and scroll designs. The "Spot" is typical but overcrowded in design and full of work out of all proportion to its purpose, or the purses of purchasers wanting a fair *quid pro quo* for their money. As in everything over-ornate, labour is excessive, results nil. The cloth work, for instance, so satisfying in the Tulip and Lily, overburdens the narrower laces terribly, and the interminable vandykes of these patterns are but vanities suited to the '30's and the '40's of frills and flounces, but



The Iris. Designed by Colonel Jemmitt Browne. 9 inches wide.

The word "Huguenot" and the date of the "Edict of Nantes," are as helpful historically, as the Low Countries are geographically, in lace lore, and it is to the above date and people that we owe our best patterns. The Diagonal is a good example of a lace of evident foreign extraction. Its freedom from stiffness and gracefully hanging sprays all going to prove this. Thus far had I

written when I found these identical sprays in piqués or patterns hailing from a fastness in the Swiss mountains, probably a Huguenot refuge, where but one worker now remains. This parchment is also surely designed by someone well taught in technicalities, for the pattern lies exactly as the worker moves her bobbins, viz., diagonally, and not as one fondly imagines, straight across her pillow from top to bottom of the pattern. This knowledge of technicalities is a *sine qua non* for those who would introduce modern designs. Patterns promulgated by those in high places have been tried and found wanting. The half-educated worker grown up with her art at her elbow, knows her lace and her "pillar" and its difficulties as no art student puffed with pride and prizes, but ignorant of technique, can hope to do.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and I have



The Lily. From old parchment. 5½ inches wide.

entirely at a discount to-day. Our richer grandmothers were content to look 7½d. and pay 2s. 6d.! To-day we reverse this state of affairs, and unless an art advances with its times it is bound to decay.

To this end—the serving of our day and generation—tend my wider laces.



The Tulip. Redrawn from old Lace. 6 inches wide.
By Mr. Temple Beavor.



The Diagonal Spray, 8 inches.

myself learnt "thro' suffering" from having a lace of apparently little difficulty returned to me with the remark, "There ain't owt to start yer downs from in pattern." The accurate drawing and knowledge of design shown by some of these women in reproducing parchments is sometimes marvellous.

Country lore may have been the origin of the Hip pattern, the coral hedge treasure being probably introduced to show the quaint stitch called Beehive, always



The Trefoil, 3 inches.

the sign of a skilled worker both here and abroad. This lace and its insertion is one of my most effective examples, the upper and lower scrolls, flowing so evenly in reverse directions, making a most harmonious whole. So much so that it drew from one of the superior sex of late the remark, "You've some of the very best patterns of the Renaissance period in your laces, just the very scrolls and curves they used in their frescoes; would that one saw more of them in the decorative work of to-day." The "Heraldic" is possibly a faint echo from the times when the faces of Italian brides were shadowed by the quarterings of untold noble families, the central ornament being but a conventionalized coat-of-arms with diapering as ground work. In the Trefoil we have the *point de Paris* or cat's-stitch reseau, and its motive being the leaf



The Pomegranate, 1½ inches.

which explained the doctrine of the Trinity of old makes it a suitable lace for church purposes. The Pomegranate gives its name to a showy, quickly made, and therefore

cheap little lace. In the "Carnation" we find another example of the gillyflower, both this and the Pomegranate, models for art-workers from time immemorial.

The laces with outlying sprigs are intended to be sewn on to machine net or chiffon. The reseau adds so much to the expense of working that the possibility of mounting these full patterns on a width of heading worthy of them obviates the objection common to all our laces, that the overcrowding of design is excessive in proportion to their width. As to the actual work among our people, for, to reverse Goethe's sentiment, in order to be appreciative one must needs be critical, the chief faults lie in the use of defective parchments, in the choice of thread, and in the fastenings off of the gimp. Defects which, so far as the pattern is concerned, can be worked over by a skilled hand, are bound to show in the reseau. In choosing thread the gimp is often far too fine for the thread with which it is used. Comparing ancient with modern work, this fault stands out conspicuously, although the pattern in consequence is not conspicuous at all.

The capital collection of lace in the exhibition so ably carried out at Wolverton of late, illustrated all these criticisms; at the same time one learnt from old examples shown, how well the workers knew their subject, and what excellent results they produced in years gone by. The fastening off of the gimp or coarser thread, is a very difficult matter. Even the French fingers fail here, and I turn to certain of my English work with pride. In the Carnation, the Tulip, and the Diagonal, the ends defy detection. For this reason I discourage the making of "huds" or "spots" as in the Mechlin, 'tis but a repetitious form of decoration such as the Napoleonic Bees, and the "cons" of its difficulties outbalance the

"pros" of its good, while the patterns I have mentioned have scarcely a break in them and are well suited for the wear and tear of a full-dress world.

The Devon laces, having no gimp, escape these criticisms; indeed, for evenness of work, choice of thread and lasting capabilities they leave little to be desired. The consideration of prices is at best unsatisfactory and inaccurate when one considers the vicissitudes of hand labour. 'Tis of small importance too, since anyone wanting a good thing will give a good price, and mindful of the length of time reality demands for its accomplishment, remember that everything, even real lace, comes to her "qui sait attendre." 'Tis satisfactory to find that our prices compare very favourably with those of France and Italy, and now that Dentelles Anglaises reign in

Paris, they should be sought for where alone they can be found, in England. In the case of the wider laces which I have been instrumental in reviving, I have by reason

of the demand been able to raise the prices 2s. per yard in the space of two years, even the dealers are giving 2d. per yard more lately. Where a fashionable dress-maker supplies two of the "revers-es," so-called, and artificial at a guinea each, our charge would be some shillings below that sum. Owing to their material and solidity of make our wares are capable of cleaning and renewal to such an extent that they commend themselves to the one who chooses her garniture, as Goldsmith's wife did her wedding-gown, for qualities of wear and tear. Above all, the handwork soon acquires, without artificial aid, the shade we sigh for in our laces — Isabelle. Be this due to the passage of the thread through the fingers, or to the atmosphere of the houses where it is made, I can't say, but the fact remains that however spotless it may be on its arrival, in a very short time my hand-wove treasure plays at antiquity, that longed-for possession of us moderns, very well indeed.

Many of us know what English lace was, I have tried to show what it is; but it is the duty of us all to decide what it shall be, for in our own hands lies the making or the marring of our Home through its Arts and Industries. Firstly, the despairing individual who always asks *Cui bono?* must be answered, albeit, this is easy work. No one who sits, as I so often do, with a

smiles. Their manners often as polished as their finger-ends are from contact with the bobbins. In these same bobbins with their ends "jingled" with beads, one reads the life-story almost from end to end, from the "Kiss me" on the lover's gift to the button with the number

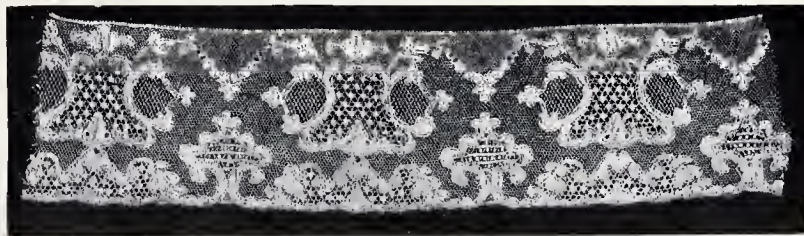
of his regiment among the jingles which weight each one, to keep her mindful of him when he went soldiering. No eye so old but it will glisten over "Dear Mary" or the laconic John or "Joe," the words being inlaid on the bone in metal or colour. Later, one finds the bobbins of religious convictions, each with its text or sentiment which, in conjunction with her lace labours, brings out even in the septuagenarian the hearty, "Eh! but I be happy! that I be!" In more ways than on her "piller" is the lace-maker but a human copy of the bower-bird, decorating her dainty cottage with all sorts of little prettinesses, and wearing herself trophies of the triumphs of her art. The very exigencies of her labour promote cleanliness, neatness, and thrift. "A sixpence of one's own,

arnin' is worth a shillin' of our husbands', we all say that, and there goes the rent," said one of my workers as she pocketed her pay.

Lost parchments—these being our stock-in-trade, so to speak—are a source of non-success, the declining to give discount to trade, the untidy packing and delivery of



A Bedfordshire Lacemaker, William Linger.



The Heraldic, 3 1/2 inches.

group of cheery lacemakers listening to their ready laughter, and watching their evident enjoyment of life and work, no one could here doubt the good of the art—laughter in circumstances, and at a time of life when, with a struggling family, sighs are more frequent than

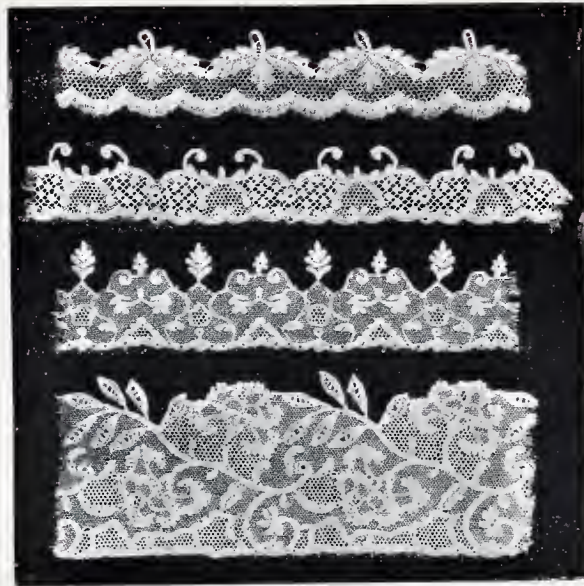
goods, together with lengthened correspondence—of which accusations trade declares "Were I to do business with ladies, I must keep an extra clerk!"

Of small use again is the constant setting up of depôts in obscure country towns where the prevailing trade is—

say, boots no longer trimmed with lace, or the praiseworthy but intermittent efforts of individual energy too often affected by the whimsies of the moment, or the state of the marital coffers.

All these things are against us; but I have it in my mind (a castle in far Sunny Spain, may be) that I shall sooner or later see afloat a London Lace League—is not the very alliteration of the title tempting? It shall overlook the work and see that it be honestly done. It shall select the thread and deliver the goods in a workman- and businesslike manner. It shall give

to trade the discount it demands, rigorously refusing reduction to the undecided, she who takes as much time in choosing her half-dozen yards, as does the trader in giving his order for £20 worth. Of course, she has a right to be undecided, but she must pay for her indecision. A dream, do you say? I answer that it has been done. The Burano industry in Italy was the woman's way of saving their homes in a poverty-stricken period, as bad, or worse, than these days of "agricultural depression." The support of Royalty was given to this



Laces to be used as appliqués on Chiffon or Machine Net.
The Oak Leaf, 2 inches. The Horn, 2 inches. The Rose Leaf, 3 inches.
The Carnation, 4½ inches wide.

enterprise, and the men of Italy worked with their womenfolk. A son of the noble foundress being at this day a Director of the very business-like organization. Is it not time that Englishmen generally should see the importance of our home arts, whose influence keep cosy homes and happy people in them in the country, instead of their coming up to sit idle and hungry in our parks and streets? And so I appeal to the men that they should help us. It may be that trade cannot, not will not, take the matter up, so it were well for us "to do the next thyng," and like

the Italians go in for a Lace League of both sexes. "Man to command, woman to obey," this often working "merry as a marriage bell," the presence of the male element preventing those ructions which seem so inevitable where one sex only has the say. My league shall prosper from the airing of and acting on "different opinions"; in fact, there is only one thing it will not be able to do, and that is say when I appear, "Behold this dreamer cometh," since its own existence will prove mine was no dream.

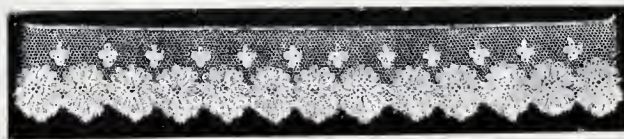
EFFIE BRUCE CLARKE.



The Spot, 2 inches.



The Stripe, 1½ inches.



The Meekin, 2 inches.



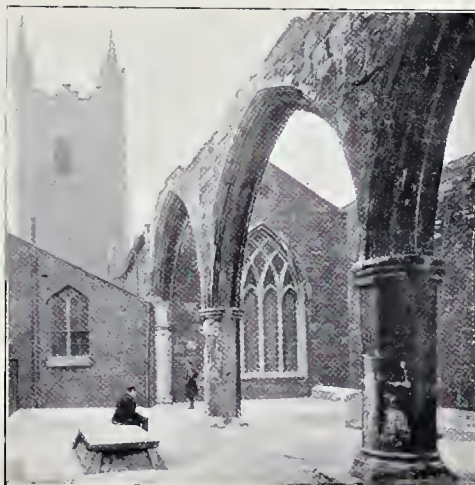
Upper Castle Yard, Dublin.

PICTURESQUE DUBLIN.*

A GALAXY of notables had houses in Meath Street, Thomas Street, and High Street. The Earls of Kildare and Meath, Mr. Christopher Usher, King-at-Arms, Lord Molesworth, the Grattaus, Plunkets, had fine houses. The tide of fashion swept away from this quarter of the city in 1741, and the homes occupied by the nobility have long since sunk to the degraded position of tenement houses. In these dwellings, some fifteen or twenty years ago, there were still existent traces of their former high estate in the shape of finely-carved chimney-pieces, of elegant design. The dealers, however, have now carried off everything of value, the best specimens finding a good market in London. High Street, Thomas Street, and Kevin Street are spacious, and here have been enacted many a thrilling and tragic incident. Thomas Street was the scene of one of the blackest murders that ever disgraced a country, that of Lord Kilwarden in presence of his daughter. It was in this street also that Lord Edward Fitzgerald lay concealed, at the house of Murphy, a feather merchant, whence he removed to Cornick, who was in the same business. High Street was the birthplace of Sarsfield, and here many families of distinction had houses—the Earls of Roscommon, Sir Patrick Wemyss, the Plunkets. In 1798, at No. 65, the ceremony of waking Wolfe Tone took place. Turning out of High Street, we find ourselves near one of the rarest bits of old Dublin—St. Audöen's Church. St. Audöen is a corruption of St. Owen, the edifice being built in the eleventh century by the Normans, who naturally called it after their own patron, Saint Owen. The entrance is from the street, through an iron gate of a forlorn and "Tom's all alone" character. You descend some steps, and, turning to the right, are in the ruin

which communicates with the restored, or, rather, I should say, *renovated* portion.

Originally the church consisted of a chancel and two long aisles—like fingers—the latter being supported on arches of most elegant design. Later, in 1430, in the reign of Henry VI., a chantry and six altars were erected. The remains of these altars are plainly to be seen, also the raised ground for the high altar, but the



St. Audöen's Ruins, Dublin.

* Continued from page 269

aisles are a perfect ruin. Some of the tombs have been wrecked and the crosses torn away, but the inscriptions can be made out. And here, too, the cenotaph or table-monument of the Portlester family had its place—the Baron, in his chain armour and helmet, lying side by side with his wife Margaret, daughter of Jenico d'Artois. Round the margin of the tomb there is the following inscription

Noringham razed down an albaie of the frier preachers called Saint Saviour, his Monasterie, and brought the stones thereof to these places where the gate now stands."

Leaving the Liberties with regret, we pass along Castle Street, and find ourselves in front of the seat of Government. Dublin Castle is by no means a picturesque object. Originally a Norman stronghold, it was not until



Interior of the Chapel Royal, Dublin.

in Gothic letters: "Orate pro animæ Rolande Fitz Eustace de Portlester, qui Hunc Locum sive Capellam Dedit in Honoram Beate Maria Virginis etiam pro Animæ Margaretæ Uxoris suæ, etc. Anno Domini, 1455."

The monument was removed from the chantry some years ago, and placed in the entrance to the church, near to another, greatly defaced, of some Church dignitary. Both, sad to say, are disfigured by some glaring red-and-blue lettering put upon them with questionable taste.

There formerly existed a subterranean passage from the church to the river, but this has been walled up. From the belfry tower a fine view can be had all over the city, which stretches out as a panorama. One of the bells in the tower has completed its two-hundredth anniversary. The tone of this ancient servant is delightfully tuneful, no wheeze of old age denoting its antiquity.

At a stone's throw from the church is the sole survivor of the entrance gates to old Dublin. This venerable portal dates from 1316, when it was erected to defend the city against the threatened invasion of Robert Bruce. It is stated in old Stanihurst that "the Maior Robert

the reign of Queen Elizabeth that a royal mandate was issued that Duhlin Castle should be enlarged and made a fitting residence for the Chief Governor of Ireland. It cannot be said that the carrying out of her Majesty's wishes has been satisfactory, the Castle being neither a picturesque object nor a commodious dwelling-place. It is but little altered since 1711, when Lord Arran, one of the early Viceroys, wrote that it was the worst castle in the worst situation in Christendom. Its position, nevertheless, was chosen for security; it commands the town, and is defended against sudden attack. As an architectural structure, it possesses neither dignity nor beauty.

The entrances to the Castle are three in number, the principal being from Castle Street, which takes its name from the fortress. Admittance was originally by draw-bridge and portcullis, and there was further defence in the two strong round towers (one of them Izod's) called gate towers, which have been long since removed. In these peaceful days we go through a large and not very picturesque gateway, over which preside the statues of Fortitude and Justice.

Something of the plan of the old Norman fortress may be traced in the arrangement of the courts or yards, and

the various buildings which cluster round the principal centre, and which were no doubt intended to strengthen the hands of the Governor by having so many adherents ready to aid in case of surprise or attack. In these times of peace the large square in front is made use of for guard-mounting and band-playing. A number of small houses complete the north side of the square.* These are occupied by the officials of the mimic court, the Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant, his Chaplain, gentlemen at large, etc. On the opposite side an arcade runs at each side of the principal entrance, which leads to the private and state apartments of the Lord Lieutenant. These are very handsome, especially the old Beefeaters' Hall, where the ladies sat, ranged in tiers that reached to the ceiling, which was called being in Paradise, and the more modern St. Patrick's, which was begun in Lord Chesterfield's viceroyalty, 1748, and finished in that of the Marquis of Buckingham, 1778.

The ceiling, which is very beautiful, was painted by

with three periods of Irish history—St. Patrick converting the Druids, Henry II. meeting the Irish chiefs; the centre compartment depicts George III. supported by Liberty and Justice. On the walls of the throne-room, dining-room, and staircase hang the portraits of succeeding Lord Lieutenants. The staircase and corridors are singularly well suited to viceregal entertainments, and on a night when a drawing-room or ball takes place, present a really striking appearance.

As we look through the old memoirs, what brilliant flashes come back of the days prior to the Union! The late Sir Bernard Burke, who lived all the days of his life under the shadow of Dublin Castle, was wont to say that, if there had been a chronicler like Pepys to write the history of the mimic court, no pleasanter narrative could have been compiled. There was an elegance and ease about the nobles and gentlemen, and an agreeable carelessness as to money or self-restraint which was most attractive. To-morrow was not thought of, to-day



The Drawing-room in the Castle.

Vincent Waldre, who was invited to Dublin by the Viceroy; it is divided into compartments, embellished

* In a now forgotten novel by Fisher Murray, called "The Viceroy," which deals with Dublin as it then was, 1841, we read that the upper Castle yard was familiarly known as "the devil's half acre," this territory being given over to the army of place-hunters who infested the seat of Government, and made it the business of their lives to curry favour by every low art and meanness. This was however, when Government patronage in Ireland was in the hands of a clique.

reigned supreme; the Vice-Kings were oftentimes jovial personages, and permitted much licence, almost amounting to Saturnalia, to prevail.

All this gaiety has departed. The Castle is generally untenanted, except for the short season—then the scene becomes animated, the windows blaze with light, scarlet cloth covers the staircase; all the former joys come

back; Glorvina and her mamma come up from the country, and there is letting down of trains and general hilarity; court milliners and court tailors make hay while the viceregal sun shines.

It cannot be denied that, so far as the fair sex are in question, they order matters better in Dublin than in London. The conditions upon which Melrose is to be seen aright are familiar to all, and if moonlight is such a necessary adjunct to proper effect, so the natural and appropriate condition fitted to the display of women's charms should be the flare of wax-lights, which softens all acerbities, and heightens every natural advantage. A Dublin drawing-room is a veritable bouquet of beauty gathered from many gardens. Young belles come hither fresh from the provinces, before the bloom has been brushed from off their cheeks by the sleeves of a hundred waltzers. Here we may see Mrs. Murphy, of "Kestle Murphy," from the south-west, a gross and earthly creature, possessed by seven demons of vulgarity; and yet, after her walks something so—extra refined—that it would seem incomprehensible how there should be any relationship between them. In another direction, coming, say, from the North, we have a perfect bit of Dresden china or Sèvres, a "petite mignonne" or fairy in floating chiffons and laces, a rival to the Dublin belle *en titre*, who is cast in another mould, and is somewhat coarse and loud. It is the enviable privilege of the Viceroy in office to exact tribute from every one of these fair creatures when they come before him for the first time. Only imagine a procession of lips going on through the night. It seems too much for one mortal. Yet, stay, there is the dark side. If there is unrestricted right over these blooming pastures, so are there stony arid patches which must be accepted on like conditions. Glorvina's mamma has to be taken as an alternative, and nothing but a stern sense of duty could carry any man through kissing Glorvina's mamma. Someone has said wittily that the Vice-King's

osculatory bill is, as it were, discounted after the fashion of ordinary usurious dealings—one-third old wine, one-third in paintings, and one-third in bright gold and silver.

The lower Castle yard is more for practical use than the upper yard. Here we have the "Board of Ordnance," the "Treasury," the Birmingham, now the Record, Tower, and the Chapel Royal. This last, for its size, is one of the most finished pieces of Gothic work. The first stone was laid by the Duke of Bedford in 1807, and it was opened for service in 1814.

There is little space left to speak of that seat of learning, Trinity College, which has contributed so many men of note to the world's history. An admiring nation has immortalised Goldsmith, Burke, and Moore by three indifferent statues placed in front of the Alma Mater, but Swift, Sterne, Berkeley, Sheil, and a host of others equally gifted, have not been equally complimented. The skull of Swift is preserved in the College Museum, "a terrible memento," says Carlyle, "of senile decay, with the hideous vacant smile on the cavernous mouth."

The Square of the College impresses visitors. It is a fine sight, surrounded as it is by buildings of various ages and styles; not much of the Elizabethan remains. There is an elegant Hall, where the examinations are held and degrees given, and where, likewise, the University Concerts take place; there is a dim religious chapel and a noble library with a range of many windows and a fine manly façade of cut stone. The interior possesses all the requisites of a study place. Its quiet "booky" air seems to breathe the very spirit of meditation, recollection, and somnolency. And here, if we are fortunate enough to come at the right moment, we may enjoy the spectacle of Professor Dowden studying the Elizabethan masques or Dr. Mahaffy writing his Greek essays. Trinity College indeed holds many learned men within its walls.

F. A. GERARD.



The Library, Trinity College, Dublin.



The Large Gallery of the Stuart Smith Institute, Stirling.

THOMAS STUART SMITH AND HIS INSTITUTE AT STIRLING.

THE name at the head of this article is not one generally known to the Art-loving world. To introduce one who lived and worked and died with little public knowledge or recognition, while it leaves the writer a clear field, makes it necessary, at the same time, to give substantial proofs in justification of such introduction. Fame is proverbially blamed as capricious, but they who blame her are those who have wooed her without success, and I do not think Stuart Smith ever wooed her at all, and therefore, in his case, it would not be quite fair to complain of that which, at the same time, one may none the less desire to remedy.

There are various reasons why his reputation has been restricted to a select circle, and equally good ones why his work entitles him to rank amongst the artists of the century who deserve recognition. Stuart Smith seems to have been a man who worked, like Constable, for his art's sake, and, like Constable again, he was possessed of sufficient private means—at least toward the end of his life—to be able to pursue his tastes without the fatal paralyzing struggle of earning daily bread. He took no steps to woo the public—to have fame, reputation, or to be the fashion—he cared for none of these things, content to let the world go its own way if it would allow him to go his. After one or two attempts to get pictures accepted by the Royal Academy, he quietly discontinued to

send. Those were the days when the painters of figure compositions were supreme at the Royal Academy, and painters of landscapes, or any pictures wherein the figures were not engaged in illustrating some sentimental quotation or historical incident, received scant attention. The story picture was pre-eminent. Moreover, to become a worldly success there are needed many other qualities besides genius: a good society manner, an agreeable personal appearance, a knowledge of the best way to tickle the public taste, the happy knack of self-advertisement, and a good cook—these are some of the things by whose aid many a man has made a little talent go a very long way. Stuart Smith, being a man not particularly handsome, of shy and reserved manners, and somewhat eccentric habits, naturally remained in the obscurity that he preferred.

Of his personal history, the details that can be gathered are exceedingly scanty, albeit interesting and even romantic. To begin with, he never certainly knew where he had been born, a fact which—as I shall presently explain—very nearly lost him an important inheritance. It is believed that he was born in London about the year 1813. His parents, from whom he was separated at an early age, were Scottish. His father obtained an appointment in the West Indies, and before leaving sent the boy to a school in France to complete his education. The family resources were



*Girls bathing in a Glen.
By Stuart Smith, of Stirling.*

scanty, and the only profession that seemed to offer a livelihood to young Stuart Smith was that of usher in a school. However, he had the good fortune to obtain an appointment as tutor to an Italian nobleman, with whom he went to Italy, and it was there, while still a young man, that the contemplation of and contact with the works of the old masters aroused in him the passionate enthusiasm for Art which, though innate, had theretofore been dormant. He commenced to draw and sketch incessantly, his chief instructors being the immortal dead, whose works in Rome and elsewhere he studied with keenest observation.

His father died in the West Indies about the time when Stuart Smith, having finished his first oil painting, summoned up courage to send it to an uncle in Scotland, Alexander Smith, his father's younger brother, the Laird of Glassingall, in Perthshire. Quite contrary to all precedent in respect to the behaviour of the relations of budding genius in such a situation, his uncle did not toss the thing upon the fire and send the young artist a furious homily, upon the iniquity of wasting his time upon trifles like Art while the sweeping of a decent street-crossing could be had; nor, in short, did he act in any of the unkind and rude ways in which rich relations are usually supposed to discourage the promise of talent in their family. He seems to have possessed considerable taste, and it is exceedingly gratifying to relate that he was pleased with the young man's work, and recognised its merit. Realising, perhaps, that many a man has found the lending of a helping hand to struggling genius a bypath to posthumous fame, he at once arranged to allow our young artist an annual income that would leave him free to pursue his love for Art, unharassed by the meaner and more sordid cares of life.

Stuart Smith made the best use of the avuncular generosity. For the next ten or eleven years he remained in Italy, working and studying with intense ardour and application, and slowly building up the powers that enabled him later to produce the works whereon, as I venture to think, his claim for wider recognition legitimately rests. Unfortunately, when

he was about thirty-two years of age, his uncle died, and, consequently, Stuart Smith's income suddenly ceased. The Laird of Glassingall had died intestate, and his nephew proceeded to London to establish his claim to the estate. This proved a matter of no small difficulty. He had long resided away from the United Kingdom; he was unable to prove the place or date of his birth; his parents were dead, and he bore a patronymic that has been said to cover one-tenth of the population of these islands. With these points in mind it is hardly to be wondered at that Stuart Smith could not establish his identity to the satisfaction of the Crown authorities, naturally, perhaps, a little difficult to move in such matters. So for six or seven years he was kept out of his inheritance, and it is doubtful whether he would ever have been allowed to enter into possession, but for the powerful influence of the Duke of Argyll and the late Professor Owen, who exerted themselves on his behalf.

During these years of waiting he was financially in very low water, earning just sufficient to keep body and soul together by making crayon portraits, and painting from the numerous sketches he had made in Italy. Part of the time he resided in Nottingham in the house of an intimate friend, Mr. Duncan D. Hepburn, who happily still survives, and to whom I am indebted for most of the biographical details given here.

At length, having surmounted all difficulties, Stuart Smith entered into possession of his estate, and took up his residence at Glassingall. But to a man of his nature and with his tastes, and after such a lengthy residence abroad, the duties and responsibilities of a Scottish landed proprietor proved exceedingly irksome. Possibly he had been away from his native land so long, that he had lost that basis of common feeling that a man should have with his countrymen. His natural kind-

liness of heart was not recognised, his reserved and shy manners caused him to be misunderstood, while his eccentricities rendered him unpopular. The very idea of an artist-laird seems incongruous, and one can imagine the contemptuous feelings of the worthy tenants



*Duncan D. Hepburn, Esq.
By Stuart Smith, of Stirling.*



*Italian Kitchen.
By Stuart Smith, of Stirling.*

upon his estate for a proprietor who went about his lands sketching and painting their beauties, instead of inquiring into the state of the crops and attending the cattle markets. The end of it was that Stuart Smith, getting heartily sick of his position, realised the property and removed to London, where he took a house in Fitzroy Square. He was a man with "neither chick nor child" belonging to him, and he determined to leave his property to found and endow a Museum and Fine Art Gallery at Stirling. He formulated a scheme and made his will accordingly, and went to winter at Avignon in France, where he suddenly fell ill, and died in 1869, aged about fifty-six. He lies in the cemetery there, next to the grave of the wife of John Stuart Mill.

By the terms of Stuart Smith's will he left the whole of his estate under the control of trustees whom he nominated, directing that £5,000 be spent in the erection of a building in the town of Stirling as an Institute, upon the condition that the town of Stirling provided a suitable site for the same. The remainder of his estate he directed the trustees to invest and to apply the annual revenue towards the cost of maintenance. In the specification the donor proposed that the building consist of three principal rooms, with space left on either side for contingent additions, the style of architecture to be plain Italian, and of first-rate material and construction. 1. A Picture Gallery. 2. A Museum for Scottish relics and antiquities. 3. A Library and Reading-room, adapted for the benefit of the working classes. For the Picture Gallery he left a large collection of paintings, including fine examples of John Philip, R.A., William Hunt, David Cox, Danby, Daubigny, and many of the best of his own works, valued altogether at between £6,000 and £7,000. It was a princely

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benefaction, of which any town might be proud, and in due course the Town Council of Stirling provided the necessary site, and the building was completed and opened in August, 1874, in full agreement with the directions of its founder. Under the direction of its Curators, the Institute has done, and continues to do, a good work of quiet, unostentatious usefulness.

Of Stuart Smith himself, those who knew him best and to whom the real man revealed himself, cherish the warmest and most affectionate regard. His heart was full of kindly feeling; he took a warm interest in Art students, often helping them with pecuniary assistance, as well as valuable advice. But it seems to have been with nature that the man was most at home, rather than with his fellow-creatures. His physical senses responded to the infinite charm of nature like some delicate instrument, he thirsted for beauty like "the sun-heated sands dry for the tide." Very fitly to him apply the words

Richard Jefferies wrote: "To me colour is a sort of food; every spot of colour is a drop of wine to the spirit." As much as to Jefferies, colour and form and light were as magic to him. He rarely worked except upon clear

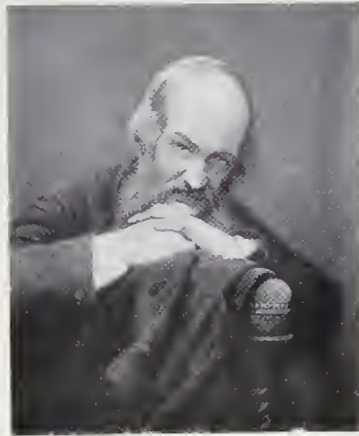
bright days, and never at night.

As will be seen from the illustrations accompanying this article, in almost all his work he set himself to solve some problem in light and shade, and it is not too much to add that he succeeded.

Some time ago Professor R. A. M. Stevenson wrote in these pages that "it was Rembrandt who found

that the natural source of dignity in simple subjects is in the pathos and mystery of real light." These words deserve to be repeated in connection with Stuart Smith, for they exactly describe what he found also. It is in chiaroscuro, which has been well defined as "the art of

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Thomas Stuart Smith, of Stirling.
By William Cox, of Nottingham.



All Alone. By Stuart Smith, of Stirling.
The Property of Duncan D. Hepburn, Esq

representing light in shadow and shadow in light," that Stuart Smith's powers are especially remarkable. He chose the simplest subjects, and gave them dignity and a certain massive strength by the delicacy and luminosity of the half-lights and half-shadows with which he knew how to invest them. He studied and got knowledge, and then he painted with it, and, painting with knowledge attained beauty, and a certain quality which is not exactly beauty, nor yet mere strength, that makes us speak of a picture as fine. His pictures are no artistic patchwork; as he painted each bit the whole was in his eye, and there is a rich completeness as well as a feeling of reserve strength in his works, that removes them altogether from those pictures of a noisier kind that seem to shout at one to come and examine them on entering a picture gallery. His scheme of colour is always refined and harmonious, and his work seems like the man, sensitive and modest, appealing to those who understand, growing in beauty and impressiveness the more one examines it.

He was so original a worker, that it is not easy to trace the direct influence of any particular school in his work, but unquestionably he owes much to the great romantist influence that burst upon the art of this century in 1830. With the French Romanticists he was also acquainted, as the Daubignys in his collection prove, and it is possible that he knew something of the men of the modern Dutch school, Israels, Newhays, and others, whose experiments in chiaroscuro would certainly have interested him, although he never permitted himself their freedom and breadth of handling.

Look at the picture 'All Alone,' with the light superbly



The Pipe of Freedom.
By Stuart Smith, of Stirling



A Roman Wine Cellar.
By Stuart Smith, of Stirling.

poor artists was unceasing, guiding their efforts by practical work and illustration. In his walks by wood or river, by open field or shady or sunlit path, or in street where men gather together, he clothed with matchless pencil the beautiful phases of nature in its varied lights and shade, and in his picture of human life, love, joy, and sorrow, he depicted in glowing tone and colour whatever moved the human heart.

H. W. BROMHEAD.

bursting from the open window across the bed; or the quiet strength of the 'Roman Wine Cellar' and the 'Kitchen,' with their delicate nuances of profound shadow. 'The Bathers' is an interpretation of outdoor light, showing the sunlight filtering through the vivid green leaves of trees in springtime. 'The Pipe of Freedom,' a fine study of the head of an African negro, together with the portrait of Mr. Duncan Hepburn, are given as examples of Stuart Smith's figure painting, and are such that no portrait-painter need be ashamed to have produced. The former, it may be added, was one of the pictures which Stuart Smith thought might prove acceptable for exhibition at the Royal Academy, but it did not prove so. We also produce the portrait of Stuart

Smith himself, in the Institute at Stirling, painted by his friend and trustee, Mr. William Cox, of Nottingham, and a view of the large picture gallery at the Stuart Smith Institute, Stirling, a gallery which is some feet longer than the longest room at the Royal Academy.

Thomas Stuart Smith was little known to his day and generation, but his life was probably a far more useful one than that of many a man who made considerably more noise in the world. He was a born teacher of Art, and the interest he took in young and



Part of the Bishop's Throns, St. Paul's Cathedral.
Carved by W. Aumonier.

ART WORKERS AT HOME.

WOOD-CARVERS.



Initial. By W. Aumonier.

"MAN is a tool-using animal."—"Sartor Resartus." That being so, it is natural that wood-carving has always been a popular craft with amateurs, and one that played an important rôle among the

Art crafts of the Middle Ages, those glorious days for the "cunning" worker in wood, metal, and stone. But it is weariness and weakness to whimper over the days that are no more, so let us take a brief survey of this craft of wood-carving as it exhibits itself to us now.

I may say that, while I have had these articles in hand for THE ART JOURNAL, and have had occasion to inquire somewhat closely into the matter, it is forced upon me that Art craftsmen obtain more personal recognition now than they did when I began my training as a glass painter; and with this recognition has come much more appreciation and discrimination on the part of the public than would have been dreamed of in my 'prentice days. Then the "Firm" absorbed all profit and *kudos*, and they who did the work were simply "hands" in the workshop.

I must think that exhibitions like the "Arts and Crafts," and the fellowship engendered by "The Art-workers' Guild," has helped to bring about the better state of things we find around us.

Au eminent wood-carver complained to me that the Committee of the "Arts and Crafts" appear to ignore the work of skillfully-trained craftsmen who wish to exhibit, in their work, their manipulative skill, apparently preferring what this "carver" calls the "rabbit-hutch" school—a school which makes archaic do duty for refinement and eccentricity for design.

It is certainly galling for a highly-trained craftsman, who has worked hard and studied long, to have his ex-

hibits put out of sight, as this particular carver said his were, the only time he sent to the "Arts and Crafts," but the Committee of this Society feel the want of that personal note in the work of to-day, and are prepared, therefore, to give more recognition to originality than to manipulative skill.

In their efforts to exalt the ego of craftsmen I am with the "Arts and Crafts," but, at the same time, I agree with my complainer that the Society alluded to exhibits too much exclusiveness, and appears to be dominated by a spirit which makes the exhibits appear to be the work of a school instead of the time. It is manifestly unfair to the public, as well as to the exhibitors, to place out of sight work because it happens to be conceived in a



Panel designed and carved by W. H. Grimwood,
Instructor to the School of Art Wood-carving.

different spirit, and carried out in a workmanlike manner, while the efforts of quasi-amateurs and dilettanti are ostentatiously displayed.



Carved Panel. By George Jach.

But the work accomplished by the "Arts and Crafts" has done much to educate the public, and the efforts of its founders are deserving of all praise; and some return is being made in that the public is being slowly educated to sympathize with and appreciate the work of the artist-craftsmen, for Art of any kind can only flourish where the public is discriminating. A legal friend of mine who, partly, perhaps, at my instigation, began to read Ruskin, has come to look upon the author of "Unto This Last" as the chief of the latter-day prophets, and the greatest living teacher in economics and ethics, and one of the practical directions his studies take is the desire to find out the makers of the many things which go to give man his environment, and to get these craftsmen to make directly for him. And certainly to those fortunate enough to have a margin to their incomes, how interesting and satisfactory to come into direct contact with the producer, instead of dealing merely with middlemen.

Exhibitions in which all are treated as equals give workers the sense of being individuals, and not merely "hands" employed by some master, who, by his energy and character, has become a "boss." In the carving of a church how much more interesting would be the result



Central Panel in Italian Walnut. By George Jach.

if, say, a dozen carvers were turned loose, each to do a certain amount of work, which should adequately express them, instead of one man, be he never so clever, employing them, directing their labour, and pocketing a profit out of each of these dozen craftsmen. It is the

dead uniformity of our work in the present day which so dulls the senses of the beholder, and makes him pass along unheeding instead of enjoying whatsoever is of good report.

Let us hear what wood-carvers have to say touching their work, and the patronage extended to them, and I think I cannot do better than turn to a symposium of craftsmen who addressed a meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects early this year, and give the gist of what Messrs. Romaine-Walker, W. Aumonier, J. E. Knox, and W. S. Frith, had to tell their audience of architects, who are, of necessity, brought much in contact with wood-carvers.

Mr. Romaine-Walker represented the architect-patron, and he touched the keynote when he said: "Wood-carving, being an art, the very nature of which brings it within the reach of the million, and, as it were, into their daily life, has been, perhaps, the first to suffer from over-production, and consequent decline. The mind of the public has become vitiated by the vulgar and unmeaning mass of bastard enrichment overloading the so-called Art furniture, only too often exposed for sale in shops, and praised by the employés, who affect a critical faculty entirely foreign to their nature and bringing-up. To the vast majority of mankind these vacuous salesmen are the oracles of public taste; it therefore follows that much of the delicacy of perception which our forefathers possessed has been lost." And when the speaker had to refer to the relations which should exist between architect and carver, he laid it down as a principle that, while directing and supervising the work, he should, like the playwright, after having painted in words the lesson or impression he wishes to convey, leave the exponent of his thoughts certain liberty of action, else will he take from the executed work its soul, and leave it but a lifeless production. Under the influence of the Gothic architects wood-carving was the handmaid of architecture.

It is a pity that this just principle should not influence architects more than it does in their treatment of their "handmaids." There is such a slavish adherence to precedent on the part of many architects, which makes them tie down the craftsman until his ego is squeezed out of him. I am reminded that I walked into Keble College chapel the other day, to look again at the decoration, and if the architect takes the responsibility for the hideous painted windows and mosaic panels, he has taken upon himself an *Atlas* load indeed!

Mr. Aumonier, the next speaker, referred to the way the wood-carver in the past was evolved out of the village carpenter, as is seen in the "choppy, vigorous cut of the Chester and Ambrosio work at Milan, the carver having only just emerged from the use of the chisel proper to take up the carver's gouge." Wood-carving should not be made to represent marble, bronze, silver, or any other material, for, by the very individuality of its treatment, it may attain a charm and beauty equal to that of almost any substance the hand of man can fashion. "To this end we want it cut by a strong man fully alive to the capabilities and susceptibilities of his material. If he is a good workman, he will combine freshness and grace; freshness, because the work grows under his own hand, showing the cuts and gouge-marks in it freely and fearlessly to the last, to mark for ever the secret of its birth like the last strokes of the painter's brush; grace, because there is no form the artistic mind can conceive but may be obtained in wood, if honestly sought after."

This carver's word to architects is "to treat their

carver as a brother artist or craftsman, in sympathy with the work in hand, called in to give artistic finish to new buildings, and not as a person out of whom is to be screwed as much work as possible, for as small an amount of money as the carver will allow his patrons to give him."

Mr. W. Auunionier was apprenticed to a firm of furniture manufacturers and general decorators, the foreman of the wood-carvers being Mr. Mark Rogers, "one of the most skilful and artistic carvers we have had in modern times." Then he worked with a Belgian sculptor settled in Westminster, and after that in Paris, working both in wood and stone, and for six months on the restoration of Amiens Cathedral, under M. Violet le Duc. This gave our craftsman a decided penchant for architectural work, as distinct from mere cabinet carving, and the stone carving of such buildings as the new municipal offices at Oxford is as important a part of this craftsman's work as the wood-carving he executed for St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Auunionier roughs out the designs in charcoal for his craftsmen, leaving the interpretation to them, and he much deprecates not only the waste of money caused by modelling the designs previous to carving them in wood, but the tendency to make the carver mechanical, a mere imitating machine instead of an artist. His method of study has been to go direct to old work, sketching it for himself so as to feel the spirit of the old craftsman, and not to rely upon books of examples drawn by other men; very sensible advice, I take it, and equivalent to the drawing from nature instead of from copies.

Mr. J. E. Knox said that his craft had been striving during the last thirty years to raise itself above the cabinet and upholstery incubus into which it had fallen for many generations, and efforts have been made by the establishment of the British Wood-Carvers' Society, a body of craftsmen far too little known by kindred societies, to regain the position wood-carving held in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "Wood-carving is an absorbing, fascinating, but a time-taking occupation, and the results of his labour are, as a rule,

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gratifying to the executant, whatever his architect or client may subsequently think of his work."

The speaker went on to say that it was by studying the work in some of our cathedrals and old churches that he liberated himself from a certain petty egotism from which he suffered at the outset of his career. "I carved birds, flowers, miniature figures and many pretty things besides, and although greatly admired, no one wanted to buy them."

The choppiness of late fifteenth-century work, Mr. Knox said, was a powerful influence in his development, for he admired the *gee* in this style of carving, and the apparent fact that the carvers knew when they had done enough to their work. As examples for the wood-carver to study, this craftsman gives the following:—

- Norman Zigzag, Rochester Cathedral.
- Early English, 11th and 12th Centuries, Choir, Westminster Abbey.
- Decorated, 13th and 14th Centuries, Lady Chapel, Ely, and Choir, York Minster.
- Perpendicular, 14th and 15th Centuries, King's College, Cambridge.
- Tudor, 1550 to 1600, Thornbury Castle, Gloucester.
- Jacobean, 1600 to 1650, Longleat House, Wilts.

Mr. Knox is one instance, out of many, of a craftsman of deservedly high reputation, who worked into art for himself and in spite of most adverse circumstances, for being left an orphan, when barely nine years

old, he obtained a berth at a west-end cabinet firm to glasspaper up carvings and run errands. The hours were from seven till seven, but in spite of this the young enthusiast took possession of a disused attic, got a few tools, and rigged up a bench in order to attain his ambition of becoming a wood carver. He became sufficiently proficient to be taken, at the age of fourteen, by the master carver as an apprentice without premium and with the wages he was receiving as errand boy; and when out of his time worked for seven years for Mr. Thos. Earp,

the architectural sculptor, and it is Mr. Knox's advice to would-be carvers to be apprenticed to an architectural carver rather than to a cabinet firm.

Having worked for some of the leading architects, Mr. Knox attributes the progress in decorative art during the



Our Lady on the Road.

By Harry Hems.



Carving in Oak.

Carved by J. E. Knox. Designed by Stephen Webb.

last thirty years to that brilliant band of young architects who, when he was a young man, struggled so manfully to elevate public taste in matters architectural.

Mr. W. S. Frith also laments the want of discriminating



Clock Case in Chestnut Wood.

By Mark Rogers.

All the speakers were agreed that wood-carving should never be a copy of a modelled design, for there is required an essential treatment of the wood, which makes wood-carving differ from other crafts. "While oak is the principal wood for carving, others have to be considered; and if the treatment of oak were, for instance, applied to satin-wood, the result would be to make the satin-wood look very much like pine. In this case the work looks most precious when it is so designed and carved as to permit the opalescent quality of the wood to siug through the carving."

All the speakers again were agreed as to marks of the tool showing, and that to get the finish of *carton-pierre* was destructive of the finest qualities in wood-carving. In Mr. Frith's words, "the question of how far the cutting of the wood should be evident—as a general rule, figure form is most satisfactory with the tool marks invisible; since the form is the essential, not the manner of producing it: and this rule necessarily applies wherever exact form is desired. The clear cut, however, best displays the quality of the material, the mastery of the craftsman, and his delight in his work, and makes that in which the dexterous use of the tool can be traced one of the most charming phases of wood-carving."

In these remarks of eminent craftsmen may be gleaned the *Sophia* as opposed to the *Moria*, as Ruskin would say, of the art. On that crucial question of style, it seems to me that, both from their words and works, wood-carvers are too much afraid of expressing their ego. Mr. Frith says, that the yearning to invent something new is particularly fascinating to the mind of youthful cast, and seemed to question whether, "with so great a mass of past experience influencing us," this novelty was attainable. Yet, when wood-carvers speak of our great Grinling Gibbons, it is always as scholars towards an honoured master, and Gibbons's work stands the test of centuries for its individuality, as much as for its technical excellence. No repetition of past

work either invigorates or develops our present efforts. Mr. Mark Rogers, Jun., received his first instruction from his father, and for ten years was in the life class at Lambeth, and before beginning work on his own account spent a year in the South Kensington Museum School. The human figure enters largely into his designs, as it did in that of Grinling Gibbons (as witness his screen in the chapel of Trinity College, Oxford), and though I have heard it said that wood is not a good material to use for figure carving, the human form, when well drawn and composed, adds greatly to the interest of the craft. The supporting figures for the chimney-pieces at Ashridge (and which were exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1886, 1887, and 1890), were carved by Mr. Rogers. Many of our younger sculptors are turning their attention to decorative work, and it would seem that the dividing line which has hitherto kept apart sculptors and carvers is being rubbed away. It is time this were so. Alfred Stevens did not disdain to carve mantelpieces, and a sculptor's energies might be better applied to the decoration of a room or building than carving busts of middle-aged gentlemen with bald heads and nicely brushed whiskers. As Ruskin long ago observed, "The only essential distinction between decorative and other art is the being fitted for a fixed place, and in that place, related, in subordination or in command, to the effect of other pieces of art. And the greatest art which the world has produced is thus fitted for a place, and subordinated to a purpose. There is no existing highest order art but is decorative. The best sculpture yet produced has been the decoration of a temple fount—the best painting the decoration of a room."

I am glad to be able to give on the preceding page an example of the work of Mr. Harry Hems, the ecclesiastical carver of Exeter, because it shows how figures in full relief can be treated in wood.

The Church is still a substantial patron of Art, and it is a pity that her representatives so often get such in-

different work in return for their outlay. It is deplorable to see large sums spent in work that, as Art, is valueless. Ecclesiastical correctness (whatever that may mean) is thought of more importance than imagination, skill, and fitness. The late J. D. Sedding set a good example in seeking out clever painters and sculptors, employing their genius to the adornment of the buildings he



Panel at back of the Bishop's Throne, St. Paul's Cathedral.

Carved by W. Aumonier.

designed. It used to be thought that anything was good enough for decoration, and while a rich man would pay a Royal Academician a thousand pounds to have his features limned, a tenth of that sum was enough to put in a stained-glass window in his church.

Mr. Harry Hems, of Exeter, has a reputation all over the world. He is essentially a Gothic carver, as his numerous and original works testify.

The work of Mr. George Jack, I first saw at the "Arts and Crafts." He represents the newer influences which have stimulated our craftsmen, and taken them out of the rut of precedent.

The School of Art Wood-carving has shifted its quarters from the Albert Hall to the Central Technical College, Exhibition Road. It has the advantage of being a teaching body as well as a society of workers. The example of their work given is by W. H. Grimwood, one of the instructors to the school. The fees vary from £5 a quarter for day tuition, to £2 for evening tuition, the students providing their own tools and materials.

The Birmingham School of Handicraft is a young society, and, from examples of their work, I should say, has vitality and earnestness to stimulate it, and keep it on the stretch. Why is it, by the way, that Brummagen is used as a term of reproach? Is it because mechanical finish, the result of the factory system, has become so

hateful in our eyes? The town has shown considerable activity in the matter of schools of Art to remove the reproach, but Art cannot thrive in factories. The



Birmingham School of Handicraft.

individual is merely a cog to a wheel in the huge machine.

Unfortunately the space at my disposal compels me to limit the examples to a small selection of the many I have examined. It has been no part of my work to directly criticise them in any way, and I leave them to speak for themselves and their authors. An expression of individual preference would be to thrust myself forward as a superior critic, who thinks he has the divine "tip." There is no one way; and has not Mr. Kipling told us that—

"There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right"?

FRED. MILLER.

LOOKING BACK UPON SOUTH KENSINGTON.



*Design for a Lock Plate.
By H. S. Stromquist.*

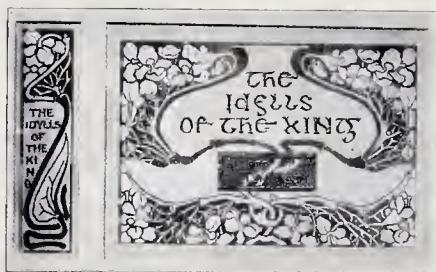
THE Retrospective Exhibition of works which during the last twelve years have gained the highest awards at National Competitions, comes this year rather apropos. The murmur of dissatisfaction with the Department and all its ways, which pervades perennially the air of journalism, swells for the moment rather louder than usual, and it is interesting therefore to see what the authorities have to say for themselves. Government servants are not free to retort in words, but here is in some sort an answer to criticism.

What is it? Prophets, whether of good or evil, will read the writing on the wall with their own eyes, and interpret it according to their own bias, more or less; but the majority of men are presumably neither blind nor dishonest, and to such the assembled prize-works tell a fairly intelligible tale.

It is rather a pity that only the works which obtain the highest awards are shown, and of these only a selection; for (if one may judge by this year's prize-works, which are exhibited as usual in their entirety, or nearly so, and by a tolerably vivid recollection of the annual shows for some years past) we should probably have

seen much more clearly in the average work of students who get only bronze medals or book prizes, the improvement which has undoubtedly taken place in design and in the studies which go towards it. Of the teaching of painting and sculpture, which is scarcely the business of South Kensington, it is not proposed here to speak.

There seem to have been more and more prizes awarded as the years went on; from 748 in 1893 they have risen by



*Printed Book-Cover Design.
Adaptation of natural plant form.
By B. A. Waldram.*



Ship Frieze. For Mural Decoration.
By M. Watson.

degrees to 1,037 in 1896; but the works which have taken gold and silver medals do not show, year by year, quite the advance one would have hoped—possibly because a gold or silver medal always marked a certain standard of excellence, and the way in which advance is shown is by the greater number of those who attain it. Moreover, the very highest awards mark rather the fluctuations in the crop of individual talent than the current state of teaching; that is more plainly shown in the productions of the great majority who win the smaller prizes; and their work is not shown.

The prize works are arranged in groups, such as painting from the life, flower painting, monochrome, still life, drapery studies, and so on; or architecture, measured drawings, historic studies, book illustrations, designs for decoration, metal work, stained glass, carpets, lace, and other fabrics woven or printed. One can thus see almost at a glance the designs which during the last eleven years (this year's are separately shown), have been successful in this or that subject, and compare them. It is not so easy to compare the work done year by year; but, to anyone who cares seriously enough about art teaching or design to devote the necessary time to it, the story of successive National Competitions unfolds itself without any great strain upon the understanding.

One sees, of course, very plainly the phases through which the fashion of design has passed during these last twelve years, nowhere more plainly than in the paintings from the life, which in later years recall no longer the Royal Academy but the New English Art Club. Even in the matter of studies there seems to be every few years a run upon one kind of thing, the immediate result of its having once obtained a medal. Thus, for example, in 1893 two silver medals were given for clever bird studies; in 1894 this success was followed up with fish studies; in 1895 it was butterflies which took the medal; and this year we have studies of birds once more, and beasts. Again, for some years past the idea of treating fishes decoratively has prevailed. It came from Japan, of course, but by way of Bir-

mingham. Miss G. E. France made a success with a panel of gurnets, characteristically designed and cleverly modelled in low relief. Since then she has repeated her success, and year by year others have emulated it. This year the gurnets have for the most part departed, but we have all sorts and kinds of fishes; crabs in damask; lobsters in gesso; fishes, nondescript, but not precisely beautiful, to form a wall-paper frieze; crayfish and jellyfish in lace, upon a fan. One may easily have too much even of a good thing; and fishes are not the things which lend themselves most happily to ornament.

The use or misuse of animal and human figures in pattern, characterizes a phase of design, the rise and fall of which is very plainly marked in the prize works. It seems to begin in 1881, when a gold medal was given for a design which by the light of to-day does not look to have merited any such distinction. This gave rise to a perfect plague of birds and beasts, which spread rapidly over pattern design. Sometimes, as, for example, in the case of animals more or less founded upon those in old Persian carpets, the creatures were treated with a certain decorative convention; sometimes they made not the faintest pretence of making pattern; nevertheless, as they took medals, often gold ones, the virus spread apace, especially among textiles and wall patterns.

In 1889 also there was given further a gold medal for a rather clever design with human figures, and in 1890 a similar reward to a singularly incompetent combination of flowers and figure work. In 1891 we have better-drawn animals, still very much out of place (the mere fact that they are tigers amidst lilies does not make them appropriate), and birds among foliage which, in a naturalistic way, do make pattern. The peacocks in the pattern which gained a prize in 1893 were duly conventionalized, very much in the manner of the early Italian silks, and the figure design of the same year (both, by the way, from the Training School), show a right sense of treatment.

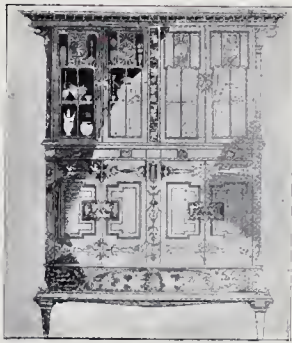
Perhaps the most interesting development of animal pattern was in the schools at Canterbury and Hertford, which, year after year down to 1894, took medals, at first for tile



Design for Book Cover.
By Alfred Jones.



Design for Wall Paper.
By P. Shepherd.



Working Design for Cabinet.
By H. D. Richter.

patterns, and then for mosaics, in all of which animal forms of various kinds, and latterly human figures, were twisted into most ingenious and decorative and sometimes really beautiful forms of ornament. The majolica plate on this page is from one of these schools. By 1895 it seems almost as if the naturalistic manner were dying out; and, but for the too natural, though clever, rendering of the wolf and the lamb, upon a table damask, which this year obtains a medal, though only a bronze one, it does appear as if more consistently ornamental modification of animal or human form in pattern were now the rule.

The tiles and mosaics above referred to form quite a characteristic division of design. Pottery is, on the whole, not very satisfactorily represented. One of the best examples this year is the tile design by W. C. Dean (illustrated overleaf), in which the square shape of the six-inch tiles is most ingeniously disguised by the lines of painted pattern. Iron work shows rather more invention as the years go on. Lace, which at first sight looks rather depressingly commonplace, improves considerably upon examination, and one discovers among the work of the last five or six years a number of delicate and sometimes extremely fanciful designs. The carpets show some improvement in design, and that of a less impractical kind than once it was; but the more pleasing designs are not always workmanlike, nor the more workmanlike patterns pleasing. One wonders how in 1890 two carpets avowedly from old examples came to get medals for design! It is capital exercise for a student to work out a fine oriental pattern on point paper; but that is not the point; nor is it wise to encourage ever so indirectly the too, too prevalent notion that to design means only to appropriate time-honoured patterns.

In the way of small cotton-dress prints there are this year some rather good examples, but nothing quite so pretty as the little tree diaper, which obtained a prize in 1893. In that year stencilling reached its highest point in an extremely ingenious design which gained a gold medal; since then there has



Design for Majolica Plaque.
By G. Roots.

been abundance of stencilling, some of it very good, but none of it quite up to that mark, and much of it striving after effects, possible perhaps by that means, but not worth doing so. Students who aim at so much as some of the latest stencil patterns attempt, would be better advised to trust to their individual handiwork.

Stained-glass designs have pretty regularly taken prizes since 1892. (It is curious, by-the-way, how many industries are represented since 1890, which up to that time seem never to have reached the prize level.) The cartoons, some of them prettily designed, some of them capitally drawn, are mainly of one kind, from one school, in chalk or charcoal; which, in the hands of students at least, does not seem to admit of the precision of drawing which is absolutely necessary, unless the designer himself proposes to paint the glass—a most desirable thing, but one

which the present condition of industry renders most unlikely. More distinctly glass-like, and altogether more practical, are the coloured designs to a small scale which last year and this obtained rewards; these are, indeed, so obviously by a man who knows all about glass that one wonders if he learnt it at school; probably not; but one hopes he did. A workmanlike cartoon also is that of H. Ospovat, above.

Book illustration has passed since 1891 through a phase. In that year Miss Bradley gained a silver medal, and a year later Miss Winifred Smith took a gold one, for fanciful and clever drawings, in a manner which set a very pronounced fashion, conspicuous in prize works of succeeding years, mostly from the same school, if not by the same hands; but in the years 1894 and 1895 by far the most able pen drawings were those of R. Spence, very much in the manner of the great German masters. The prize works this year are rather more "up-to-date," a circumstance which may help to correct an impression which former awards seem to have given, that one and one only style of work is acceptable to South Kensington. The newer manner does not at all imply originality; but in general it may be said that there is a fair amount of real originality in this year's work.

Comparing the Retrospective Exhibition with the works of this year, the one thing which forces itself upon observation is the more practical and workmanlike character of the designs most recently rewarded. The improvement in this respect is so all-round that one hesitates to mention individual schools; but the works from Holloway, New Cross, the Training Class at South Kensington, and perhaps Leicester, seem so to pick themselves out for commendation, that it is only fair to infer that special attention is being paid there to the practical side of design. Nothing could be more business-like than the designs for wall paper by F. Appleyard and A. Carpenter in 1894, or those for silversmith's work by Amor Fenn



Cartoon for Glass.
By H. Ospovat.



Tile Pattern—Columbines.
By W. C. Dean.

in 1895. Among this year's work the following designs may be noted:—an electrolier, by W. A. Baskerfield; a balustrade, by V. A. Lawes; coal-boxes, by A. H. Baxter; a door-panel, by W. M. Barnes. This last-mentioned design gives a hint as to one of the reasons of design being of late more practical: it is accompanied by the panel itself, carved and partly gilt.

The advantage and the justice of judging design by its effect in execution is very apparent in the case of needlework: how much depends

upon the adaptation of the design to the stitch, is shown in the very cleverly conventionalized vine leaves which form part of an altar-cloth by C. P. Shrewsbury. Again, the crochet design of M. A. Cole would probably never have received recognition apart from its execution, nor would some of the lace. An excellent plan is adopted by, amongst others, E. S. Wilkinson, of Dublin, who shows a lace-collar design, one-fourth part of which is in the actual thread. This kind of thing might much more often be done. Indeed, it should be the rule wherever it is possible. It is something upon which to congratulate the schools, that the Department seems to have come round to the opinion that design is best appre-

ciated when it is seen in execution. Its tardiness in arriving at that conclusion is perhaps accounted for by the extra work it gives the staff to receive both works and drawings. But a question arises: why should the sending-in of the *design* of work executed be insisted upon, so long as there is some guarantee that it is the work of the designer, or that the merit of it is his? Red tape may be indispensable; what would the law be without it? but it has proved possible of late in this and other instances to slacken it; might it not be yet further loosened without harm? Were that done there would be but one expression of opinion from those whom it concerns, a sigh of relief—which surely would be welcome to the ears of authority, if only by way of change.

This review of past prize works should be instructive to the authorities at South Kensington no less than to their critics, to the examiners themselves no less than to the teachers and the students of Art, in whose interest the great scheme of Art education is devised, and all the machinery of examination put in motion.

This machinery is, and perhaps inevitably must be, exceedingly intricate, and apt, accordingly, to get out of gear: there is some danger that it may grow so complicated as to become unworkable. It is more than possible that those who drive it may, from the very attention they give to its working, have grown to attach sometimes more attention to its action than to what it actually does. It is well, perhaps, that from time to time they should be reminded by onlookers of the real end and aim of the Department—education namely. But, though the authorities may want telling, scolding them will not do much good. They are the servants of the public. If they do not do their work well let them be dismissed. So long as they are there, let those who have the public interest at heart help them all they can.

Examination is at best a very fallacious test of capacity; prize giving can never do absolute justice; but something of the kind seems to be necessary to the measurement of the year's work, and to the encouragement of the worker; and now, at all events, that we are promised the abolishment of that "payment by results," which was a standing temptation to masters to cram their pupils instead of teaching them, one may fairly hope, and this year's exhibition encourages the hope, that the evil which they do will be outweighed by the undoubted good resulting from them.

LEWIS F. DAY.

'DAY-DREAMS.'

BY FRANK STERNBERG.

THIS fine mezzotint is the work of a young artist who, like many of our rising painters, is a pupil of Mr. Herkomer. Also like his able master, Mr. Sternberg has evidently been deeply impressed by the work of Frederic Walker, that short-lived artist whose influence on English painting has been out of all proportion with the brief tale of years which was all that the Fates allowed him here. The same keen sense of beauty, the same note of human sentiment which formed the charm of that brilliant master's art, is apparent in this touching figure of the little crossing-sweeper resting her head against the brick wall. Other artists have rendered the same subject in various forms. Bastien-Lepage painted the shoeblacks and the crossing-sweepers of our London thoroughfares, Mrs. H. M. Stanley (Dorothy Tennant) has given us many

a clever sketch of street Arabs at work and at play; but Mr. Sternberg shows us another side of the subject. His realism is of a softer and more tender kind. There is a grace about the form of his little crossing-sweeper, a strangely pathetic look in her eyes that cannot fail to appeal to us. This child who invites our sympathy is an orphan maid, without father or mother, left alone in the world, and doomed to spend her girlhood among strangers, a waif which the tide of life has rolled up on the shore of this great Babylon. The world which, in spite of its hardness, generally keeps a warm corner for orphan children, has not been unkind to her so far; she has not been left to starve and die for want of help. Who is there, indeed, who could turn a cold shoulder on that fair young face or grudge a copper to those pleading eyes?

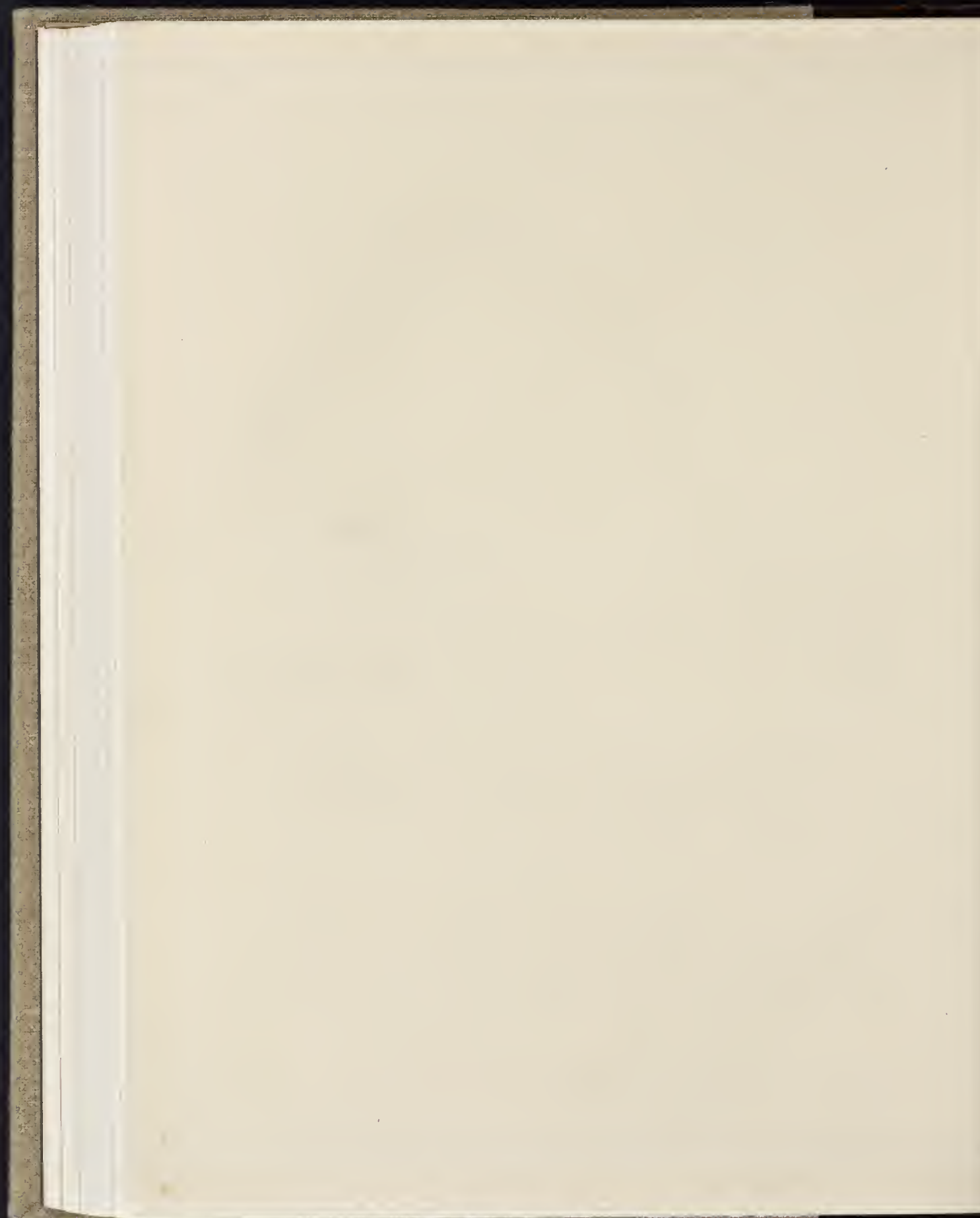


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The Art Journal London 7.7.1890



Day Dreams



SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, P.R.A.

BY the death of Sir John Millais, British Art loses one of the greatest leaders that it has ever had. Few of the men who have among us followed the artist's profession have taken, and held by sheer force of genius, the place which has for many years been acknowledged to be his beyond all question; and hardly anyone has exercised a tithic of his influence upon the work and opinions of his contemporaries. The great characteristic of his whole life was an extraordinary activity, a constant striving to produce great results, and to strike out for himself new directions in which to exercise his exceptional powers. He was essentially a reformer, aiming above everything to keep his art free from the taint of commonplace, and to progress always in the direction of intelligent un-convention. It is possible to say of him, what cannot be said of many artists who have become great popular favourites, that he avoided all temptations to formulate his methods, and remained to the last moment of his career keenly receptive and ready to modify both his subjects and his manner. He worked not by rule but by something very like inspiration, and allowed his singularly accurate sense of fitness to guide him in the selection and the treatment of his material. And it was this freedom from the ordinary limitations of his profession that made him so influential as a leader. His sturdy self-reliance was of a sort to inspire confidence in others; it was so unhesitating that it had the power to convince the most inveterate waverer and to persuade even an unwilling mind.

The history of his life is interesting because it is a record of great things done, of notable achievements in both the practice and the politics of Art. He was active from the very first in everything that made for the purifying and strengthening of artistic principles, and to this activity is to be ascribed many of the most wholesome changes which have taken place in our æsthetic point of view during the last fifty years. When, in 1846, Sir John Millais exhibited his first picture in the Academy Galleries, the Art of this country had degenerated into an apparently hopeless condition of unintelligent mannerism, and was languishing without real vitality and without any promise of future development. To fall placidly into line with the men who were satisfied with things as they were, was hardly a course in accordance with his keen anxiety to find for himself a way which would lead him to results worth the seeking. He saw at once that he must cut himself adrift from the methods of those about him, and the manner in which he did it was very characteristic of his restlessly vigorous temperament. There were no half measures about the line he took, no gradual substitution of his views for those which the example of his contemporaries indicated. Instead, he made a sudden break away from everything that was fashionable, and with a few kindred spirits devoted himself to assiduous study of nature, and to a mode of technical expression which was curiously unlike anything which was then affected by the painting world.

By way of making more obvious their protest against the technical customs to which they objected, Millais and his friends gave to their association the title of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, implying thereby that the principle of Art that they desired to affirm was that of

sincere regard for and attention to those precepts of nature which influenced so strongly the faithful painters of the earlier mediæval schools. In the Brotherhood itself, while it continued to exist as a separate organization, Millais held a position of which the prominence was proved by the bitterness of the opposition which his works provoked from the critics whose mission it was to pass judgment upon them. Despite ridicule, however, and abuse, he held steadily to the course which he had adopted, producing admirable paintings full of minute observation, and marked by intense care for exact truth in all things, small and great. That the period during which he limited himself to this precision of statement came finally to an end was a result, not of any acceptance of the adverse criticism which was passed upon his Pre-Raphaelite productions, but rather of his own inclination to say what he wished to say in a more outspoken manner. His hand was too vigorous and his mind too active for him to remain long subject to those restrictions in expression which the minuteness of his earlier realism imposed upon him; so it is quite understandable that he should have modified his practice to suit his natural disposition.

His manner of making this modification was thoroughly sound and judicious, the manner which might have been expected of an artist of his extraordinary power. He kept religiously to all that was best in his youthful views and relaxed nothing that was good in his habit of regarding nature as the absolute origin of the finest Art. But he put down the results of his observations with a definiteness of handling which grew more and more masterly with every year of his life. He became rapidly one of the most powerful manipulators that the British school has ever possessed, a painter whose technique was irrefragable in its certainty and directness. He produced during the fifty years over which his exhibiting career extended, an astonishing variety of splendid canvases dealing with subjects of a very divergent type. As a portrait-painter he was in the first rank of the artists of the world; as a landscape painter he showed unusual skill in realising the facts of open-air nature, though perhaps he disregarded something of her poetry and subtle suggestion; as a subject painter he was original in a thoroughly wholesome and pleasant way; and his pictures of children have scarcely any rivals among the masterpieces of many centuries. To be so various, and at the same time so capable, is given to few men, and to fewer still does it happen that success comes in every branch. Life to Sir John Millais was a kind of triumphal march in Art, and whatever he touched he glorified by the greatness of his ability.

The subscribers to THE ART JOURNAL will be interested to learn that the Proprietors have arranged for the Premium Plate for 1897 to be an important Etching of 'An Idyll of 1745,' by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A. This picture, not hitherto engraved, represents an English drummer-boy playing a flute to two pretty Scottish girls. It has been lent for this Etching by Sir Alfred Wigan, and the plate has been undertaken by Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., one of the foremost living etchers.

NEW BOOKS.

"CARTOONS FOR THE CAUSE" (London, The Twentieth Century Press). The cause, of course, is Socialism; and Mr. Walter Crane is so serious a socialist that he would probably prefer that his work were looked at

good. The political moment does not seem always to have fitted in with the mood of the artist; and occasionally his political fervour has got the better of his artistic judgment. That was distinctly so when he inscribed, in quite Philistine fashion, upon the wings of the Capitalist Vampire, words which, better than anyone else, he knew how to have turned to most artistic use. At his best, and when he is most himself, as in 'The Triumph of Labour,' 'In Memory of the Paris Commune,' 'The Worker's Maypole,' and 'A Garland for May Day' (which he allows us to reproduce), he proves himself a master of that most exacting form of Art which demands of its follower at once purpose, fancy, resource, and direct design. It is no wonder, when you think of the difficulty of satirising in a way which shall satisfy the artistic sense, that we can count our English cartoonists on the fingers of one hand.

L. F. D.



• A GARLAND FOR MAY DAY 1895 •
 • DEDICATED TO THE WORKERS BY WALTER CRANE •

from the point of view of politics; but it is only as Art that it comes within the scope of THE ART JOURNAL. These cartoons, which appeared at long intervals, chiefly in the various organs of the cause, are not all equally

affords a clear and complete picture of the activity of the master. It is only to be regretted that in most cases the illustrations are very badly executed and leave much to be desired.

To the admirable series of Biographies of Artists published by the Librairie de l'Art, Professor Pierre, Paris, contributes a short account of the Greek sculptor, Polykleitos. Founded upon the latest researches, especially those of German archaeologists, the book



Clovelly Beach.
From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge.

CLOVELLY.

BY THE RECTOR OF CLOVELLY.



THE Fates deal hardly with certain persons and places. They never seem to secure the notice and regard they deserve. In the case of other persons and places the Fates are kind—almost too kind. They positively suffer from excess of attention, and become the victims of publicity. In this latter class, some of us would be inclined to place the charming west-country village of Clovelly.

Fifty years ago Clovelly was quite unknown to fame. There are still those in the village who can "mind the time" when, during all one long summer, the only visitor seen in the place was Parson Hawker of Morwenstow—presumably this time unattended by his train of nine church cats—who came in search of herrings. In those days the lovely woods that hang above the quaint steep street, as it drops down the soft combe, in a rapid descent of over two hundred and fifty feet, to where the trawlers swing at their moorings in the quay-pool below, were uninvaded by the foot of the tripper, and undisturbed by his too-hilarious voice. Those were the prehistoric days of silence and solitude, when the life of the place went on undiscovered and untroubled by the big world around.

It is very different now;—at any rate, for six months of the year. There are days when the little village is like a fair; when the visitor arrives in troops and battalions, by sea and land, and with frank simplicity of mind takes all possible pains to destroy the sense of beauty and repose and quiet which he is supposed to value and seek.

A writer in *The Times* has recently shown, in a very amusing way, that it is a doubtful kindness to assist in the evolution of a show-place. A show-place is almost bound to be damaged in the process of evolution. It inevitably becomes self-conscious, and learns to pose; makes up for the part; assumes the expected attitude and the appropriate air; and, by so doing, loses just that quality which constitutes its chief attraction. There is always something demoralizing in attention too marked, and admiration too loudly expressed. And further, when the praises of a place are spread abroad, people are apt to become a little unreasonable in their demands regarding it, and to expect the impossible, and are disappointed because they do not find it.

It is to be feared something of all this is apparent in regard to Clovelly. No one probably would have regretted the fact more than Charles Kingsley; who may be said—unintentionally, I think—to have "made" the place. The fame of Clovelly dates from the time of the publication of "Westward Ho!" Yet, as a matter of fact, in the pages of that splendid story, Clovelly holds quite a subordinate place. It only appears in two or three chapters. Perhaps Charles Kingsley knew Clovelly and its people were too good to be spoiled.

If so he was, in the main, right. For Clovelly resists, far more successfully than most show-places, the deleterious touch of the pleasure-seeking world. And the cause is obvious. Nature is very strong and very masterful here, and yet at the same time very gracious and bountiful; and she rapidly repairs the waste and damage of the local "season." Nature has had it all her own way here for a very long time; and, as yet, she shows no sign of any intention to resign her ancient supremacy. The people, too, are self-respectful, proud, well-bred, high-

minded, romantic and devout. The world comes and goes, and a profitable harvest is reaped year after year by those who are by no means averse to take advantage, in this way, of the coming of the "gentry." But winter also comes, with storm and tempest, and fierce westerly gales; and sweeps the village clear of visitors, and drives the herrings into the Bay; and then the true old immemorial life and character of the place revive and reassert themselves; and the secret of the sea that has passed into the blood of these people, and steadied and sobered them, age after age, with the spell of a great love, and the shadow of a great fear, and drawn the men to all the distant harbours of the world, and made the hearts of the women true and tender, claims them once again, and keeps them brave and virtuous and godly.

Yes; Clovelly can take a great deal of spoiling, and yet remain curiously enchanting and delightful: with a certain imperious air of strength and dignity, too, that makes itself distinctly felt. First, there is the beauty of the place. The view across the Bay is strikingly fair. The coast trends away, to the right, beyond the Hobby Woods, and the tiny fishing village of Bucks, sitting in a hollow of the cliffs, where a delicious blue haze always nestles on a sunny day, past the red rocks of Portledge, far on to Bideford Bar and the yellow sands of Braunton, backed, at that point, by the great dark slopes and rising masses of Exmoor; and then runs out in a long, low shelving line to the wild storm-scarred headlands of Baggy and Morte; whilst everywhere in front spreads the vast sapphire floor of sea; and in the extreme distance, right ahead, glimmers the coast of Wales, ending abruptly in Worms Head; and on the left stands Lundy, like a



Main Street, Clovelly.
From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge.

sentinel at the gates of the west, where the steamships and vessels sail out on the infinite ocean, and the Atlantic rolls three thousand miles away to the shores of the New World.

But it is not only the view of the Bay that is so engaging. There are endless "subjects" at every turn,



North Hill, Clovelly.
From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge.

for the pencil and brush of the artist—in the village, on the shore, out at sea, in the West Woods, on the moors that stretch away towards Cornwall. Mr. F. W. Sturge, in his delightful collection of studies made at Clovelly, shows very conclusively that a painter may make excellent use of his time who comes here for a month or so. The fascination, the drama, the romance, the inimitable charm and beauty of the place are undeniable. And yet those who know Clovelly best will agree that nature strikes a note here often very grave, very serious, penetratingly sad. "Weather" is a very important factor here. When you live in the place you cannot forget it. The roar of the wind, the trample of the surf, are very significant sounds and mean much. We seem here very close—sometimes too close—to nature's workshop. We seem to assist at the making of storms, and know a great deal about the process. I do not think it is knowledge of an encouraging or reassuring kind. The gales here are tremendous. The sky is filled with a tumult of sound. The woods bend and wail in the fury of the air. All round there is a hurly-burly of tempestuous music, through which throbs an incessant measured beat, that goes on, like a mighty pulse, for three or four days and nights in succession, and plays havoc with sensitive nerves. Traditions, too, of death and disaster linger in the village;—of a terrible night, October 4th, 1821, when the herring fleet went out, on a calm sea, and a great gale from the north sprang up suddenly, and twenty-four boats were lost, and thirty-one men were drowned in the Bay and on the beach. And again, on the night of October 28th, 1838, when twenty-one men were drowned in sight of their homes,

"And the women were weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town."



Clouelly, from Hobby Drive (with view of Lundy in distance).

From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge.

"There is sorrow on the sea." Yes: but there is also courage, and skill, and love strong as death, and the fear of God. It is the sense of the tragic possibilities of life at Clovelly that gives it distinction, and keeps it at a high level. The life of the sea is a fine background against which to show what stuff people are made of, and what spirit is in them; and how they will behave in regard to the supreme duties and relations of love and honour.

Another point to be observed is that the world around us here is unmistakably Celtic. You see it in the looks and temper and habits of the people, and in the features and sentiment of the country. The Celtic genius is everywhere:—gaiety, and lightheartedness, and brightness, and humour, combined with "the sense of tears in

—is also very observable here. The children and the maidens love to fill their arms and decorate themselves with flowers. The young men stick a rose, like Mr. Oxenham, under their caps, behind their ear. All the village likes to wander on summer days and evenings in the Park. The mariners sit and gaze at the sea with unflinching interest. Yet the signs of the sky are watched with anxious questioning eyes, and men and women speak with awe of the sight of the bay when it "lifts" in dark ridges of storm. Coming to Clovelly to reside the matter-of-fact slow and solid Saxon finds himself at a great disadvantage. The life here is all so fresh, so quick, and mobile, and sensitive and emotional, and yet at the same time so dreamy, and self-contained, and indolently persistent, and fanciful, and sad—in short, so



Clovelly Quay-Pool.
From a Drawing by F. W. Sturge.

mortal things." There is fairy-dew on the grass. There is fairy-blood in the hearts of the men and women. Old-world fancies and superstitious survive here, in spite of Board Schools and County Councils. It is still a land of charms and spells, of myth and legend; nay, more—of visions and high dreamings and imaginings. For are we not close to the country where memories of the great King Arthur and the Table Round cling to rock and moor; close to Lyonesse and Tintagel Castle by the Cornish Sea; close to "the sounding shore of Bude and Boss"? The people of the west are still inspired with the old poetic saintly spirit—though it often clothes itself in the singularly unattractive shape of an ugly square white-washed little chapel. The quest of the Holy Grail is maintained by these people in a plain, humble fashion, in many a labourer's cottage and lonely farm.

The mixed feeling of the Celt about nature—his delight in nature, and yet, at the same time, his dread of nature

bewilderingly inconsistent. The flavour of earlier times, of a more heroic age, a hint of the days of Drake and Raleigh, makes itself felt here. If Mr. Will Cary, whose monument stands in the chancel of the church—proudly stating that he "served his king and country, in ye office of a justice of peace, under three princes, Q. Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles the First"—could stroll down to-day from the old court-house, where he once reigned as squire and lord of the manor, and talk to the mariners gathered on the "Look-out," telling their yarns at great length, and with an interest undiminished by familiarity with every turn of the narrative; surely the said Mr. Will Cary would find the place, and the people, their ways, and habits, and appearance, and manner of speech, very little changed since the times when, according to an authority which none in Clovelly would venture to question, he took part in the great sea-fight, when the Armada was vanquished, and the Empire of

the Sea passed from Catholic Spain to Protestant England.

It is pleasant, when the day is drawing to a close, to go up into the Glebe fields by Slerra, and watch the sun go down and the stars come out. No doubt there are more beautiful scenes to be found in England. But I question whether you would find any more moving. The air is still; only the sound of the surf, breaking on the pebble-ridge eight miles off, makes a faint stir and murmur, caught and held in the heavy foliage of the Hobby woods. Down below stands Clovelly Court, with its lovely terrace; and close beside it rises the plain grey tower of the church;—a visible link with the past, with the Cary and Hamlyn monuments and brasses, and traces of Norman work and its rough old Saxon font. Beyond again, the Park stretches away to Gallantry Bower and Court Hill, covered in the spring with fragrant yellow gorse, and in the autumn with purple heather. Over in the west, where the land mounts, on the way to Hartland Point, the long line of rising country, behind which the sun dips, gathers itself into one dark solid wall of heavy rich shadow, in which all outline of wood and field is blotted out and lost. Slowly the daylight fades; the colours die in the sky; the sea grows pale and misty; the

silence deepens; the ships pass ghostlike up and down the channel; the twilight comes. And then suddenly, at the extreme corners of the scene, two warm points of light flash out—the one at Bideford Bar, the other high above Landy. No matter how often you see those lights, they always give you an emotion. You know they will steadily and surely burn on there, every night of the year—wakeful, watchful, a kindly sign and token and warning to those who “occupy their business in great waters.” Perhaps you think of the great sea of life, and then those lights seem to symbolise so much. Anyhow, you feel they stand there as a sign and witness of the magic and mystery of the sea—of the pride and glory and excitement and peril of the ocean-life: that life that has claimed and mastered many of the finest and noblest natures in the world, ever since the old days of Ulysses and the Greek and Phœnician traders. And then you understand why Clovelly exercises such a charm of fascination over all who see it. The secret of the sea is whispered here: and for a brief space, at any rate, every heart is touched and melted with the sense of things divinely fair, immeasurably great and immeasurably sad.

WILLIAM HARRISON.



Clovelly. By F. W. Sturge.

MINIATURE PAINTING IN ENGLAND—V.*



Charles II.
By Petitot. (No. 31.)

HAD the seventeenth century produced no other artist than Samuel Cooper, it would be illustrious in the annals of miniature painting, but, two years after the great English limner was born, Geneva produced, in the year 1609, and in the person of Jean Petitot, an artist destined to a long and successful career, crowned by European celebrity which more than rivals Cooper's. Moreover, to the foreigner belongs

this distinction; not merely has he left us miniatures of exquisite delicacy and refinement, perfect alike in drawing and in colour, but he was the first to perfect the art of portraiture in enamels. His works are thus marked by a totally different method of production. Although want of space forbids my enlarging upon the exceedingly interesting history of enamels, a few lines must be devoted to distinguish between the method employed by

Petitot and that of ordinary limning. Illuminated missals, as we have seen, were painted on vellum, and this substance or thin card was the material upon which Hilliard and his successors painted until the introduction of ivory, which was not until after Cooper's time. The colours used by miniaturists were transparent water-colours, gold and sometimes opaque colour being used to heighten effect.

But with enamels the procedure is totally different, as will be readily understood when we remember that an enamel is really “a vitreous glaze fused to a metallic surface,” consisting chemically of easily fusible salts, such as the silicates and borates of sodium, potassium, and lead, to which various metallic oxides are added when it is desired to impart colour to the enamel. These varieties of glass are pulverised and the powder is used either dry or moistened. The art had long been applied in many different ways, and its use in one way or another dates back to distant ages.

The credit of the more modern application of the art is given to Jean Toutin, a French goldsmith, who, about 1632, produced a variety of colours capable of being laid upon a thin ground of white enamel, and of being passed

* Continued from page 277.

through the furnace with scarcely any change of tint; and Petitot it was who adapted the method to portraiture with such marvellous success that whilst some of his portraits are no bigger than sixpence, yet for clearness of definition of feature, and for beautiful execution, they almost defy criticism.

Although the early years of Petitot remain veiled in obscurity, the main outlines of his long and successful career are well known. Dargenville was his first biographer, and M. Henri Bordier published, in 1862, an interesting account compiled from other writers, and enriched by information drawn from fresh documentary sources. The family of Petitot was of French origin. His parents, having adopted the Reformed religion, established themselves at Geneva. His father, Paul Petitot, was a wood-carver. It is impossible to say exactly how our artist entered upon his career, or what were its earliest stages. Mariette calls in question, with probable reason, a visit to Italy, of which Dargenville speaks. He thinks that Petitot began by practising the trade of a goldsmith and jeweller.

His occupation of setter, at a time when it was the fashion to enrich gems with ornaments painted in enamel, enabled him to paint, with great delicacy, flowers, foliated ornamentation, and all that appertained to this sort of work, in which he became very skilful. Petitot betook himself to France, and afterwards to England, where he is supposed to have arrived about 1634 or 1635, being then in his twenty-eighth year. It is thought, although it has never been proved, that he was accompanied by one of his fellow-countrymen, following the same occupation, named Peter Bordier, who was probably older and more advanced in his art than Petitot. Be that as it may, Petitot showed the jeweller of Charles I. work in enamel which appeared to him very remarkable. The King, a passionate lover of Art and of men of talent, was led to encourage the efforts of the young artist, and assigned him an apartment at Whitehall.

Petitot was especially protected by a Genevese, Sir Turquet de Mayerne, who was physician to the King, and a celebrated chemist. Sir Turquet afforded valuable assistance in chemical researches and experiments in

vitrification, by which the painter's palette was much enriched and his methods perfected.

Moreover, Petitot had the advantage of instruction from the King's chief painter, Vandyke, enabling him to render the most delicate subtleties of portrait art, and copies that the enameller made from this great artist's work are esteemed amongst his most exquisite productions and marvels of exactness combined with grace and freedom, although reproduced upon a minute scale. Walpole mentions the whole-length of Rachael de Rouvigny, Countess of Southampton, in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, painted from the original in oil by Vandyke, in the possession of Lord Hardwicke, as "indubitably the most capital work in enamel in the world." It is of unusual scale, being 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. high by 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide; and, though the enamel is not perfect in some trifling parts, the execution is the boldest,

and the colouring the most rich and beautiful, that can be imagined; it is dated 1642. Walpole cites also a portrait of the Duke of Buckingham, which bears the name of the painter, and is dated 1640. M. Reiset, the compiler of the catalogue of the Louvre, to whose memoirs of

Petitot I am much indebted, asserts that there are exceptions to the artist's rule of neither signing nor dating his works. In the collection at the Louvre but one example bearing a date is known.

There is little doubt that the troublesome years of the civil war

led Petitot to quit this country and take refuge in France. He is surmised to have arrived in Paris about 1645; doubtless his fame preceded him, and he was favourably received by Anne of Austria, by Cardinal Mazarin, and the Court generally. In due time Louis XIV. seems to have extended to the painter the same patronage which his royal brother of England had done, and we find him installed in the Louvre and in receipt of a pension.

The portraits of "Le Grand Monarque" by Petitot are numerous, and represent him at all ages. Examples may be found in the Jones collection at South Kensington.

We have noticed that Peter Bordier accompanied Petitot to England, and it would seem that the former



Queen Charlotte.
By Ozias Humphrey. (No. 32.)



Louis XIV.
By Petitot. (No. 32.)



Cardinal Richelieu.
By Petitot. (No. 34.)



Cardinal Mazarin.
By Petitot. (No. 35.)

remained here some years after the better-known artist quitted it, since he painted for the Parliament a memorial of the battle of Naseby, which they presented to Fairfax, in the shape of a watch. Walpole purchased it from the collection of Thoresby (who bought it from the executors of the famous Roundhead general), and it is fully described in the "Anecdotes of Painting."

Another Bordier, namely, Jacques, who, according to Reiset, also worked with Petitot in England, rejoined him in Paris. He had been travelling in Italy, and was arrested as a Protestant at Milan, and was set at liberty through the efforts of Turquet de Mayerne. Jacques Bordier and Petitot married in 1651 the two sisters Marguerite and Madeleine Cuper. Uniting their efforts, they worked together for many years, Bordier devoting himself to the draperies and backgrounds, and Petitot to the faces. This art-partnership lasted many years—until the death of Bordier in 1681—and helps to account for the number of portraits attributed to Petitot, whose fame seems to have absorbed that of his fellow-worker. In 1685 the revocation of the Edict of Nantes made Petitot anxious to quit France. Louis seems to have been unwilling to part with him. The King shut him up in Fort

his old age (he lived to be eighty-four) were as perfect as those of his maturity. The portrait given of this eminent artist is copied from the "Anecdotes."

The fame of Petitot is such as to render any encomium superfluous. As we have seen, his signed works are excessively rare. He is reported to have generally used plates of gold or silver, seldom copper.

The name of his imitators is legion. Amongst these may be cited especially Perrault and the engraver, Chatillon; Ferrand is another. In naming these, who are all artists of reputation, as *imitators* of Petitot, I may be misunderstood. Let me add that as they were all his contemporaries, that as they all painted in enamel, especially for snuff-boxes, then so largely used as presents for diplomatic purposes, and as they were all employed by the Court, it cannot be doubted that many of their productions have been assigned to Petitot; more particularly as their works do not appear to have been signed.

Petitot had a very large family, eight daughters and nine sons. One of the latter rose to be a major-general in the British army; but only one, his son Jean, evinced anything of his father's talents. Petitot *filis* was born in 1659, settled in England, and was patronised by



Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry. (No. 36.)



James II.
By Petitot. (No. 37.)



Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans.
By Petitot, (No. 38.)



Portrait of Petitot.
By Himself. (No. 39.)

l'Evêque and sent Bossuet to convert him. Here, to regain his liberty, he "signed like the rest," and fled to Geneva in 1687.

Despite his venerable age, such was the marvellous power of his vision and the cunning of his hand, that he is said to have been overwhelmed with commissions, and to have retired to Vevey to escape the importunity of his patrons. Here he died in 1691, being carried off by a sudden illness in a day ("as he was painting his wife," says Walpole); and it is asserted that the productions of

Charles II. He married Madeleine Bordier, daughter of his father's coadjutor, Jacques Bordier. He died in London, and after his death his family removed to Dublin.

Enamels of Petitot *filis* and his wife were shown at Kensington in 1865, and were inscribed as follows, respectively:—

"Petitot, fait par luy mesme d'age de 33 ans, 1685."

"Petitot a fait ce portrait à Paris en Janvier, 1690, qui est sa femme."

His works are not in colour, and inferior to his father's in finish.

We possess at the South Kensington Museum, thanks to the generous bequest of Mr. John Jones, a very important collection of these gems of miniature art, and

one especially rich in examples by or attributed to the elder Petitot, no less than fifty-eight being catalogued as by his hand. Eight of these are portraits of "Le Grand Monarque," and a considerable number of the remainder consist of Louis' favourites and children.

Could the history of these be traced, probably many sad and curious reverses of fortune would be disclosed.



Lord Clive.
By John Smart. (No. 40.)

The troublous times which followed the French Revolution must have been potent factors in the dispersal of these valuables. Unlike more cumbersome possessions, these could be concealed about the person, and being often in costly settings, would be portable and realisable property. Moreover, the wealth of English collectors has been a magnet which has attracted an almost incredible quantity of "articles de vertu," indeed art of every kind, from the Continent to this country. The same irresistible attraction seems likely to make its influence felt when the Americans come into the market and invest their dollars in the purchase of Petitots.

Talking of collectors, Walpole seems to have had a keen eye for specimens of this incomparable enamellist, as appears from his letters. Thus, writing to Montague, December, 1761, he says: "I have picked up at Mrs. Dunch's auction the sweetest Petitot in the world—the very picture of James II. that he gave Mrs. Godfrey, and I paid but six and a-half guineas for it." This was bought at the Strawberry Hill sale for £78 15s. and is now in the collection of the Baroness Coutts. Mrs. Dunch, it may be noted, was daughter to Mrs. Godfrey, who was the mistress of James II. Again he asks Montague, January, 1772, to hunt for a portrait of Madame Grammont, by Petitot, in the possession of Lady Kingsland, adding, "There is nothing I would not give for such a picture."

The exigencies of space compel me to take a wide leap, and to pass over the names of many excellent painters who practised both branches of the art in this country, not a few of whom deserve an article to themselves. Such, for example, as John Smart and Ozias Humphrey, and amongst enamellists Zinke and Boit, and coming nearer our own times, Bone, Sir William Ross, and Thorburn, but no account of Miniature Painting in England should omit reference to Richard Cosway, who will be treated in full in our next and concluding article.

J. J. FOSTER.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 31.—CHARLES II. By Petitot. In the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. From the Strawberry Hill collection.

No. 32.—CHARLOTTE SOPHIA, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz,

Consort of George III. By Ozias Humphrey. In Her Majesty's collection.

No. 33.—LOUIS XIV. By Petitot. From a snuff-box in the collection of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort.

No. 34.—CARDINAL RICHELIEU. By Petitot. From a snuff-box in the collection of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort.

No. 35.—CARDINAL MAZARIN. By Petitot. In the collection of the Earl of Carlisle.

No. 36.—MARIA GUNNING, Countess of Coventry. From the collection of Gaspar Fanshawe, Esq., one of "the Goddesses, Gunnings," daughter of John Gunning, of Castle Coote, County Cork.

No public event of the time filled half as much space in the mouth, eye, and ear of London, as those lovely Irish sisters, who had been married at the beginning of 1752, the younger to the Duke of Hamilton, "hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and his person;" and the elder to Lord Coventry, "a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed;" as Walpole describes him, who seems to have been a pedant, but passionately attached to his beautiful young wife. Lady Coventry died in 1760, aged only twenty-seven, and had the seeds of death in her when she married. Reynolds painted them both, in the year in which the elder and lovelier sister died of consumption. Walpole is our great authority for the strange furore excited by their surpassing loveliness. He tells us how even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at them; how their doors were mobbed by crowds eager to see them get into their chairs, and places taken early at the theatres when they were expected; how seven hundred people sat up all night, in and about a Yorkshire inn, to see the Duchess of Hamilton get into her post-chaise in the morning; while a Worcester shoemaker made money by showing the shoe he was making for the Countess of Coventry.

No. 37.—JAMES II. By Petitot. In the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. From the Strawberry Hill collection.

No. 38.—HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS. By Petitot. In the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, from the Strawberry Hill collection. "La Belle Henrietta," youngest daughter of Charles I., said to have been poisoned by her husband, Philip, Duc d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., in 1670, when only twenty-six. The subject of one of Bossuet's finest "Oraisons Funèbres." Horace Walpole characterizes this enamel as "a very large and capital one exquisitely laboured."

No. 39.—PETITOT. From the engraved portrait in Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," Dallaway's edition.

No. 40.—ROBERT, FIRST BARON CLIVE, of Plassy. Painted by J. Smart. Dated 1774. Also LADY CLIVE (No. 41), painted in 1770. From the collection of the Earl of Powis.



Lady Clive.
By J. Smart. (No. 41.)



Sgraffito Decoration.

By Heywood Sumner.

FIFTH EXHIBITION OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.

BRITISH commerce has of late been scared by reports of spreading foreign industry. Everything in the near future is to be made in Germany. The Teuton, it seems, among his many virtues, has that of accommodating himself to the wants of his customers; he has no stiff-necked prejudice in favour of this or that fashion of goods; he makes what he is asked to make. That, of course, is his business as tradesman; and it has its reward in orders. But therein lies a great danger to art as well as to craftsmanship. Artists and craftsmen *must* have prejudices in favour of design and workmanship in which they can take some sort of pride. If it be the concern of trade to supply demand, it is no less the duty of art to give us of its best. And if the demand of an ill-informed or uneducated public is for what is trivial in design and cheap in workmanship, the artist is bound in defence of his art, the craftsman in defence of his craft, not to run, like the tradesman, smiling to meet it, but to set his face sternly against what he believes, and indeed knows, to be fatal to the very existence of his calling

1896.

Commerce makes use of art where it can, as art would perhaps make use of commerce if it could; but their interests are not identical; and when the two are associated, the one is likely to be sacrificed to the other. It is almost invariably art that is sacrificed. There is occasion, then, for periodical protest against the swallowing up of art in what is called industry, for encouragement of craftsmanship not hopelessly degraded to the level of the shop, for an object lesson in design and workmanship. This protest, this encouragement, this lesson, the Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts should be, or there is no excuse for it. It has to justify its existence.

What does it do for art and craftsmanship? That is the question. In some respects, perhaps, not much. It is too directly in antagonism to the spirit of modern production to commend itself to the great producers in whose hands lies the welfare, or the ill-fare, of manufacture. Still, it does at least keep alive some care for the artistic side of making. But for these exhibitions, a daily paper would not have



Figures from an Embroidery Design—Psyche before Persephone.

By J. D. Batten.



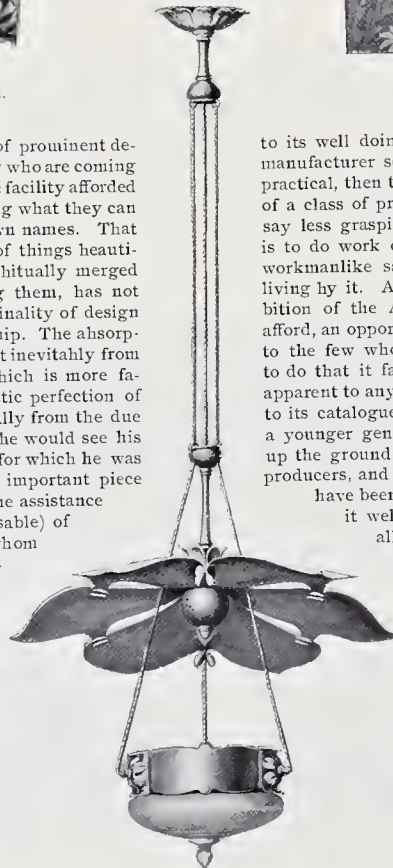
*Cretonne by Wardle & Co.
Designed by S. G. Mawson.*

the present time a fair proportion of prominent designers and craftsmen, and not a few who are coming into prominence, partly through the facility afforded them at the New Gallery of showing what they can do, and showing it under their own names. That the identity of the actual makers of things beautiful (or which should be so) was habitually merged in the name of the firm employing them, has not in the past been conducive to originality of design or conscientiousness of workmanship. The absorption of the individual follows almost inevitably from the undue subdivision of work, which is more favourable to economy than to artistic perfection of production. It would follow equally from the due recognition of the craftsman that he would see his work through, and supervise that for which he was responsible. To the making of an important piece of decorative work there goes the assistance (nowadays commercially indispensable) of a number of hands, to specify whom would be to confuse its real authorship; but there are usually some two or three to whom is due the artistic credit of the thing, and they should have it; it would possibly even be to the advantage of their employers to give them the credit of it, as some few have always done, and more are doing, now that they find his name may have some value. But it is of the essence of good making that the master workman, whether anonymous or known by name, should take pride enough in his work to see

adopted the title of "Arts and Crafts" as a heading to one of its columns, nor would tradesmen have filched it to advertise their shops; but having done this, the newspaper is hound to call continual attention to forms of art and workmanship which formerly it persistently neglected, the shopman is hound to make some show of goods not absolutely of the trade, trade; and so we may hope that the breath of this sincerest flattery may waft encouragement to art outside the picture frame, and keep alive the interest in it aroused for the first time eight years ago by the Society presided over, then by Walter Crane, and afterwards by the late William Morris. It numbers at



*Wall Paper by Jeffrey & Co.
Designed by Walter Crane.*



Electric Lamp. By W. A. S. Benson.

to its well doing. If that is an ideal which to the manufacturer seems hopelessly Quixotic and unpractical, then there is every need for the creation of a class of producers less comprehensive, not to say less grasping, in their ambition, whose desire is to do work out of which they can get some workmanlike satisfaction, if only they can get a living by it. And to such men at least the Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts affords, or should afford, an opportunity of making themselves known to the few who care for craftsmanship. If it fail to do that it falls short of its promise. It will be apparent to any one who takes the trouble to refer to its catalogue, that there are arising among us a younger generation of workmen who are taking up the ground left vacant by the large mercantile producers, and not only doing work which it would have been a pity to leave undone, but doing it well. Many of these men may eventually drift into production on a larger scale, and go to swell the number of wholesale manufacturers—but in that case they will surely do something towards leavening the great mass of production. It is to be hoped, however, that they will find scope and encouragement outside the lines of ordinary trade, to which, so long as they exist, they cannot but prove a very wholesome stimulus.

It is not altogether its own fault that the Arts and Crafts Society has done, so far, more for art than for craftsmanship. That was in a way inevitable.



It was explained three years ago in these pages how it was that the crafts were somehow edged rather out of the exhibition—owing to the rather poor and shabby figure they cut by the side of arts which were so much more showily got up. That has always been the danger—and it is that which in some degree accounts for the back seat which craftsmanship has often had to take, and the still too-prevalent notion that it is a mere matter of trade, for which a man may as well enter into a contract, and, indeed, accept the lowest tender.

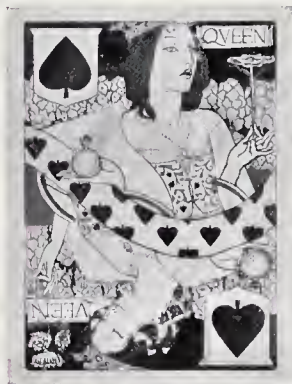
The accompanying illustrations indicate, though not chosen with that purpose, the varied scope of the exhibition—sgraffito, embroidery, wall-paper, textiles, electric-light fittings,



playing-cards, door furniture, concert programmes, frieze painting, and so on. Some of these things, it might be said, can be seen in shops; one need not go to the New Gallery to see the wares of Messrs. Benson & Co., Jeffrey & Co., Wardle & Co., and of many another. But it is something to see the wares of good makers together, knowing whose they are, and to compare them, and to see what are the things upon which they pride themselves. And it is of no slight interest to see here, side by side with handwork, a fair sample of the manufacture which competes with it: the comparison of the two must help to the formation of a juster estimate than most men have of the relative merits and demerits of the two kinds of work, each of which is by way of claiming all the merit for itself.

Designs such as Mr. Anning Bell's playing-cards may or may not eventually find their way into common use; card-players are the most conservative of men, and, to judge by the facts, are much too intent upon their game to have eyes for the ugliness of the winning cards. Meanwhile it is a satisfaction to see Mr. Bell's work here; it would be something to hold "honours" such as these. This exhibition gives to clever students like Miss Steele, starting on their career, and to craftsmen like Mr. Ingram Taylor, a chance of showing their ability; and it gives to us an opportunity of seeing work by well-known artists—Mr. Batten, Mr. Holiday, Mr. Sumner, for example—which in the ordinary way would never come under the notice of many who see it at the annual collections in the New Gallery.

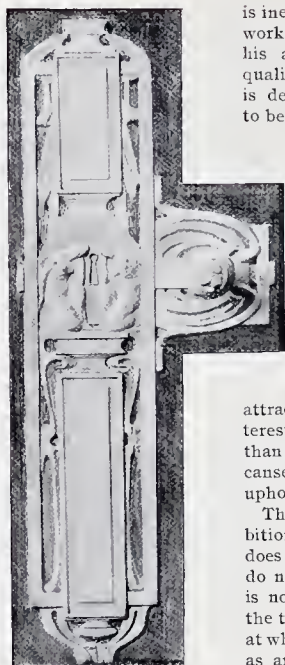
A question arises now that craftsmanship has regained, thanks to these exhibitions, a certain measure of recog-



Four Playing-Card Designs.
By R. Anning Bell.

nition—now that it is even mooted in *The Times* that the President of the Royal Academy, if he is to justify his position, should be a man with sympathies broad enough to embrace art which until quite recently was never seen within the select precincts of Burlington House—now that the art of the goldsmith is acknowledged by the Forty (only, it is true, on the plea that he is something of a sculptor)—now that even in the May exhibitions, the crafts do begin to be represented there, if only in the lecture-room—may we not conclude that interest enough has been aroused, in design and craftsmanship, to warrant a little more workmanlike independence, a little less regard to what people may be disposed to pay shillings to see, and a little stricter adherence to the programme of the Society?

In one respect there may seem to be this year a slight deviation from that programme, in the exhibition, that is to say, of a selection of the works of the late Ford Madox Brown. This is something of a new departure. It may safely be predicted that it is one for which the art-loving public will be grateful. Whether it will meet equal favour among craftsmen, who find their work excluded (the works even of members of the Society are liable to rejection) is another question. The unfortunate will imagine, perhaps, that their masterpiece was thus crowded out, and urge that it was for the encouragement of the living and not to do honour to the dead that the Arts and Crafts Society was founded. The admirably decorative character of Ford Madox Brown's work commends itself naturally to the sympathies of the Society. If no other body was prepared to do him honour, it is only right, it



Loch Plate.
By Florence Steele.

is inevitable, that his fellow-workers should do so; but his art is of a kind and quality which, now that he is dead, was surely certain to be shown at one or other of the picture galleries, perhaps on a more comprehensive scale than is possible at the Arts and Crafts; and this new departure in the direction of a "one-man show" may prove, even on the ground of its attractions, more to the interests of the Exhibition than of the Society or the cause it was established to uphold.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition attracts because it does what picture galleries do not do. Its justification is not merely that, amidst the thousand and one shows at which the amateur figures as artist, it is the only one where you see the artist as amateur—experimenting, that is to say, in branches of Art in which he is not expert, but in which he is sure to do some interesting thing—but that it does sample for us every two or three years those forms of



Wagner Programme.
By Henry Holiday.

Art, and especially of craftsmanship, which dealers and the picture galleries do not display.

LEWIS F. DAY.



Frieze. By E. Ingram Taylor.

THE PORTRAIT OF RODNEY IN JAMAICA.

PAINTED BY ROBERT EDGE PINE.

IT is said that when the Dutch founded a colony in South Africa, they took with them masterpieces by their countrymen, but that these paintings have either perished or been re-imported back to Europe. The sugar-planters of Jamaica, in the heyday of the island's prosperity, it is true, brought paintings to adorn their "great-houses," as the dwellings of proprietors were called, but few of the pictures thus imported were, apparently, of merit: if one may judge by those that are left.

William Beckford, of Somerby, the cousin of his namesake of 'Vathek' fame, brought with him, in 1773, Philip Wickstead, a portrait-painter, a pupil of Zoffany, who practised his art in the island for some time, and George Robertson, who painted for his patron views which were engraved by Vivares, Mason, and Lerpinière. James Hakewill and J. B. Kidd visited Jamaica and published illustrated books on the island; the former in 1825, the latter in 1840. Now and then an English sculptor has received a commission from the island—notably Bacon, who executed the statue of Rodney, erected by a grateful public at a total cost of £8,200 at Spanish Town, and memorial statues to the Earl and Countess of Bfingham, and Lady Williamson and others. A Royal Society of Arts was established, under the patronage of the Queen and the late Prince Consort, in 1854. A portrait of a late Chief Justice, by Mr. S. P. Hall, has recently been hung in the Court House, Kingston; and Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., is now engaged on a memorial marble bust of an eminent divine. But, on the whole, little has been done for Art during the period of British occupation—a period of nearly two and a half centuries.

The paintings of merit in the island could almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Chief of these, from an historic point of view at all events, is the 'Portrait of Lord Rodney in action aboard the *Formidable*, attended by his principal officers,' now in the Town Hall, Kingston.

It is commonly, but erroneously, supposed to be the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds—the error being perpetuated by a label on the frame, dating from 1869, as follows:—

ADMIRAL LORD RODNEY, K.B.

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

This picture lent by the Municipal Board at Kingston to the Admiralty House, Jamaica,

March 4th, 1869.

The picture was painted by Robert Edge Pine, the son of "Friar Pine," who figures as the friar in Hogarth's 'Calais Gate.' He was born in London in 1730, and early distinguished himself in Art, gaining prizes in 1760 and 1763 from the Society of Arts for historical paintings.

One of the last works which he contributed to the Royal Academy was this portrait of Rodney. It was exhibited in 1784. Soon after this, Pine left England and went with his family to America, and Washington and other heroes of the Revolution sat to him. He died in Philadelphia in 1788. His widow obtained leave from the Legislature of Pennsylvania to dispose of her husband's pictures by lottery. The portrait of Rodney she sold to the people of Kingston for £212, as is recorded in the *Columbian Magazine* published at Kingston in November, 1797.

The painting is on canvas, 7 feet 11 inches high, by 6 feet 5 inches wide. The figures are slightly less than life-size. It is in better condition than one would expect, considering that it has been exposed to the heat and glare of the tropics for upwards of a century.

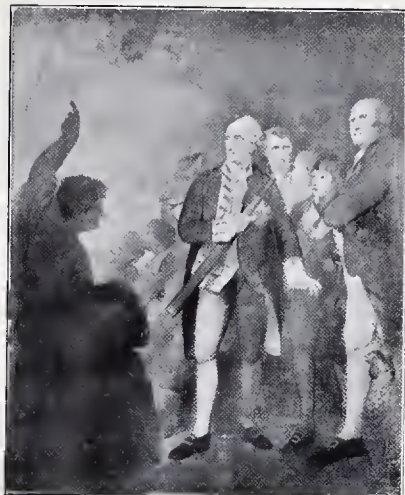
The incident, in the great engagement between Rodney and De Grasse off Dominica, on the 12th of April, 1782, which saved Jamaica from becoming a French colony,

chosen by Pine for reproduction, is evidently the moment when the *Ville-de-Paris*, the French admiral's flag-ship, struck her flag to the *Bar-fleur*.

"The thrill of ecstasy," wrote Dr. (afterwards Sir Gilbert) Blanc, physician to the fleet, in a letter to Lord Dalrymple, "that penetrated every British bosom in the triumphant moment of her surrender is not to be described."

Rodney, in a blue surtout coat, white Kerseymere vest, white knee-breeches, and white silk stockings, and with the star and ribbon of the Bath, stands, telescope in hand, watching the surrender of De Grasse's flag-ship. Sir Charles Douglas, Captain of the Fleet (to whom has been ascribed the credit, commonly and probably correctly given to Rodney, of conceiving, at the moment when there was a disorderly opening

in it, the idea of breaking the French line, which manœuvre was the main cause of this great victory), stands on the Admiral's left hand. Just behind Rodney's left shoulder appears the head of Lord Cranstown, who was in command of the *Formidable*, was mentioned by Rodney in the despatches, and was entrusted with their carriage to England. In the right-hand corner of the



Lord Rodney in action aboard the "Formidable," attended by his principal officers.

By Robert Edge Pine.

picture appears the famous cock, standing on a coil of rope, in the act of crowing, which it is recorded he commenced to do in the moment of victory, and continued long after.

In Hannay's "Life of Rodney" we read: "On the quarter-deck with him were several whose names must not be passed over. Sir Charles Douglas was there with his *aides*—little middies—of whom one, Charles Dashwood, a boy of thirteen, is associated more closely than his seniors at the time would have thought possible with the memories of the victory. . . . Gilbert Blane, not being one of the medical staff of the ship, employed himself during the early stage in helping to provide work for the French doctors. He worked a gun in the fore-cabin till he was tired." It is possible that Pine has put Blane into

the picture as the gunner to the left, who is pointing up to the French flag being hauled down. It was lowered by the brave De Grasse himself, who only yielded when he had but two unwounded men on deck beside himself. When the picture was painted, Rodney was sixty-four years of age; Douglas about forty-eight; Lord Cranstown twenty-seven, and Blane thirty-three. Other portraits of Rodney are: by Gainsborough, engraved by Dupont; by Baron, engraved by Dickenson and by Watson; by Reynolds, engraved by Serwen; and by Grimaldi, engraved by Finden. Pine's picture has never been engraved. In addition to painted portraits, there are Bacon's statue of Rodney at Spanish Town, and Rossi's monument in St. Paul's Cathedral.

FRANK CUNDALL.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.*

BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A., AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SIR AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT, R.A.,

Born 1770; A.R.A. 1806; R.A. 1810; Died 1844. Born, Bred, and Died in "The Mall," Kensington.

SIR AUGUSTUS CALLCOTT may justly be looked upon as the first of the many painters of distinction who have rendered the classic neighbourhood of Kensington famous for the number of its studios. He was born in "The Mall," and he lived and died there. Kensington at the commencement of the nineteenth century was a mere country suburb, the Bayswater Road which connects North Kensington with the metropolis being at that time a lonesome thoroughfare at night, beset by roughs and footpads; even in 1812, when Wilkie came to live in Phillimore Gardens, he was always nervous as to walking home from town at night unaccompanied, declaring that "Several people had been lost there;" though he would, with characteristic Scottish caution, somewhat qualify his remark by adding, "But on the other hand several people have been found there."

Callcott's father was a builder, with a considerable business in that neighbourhood; the old Orangery in the gardens of Kensington Palace was undoubtedly built by him, as was also probably The Mall itself, and most of the other old houses of that period in the vicinity.

Augustus Wall Callcott was nine years younger than his brother, the celebrated musical composer, John Wall Callcott, under whose influence he made considerable

progress in the study of music, and when a boy occupied a seat in the choir at Westminster Abbey. It was not long, however, before young Callcott, inspired it is said by the sight of Stothard's exquisite illustrations to "Robinson Crusoe," resolved to abandon music and devote himself entirely to painting. He became a student of the Royal Academy in 1797, and about that time he was also working in the studio of Hoppner, the portrait painter. In 1799 he exhibited a portrait done under the tuition of his master, who soon afterwards expressed himself as so pleased with his pupil's works that he recommended him to put down his name for election as an Associate; this, however, he does not appear to have done, as his name is not found on the list of candidates till the election of November 4th, 1805, when he received no vote.

On the next occasion, however, November 3rd, 1806, he was successful. Whether his disappointment on the first occasion had anything to do with it or not, it was about this time, or perhaps earlier, that Callcott devoted his talents entirely to landscape, and with such success that he had not to wait

long for his election as an Academician, which took place on February 10th, 1810, the same night, curiously enough, on which the death of his master, Hoppner, was announced.



Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A.
From an Engraving by John Linnell, after himself.

* Continued from page 138.

As a student of the Academy and from his work in Hoppper's studio, young Callcott, no doubt, must have pretty well mastered the drawing of the human figure, which not only accounts for the ability shown in the figures occasionally introduced into his landscapes, but prevents surprise at the success which he afterwards obtained by the exhibition in 1837 of his picture, 'Raphael and the Fornarina.'

It is, however, as a landscape painter that Callcott will probably be long esteemed as an artist of very distinguished merit. Though his love of calm evening effects and the placid, soothing character of his landscapes and marine pieces have gained

for him from his admirers the title of the "English Claude," the monotony of his scheme of colour and its lack of sparkle, depth, and richness, place him, in the eyes of all competent judges, on a far humbler pedestal than that on which the illustrious "pastry-cook" will ever stand. But though not an "English Claude" or an "English Cuyt," he was a thoroughly good English painter in his own way; his pictures possess great breadth of treatment, able drawing, and a sweet simplicity which cannot fail to gain him many admirers. Owing to the soundness of his technique and the workmanlike character of his execution, his pictures have lasted well, time having done them little



Morning. By Sir A. W. Callcott.
In the Diploma Gallery.

harm, and, if anything, some good, by mellowing a certain coldness—a fault which was sometimes advanced against them by the critics at the time they were painted.

Callcott's works in a way reflect the estimable and quiet character of the man himself, who, though slightly reserved, was social and hospitable, possessed many friends and no enemies.

He was married in 1827 to the widow of Captain Graham, R.N., a lady who had previously been known as an authoress, and who published in 1836 her "Essays towards the History of Painting." She is, however, better known to fame by her "Little Arthur's History of England," a

work still, we believe, much in vogue. In 1837 Callcott received the honour of knighthood from the Queen; and in 1844 he was appointed to succeed Mr. Seguer as Conservator of the Royal Pictures, an office which he held for a few months only. Lady Callcott died in 1842, and on 25th November, 1844, he also departed this life, at Kensington, in his sixty-fifth year, and was buried at Kensal Green, where a flat table-tomb marks the site.

To the believers in heredity it may be interesting to note that the present Treasurer of the Royal Academy, Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A., is a grandson of Sir Augustus Callcott's elder brother, John Wall Callcott, the distinguished musical composer.

A MODERN ITALIAN SCULPTOR.

AN absence of imagination, a pronounced realism, has distinguished Italian art at all times and ages; a fact that few people, perhaps, fully grasp or admit, seeing that this statement runs contrary to all accepted dicta of tradition and romance. But so it is, nevertheless; an Italian is singularly positive and direct. On this account the adherents of the symbolist school, both in literature and art, have few followers in the fair peninsula. Only by chance, and then at rare intervals and in the north, where there is an admixture of Teutonic blood, do such minds sporadically manifest themselves. One of these is the young sculptor, Leonardo Bistolfi, an artist who, if he proceeds as he has begun, has certainly a great future before him.

Bistolfi is one of the group of sculptors who, inspired

by the aims of Marochetti, Bartolini, and Vela, broke with the traditions of classicism and endeavoured to bring the "white art" into contact with our age. It was their aim to carry into effect the precept of Vasari, "Aimare il far suo con le cose vive," a return to nature instead of to tradition for schooling and suggestion. The men who formed this group were mostly Piedmontese, and of these Bistolfi is perchance the most gifted, certainly the most original, and above all the one who, having a marked personal character, has known how to give his personal impress to his art. Each of Bistolfi's productions is inspired with a marked feeling for beauty; a class of beauty that, perchance, has little in common with the beauty of the idealists, but on this account is no less transformed with an exquisitely idealistic outlook

on life, which he interprets with characteristically expressive accents whatever he the subject which arouses it, the thought or the sentiment that he seeks to infuse into his clay.

Bistolfi, like Mr. Onslow Ford, is a poet sculptor. Studying his works in their entirety, works that are eminently penetrated with the breath of our age, it is not easy to deduct from them whether there preponderates in their creator the realist or the ideologue, the sculptor or the thinker. When an artist puts forth works so essentially diverse in their manifestations as Bistolfi has done, all these school and classification questions become secondary. Bistolfi, like all true artist natures, has an exquisite, even if unconscious, comprehension of his environment, social as well as æsthetic, and on this account he is modern in his ideals as well as in his emotions. His works reflect our contemporary methods of thought and feeling, as they manifest themselves when refined and glorified by æsthetic perceptions. Each of his works, so different in their themes and sources of inspiration, is the fruit of his rare intelligence and knowledge, his sensibility and faculty of meditation.

Leonardo Bistolfi does not stand an isolated phenomenon. Once again we deal with atavistic tendencies, for the sculptor is descended from a family of artists. He was born at Casale Monferrato, in Piedmont, in 1859, the son of Giovanni Bistolfi, a noted sculptor in wood, who, unfortunately for his boy, died at the early age of twenty-six, leaving some beautiful work behind him. These works reveal a tendency to give pictorial effects to plastic form, a tendency his son was to develop yet more fully in later years. As a mere baby Leonardo amused himself by modelling in clay and carving in wood, as he saw all his family do. The municipality of his native town, in view of his orphan condition and his pronounced artistic proclivities, conferred on him a pension to enable him to study at the Academy of Milan. Here he remained four years, working under Professor Argenti. He then, in 1880, passed on to Turin to study under Tabacchi. It was while working under this master that Bistolfi received his first commission, to execute for the Campo Santo of Turin an 'Angel of Death' that was to adorn the sepulchral chapel of the Braida family. This angel at once made manifest the personal nature of Bistolfi's genius. His was not the conventional angel we are accustomed to see on graves, but had personality, life, individuality; this angel had pondered over the mystery of existence, and had envisaged the Eternal.

The Turin Exhibition of 1880 brought Bistolfi into contact with the most modern expressions of plastic art, and generated in him a desire to be, so to speak, up

to date, to dedicate his work to illustrate the spirit of his day. In Italy washing is done out of doors and usually in groups, often picturesque to the eye, though few painters, and no sculptor, has ever felt attracted to draw the theme because of its seemingly innate vulgarity. Bistolfi was not repelled by this; it was precisely such a group of washerwomen he chose to model, and he modelled them with an efficacy of force, of realism, a knowledge of the psychic character and physique of his prototypes, that caused the little group to appear a page of Zola written in clay. When completed he sent in his work for acceptance to the *Promotrice*, where it was rejected with dismay as indecent and vulgar. The artistic jury, composed as usual of a set of old fogies rooted in ancient ideas, had utterly failed to grasp the aim striven after by the young artist. This

refusal to exhibit his work was to prove the cornerstone of Bistolfi's success and rapid rise into fame. Denied the chance of showing his work in the company of his peers, Bistolfi induced the art dealer Janetti to expose the group in his shop window, and there, under the Portici del Po, for days together the pavement was densely packed with a curious crowd anxious to see the work the jury had so indignantly rejected. On the Piazza, at cafés and clubs, this audacious piece of work was eagerly discussed. It was the topic of the day, and Bistolfi's name in every mouth. Some judged the work a horror and agreed with the jury, others lauded it to the skies, but whether praising or blaming the original conception, all agreed as to the exquisite truth and beauty of the handling. And time as usual wrought its revenge. In 1884 the same work, cast in bronze, appeared at the Exhibition and was



*The Sphinx. By L. Bistolfi.
Tomb of the Pansa Family at Cuneo.*

honestly and impartially criticised and judged. Bistolfi followed this work with another as naturalistic, though the theme was a nobler one, according to the conventional manner of deciding nobility or vulgarity of subject. It is entitled 'Ardens Larvæ.' It was a work that seemed to palpitate with nerves, and flesh, and spirit. Audaciously realistic, too, is a group also exhibited at Turin, in 1884, called 'The Lovers,' a group that could scarcely please the general public, not only because its suggestiveness is unpleasant, but because it forces on the spectator the sentiment that he is witnessing what is intended for the eye of no outsider, and also because it sins grievously against the first canons of sculptorial art, that it should not express an ephemeral moment. Yet here again Bistolfi has shown himself a master of psychological insight and sympathetic observation. It is a state of feeling rather than an attitude that is here represented; it is, as another Italian sculptor has justly observed, a novel of Bourget's synthetized in sculpture.

But in this early fervour of seeking after a personal path the expressions were not all of so naturalistic a character, were not all inspired by a youthful passion and effervescence. Bistolfi's is too truly a poet's temperament not to have felt the charm of simple nature; the country, its sights and sounds, and scents, had also their message to give to his art. Three delicately conceived, simple, poetic groups, 'Il Tramonto,' 'Pei Campi,' and 'Piove,' were the fruit of this mental mood; figures, inspirations, taken from the real life of the fields, such as Millet painted, not the nureal and theatrical Arcady of the poets. The 'Piove' was purchased by the Government, and now holds a place of honour in the Gallery of Modern Art. Here, as in the 'Washerwomen,' Bistolfi made manifest his accurate and penetrating powers of observation, his understanding of how diversity of mental temperament impresses itself, not only on features, but on figures and gestures. Of such impressionist groups, inspired by the meads and mountains that surround Turin, the city in which Bistolfi works, his studio is full. Many of them are mere clay sketches, roughly indicated, but even in that state they reveal the vitality and truth of the artistic feeling that inspired them. He seems to possess in an eminent degree the art of summing up, with a few touches on the clay, a whole chain of thoughts and visions. There is nothing useless or futile, every touch is to the purpose or to the point.

With a mental endowment such as Bistolfi's, a thinker, a reader, a reasoner, it is obvious that he could not always remain in one road, or produce works uniform in their sources of inspiration. Intellectual and psychic moods such a nature must of necessity traverse before it have found inner harmony or have reached "the years that bring the philosophical mind," and these would necessarily be reflected in its creations, as is the case with all artists, no matter in what field of activity. Bistolfi pondered—as who has not pondered?—on man's existence, on life and death, its meaning, its origin, its purpose, and these meditations were to result in a work of art, which, to my mind, is by far the most remarkable Bistolfi has produced, and which, indeed, was the first that attracted my attention to his genius. It was planned to adorn the sepulchral monument of the Pansa family at Cuneo, and Bistolfi, after the manner of the Greeks, gave it a name, "The Sphinx." It is this work, of which we give two illustrations, that has gained for Bistolfi the reputation of being the sculptor of philosophy, the symbolist of metaphysics, the work which marked his entrance into the ranks of the symbolist artists, a group that has found but few recruits in Italy, where the quick, sure eye rather than

the eye trained through the mind is usually the motive factor in all modern work. Every work of Bistolfi's, on the other hand, even his earliest, incorporates an inner and not merely an optic vision. And, unlike most artists, his ideas are not used as a means to help his art, but his art is their end. In Bistolfi the philosopher thinks, creates, whilst the artist expresses. All his qualities are focussed in the Sphinx, a poem in marble, a proud interrogation flung into the high heavens by suffering man, defiantly demanding a solution of this "mystery of nights and days." Dining together one day with this artist, who is as charming, refined, and original in his conversation as in his art, at the hospitable table of the great scientist Lombroso, the conversation turned on Bistolfi's increasing tendency towards symbolism, and Lombroso

told him, half in fun and half in earnest, that if he would persist in putting such strong food before the public, he ought to accompany it with explanations calculated to help the weaker vessels. The result of this passing remark was a long letter he wrote to me about his art and ideas, which enables me to give the sculptor's interpretation of the Sphinx in his own words.

"Forgive me, I ought to have written to you ere this, and at the same time I sent you the photographs, but I have ever a strange and profound shrinking from revoking from the depths of my soul, whence came and come the often unquiet and tormenting dreams, dreams which I strive to translate into our grey and cold material. And yet I quite understand that the artist himself should always commentate his works, especially when these have a tendency and signification which the crowd is not yet accustomed to decipher. Another reason for the

reluctance which I feel in speaking of my works is the weariness they leave behind in me, while it would be needful to come with fresh and living force to the task of translating justly and accurately the finished work of art into another medium and another material. But you will forgive the delay, the paternal scruples. . . . The original idea was to represent by a symbolical figure 'La Morte'—Death—as we moderns regard it, who, if we do not weep with cruel fears of the hell fire of the *Padre Eterno*, are yet disturbed and disquieted by the ungraspable thought of the infinite unknown. In expressing this idea almost unconsciously, certainly without premeditation, the figure of Death took the aspect of a Sphiux. Thus others began even then to call her, and thus I now call her myself. The monument is (or at least wishes to be) a sincere aspiration towards the immaculate purity, the calm, the harmony of the universe. It is true, in the statue, the hands, slightly contracted, still recall the sorrow of human desire. The



The Sphinx. By L. Bistolfi.
Tomb of the Pansa Family at Cuneo.

head, instead, which is already wrapped in the azure, has no longer any expression of individual will. The eyes are void and profound like our nights, and the flowers, the flowers of death, living and contorted around the base in the guise of poppies and chrysanthemums, climb up gradually until they rise in the shape of lilies, till they grow transformed into those last rigid, lifeless, almost star-like flowers which touch the shoulders of the figure. The most grave, most insistent and most foolish objection made to this monument is that the figure lacks form, that the head is small compared to the rest, that the body is lost under the folds of the drapery. Now if there is anything really good and successful in this work, it is that I have had the courage to create a form adapted to the conception. Good heavens! it is so easy to make arms and long or short legs according to the sacred canons of sculpture!"

It was natural that this work should arouse ardent discussion. Here was no longer the conventional tombstone preaching the conventional views. Here was, so to speak, a note of current scepticism, a query of philosophy flung into the midst of a chorus of conventional phrases. This tombstone did not affirm, it silently symbolized the terrible poetry of death and the grave, it suggested but did not assert the reality of another and purer life; in short, it is a truly modern sepulchral monument, significant, expressive, embodying all the restless pathetic sentiments of our contemporary agnostic views. It adumbrates in itself the whole problem of the infinite, and this is why the statue takes such hold of the spectator; this is the secret of its curious fascination, so that once beheld it is difficult to

turn one's eyes elsewhere, it haunts the memory like a strophe of Omar Khayyam, whose doctrine it recalls.

The Sphinx inaugurates a new departure in tombstone art, which, rightly understood, should be either simply decorative or render symbolically the deeds, thoughts or life of those it commemorates. Here is a true field for symbolistic art as distinguished from allegorical. No wonder that after the Sphinx, Bistolfi obtained many commissions to execute gravestones. One of his most successful after the Sphinx is the triptych reproduced opposite, which adorns the cemetery of Casale.

"Here," as he said to me, "the subject is much simpler and more modest than in the Sphinx. My clients told me that they desired the usual tombstone with the usual portrait of the defunct and the usual child who strews the usual flowers. Repelled by this banality, I succeeded in inducing them to enlarge the field of their desires a little. Besides the portrait of the father I introduced those of three children who died one after another within a brief space of time. My efforts were concentrated in emphasising, notwithstanding

the necessary finision of the whole, the material one of memories. That is why I have given to the bas-reliefs an ascetic character of prayer and vision, and on the other hand have copied the frail and pretty child still living exactly as she was brought to my studio, a little gauche in her ill-fitting dress and clumsy shoes."

The monument, of which we have here

illustrations, consists of three marble walls about two metres high, which form a chapel. On the centre wall is graven an angel in that very low bas-relief introduced into Italian art by Donatello, a conventional angel who



Leonardo Bistolfi.



Tomb of Sebastiano Grandis, near Casale.

By L. Bistolfi.

inclines towards the depression whence issues the portrait of the defunct head of the family; on the lateral sides other celestial visitors, the guardian angels perchance of childhood, carry and shield the baby souls, themselves about to be transformed into members of the celestial choir. The living child, sculptured in the round, forms a marked contrast to the other figures so lightly indicated, and by its substantiality renders the idea of life as opposed to the dimness of death. A frieze of oak and olive, of poppy flowers and seeds, surmounts the whole, beneath which runs the legend,

"Laeto vesperum animo adspicit extremum ovi multa effecit honeste."

His favourite monument amongst his works is one we illustrate here, but just completed, and of which, unfortunately, I only saw the plaster cast, all broken into pieces. It is erected to the memory of Sebastiano Grandis, the

entire, wholesome, almost superhuman, and around him the immortal essence of his spirit (which *cannot die*, since its marks are seen around us and remain) assumes in our thoughts the most lovely and gentle forms the mind can conceive. On this account I have scattered around the immovable, solid and indestructible effigy of the man the fragrance of the flowers of his genius. Amid flowers, and springing from the earth thus fructified by death, uprises life that has drawn new force, fresh energies from that source."

This monument was put up quite recently in the little hamlet of Borgo San Dalmazzo, near Cuneo. The body of Grandis is represented as lying in a crypt, quarried out of the material he subjugated by his genius. Death has not disfigured him; indeed, it rather seems as though his form were purified and transfigured by the admira-



Left side of Triptych at Casale.
By L. Bistolfi.



Centre of Triptych at Casale.
By L. Bistolfi.



Right side of Triptych at Casale.
By L. Bistolfi.

engineer who, together with Grattoni and Sommeiller, projected and carried out the tunnelling of the Mont Cenis, that first of the sub-Alpine passages. Bistolfi writes to me:—"I regret I could not show you the whole of the monument to Sebastiano Grandis, which I call 'La Bellezza della Morte' (the Beauty of Death), since neither of the photographs I send you renders the harmony of the diverse parts among themselves, and give absolutely no idea of the execution of the work in relief. If you had seen it you would certainly have seized all its shades of meaning; those, too, which cannot be reproduced by description. You know that with this monument I wanted to express the thought that superior man, the man who has left behind him imperishable marks of his genius, *does not die*, at least does not die intellectually; no, rather that his tomb is the threshold of a more serene, more beautiful existence. The image of the man as seen across the poetry of death assumes in our memory an aspect of beauty,

tion, the reverence brought to bear on it by posterity. A new life, wholly intellectual, has dawned for him. He lies eternally immovable by reason of the law common to all humanity, but in the memory of his fellow-men he remains for ever alive, and in possession of the energy which enabled him to immortalize his name. Neither is his genius dead, which, renewed and re-invigorated by the culture of science and work, flowers all about him, and of these blossoms the perfume is absorbed by the lovely maiden figure, symbol of the eternal youth of Grandis' thought, so full of intellectual life and passion. The head of the girl stands out in sharp profile against the dark hollow of the crypt in which Grandis reposes; and this seems to bestow on it a yet greater delicacy of outline and sense of life, by emphasizing the artistic contrast between the unchangeable and austere solemnity of the man's form, and the delicacy of this young body which hardly seems to touch the ground from which it springs. Grandis' chief work is indicated by a very low bas-relief

carved in one corner of the granite wall in which he reposes. It represents a group of workmen intent on carrying out the perforation of the famous tunnel. The only inscription on the tomb is the laconic one, "To the engineer Sebastiano Grandis, his wife."

Space does not permit of my dealing with all Bistolfi's works in detail, for it will be seen that, young though he is, he has already produced much, and much that is remarkable and out of the common track. But I must still speak of two other works ere I close, leaving untouched the sketches he made on several occasions, when competing for a commission to execute the national monuments to Garibaldi, the Duke of Aosta and Cairoli. It is still possible the latter commission may be accorded to him. That he did not receive the order for the Garibaldi erected in Milan is much to be regretted. His work was so thoroughly unconventional, so thoroughly illustrative of the immortal hymn,

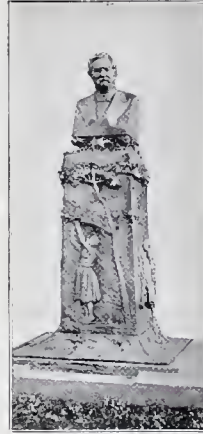
"Si scopron le tombe,
Si levano i morti."

So strongly did the Milanese artists feel the rejection and so delighted were they with the sketch, that they subscribed among themselves to have it cast in bronze. These monuments, intended for public instruction, all reveal how Bistolfi is in the vanguard of the modern movement, in ethics as well as in art.

Of this one of the works of which I would still speak is a salient example. It is a memorial to a rich manufacturer, Signor Luigi Rey, of Piedmont, who, among other benefits, built and endowed a school in the commune of Vinovo, where stands his factory. According to Bistolfi, he thus planted the tree which gives the most exquisite fruit in life, that of knowledge. Thus, when the sculptor received the commission to execute a portrait bust of Rey to place in front of the edifice he had built, it struck him as the most natural thing to carry out this idea. He placed the bronze bust of the philanthropist upon a pedestal of red marble, from which springs a tree whose branches encircle the base, branches laden with fruit and flowers that almost touch the bust, while underneath their shade, treading the grass strewn with daisies, little children disport themselves, happy children who issue from that school where they have enjoyed the first taste of those healthy

and seductive fruits. There is quite a Donatello character about the joyous attitude of these boys and girls, modern though their garments be; they give us a sense of pulsating life.

Bistolfi's very latest work signalises a new departure. So far he has never occupied himself with religious art. His work may be said to have been quite unusually modern and secular; but he received an order to execute one of those curious Calvaries so frequently met with in upper Italy, half terracotta life-sized figures, half painted background, the one blending into the other in a manner more artistic than would appear from mere verbal description, but of whose beauty none can doubt who has visited the most famous of these shrines, due to the genius of Gaudenzio Ferrari, which makes the little hamlet of Varallo a pilgrimage place for the cultured traveller as well as for the illiterate peasant. Bistolfi's work stands in a chapel of the Sanctuary at Crea, near Monferrato; it is full of character and life, and the chief figures are noble, sad and dignified. The whole work was modelled on the spot in plaster and then painted over



Monument to Signor Luigi Rey,
of Piedmont.

By L. Bistolfi.



Pedestal of Monument to Signor Luigi Rey.

By L. Bistolfi.

by the artist, colouring which—contrary to custom in these sanctuaries, which are chiefly meant to appeal to the vulgar—he kept low in tone, thus rendering it less commonplace and a little farther removed from everyday life. In this way, too, the figures melt more easily into the painted background. Particularly fine is the figure of the Virgin, supported by Joseph of Arimathea, as she looks upward at the agony of her son.

Like many artists who are also thinkers, Bistolfi is something of a poet, and his verses occasionally appear in Italian journals. He is also a good speaker, as he has often proved at the Circolo degli Artisti at Turin, of which association he is the secretary. Further, he writes an admirable letter, full of colour and felicity of phrase. Unfortunately he is not strong and his health at moments hinders him from working. In his case, truly, the sword consumes the sheath. But every available moment of time and strength is devoted to his sculpture, and Bistolfi is still so young that we may confidently look for yet more important works from his hand. No one who has looked on what he has already accomplished can fail to watch the continuation of his career with interest.

HELEN ZIMMERN.



Cardinal Manning.
By J. McLure Hamilton.

JOHN MCLURE HAMILTON.

A STUDY.

IT is the virtue of an art like this of John McLure Hamilton's that it expresses character by indirect suggestion as well as by direct transcript. No atom of personal truth which can contribute to the realisation of the figure under treatment is lost or under-estimated. The hackneyed background of unaccustomed furniture or adaptable landscape is thrown aside, and every inch of the canvas is made to contribute to the portrait. The method of the novelist takes the place of the rambling fancies of the tale-teller. Each episode or excursion of the story does service in bringing out the actual motive. The old practice of amusing without an overstrict adherence to fact gives way to the new plan of amusing by insistence upon fact, by emphasising and transfiguring it.

This day of ours has expended itself upon the development of a truer truth than was known to those who bore us. We began by questioning the accepted standards and we have ended by questioning the very existence of our neighbours. We will not be satisfied to believe in them until we know all the minutæ of their daily life. Seen through the crumbling structures of the old theories the facts most patent to us appear suspicious, and with the natural curiosity of mankind thus stimulated, we "burrow like a mole" into the things

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which formerly were accepted or thought to be beyond our concern.

This had led on the one hand to the obtrusive impertinence of newspapers which serve up the skimmings from social events and personal intentions, and on the other



Mrs. Gladstone.
By J. McLure Hamilton.

hand it has produced the school of realism in all the arts which must be heeded as a salient contemporary fact. It is to this school that Mr. Hamilton belongs, not as a disciple, but as an unattached leader. He has given no allegiance to any other painter, but has kept his independent way through the labyrinth of theory, always seeing things for himself and reporting them in a technical language which has never lost its freshness. His angle of vision is a native one. Like Charles Laub he gives you himself in giving you his George Dyer or some obscure clerk of the South-Sea House. There is first the portrait projected by the artist furnished forth with all his sympathy, his love of human character, his tact, his sense of humour, and then beyond this, and naively introduced as if in spite of the author, you feel that he has rendered you another character: his very self, blinking into the picture over the shoulder of the unconscious subject. This is one of the charms, perhaps the most alluring charm, of Elia, and I notice it in no painter so subtly suggested as in McLure Hamilton. He is a diarist of pictorial art, who, in giving you the daily events surrounding a figure which he conceives, gives you that fine personal flavour, the sense of genial comradeship in a common view of the thing depicted—and this, let it be said, is an attribute of genius. For genius is, after all, only the ability to express your untrammelled self, and whether it be done through an introspective poem or a creative portrait matters little, saying that the creation of objective character is the nobler form of expression.

In all Mr. McLure Hamilton's portraits this independent outlook is clearly perceived. His technical practices are an outgrowth from it. You feel that he has thrown studio hangings to the four winds, and opened wide the skylight of artifice. He wants to paint the man as he lives his average daily life; not the casual semblance dressed to order. He is as truthful as Flaubert;



G. F. Watts, R.A.
By J. McLure Hamilton.



The Syren.
By J. McLure Hamilton.

but like that great Realist, he, too, has his law of selection. He has a keen sense of proportion and beauty, and as paint and canvas may not, in the nature of things, render all, he genially gives us the best, the typical, and the characteristic. His very surfaces show forth the honesty within him. He shrinks from the compromise of varnish as if it were a glozing lie.

The conscientious attitude which all this implies, together with the wide repute which it has brought its possessor, awakens a natural desire to know something about so marked a personality.

John McLure Hamilton was born of English parents at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on January 31st, 1853. The city, which has grown to such ample proportions, was then but half-developed. Yet it had produced several artists of fame, such as Thomas Sully and John Neagle, and there had always existed in its Academy of the Fine Arts the impulse for elevated taste and a foundation of sound instruction. Among the group who had centred here was the first instructor of Mr. McLure Hamilton, an artist who died recently at an advanced age—George W. Holmes. The Academy then occupied temporary quarters in a building in Sixteenth Street, and upon the entrance of Mr. Hamilton he had for fellow-students Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, and a number of other artists of whom we may yet hear. He was for one year in the class under Professor Schuselle, and then went to Antwerp, where his friend and fellow-townsmen, Thomas Eakins, had preceded him, and where Alma Tadema also studied. Here he tarried for two years under the instruction of Professors Beaufeu and Van Lerius. From Antwerp the young American naturally drifted to Paris, and there for a time studied in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, under Gérôme, carefully husbanding his individual traits while learning all that French Art and its galleries could give an ardent student. He painted also in the lovely reaches of farm and woodland which lie about Paris. Marlotte was his centre, and he haunted the Forest of

Fontainebleau in the paths trodden once by Henri Murger, the novelist. After three years of this experience, Mr. Hamilton came back to the realities of his home. He had but little to show for his wanderings, because the years abroad were years of study and absorption, which were to render their fruits in the more mature achievements of the artist. But he had painted in Antwerp a canvas which was shown in the Salon and in the Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, then as now, an event of the artistic year. The picture was called 'Cerise,' and has been described with approbation or disapproval by critics of varying sympathy, but by all alike its mastery of the artistic problem involved is commended. It is spoken of by one critic as "representing a girl thrown back on a lounge, her feet crossed, one hand holding a cigarette, and before her a parrot. On a table near by stands a bottle of champagne, and by the couch lies a copy of the *Petit Journal pour rire*."

The critic is a little startled by the frank Frenchness of the composition, but he acknowledges that the picture is "by an artist who knows how to tell more than he says," and in this just comment he has exposed the mystery of Mr. McLure Hamilton's art. The picture was afterwards exhibited under the title 'The Laugh,' as well as 'Cerise,' and as it stands at the beginning of an eminent career it deserves to be dwelt upon at greater length than space now affords. Suffice it to say that it marks the early stage of development in the life of an artist whose entire growth has been away from subordination. In 'Cerise' the first teaching struggles with original bias, but as we proceed we shall see how personal traits and individual character win the day.

Mr. McLure Hamilton remained in Philadelphia until 1878. He was then irresistibly drawn toward London, and was presently settled in an atmosphere which he found entirely congenial. But the struggle for conscientious professional existence was



Master Wolfram Ford.
By J. McLure Hamilton.

only begun, and the adventurous painter soon found, as many have done before him, that the camaraderie of the fellow-artist does not fill the purse. He had ideals, and was developing a technical quality, which were alike promising. But he wanted to paint as his fine sensitive nature impelled him; and he found that the creations of such impulses were little understood. While capable of making pictures which his contemporaries would one day revere and keep safe in national repositories, he was forced to trifle with subjects prized by those who "don't know much about Art, but know what they like." There was a vein of rare common-sense in the young fellow, gained, perhaps, among his friends of the Quaker City, and hence he held his way, while it was necessary, along the line of least resistance; but when, at a later time, he could follow his higher instincts, he contemptuously flung aside policy, and made his brush a vindicator of his talents. He was repeatedly refused at exhibitions in London, while receiving more commissions than he could fill from patrons who had discovered his ability to paint saleable canvases. To this period may be assigned 'Tears,' taken by Goupil. Then from the many paintings for others begin to emerge the works painted for the

artist's self, and among these should be named 'Vivisection,' and 'The Corn-Husker.' The first is a most painful picture, but its power is acknowledged unhesitatingly. A white pigeon, blood-spotted, lies on the table of an experimenter, beside which sits up an appealing Scotch terrier, also doomed. 'The Corn-Husker' was painted to show how a virile American subject might be treated artistically, in spite of its homely qualities. But in all the genre and subject work of Mr. McLure Hamilton the colour tells for so much, the clear, subtle, and simple tones are so sweet and fresh, that reproduction by process or descriptive pen gives the reader no conception of the delicate beauty of the finished picture.

But, after all is said, it is to the later portraits that we turn for confirmation of our estimate of



The Heiress.
By J. McLure Hamilton.

this artist. His able career seems to have been a slow evolution of the especial traits of observation and the sense of colour and form, which are summed up in the two famous portraits of Mr. Gladstone, one of which is in the Luxembourg, and one in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and in the pastels of the same great sitter (a medium most happily employed by a painter whose surfaces are a salient trait of his art); in the portraits of Bismarck, John Tyudall, Cardinal Manning, G. F. Watts, R.A., Onslow Ford, R.A., Herbert Spencer, Alfred Gilbert, R.A., Mrs. Gladstone, Dorothy Drew, Rider Haggard, Master Wolfram Ford, and in the unfinished likeness of the late Lord Leighton. To have painted such a group is, in itself, an achievement worthy of fame, but when it is realised that these portraits are eminently original, that they have won the high approval of authorities, French, English, German, and American, and that several of them have been crowned with unusual honours, the place given to Mr. John McLure Hamilton in the art of portraiture must be very near the top-most rank of modern achievement.

Of testimony to this there is abundance. But perhaps the greatest distinction that can befall a painter during his lifetime, and especially one who is not a native of France, is to have his work purchased by the French Government and placed in the Luxembourg Gallery. This distinction came to Mr. McLure Hamilton in 1892, when the earliest portrait of 'Mr. Gladstone' was exhibited in the Salon, and bought under the trained judgment of the authorities, and through the enthusiastic praises of the Parisian Press. Said M. André Michel, even to the foremost of his painter compatriots, "Utilise the discoveries of the open-air school as does Mr. McLure Hamilton." And in another issue of the *Journal des Débats*, he speaks of the same portrait at length as the best in the Salon of the year. After a description of the work, he explains: "I indicate these details because they are painted with so discreet a touch, so fine and unctuously, that they place the personage and his surroundings without crowding. The subject himself is admirable." The subtle traits depicted, he proceeds, reveal the spirit with the most sober, as well as the most potent simplicity, and tell the whole life. Writing of this same portrait in *The Athenæum*, M. Michel heaps further praises upon its technical beauties, and adds, "It is perfectly simple, yet entirely expressive, and the subtle and skilful treatment of the light is all the more admirable in that it detracts in no wise from the moral value,

which is the dominant note of the portrait." When we add to all this that Mr. Gladstone's family considers this portrait (of which we print a large reproduction) the best likeness of him yet painted, it is quite patent that in all regards the painter has produced at once an enduring work of art and a notable historic possession.

But still another portrait was to follow, and complete the rounded figure of the great Statesman. This was painted in Downing Street while the Premier busied himself with official duties. It was finished in time for the World's Fair at Chicago, and was there exhibited among the group of works by American painters abroad, which Mr. McLure Hamilton, as one of the Committee, had collected through disinterested and well-directed labours. This portrait, admirable in character and tone, and distinguished by its unswerving individuality of style, was afterwards shown at the Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and was by that institution of the painter's native city purchased for its permanent collection.

During visits in the two past winters to Philadelphia, Mr. McLure Hamilton has painted several striking portraits of men distinguished in local life, and of these the portrait of the late Richard Vaux, at one time *attaché* of the London legation,

is a masterly example. This has also been acquired by the Pennsylvania Academy, and hangs as a pendant worthy the 'Gladstone.' Portraits of other Americans of note are promised, and an eminently good one of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the notable physician, poet, and novelist, is already finished.

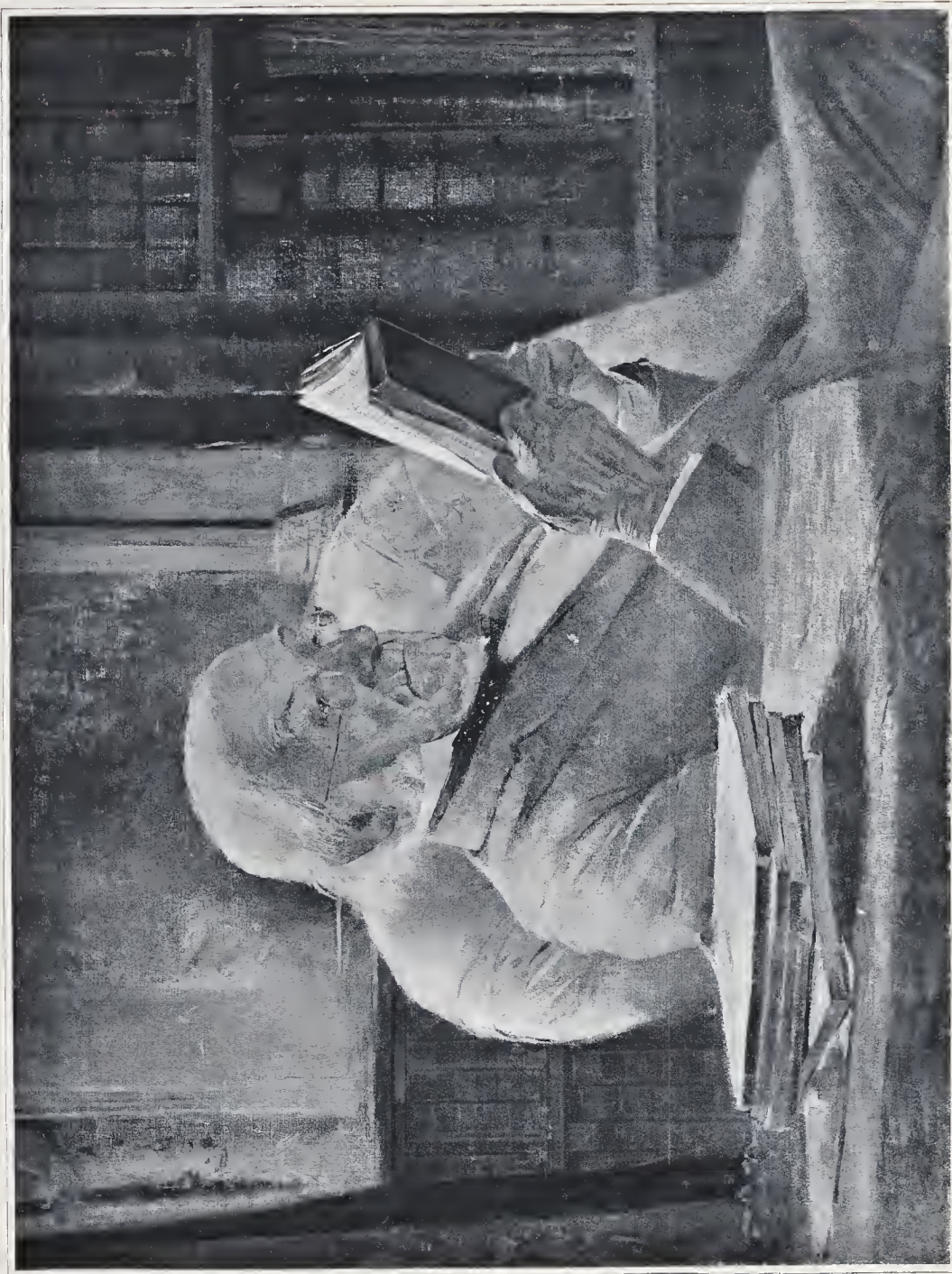
The future of so wise and penetrating a painter as John McLure Hamilton is not a matter of easy treatment. The possibilities gather and quicken as one looks forward. He has dealt with actual character in an entirely new vein, has employed all the salient and vital elements of every movement of his day which has promised a result in technical grace, in light, or in revelation of personality. He has created a new point of view in an art which seemed to have exhausted every standpoint, and to have reached its final bloom; and he has thrown himself into the stream of realistic tendency, absorbing all it can give of good and inflexibly refusing to be borne away by the currents which eddy into ugliness, intrusiveness or unseemly revelation.

What may we not expect from one who so well knows his time as to trust it, and who holds likewise a firm anchorage in the best which has gone before?

HARRISON S. MORRIS.

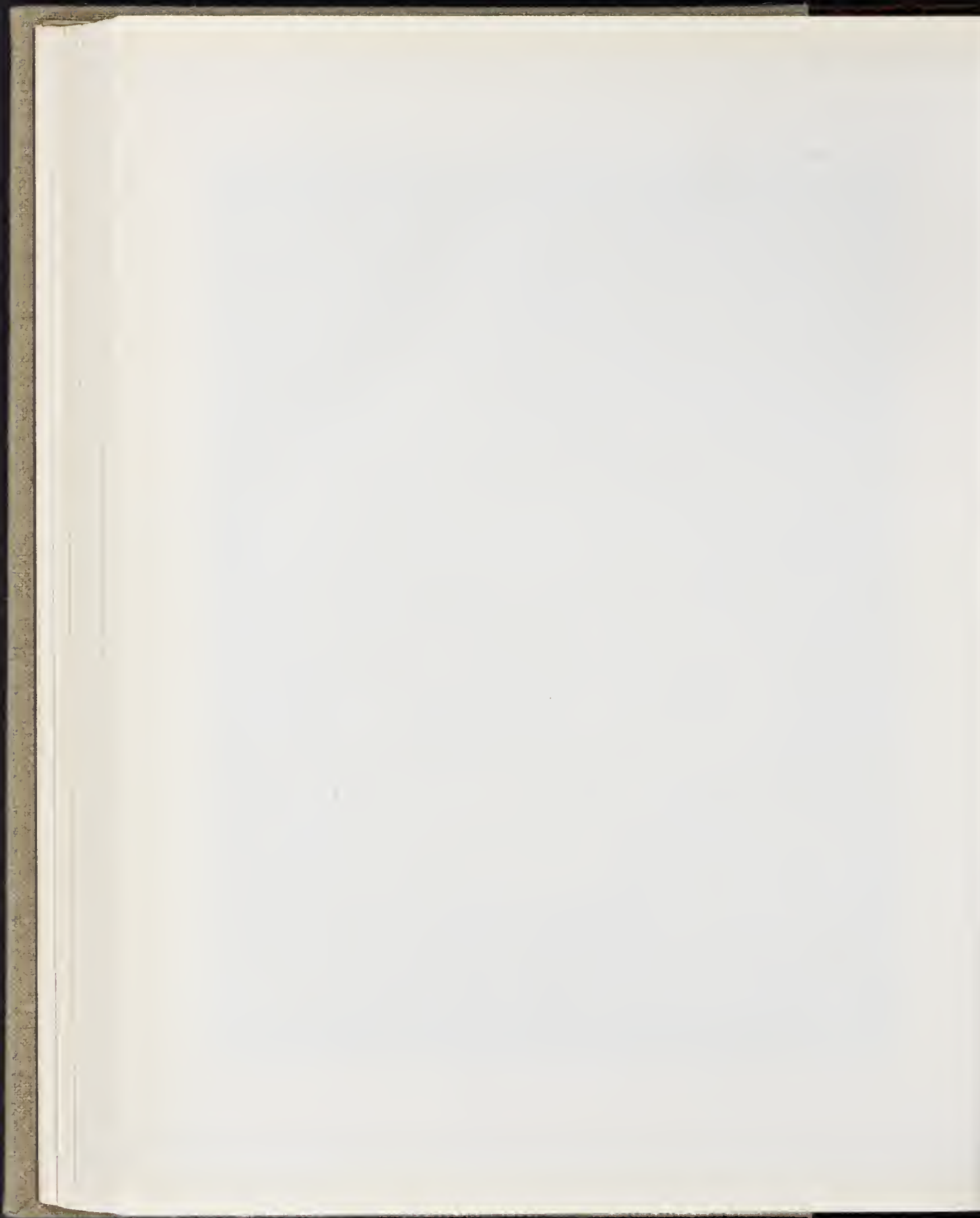


J. McLure Hamilton.
By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.



THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY J. MCLURE HAMILTON.
In the Luxembourg, Paris.

J. M. McLure Hamilton.





Dish of Beaten Silver.
By R. Catterson-Smith.



Emu's Egg Centrepiece,
with Beaten and Cast Metal
Supports.
By Nelson Dawson.



Alms-Dish of Cast and Chased Silver.
By Arthur G. Walker.

SOME GOLD, SILVER, AND COPPERSMITHS.

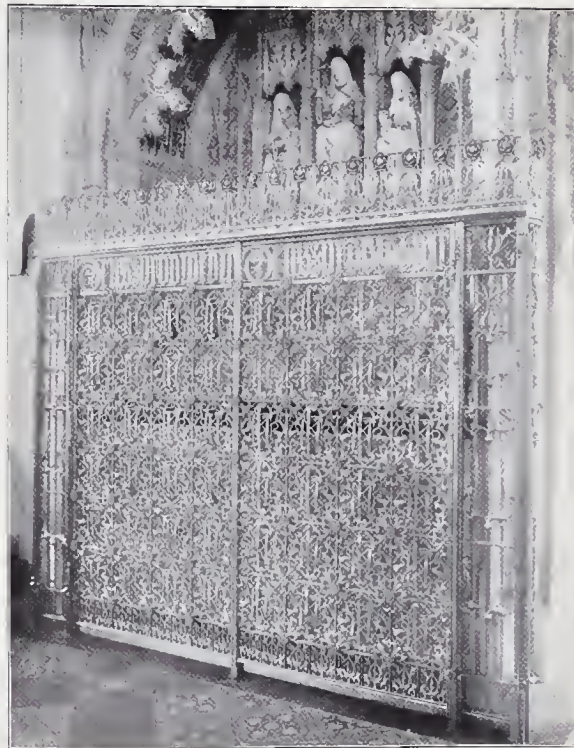
WHEN Solomon built the Temple we are told that he sent to the King of Tyre for "a man cunning to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in iron," and Hiram sent Solomon a cunning man, endued with understanding, who could grave any manner of graving, and could find out every device that was put to him. It cannot be said that those who build Temples in this land take the trouble to search out the cunning workers, or we should not see such lamentable waste of money in our religious buildings that so often makes the judicious grieve.

It is a great pleasure, therefore, to be able to give examples of the ecclesiastical metal-work of two men who are doing their best to raise the standard of church work. It is a poor commentary on the Art education of the clergy that so little support is given to artists who are waiting to be hired to devote their energies and talents to the decoration of our churches. The "firm" and manufacturer is constantly chosen and the individual left to eat his heart out with disappointment for lack of encouragement.

A glance at the work of H. Wilson and W. Bainbridge Reynolds shows how excellent is the effect obtainable by treating metal either as a surface to be beaten up, hammered, and made to lose and find itself as in the examples by H. Wilson, or where metal is twisted and pulled into a succession of geometrically planned *motifs*, the whole forming a coherent, logically built-up design, as in Mr. Reynolds' screen, here illustrated. Mr. Wilson would appear to be less influenced by tradition than Mr. Reynolds, for while the latter works in the Gothic spirit, Mr. Wilson may be

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said to be expressing his ego regardless of what the craftsmen of the Middle Ages have done. I am not in



Screen. By W. Bainbridge Reynolds.



Cup. By Gilbert Marks.

any way instituting a comparison between these two nineteenth-century craftsmen. I merely desire to see each man's work from his own point of view, for the work speaks for itself. The craftsmen shall speak for themselves.

Mr. Wilson's work in metal, for he, like Mr. Reynolds, is an architect as well as craftsman, has so far been mostly confined to repoussé copper and brass in the form of door sheathing, panels for fireplaces and chimney breasts, though Mr. Wilson has in hand some candelabra and other work. Mr. Wilson said to me that



Door. By H. Wilson.

he wished to avoid altogether any reminiscence of traditional habits or manners of design, and he therefore goes direct to nature and endeavours to realise in his work that spirit which the study of natural form suggests, and in his designs to suggest the spring and growth of natural forms instead of those conventions which, like precedents in law, so many designers are content to abide by. If men worked in this spirit we should hear no more about the style of Louis IV. or any other period, but the expression of the individual.

It is evident that Mr. Wilson feels very strongly on this point, for he says:—"I can never understand that attitude of mind which makes men content to reproduce



*Sketch of Centrepiece in Silver and Gilt, parts Enamelled.
Designed and Executed by Alex. Fisher.*

variations of other men's work, even though the men whose work is copied lived in the heroic ages. To accept another's convention is the worst form of intellectual cowardice.

"If we have any vision at all, one's view of things must be different from (and to that extent interesting, because it gives us a new conception) all others; whereas, any copy of another man's idea is, at the best, the shadow of a shade, weaker by one remove at least from that nature which gives strength to all the best work."

W. Bainbridge Reynolds was an articulated pupil of Mr. J. D. Seddon, the well-known architect. Soon after he had completed his articles, he worked under the late G. E. Street, R.A., and it was whilst working on the details of the iron-work of the new Law Courts that he became interested in architectural metal-work. He felt, however, that, although the mediæval tradition in stone and wood-work had at that time been admirably revived in English

architecture, metal-work was on the whole below the artistic standard of the best existing examples of old work. He therefore devoted himself for some years to the study, not only of mediæval iron-work, but of metal-work in its many applications, of later periods and of various countries. Eventually he started, a few years ago, forges and workshops, where architect's designs in metal, and his own, have been since executed under his direction.

Mr. Reynolds' principal aim is to consider the forms in his designs with reference to the particular methods by which each metal can be worked, and in execution to allow to be apparent the *human* element, an element which is lost where the first consideration is a mechanical perfection of surface. In these days it is all too easy to attain this geometrical precision of form and surface, while to preserve the "individuality" both of the metal and of the craftsman requires an artist's guidance as well as an artist's hand.

Mr. Nelson Dawson is an instance of a man who has experimented for some time before he finds out what it would appear he can best do. From architecture he turned his attention to painting, and his water-colour studies of the sea evince observation, selection, and high technical skill, as those who have seen his work in the Royal Academy and British Artists, and other galleries, know. But Mr. Dawson experienced what so many painters have done, or are doing, that the patronage extended to the painter of pictures is meagre in the extreme. The world, apparently, can, all too easily for artists, do without pictures; and what is more degrading than to spend half your energy in fruitlessly trying to secure purchasers for your handiwork? There is a story told of Flatau, the eminent dealer of the years forties and fifties, who met Dickens at dinner. After hearing every one talking about the novelist's cleverness for some time he turned to his neighbour and said, "I dare say he's a good writer, but I call it clever to make a man buy a picture as doesn't want to." Mr. Dawson began hammering metal as a pastime, and finding that he could express himself in this way, took it up more seriously, until commissions began to come in, and now he has in addition to his own atelier, workshops for more distinctly commercial work, like hinges and door-plates.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Nelson Dawson's metal-work were some hammered door-plates he did for a few of his artist neighbours at Chelsea. It was impossible to avoid noticing them because they were so fresh and dis-

tinctive. One did not realise what could be made of a door-plate until one saw what Mr. Dawson made of them, and having seen we wondered how it was that it had been left to one man to point out the more excellent way.

Mr. Nelson Dawson, whose studio is in Manresa Road, Chelsea, told me that he found his training as an architect useful to him now that he had become an Art craftsman, but the greatest help he received was from his wife. "If it were not for Mrs. Dawson it would have been impossible for me to have taken up enamelling as I have done. In fact it is more her work than mine," he said.

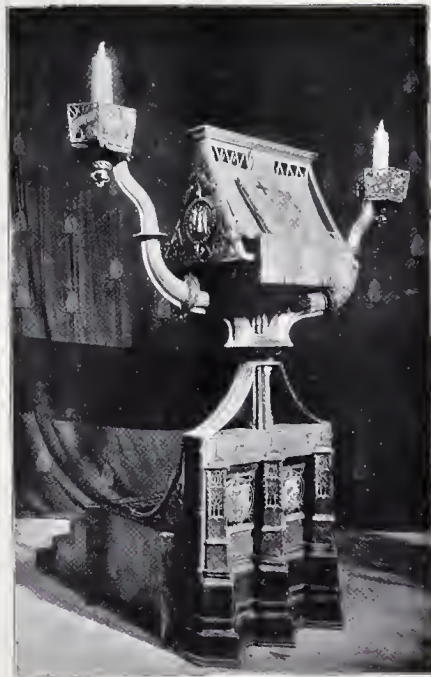
And I may remind my readers that Mr. Dawson had a metal box decorated with enamelled panels in last year's Academy, as well as in this.

Beaten metal, by reason of the variety of surface (a series of facets one might say) it obtains by the hammering, yields an effect which only work bearing the impress of the worker possesses. The very perfection of machine work seems to act icily on the senses; we take its qualities in at a glance, and turn away, finding nothing further in it that interests us. It is "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly dull." But where we can follow the hand-cunning and see the marks of the tools, work has then a humanity about it which draws us to it. It interests us and awakens our curiosity to know more about it and its producer.

Beaten metal-work first engaged Mr. Dawson's attention. He does not confine himself to copper or silver, for I saw some highly ornamental hinges made for a hanging cabinet of beaten steel, but I am unable to give a draw-

ing of them here as Mr. Dawson finds that in the commercial work turned out under his direction—he has a regular workshop in which his designs are carried out under his supervision—his designs get copied (always very badly) by "the Firms." A memorial tablet of repoussé copper gave me some idea of how taste and thought can give value to a work otherwise of no special interest.

Mr. Alexander Fisher was a National scholar some ten years ago, having come from Torquay to London on obtaining his scholarship. The student, following in his father's footsteps at that time, was an enameller on pottery, but while at Kensington, having taken up enamelling on metal, his attention was naturally turned to metal-work itself. To an artist-craftsman it would seem an unnecessary subdivision of labour for one to do the metal-work and another enamel it. The fact that

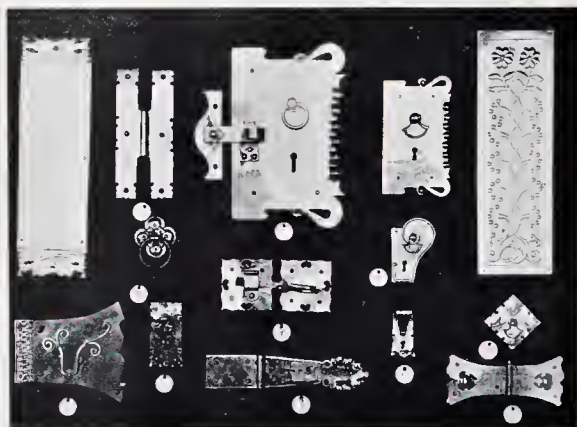


Lecturn.
By W. Bainbridge Reynolds.

Mr. Fisher has won a name as an enameller has tended to obscure his work in fine metal; but the two sketches he has allowed me to reproduce, as well as the mirror, is ample evidence, were that necessary, that we have here an artist whose ambition it is to express himself in his own way, and, what is more, he has something to say as well as the skill to say it. Like that old master Cellini, enamelling comes largely into play in Mr. Fisher's metal-work, and a very beautiful adjunct it is.

The sketch of the pendant opposite directs one's attention to modern jewellery, but this has been so often held up to scorn that it would be but slaying the dead to heap further anathemas upon it. I am unable to understand how it is that when money is going to be spent in this way, some value, other than that of the raw material, should not be obtained for the outlay. To give an article of jewellery to a friend is a compliment; why, then, not let it be unique, made expressly for the recipient as our verbal compliments are, and not some stock article possessed by any one who will put down so much money for it? To search out some artist working on the precious metals and give him a commission to fashion some article expressly for the occasion, would seem to me—but then I am too poor to indulge myself in this way—a unique and valued privilege. No need to fear that the work would be repeated, for an artist hates doing again what he has once well done; when the work is finished it is put aside, for there are so many other ideas waiting to find a "local habitation and a name." Mr. Fisher's work is, to use his own expression, characterized by its "preciousness."

In Mr. Gilbert Marks' case his talent would appear to be hereditary, for he is the grandson of a working goldsmith as well as the nephew of the late Fred Walker and H. S. Marks, R.A. His metal-work, which is chiefly beaten silver, is the work of his leisure (helped by two assistants), for Mr. Marks is "something in the City," though it is more than likely Art will before long wholly claim him for



Commercial Metal Work.
By the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft.

her own. A bold free treatment of plant form characterizes Mr. Marks' design, the metal and the method of hammering it entirely governing this part of his work. The breaking up of the surface so as to get lights and darks is the first consideration in repoussé, and I am glad to see that Mr. Marks understands the value of breadth in his designs, and avoids producing his effect by the aggregation of "small" motifs by keeping his motifs large and simple.

Mr. C. R. Ashbee, after leaving Cambridge, took up his residence at Toynbee Hall, and while there held classes in Art crafts to teach young men in East London how to use their fingers skilfully. These small beginnings have developed until their master has become a master in another sense, and at Essex House, Mile End, Mr. Ashbee directs a workshop in which whatever is of use in a house is made, from a sideboard to an electrolier, a coal-box to a salt-cellar. On going over the house Mr. Ashbee has built for himself at Chelsea, I was able to see how varied is the work turned out at Essex House, for "the master" is furnishing from his own workshops, which is not to be wondered at when one sees what is produced there.

I was struck by the use made of pewter in some electric light fittings. Some presentation cups in silver-gilt, and articles for the table, such as ladles, salt-cellar, and spoons, show that Mr. Ashbee is no mere visionary, but has an eye to business as well as to Art, for people who might not value a repoussé copper coal-scuttle would very likely desire table-silver made at Essex House.

Mr. Catterson-Smith came from Dublin in 1874 to be under Foley, but the Royal Academician dying soon after, Mr. Smith took up painting, and it was not until 1892 that he turned his attention to metal-work. He said to me, "I only wish some good angel had advised me to adopt the metal craft twenty years ago. I believe the salvation of Art and artists lies in the Art crafts."

What instruction this craftsman received



Beaten Copper Coal Vases.
Designed by C. R. Ashbee



Hand-Mirror Back.
Designed and executed
by Alex. Fisher.

was at the Bedford Park School of Art, which is close to his house, and what proficiency he has attained is the result of his own endeavour. I am able to give a drawing on page 345 of a repoussé silver salver beaten out of the flat by Mr. Catterson-Smith. A London firm, who sold some pieces of Mr. Smith's work, tried to get their own workmen to reproduce this particular salver, but without success; for the men, being trained as mechanics, could not give the work that freedom and spontaneity which gives beaten metal its "preciousness." They tried to copy painstakingly what was largely the result of accident, and, as one may imagine, only failure was the result.

The silver alms-dish, by Mr. Arthur Walker, was bought by Mr. Yates Thoupson from the Academy some two years ago. It is cast and chased, but the details are much lost in the reproduction, though it is an excellent piece of work. Mr. Yates Thoupson has recently presented it to a church near Liverpool.

The Birmingham Guild of Handicraft is an association of craftsmen working in all departments of skilled labour. The finger-plates, handles, and other articles of everyday



Pendant in Gold and
Enamel, with Pearl.
By Alex. Fisher.

utility show that this guild is grappling with the difficulty of bringing Art into common life, for it is useless holding abstract, academic views on what should be: the thing is to do something which will soon lead to the more excellent way, and this the Guild of Handicraft is doing. The word "Brummagem" has been so long a term of reproach where anything like artistic work is concerned, that it is pleasant to be able to bring into notice this Birmingham guild, for though in "Brum"

they are not of it in spirit, their endeavour being to give as much Art for the money, as Caleb Plummer did to his toy-horses for sixpence.

I can hear it said that we cannot all have coal-boxes of hammered copper, or spoons of beaten silver, but then it is not my purpose to do more than direct the reader's attention to what is being done here and there in craftsmanship, and not what is generally possible. Art has nothing to do with economies; besides, the dealer in Tottenham Court Road is touched by the ebb and flow of tendency in due course, and will, because one man invests a coal-box with "artistic merit," offer to the *oi polloi* a daintier coal-box than he thought of doing aforesaid.

Then, again, there are numbers of Art craftsmen working out their egos, upon whom the writer's eye has not alighted, but that is my misfortune, not theirs.

FRED. MILLER.

ORPHEUS.

By J. M. SWAN, A.R.A.

"Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing."



ORPHEUS, the greatest of poets before Homer, must always remain one of the most moving and enchanting figures of antiquity. Beloved of Apollo, who gave him his golden lyre—taught its use by the Muses—he appears as the link between the highest gifts of God-like man and the powers of nature.

Poet and musician, the very rocks and trees of Olympus move from their place to follow him; he charms the shyest birds, the fiercest beasts—not by a display of awful power, but by the divine gifts of song and sound.

"Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by."

In this picture by Mr. Swan, we get the youthful Orpheus, exulting in his god-given powers, before ever he sailed with the Argonauts or saw Eurydice. Yet even now his face is touched with sadness, with some dim foreknowledge that his wife, the fair nymph Eurydice, will be reft from him by the bite of such a serpent as the one that curls above upon the bough, too much charmed with the poet's music to strike the birds that hang poised on the very chords of the lyre—a foreknowledge

of that awful journey to Pluto's kingdom, of the victory by his divine music over even that dread king, and of the double anguish of final loss, when Eurydice is snatched from him again in the very moment of triumph, at the mouth of Hades.

All this, and that world-sadness of the great poet, who sees deep into the tragedy that underlies all life, all thought, all things, Mr. Swan has endeavoured to suggest—even though his slim and graceful Orpheus dances with his strange company in the glade of the Olympian forest.

Since the master of masters, Barye, died, no artist has so completely mastered the form, the character, the ways of animals—especially of the great Feline—as Mr. Swan. And no higher praise can be given, than to say, that in his treatment, whether on canvas or in bronze, of tigers, panthers, pumas, leopards—whose subtle grace, beauty, treachery, and ferocity, is at once so terrible and so fascinating—Mr. Swan constantly reminds us of Barye, and of Barye alone.

In this picture what a study of the great cat nature we get!—the young leopard rolling in an ecstasy of delight about the poet's feet, with one huge velvet paw with close-sheathed claws, gently patting his leg; the crouching, purring panther, with gleaming eyes, and ears flattened back till her head looks like a snake's; the lion cub positively imbecile with enjoyment; and terrible "Sher Khan," always suspicious, always ferocious, appearing beyond the lithe body of the singing musician.

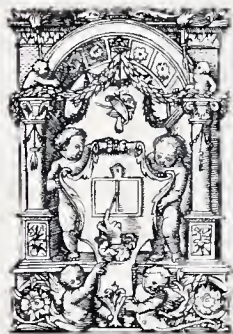
As one looks at such studies, one is tempted to wish that Mr. Swan would some day push his investigations to the Far East, and paint the beasts in their own surroundings.

What subjects for his brush he might find, in the tiger and buffalo fights of the native courts; the trained

cheetahs hunting deer through the tall golden Sirkundar grass of the plains; or Rajahs from the deserts of Rajpootana coming in to a big Durbar, each with a huge milk-and-rice-fed tiger chained beneath his carriage. Would that Mr. Swau might be persuaded to try India, the land that no one has yet painted as it is.

R. G. K.

PASSING EVENTS.



ber present will be much over thirty-six or thirty-seven.

Since the first intimation of the serious illness of Sir John Millais, there has been much discussion in some quarters as to who his successor should be, and very rightly so, because there is no doubt the public are watching the return of the Academicians very narrowly, the successive deaths of the President having attracted general attention to the vacancy. Mr. G. F. Watts would probably be the most acceptable, both inside and outside the Academy, but his great age, and his life-long search for retirement rather than publicity, will not permit him, at the end of a career prolonged beyond most men's, to undertake the duties.

That these duties in the London season are onerous every Academician knows, and Lord Leighton's delight in functions makes the path of his successor unusually difficult in this particular alone. But the Royal Academy has several men well qualified for the post. The selected artist will, however, almost certainly be an Englishman by birth and education. The one or two foreigners, the Americans, and even the Scotsmen have very little chance in view of the several distinguished English artists able and probably willing to occupy the position.

The President must not only be a well-known painter whose name is familiar to every one, but he requires several other qualifications. He must be a first-rate public speaker, he must be fairly wealthy, and he must be a broad-minded man and sympathetic to all parties, and ready to undertake all the social duties devolving upon his position.

The Burns exhibition in Glasgow, although mostly devoted to early editions and interesting relics of the poet, contained a fair number of fine pictures. The portraits of Burns were practically complete; and, notwithstanding the remarks of Lord Rosebery, the resemblance to each other throughout indicates probable like-

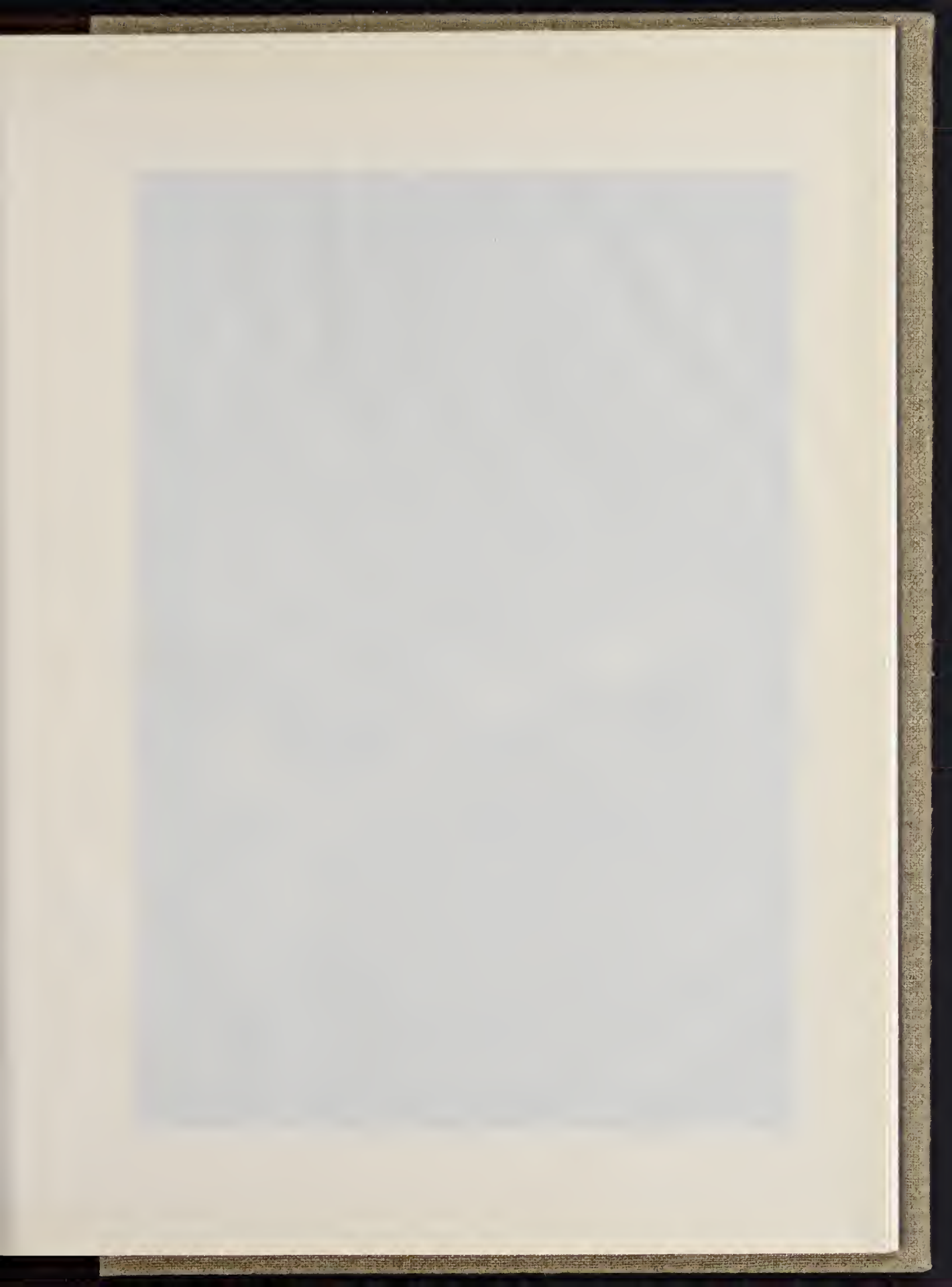
THE election of the President of the Royal Academy not taking place until the 3rd of November, the thirty-nine Royal Academicians forming the voting constituency have time enough to arrive at a decision. It is possible, too, that some of the retired Royal Academicians may vote, although with failing health; in some cases, it is unlikely the number

present will be much over thirty-six or thirty-seven. One has only to think of the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots to know how different portraits so called may be. Mr. Martin Hardie's two pictures, the 'Meeting of Burns and Scott,' and 'Burns reciting a Poem in an old Edinburgh Salon,' were prominent amongst the larger pictures. When Mr. Martin Hardie returns to his painting after his present residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, he will find a wide field for his brush in the history of the Scottish poets.

The Miniature Exhibition held at 175, New Bond Street, is one of the first practical outcomes of the recent interest developed in this beautiful art—one that has occupied our pages several times during this year. It would not of course be fair to compare the one year's work with the picked masterpieces of three centuries, but there is ample evidence that the art is full of vigour, and will speedily regain its position.

The seventieth Autumn Exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists opened on the 1st of September. It is one of the best exhibitions the Society has had for many years. Not only is the quality of the works exhibited distinctly above the average, but the taste and judgment displayed in the hanging is greatly to be commended. The post of honour in the Great Room is marked by three of Mr. G. F. Watts's fine works, all dealing with the Bible story of the Creation of Man. The central picture represents the Creation of Eve—the other two being 'Naked and not Ashamed,' and 'They Knew that they were Naked.' These are flanked on each side by a charming little panel by the President of the Society, Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., one being 'A Family Group,' and the other, a full-length portrait of the eminent Dutch violinist, Mr. Maurice Sons. On each side of the central group is a beautiful work by the late A. W. Hunt, R.W.S., 'Windsor Castle—Morning' and 'Windsor Castle—Evening.' Neither of these has before been exhibited, being not quite finished at the time of the artist's death.

On the opposite wall of this gallery hangs Mr. Frank Dicksee's large and dramatic picture 'The Redemption of Tannhäuser.' We notice also in this room Mr. H. H. La Thangue's impressive work, 'The Man with the Scythe,' purchased for the Chantrey Collection. Mr. Walter Langley is well represented by his large oil picture, 'Bread Winners.' Mr. Frank Bramley, A.R.A., sends a very clever picture entitled 'Sleep.' Mr. Napier Hemy contributes one of his best works, 'The Squall.' Mr. W. A. Breakspere sends an admirable rendering of Bret Harte's 'Miggles.' Mr. J. J. Shannon sends 'Tales of Japan,' and 'A Violinist.' Mr. E. S. Harper, his powerful and impressive work, 'In Time of Trouble.' Mr. Logsdail, two characteristic Venetian scenes. Mr. Sant, R.A., his admirable portrait of Miss Dorothea Baird as Trilby, and Mr. J. Brett, A.R.A., 'A Friend in Need.'



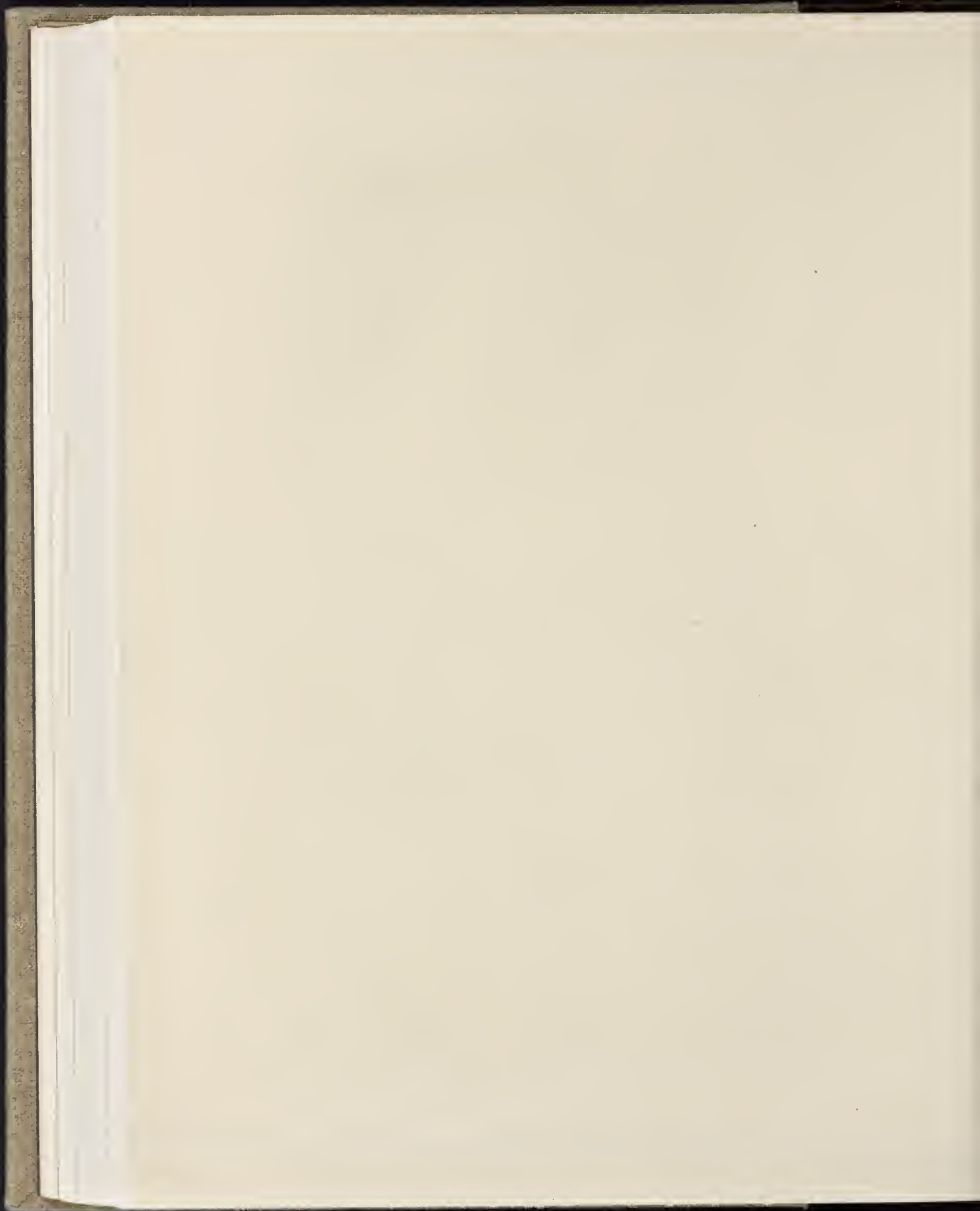




From the painting of J. G. S. in the collection of the British Museum.

The boy is shown in the collection of the British Museum.

Phocas
From the painting on the ceiling of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. See the collection of the British Museum.



An admirable picture of monks playing at bowls, entitled 'A Tie,' is contributed by Mr. Edgar Bundy, Mr. F. W. Davis has a capital picture of 'Dice-players,' and Mr. Herbert Dicksee sends his large and striking work, 'After Chevy Chase.'

Landscape Art is also worthily represented by Mr. David Murray, in 'The Angler'; Mr. Adrian Stokes, in 'Behind the Dunes'; Mr. Alfred East, in 'The Valley of the Chess'; Mr. J. Noble Barlow, in 'A Midsummer Morning'; Mr. C. T. Burt, in 'The Besom-makers'; Mr. C. E. Johnson, in 'Salisbury'; and by the works of Messrs. Clarence Wbaite, S. H. Baker, Oliver Baker, Anderson Hague, Fred. W. Jackson, David Bates, and many others.

The exhibition is also strong in portraiture. Mr. Sargent is well represented by his striking portrait of the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. Mr. A. S. Cope has been remarkably successful with that of the Rt. Hon. Henry H. Fowler, M.P. Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., is seen to advantage in his portrait of Mr. Read and his Dogs. Mr. Hugh G. Riviere sends a very graceful and pleasing portrait of Miss Langdon-Davies. Mr. Percy Bigland shows a very telling portrait of Cornelius Hanbury, Esq. Mr. John Parker, R.W.S., sends two admirable portraits of Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., and Richard Beavis, R.W.S.; and Mr. H. T. Munns shows a striking full-length portrait of Sir Andrew Marshall, Lord Mayor of Manchester.

The small but interesting collection of Sculpture includes a life-like bust of the late Sir Charles Hallé, by John Cassidy; 'Innocence,' by B. Creswick; 'The Raiders,' by Gilbert Bayes; and several excellent works by Frank Mowbray Taubman.

The first exhibition in the Victoria Institute has been opened at Worcester with a most interesting collection of over two hundred works of Art. Many are lent by Mr. John Corbett, Earl Beauchamp, and others, but the majority are by well-known metropolitan and local artists. Some groups of china from the Royal Porcelain Works lend local colour to a very successful exhibition.

When old-established firms divide there is an opportunity for newer men to branch out. This is what Messrs. A. and H. Carpenter, long in the employ of



*Decoration of Morning Room.
By A. & H. Carpenter.*

Messrs. Collinson & Lock, have done at Nassau Street; and they have been doing work which only experience with decorators engaged in the best kind of work would have enabled them to carry out successfully. Our illustration shows a recess in a morning room at Hyde Park Gardens; but it does not do much more than indicate the well-contrived oak panelling, the design of the carved mantelpiece with its china cupboards above, the painting of the frieze, or the stencilling of the walls; nor does it give the value of the stained-glass window by which this little bay is lighted. There is enough, however, to convey to those who know, that a restraint and taste have been exercised all through this decoration far above the ordinary run of trade work. It is designed throughout by Mr. Alfred Carpenter, a relative of the firm, who also has lately started on his own account as a designer. He should do well.

NEW FOREIGN BOOKS ON ART.



HE Ministry of Public Instruction of Italy spares no pains to set forth the artistic treasures under its control. What is intended to be a yearly statement and report on the various public galleries in Italy, is published for the second year under the title "LE GALERIE NAZIONALI ITALIANE, ANNO II. (Ministero della Pubblica Istruzione, Roma), and this forms a noble volume of three hundred and fifty pages, illustrated with thirty-two page illustrations, with excellent reproductions of

the most notable recent acquisitions. These embrace a splendid School of Holbein portrait, in Rome, of our Henry VIII., drawings by Veronese, Signorelli, and others; with reports in Italian from Florence, Venice, Rome, Milan, Bologna, and Modena. As an artistic book this work is a very desirable acquisition.

Another important Italian publication is the portfolio of designs issued under the title "LE CORNICI ITALIANE" (Hoepli, Milano), with letterpress by M. Guggenheim. This work is specially interesting to advanced schools of art and to designers of all kinds of decorative panels and cornice picture frames. On one hundred plates the Cav. Guggenheim has given one hundred and twenty designs,

mostly from Italian museums, galleries, and churches, but with a certain number from London and Berlin collections. These are elaborate picture frames of all kinds, with some forming a triptych, others are severely simple, and all are worthy the consideration of those who would willingly banish the present system of framing works of Art in England and France.

In connection with the remarkable International Art Exhibition recently open at Berlin, Mr. Hanfstaengl, the most enterprising of German publishers, has commenced the publication, in parts, of an illustrated review of the works of Art dedicated to the Emperor William II. The text is by Prof. Ludwig Pietsch; and the fourteen parts to be issued will contain one hundred and sixty-eight excellent illustrations.

The painter, Ernst Berger, in his "BEITRÄGE ZUR ENTWICKLUNGSGESCHICHTE DER MALTECHNIK" (Munich, G. Callwey), subjects to a new investigation the often-debated question as to the recovery of the lost processes of ancient wall painting. The impression made by these careful researches is that he has succeeded in reaching the final solution of the problem. In any case, the work in question is among the most instructive that have appeared upon this interesting topic.

Professor H. Grisar, a meritorious archæologist settled in Rome, has, in his excellent essay entitled "UN PRÉTENDU TRÉSOR SACRÉ DES PREMIERS SIÈCLES" (Rome, Librairie Spithöver), conclusively shown that the treasure, consisting of silver ecclesiastical utensils, in possession of the Chevalier Giancarlo Rossi at Rome (which were also published by Spithöver on a sumptuous scale), cannot possibly be assigned to the early Christian period; but, on the contrary, must be regarded as the work of an unskilled forger.

Of late years the domain of early Christian Art has been thoroughly explored in numerous isolated inquiries, chiefly by Italian and German savants. Professor Franz Xaver Kraus deserves immense credit for his bold undertaking in this sphere, namely, to write a general history of CHRISTIAN ART. Of this the first volume has just appeared, comprising the Græco-Roman Art of the early Christians, Byzantine Art, and the beginnings of Art among the peoples of the north. The author's extensive knowledge—especially of the first period—eminently qualifies him for the difficult task of comprehensive exposition. In fact, the present is a handbook with which no one occupied with these studies can afford to dispense. The work is adorned with a rich selection of illustrations, chiefly of objects of which the originals are difficult of access.

Under the auspices of the Society for the Promotion of German Literature, Science, and Art in Bohemia, Dr. Joseph Neuwirth has published the MIDDLE-AGE WALL-PAINTINGS AND PANEL-PICTURES IN THE CASTLE OF CARLSTEIN (Prague, 1896). The rich series of illustrations is accompanied by a carefully and cautiously written text. These paintings, executed by order of an Art-

loving Kaiser, date from about the middle of the fourteenth century, and are partly by the hand of an Italian, whose name is authenticated by his signature, which is still there preserved. The historical importance of these paintings has already been recognised by numerous writers upon art; but they have never yet been subjected to so thorough and minute an investigation as in the work before us. The illustrations reproduce the originals with the utmost fidelity.

The agreeably-written treatise of Stephen Beissel, S.J., "FRA GIOVANNI ANGELICO DA FIESOLE, SEIN LEBEN UND SEINE WERKE," is calculated to appeal more to the general public. The work contains little that is new; but the author has made industrious use of the labours of his predecessors. His exposition is penetrating, and he shows a praiseworthy enthusiasm for his subject. The well-chosen illustrations, taken from clear photographs, form a specially attractive feature of the book. Moreover, what the author has to say about the relation of Fra Angelico to the Dominican order is well worthy of attention.

The task of investigating the life of the greatest of Sienese sculptors has been performed by Dr. Carl Cornelius with great industry. This doctoral dissertation is entitled "JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA EINE KUNSTHISTORISCHE STUDIE" (Halle a. S., Wilhelm Knapp). It is the author's first publication, and he modestly styles it an attempt in the preface. The literary and documentary sources have been explored with praiseworthy zeal, and used with great caution. One of the master's chief works is, as is well known, the series of reliefs surrounding the great door of the church of San Petronio, at Bologna. About ten years ago, a cast of this colossal structure of the size of the original was put up at the South Kensington Museum. It met with a great deal of opposition, for, as it was, the majority of the precious reliefs could scarcely be seen; nor was it evident why the surrounding architectural structure should equally be exhibited. The justice of this protest is fully confirmed by the researches of Dr. Cornelius. He shows that this framing is merely the mediocre work of a sixteenth-century architect, who destroyed Quercia's own border, and in his hideous reconstruction fixed the lowest reliefs upon a socle nine feet high, which, of course, is faithfully reproduced at the South Kensington Museum. Dr. Cornelius gives an accurate account of the original design of the door.

Amongst minor works recently published on the Continent, are "LA CULTURE ARTISTIQUE EN AMÉRIQUE," by S. Bing, Rue de Provence, Paris, a pamphlet giving much new information about artistic progress in the United States. It is somewhat patronising in tone, as are most French works on *L'Art étranger*, but full of interesting detail.—Edwin Bormann's "HUMORISTISCHER HAUSSCHATZ" (E. Bormann, Leipzig) is a handbook of German drolleries, accompanied by more than four hundred little illustrations and vignettes full of refined humour, giving a very extended idea of the merits of German caricature.

J. P. RICHTER.



Headpiece.
By Miss E. M. Dobbin.

'SIDONIA.'

BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.



THE fine plate which forms our frontispiece this month is a reproduction of one of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's early works, a water-colour painted by the artist thirty-six years ago. Both this drawing of 'Sidonia von Bork,' and the companion subject, 'Clara von Bork,' belonged to the famous collection of pre-Raphaelite pictures made by that distinguished connoisseur, Mr. James Leathart, which

was lately on view in a West-end Gallery. The collection, as our readers will remember, included several paintings by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, all of which were of rare interest and charm. Among these were such well-known examples of his art as 'The Merciful Knight,' and 'Merlin and Nimue,' which, we rejoice to learn, has been bought for the South Kensington Museum. The names of Sidonia and Clara von Bork were less familiar and have puzzled more than one of the painter's admirers.

"Sidonia von Bork, the Cloister-Witch," is the title of a strange romance that was published at Leipzig in 1818, by a North-German pastor named Wilhelm Meinhold. The author was in many respects a remarkable man. Gifted with a vivid and powerful imagination, this Lutheran minister turned with relief from the narrowness of his surroundings and the petty theological disputes in which his neighbours were engaged, to historic researches and old-world records, and entered into the life of the past with as true an instinct, as keen a delight as Rossetti himself. The subjects which he chose for his wonderful stories are as grim and sombre as those which inspired the old Elizabethan

dramatists; but, like Marlowe and Webster, he has the same power of enthralling our souls and fascinating our minds with his mystic creations. Like them, too, he knows how to relieve the gloom of his tragedies with flashes of genuine humour, and softens the horrors which he describes with touches of gentleness and poetry in which the true artist reveals himself.

The first of his romances, "The Amber Witch," a tragic story of the sufferings of a good and beautiful maiden who lived during the Thirty Years' War, and who was only rescued from her persecutors at the last hour by the courage of her lover, was published in 1843, and translated into English by Lady Duff Gordon. Meinhold, whose works were little appreciated by his own countrymen, although Frederick William IV. of Prussia, to his credit, recognised the man's genius, and helped him to publish some of his books, gratefully acknowledged this proof of sympathy, and dedicated his next and most ambitious production, the tale of "Sidonia the Sorceress," to "Lucy, Lady Duff Gordon, the young and talented translator of 'The Amber Witch.'"

The story of Sidonia von Bork, the famous witch who destroyed the whole dynasty of the Dukes of Pomerania, and was publicly beheaded in the market-place at Stettin in 1620, is supposed to be told by a certain Dr. Theodorus Plönnes, who was employed ten years afterwards by the last of this ill-fated race to collect material for the true history of the sorceress. Throughout the book the personality of the story-teller with his garrulous tongue is well kept up, and his simple and credulous nature, and his pious reflections in the most gruesome parts of the tale, often bring a smile to our lips. Here and there too, Herr Meinhold himself takes up the parable in his capacity of editor, and treats us to long and quaint digressions on the defects of German education, the training of women, and other controversial topics in which he defends himself, not without some bitterness, against the attacks which his former writings seem to have provoked in certain quarters.

But the great power of the book lies in the conception of Sidonia herself. The beautiful enchantress who, wanton and abandoned from her girlhood, sells herself body and soul to the devil, when her ambitious schemes are disappointed, is drawn with masterly power. She is the very incarnation of wickedness, hating all that is good and pure with devil's hate, and taking a cruel and horrible delight in the sufferings of her innocent and helpless victims. Yet her reckless courage and quick wit, the readiness with which she changes her tactics when she finds herself foiled, and the cleverness with which she uses the weak and foolish creatures about her as instruments to attain her ends, compel our admiration and almost excite our sympathy, in spite of ourselves. From the moment that she fails to become the wife of the reigning Duke, her whole life is one long act of revenge. She lays her spell upon the unhappy princes of Pomerania, who die one by one in the flower of their manhood, leaving no heirs to succeed them on the throne. Her own father, her nearest kinsfolk, perish miserably through her intrigues, and the climax of all her long tale of crimes is reached when the fair and innocent Clara von Bork, the one friend who in her heavenly sweetness and goodness had refused to cast her off, is cruelly put to death by her wicked devices; and in her exultant joy, the abominable woman dances upon the coffin of the poor young wife and mother, singing the ninth Psalm, while the last solemn funeral rites are being held in the Castle church.

During the next thirty or forty years, Sidonia pursues the same horrible career, bringing sin and misery wherever she goes, in camp and field, in court and convent precincts alike. But at length retribution overtakes her in its most ghastly form. Her sorceries are discovered; she is tried for witchcraft, and on the rack, in the midst of curses and blasphemies, she confesses the countless crimes of which she has been guilty, and is only saved from being burnt to death by the intercession of the sweet young bride Diliana, the grandchild of the murdered Clara. Finally Sidonia is beheaded on the market-place of Stettin, and goes to her doom wearing the white robe in which Clara had died, with her long grey hair streaming on her shoulders, and the school children singing psalms at her side. Even after her death, her evil spells are still at work; sinister presages of coming doom fill the Court of Pomerania with gloom and terror, and when the good Duke, Bogislaw XIV., dies—"taken away," says his pious chronicler, "from the evil to come,"—his body remains unburied for seventeen years. The horrors of the last scene are softened by a pathetic epilogue, in which the faithful servant has who recorded this strange tissue of awful deeds goes down into the vault where the princes of this doomed race are buried, and sees the grave of his beloved master. "After that," he writes, "my poor old Pomeranian heart could no longer keep back its tears, and I climbed the steps weeping and repeating the beautiful verses of the old hymn:—

'Ah! how empty, ah! how fleeting
Is this human life of ours!
All we see must fall to dust;
Only they in God who trust
Live with Him for evermore.'

Such, briefly told, is the strange romance, which, late in the fifties, fell into the hands of Dante Rossetti and his young brother-artists. The painter-poet himself was deeply moved by the weird power of Meinhold's tale and recognised a kindred soul in the writer. And young Burne-Jones, who had lately come from Oxford, and spent much of his time in the company of the master whose genius he admired so passionately, in his turn read the story of Sidonia and was profoundly impressed. Fired with enthusiasm for the scenes and subjects so vividly described by the German pastor, fascinated as we all are by the weird magic of the tale, he painted two water-colours of Clara and Sidonia, the good and evil genius of Meinhold's romance. To Clara he gave a gentle and innocent face, long dark hair, and green and amber robes.

Sidonia, on the other hand, he represented in a white gown elaborately trimmed with black velvet. We see the high-born maiden in the pride of that dazzling beauty which worked such deadly harm wherever she went, as she may have looked on the fatal day when she first came to the Pomeranian Court and, in an unlucky hour, won the heart of the youthful Duke. Her masses of golden hair are loosely caught up in a spangled fillet, her fingers play carelessly with the gold necklace at her throat. But in the gleam of the cold blue eye, in the cunning glance which she casts around, above all in the strange intricacies and fantastic devices of the black velvet knotted over her white robe, the true character of the false enchantress is revealed. We feel that, like the Lady Lilith of Rossetti's creation,

"Not a drop of her blood was human,
But she was made like a soft, sweet woman,"

and in this guise she has crept with the serpent into Eden-bowers and poisoned the very sources of life and health.

This picture of Sidonia von Bork was painted in 1860, the year of Sir Edward Burne-Jones' marriage, when he was not yet twenty-seven, and the influence of Rossetti was still strong upon him. We see traces of the elder master's style in the type of Sidonia's countenance, and in the highly-finished accessories of the background, in the diamond panes of the narrow casement, the court dress of the pages looking out of the window, and the stately dame descending the castle stairs in Mary Stuart cape and ruff. But we also discern evident marks of that individual genius which was to raise the young painter to the heights of his present fame. We see those rare qualities of fancy and design, that skilful use of ornament to express spiritual meaning, and at the same time form a complete scheme of decoration, which have given Sir Edward Burne-Jones the foremost place among his contemporaries in so many different branches of his art.

The beauty and character of the picture, which is now in Mr. Graham Robertson's possession, have, we venture to think, been retained in an unusual degree in the accompanying plate, and this fine reproduction of his youthful work has, we are glad to add, received the honour of the distinguished artist's own approval.

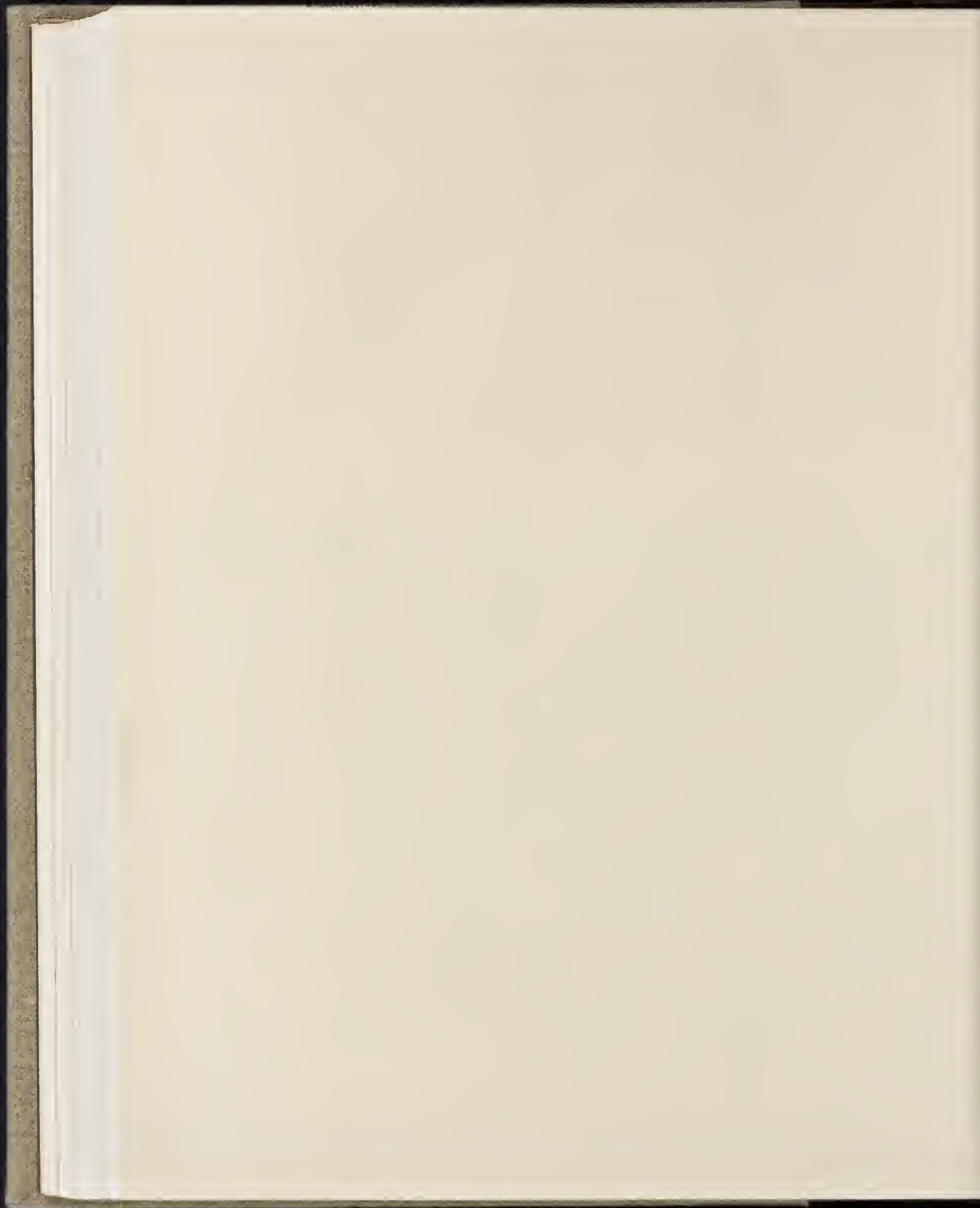
J. M. ADY.



From the Picture by Mr. Edward James Jones 1880

Adonia.

From the Picture in the Possession of Graham Robertson Esq





*Mischief, From the Picture by T. B. Kennington.
By permission of Messrs. Leggatt Brothers, Publishers of the Large Plate.*

SOME SUBJECT PICTURES FROM THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.

IN all large collections of paintings there are usually a certain number of pictures which are attractive not so much from the purely æsthetic point of view as from their story-telling subjects. To those who occupy themselves only with the very finest Art, these paintings are not so precious as the works of the greater masters of to-day and aforetime. But to the less exacting and, in any case, to the greater number, such pictures as we now bring forward are infinitely more pleasing because, in order to enjoy and understand them, no great effort of the intellect is required.

These pictures have their place, and even although they are of the kind usually acquired in early days by the collector, and afterwards perhaps not so greatly liked, in reproductions in black and



*Happy as the Day is Long, By Thomas Faed, R.A.
By permission of Messrs. A. Tooth & Sons, Publishers of the Large Plate.*

white, such as we present herewith, they are sure of the widest popularity.

'Mischief,' by T. B. Kennington, is a subject full of spirit, painted with easy deftness and clever grasping of the character of the three gossips. As the painter suggests by the title, the young ladies have laid their pretty heads together, not, of course, with any very rude intent, but with the promise to themselves of good fun, while it may be also with mischief to the other couple involved. For it is certain it is a lover and his lass that occupy their thoughts, and the young man who has three such intelligent-looking girls arrayed against him is likely enough to come off second best.

On a later page is 'Steady!' by Mr. Thomas Blinks, painted by an artist who has

devoted his life to the painting of dogs. The group of pointers, with their noses straight for the game, and with all wits centred in the pursuit, are painted with a knowledge of dog life few animal painters can surpass.

'Happy as the Day is Long,' by Thomas Faed, R.A., is a style of picture that was very greatly in vogue forty years ago, and it begins to be so long past that it may possibly again become interesting from its very remoteness. At the cottage doorway is seated the wife and mother, engaged in housewife sewing. Very little is left to the imagination; the child by her mother's knee amuses herself with the kittens, one in her little lap and the other at the saucer of milk beside her. Inside the cottage the baby is resting in its wooden cradle, and the glimpse



Grandpa's Birthday. From the Painting by Fred Morgan.

of the interior tells of the tidiness of the goodwife. Happy also will be the husband to return home to such charming felicity.

'For Grandpa's Birthday,' by Fred Morgan, requires no interpretation. The grandchildren have come with humble offerings to see their grandparents on the old man's birthday, and the joy of the grandmother, the first to welcome the young folks, is unrestrainedly overflowing.

'In a Fix,' by Alfred W. Strutt, is still more humorous, and the steady stubbornness of the donkey, the anxiety of the old lady, the crowing of the cocks and the quacking of the ducks, are too evident to need insistence. The dame is doubtless in a difficult position, but we know from later works by Mr. Strutt that eventually she gets through the



*In a Fix. From the Picture by Alfred W. Strutt.
By permission of Messrs. A. Tooth and Sons, Publishers of the Large Plate*



*Palm Sunday Procession in St. Pietro di Castello, Venice, in the Sixteenth Century.
From the Picture by F. Villgas.*

water, while later in her journey she meets with further amusing incidents.

'The Palm Sunday Procession,' by J. Villegas, is the most serious picture in our little group, and it is one of great interest, not only from its subject, but also because of its high artistic quality. Villegas is a Spanish artist much influenced by Botticelli, and he has successfully striven to represent the quaintness of the pre-Raphaelite. The occasion is Sunday before Easter in the splendid church of St. Pietro di Castello, Venice, and it is supposed to be in the fifteenth century. After the blessing of the palm-branches, the procession passes out of the



"Lucky Dog." From the Picture by Burton Barber.
By permission of Mr. T. McLean, Publisher of the Large Plate.

church and the doors are closed. Probably the ceremonial of earlier days was somewhat different, but in this very uncommon picture we have the children of the choir coming in procession from the altar, and all singing and performing their parts with solemnity and with good will. The original is painted in a very low tone and in a skilful method—the outcome of theseverestudy and of lengthy practice.

Lastly we have 'A Lucky Dog,' by the late Burton Barber, the painter of pretty women and children, as well as pretty dogs. Most of his pictures have been engraved, and have a popularity in all parts of the world.



Steady! From the Picture by Thomas Blinks.
By permission of Messrs. A. Tooth and Sons, Publishers of the Large Plate.



Studies by Raphael for
'The Madonna del Prato.'

THE ALBERTINA AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

WITH REMARKS ON THE POPULAR STUDY OF DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.

FOR those sensitive natures which feel repulsed by certain noisily advocated tendencies of modern Art, and also rather feel that their ideals were more fully realised in past ages; for those who delight in contemplating the infinite love and care which the masters of old were wont to bestow on their compositions, there is no more elevating pursuit than the study of drawings, etchings, and engravings by the great Old Masters. Amongst the first collections of such subjects ranks the "Albertina" in Vienna. A visit to it will always be fully repaid by pleasant hours rich in suggestive thoughts on the true and unalterable principles of high Art.

On the top of an ancient "bastion," overlooking the busy city of the fair "Kaiserstadt," is situated the palace of the Archduke Frederick, a young scion of the noble race of the Habsburgs. The back of this palace communicates with the ancient monastery of the barefooted Austin Friars, where the Art collections which he inherited from his ancestors have found a peaceful home. Deep window recesses in its thick, old walls—

in fact, the former cells of the ancient monks—afford comfortable, secluded corners, where the student can brood over the sumptuous portfolios to his heart's content.

The Albertina contains 17,000 drawings and 200,000 prints. Amongst them, the greatest treasure is 150 drawings by Albrecht Dürer, which descended through the Imhoffs and Pirkheimers and the Emperor Rudolph II.

to the present proprietor; 144 drawings by Raphael and his pupils (of course, only a small portion by the hand of the master himself), besides many portfolios by the foremost masters of the different Italian schools. There are 132 most important designs of the finest quality, emanating from Rubens and his studio. No collection is richer in Rembrandts and Rembrandtists, of which there are 147 examples. There are many drawings by the best masters of the Flemish, Dutch, and German schools. Quite a speciality is the wealth of designs by French masters, only to mention Poussin, Du Moustier, Watteau, and Boucher, Fragonard, and others, the collection being richer



Madonna del Prato. By Raphael.
At the Imperial Museum, Vienna.

even than the Louvre, because its fortunate founder was able to buy up all these treasures during the troublous time of the French Revolution.

The title "Albertina" is derived from the name of its founder, the famous Duke Albrecht of Sachsen-Teschen, or Albert de Saxe, as he liked to call himself. This high-minded prince presents a splendid example of the heredity of artistic instincts, his father having been the Elector Frederick August of Saxony, afterwards King August III. of Poland, one of the munificent founders of the Dresden Gallery.

After having served the Empress Maria Theresa as a warrior in the Seven Years' War, and having afterwards acted as Governor of Hungary, this prince followed his wife, the Archduchess Christine, eldest daughter of this Empress, to Brussels, who in accordance with the traditions of the House of Habsburg, had been appointed a "Gouvernante des Pays-Bas." There he spent ten years, which proved most fruitful for the development of his artistic nature. Later he travelled with his highly-cultured wife in Italy, where he met Count Durazzo, who afterwards laid the foundation of this collection of prints. He enjoyed the company of Sir William Hamilton, the famous Ambassador of His Britannic Majesty at Naples, who introduced him to the wonders of the Antique. After the death of his beloved



Original Drawing by Michael Angelo for
'The Entombment of Christ,'
in the National Gallery.



Studies by Vittore Pisano (Pisanello) of St. Anthony,
for the St. George Picture in the National Gallery

wife, to whose memory he commissioned Canova, the great sculptor, to erect the famous tomb in St. Augustine's at Vienna (which no traveller fails to visit), he almost retired from the world, devoting all his time to arranging his treasures, on which he had spent altogether the princely sum of one million and a quarter of florins. Dying without issue, he left them to Archduke Charles, the great hero of the Napoleonic wars, and he and his successors greatly enriched them.

It is no small pleasure for the Art student to notice the collectors' marks on the drawings and prints. Of course there is the famous Albertina mark, meaning Albert de Saxe; then there is the Maltese Cross, Count Maurice de Fries' mark; then Pierre Jean Mariette's mark, and the mark of Giorgio Vasari, the great Art historian and painter, also occurs. Vasari was fond of adorning his treasures with fine frames and margins of his own design. All these things are learnedly detailed in a book by Mr. Louis Fagan, formerly of the Print Room of the British Museum. The discovery of one of these marks on designs at Christie's Sale Rooms is sure to send a thrill of delight through the collector's heart.

He also notices with reverence the late Signor Giovanni Morelli's pencil marks, *mo*, being his sign on the mounts. Occasionally there is an energetic "No, no!" when the attribution seems to him too far out, or "Oltremontano" when a hard northern drawing has strayed amongst those of his beloved countrymen.

The importance of the Albertina Collection has always been recognised as immense. I need only mention the names of Pierre Jean Mariette and Adam von Bartsch, the two great founders of the art and science of collecting and classifying drawings and prints, who had a hand in its formation, enlargement and classification, and who for years were connected with it. At the present moment

the collection is under the management of the venerable Herr J. Schoenbrunner, who is the living depository of its great traditions, and that of the indefatigable and learned Dr. Meder. Of course the Albertina is visited by travellers from all parts of the globe, but on asking the director—"Of what nation do you think the majority of the foreign visitors is?" I received the most pleasing reply, "No doubt the sons and fair daughters of Albion."

Now what can the study of drawings teach us? Some artists acquired their greatest fame through, and did their best work in, their drawings, which formed the chief object of their artistic career. It is reported that the drawings of Pollajuolo and Verrocchio were very famous in their time and passed from studio to studio to be copied. Parmegianino had great influence on the taste of his contemporaries, in great part through his masterly drawings and prints; also Perino del Vaga and Paolo Farinati were much admired as draughtsmen, as also were many French painters at later periods. What idea should we form of the great Leonardo da Vinci, if only his authenticated oil pictures had remained (they can be counted on one's fingers), if it had not been for his numerous admirable drawings and codices, which are still inexhaustible wonders of the higher art? Albrecht Dürer, also a many-sided artist, no doubt left his most impressive work behind in his marvellous drawings in the Albertina, never-surpassed examples of true realism and fineness of execution.

In studying his first sketches you watch an artist at the supreme moment when he conceives the first idea of his work, when, for the first time, he materialises the fleeting visions of his fertile imagination. Untrammelled by a difficult technique, he shows you, in a few bold strokes of the pen or pencil, the very ground-lines of the composition, the very essentials of movement and facial expression; a few patches of colour show you the scheme from which his symphonies will develop. Just as you read in the "Partiture" of the great musicians of last century the thorough bass "clearly and neatly marked out," in the sculptor's studio you can see the "Armature" which will be overlaid with plastic clay.

A most important example of this description is preserved to us in the Albertina by no less a hand than that of the divine master Raphael himself. On this costly leaflet we see how laboriously the master worked at the

composition of the famous Madonna del Prato or "im Grünen" as the Germans say, which, by a happy coincidence is also in Vienna the gem of the Emperor's collection.

The old masters of the Quattrocento were wont to represent the Baptist as a grown-up man of ascetic and inspired mien, scantily dressed in sheep's skin and



Study by Vittore Pisano (Pisanello)
for the St. George Picture in the National Gallery.

significantly pointing with his outstretched forefinger to the coming Saviour, still an infant in the arms of the Blessed Virgin; chiefly to the genius of Raphael is due the graceful development of the idea of giving the Holy child a youthful companion in the person of the young Giovannino. The Madonnas of his Florentine period, the 'Cardellino,' 'La belle Jardinière,' and the 'Prato,' illustrate the charming combinations which are now possible between the three persons and the beautiful unity into which they can be built up by a pyramidal

composition. I leave it to the reader to work out for himself, with the help of the three first illustrations, how the divine master, after many attempts, at last finds a motive in the child-like struggle of the holy children for the possession of the Cross, which gives the whole composition a deeply significant meaning.

Many of Raphael's immortal frescoes in Rome were executed by the brush of his pupils, only the first design and the corrections on the cartoons being by the hand of the great overworked master; how very precious, therefore, are the leaflets with his spirited, fine pen-sketches, which we fortunately still find in many collections!

Great interest attaches to the many drawings still preserved to us, which are copies by the hands of pupils or students after invaluable works of Art, unfortunately now lost in the sad *peripetias* of time, only to mention the many beautiful studies in the Albertina, after the famous cartoon by Michael Angelo, depicting the battle of Anghiari, which was destroyed by his jealous rivals. I had also the pleasure of identifying a large drawing, by a pupil of Andrea del Sarto, as a copy of a fresco of the Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard, which this great master executed in chiaroscuro in the garden of the Servites in Florence, now entirely destroyed, but a full description of which is still preserved in Vasari's "Vite."

We all can sometimes recognise our friends by little tricks of coughing they have, from a distance before we see them; just so can we recognise painters by the little tricks they have in delineating hands, ears and fingers, folding draperies, and their use of accessories. It is the great merit of Giovanni Morelli (Ivan Lermolieff) to have pointed out these things, methodically and with great clearness, and thus to have given to art criti-



Studies by Francesco Ubertini (Bacchiacca) for his Joseph Pictures in the National Gallery.



Original Drawing by Bonsignori for his portrait of the Venetian Senator in the National Gallery.

cism and connoisseurship a certainty hitherto unknown. He particularly insists on the great importance of studying the original drawings, the study of paintings alone being misleading on account of the *ristauros*. In the drawings we see the painter, so to say, *en négligé*, and he shows all these little tricks most undisguised — he really, as the saying is, shows you his hand.

In looking over the Italian drawings of the Albertina of late, some struck me as remarkable in having an intimate relation to particularly interesting pictures in our National Gallery in Trafalgar Square; and as these relations have hitherto escaped the notice of Art historians, I think it worth while to submit these drawings

to the consideration of English Art lovers. Scattered amongst the many collections we find a good number of beautifully fine designs on parchment, generally attributed to Vittore Pisano, or Pisanello, the great Veronese médailleur, and his school. The circumstance that so many designs of such a remote period still exist is no doubt due to the wonderful durability of the materials used by him. His easel pictures, on the contrary, are exceedingly scarce. The National Gallery can boast of the possession of two of them: one, the famous 'St. Hubert's Vision,' formerly in the Earl of Ashburnham's collection, where he displays his great love for animal painting — on a medal for a Byzantine Emperor he calls himself a "zoographos," although meaning it in the widest sense; the other picture is the little gem, 'St. George and St. Anthony.'

For this interesting work of early Art I discovered two designs in the Albertina. On an otherwise beautifully designed sheet of parchment, illustrated on the preceding page, we see near the border a spirited sketch of St. George, slightly different from the finished picture, the plume on the hat

being much larger. On another sheet which is in a splendid state of preservation, we see two sketches for St. Anthony (also illustrated, p. 360), the one to the left almost identical with the finished picture. On this design, which is executed in silver-point, we see that the shadows were thinly washed over with the brush and a light brownish water-colour, one can still discern the strokes of the brush, whilst on other similar sheets one can discern only traces of this colour, which of course would have easily come off. Through a very unfortunate circumstance, at a very much later period, a clumsy so-called restorer has touched up the whole drawing with a pen, and has much damaged its delicate outline—a vandalism to which, alas! so many other valuable drawings have also been subject.

It is recorded that Michael Angelo being already of advanced age, was deeply affected by the death of his passionately loved friend, the great poetess, Vittoria Colonna, and that then in this sorrow his mind turned towards religious subjects. He particularly meditated on the passion of Christ. The incomplete marble group of an entombment, which he intended for his own tomb, and a beautiful design of the Crucifixion, are considered an artistic outcome of this period. A copy of the latter and a drawing for the Resurrection of Christ are at Oxford. The much-debated unfinished easel-picture of an entombment in the National Gallery is also considered by some an outcome of this period of religious meditation. Most writers on Michael Angelo doubt the genuineness of this picture, which certainly has no pedigree at all, whilst all other works seem so well historically authenticated. The greatest writer on Michael Angelo, the late John Addington Symonds, whose too early loss three years ago was deeply lamented by all friends of culture and literature, said:—"It bears undubitable traces of his influence which is apparent in the figure of the dead Christ. But this colossal nude with the massive chest and attenuated legs reminds us of his manner in old age, whereas the rest of the picture shows no trace of that manner. I am inclined to think that the entombment was the production of a second-rate craftsman working upon some design made by Michael Angelo at the advanced period when the Passion of our Lord occupied his thoughts in Rome. Even so the spirit of the drawing must have been imperfectly assimilated, and, what is more puzzling, the composition does not recall the style of Michael Angelo of age." Where is now this design Symonds speaks of? I have no doubt it is the beautiful design in the Albertina of which we give the illustration on p. 360. It is executed with masterly firm-

ness in the contour, intense anatomical knowledge, and presents all the characteristic qualities of the other well-authenticated original designs in red chalk of this period. The position of the body corresponds to that in the National Gallery picture; the face in the design is immensely nobler, the other figures and accessories do not correspond.

Only most writers' extremely hostile criticisms of the National Gallery picture can explain the astonishing fact that this interesting design has been almost overlooked by Art historians, and has scarcely received the notice it deserves. The Michael Angelo portfolio at the Albertina contains another design of an entombment attributed to the great master, but it is decidedly not by the same hands.

The National Gallery contains two very interesting pictures by Francesco Ubertini, detto "il Bacchiacca," a pupil of Perugino and Franciabigio. Together with the 'Joseph picture' by Pontorno, now also in the National Gallery, some at the Earl of Cowper's at Pan-shanger, and some by Andrea del Sarto in the Pitti, it probably originally



Albrecht Dürer, aged Thirteen, from a portrait by himself at the Albertina Gallery.

formed the panels of the furniture in the nuptial chamber of Margherita, daughter of the great Florentine patrician Acciajuoli. Vasari, in his "Vite," with much circumstance describes the delightful scene, how this valiant Margherita turned Giovanni della Palla out of the palace when that greedy man wanted to lay his hands on these very pictures in the interest of King Francis the First of France.

Among the designs attributed to Andrea del Sarto in the Albertina, I was able to recognise as Bacchiacca's two beautifully executed red-chalk drawings as studies for our pictures here illustrated. The first, a youth covering his face, occurs in the middle of No. 1218; the other, a youth leaning on a staff, stands near the portico on No. 1219. The drawings have exactly the size of the originals, and show little V-shaped folds of the sleeves, a characteristic sign of genuineness which was first pointed out in other drawings and paintings by Morelli. In the Borghese Gallery at Rome there is also a suite of 'Joseph pictures,' by Bacchiacca, and Morelli himself possessed two fine studies for Benjamin, which have now passed into the hands of his heir and friend, Dr. Gustavo Frizzoni, who deserves so much credit for having assigned many pictures in the National Gallery to their proper authors. England is particularly rich in pictures by Bacchiacca, but here, as well as elsewhere, they mostly pass under the grandest names. This eclectic pleasing painter sometimes really shows Raphaelic grace, and chiefly Morelli has the merit of having made for the first time a list of his many works, and of having done justice to his achievements. I cannot refrain

from mentioning the wonderfully fine realistic portrait by Bonsignori; the resemblance of the drawing in the Albertina (illustrated p. 362) to the finished picture at the National Gallery is so striking that many English visitors recognise at once the old acquaintance from the National Gallery. The signed picture in the Gallery helped to identify ten more marvellous portraits in the Albertina from the hand of Bonsignori.

I should not have been able to make the English Art-loving public acquainted with these interesting drawings so conveniently, if it had not been for the fortunate circumstance that the present managers of the Albertina had become imbued with the idea that a complete and thorough publication of the treasures in their keeping had become a necessity. So they have started the publication, and have been very fortunate in securing in Messrs. Gerlach & Schenk, a well-known firm of Art publishers, men of exquisite taste, who are now issuing the treasures of the Albertina in monthly parts, consisting of ten to twelve plates in coloured phototype, at the moderate price of 3s. each part. But nothing succeeds like success. As soon as this undertaking was started, Prince Lichtenstein, the famous Art Mæcenas, opened his wonderful collection of drawings, which had hitherto been almost inaccessible to the general public, for this publication. The late Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy's collection, now at Budapest, will also be completely given; but the grandest news of all is that the Uffizi collection and also the Bale and Frankfort collections have joined the undertaking, the completion of which will place a subscriber in the proud position of acquiring a "corpus" of all of the most glorious drawings of the

greatest masters of all schools and ages. Let us hope that the Print Room of the British Museum will also open its invaluable portfolios, and join in this undertaking, particularly now that the Malcolm collection has become the property of the nation, or else be enabled to start a similar undertaking of its own.

The teachers of the academies of painting see with alarm that the young generation shows a tendency to neglect the noble art of drawing, and looks upon photography as a guiding star. If the noble examples of the Old Masters given do something to stem the tide of crude naturalism, which is invading the serene sphere of the Arts, its merit will be great; but not only the academical student will derive benefit from it, the Art historian, the decorative painter, the connoisseur, and every man of general culture, will find most grateful suggestions; the plates being loose, he will be at perfect liberty to classify them according to object, taste, or interest.

In conclusion, I am glad to be able to introduce to the readers the illustration on the previous page. It is the portrait of Albrecht Dürer, drawn by himself from his image in a looking-glass when a child of thirteen. This modest and honest-looking boy was destined by a kindly fate to grow up to be one of the handsomest men of his age and an immortal artist. How interesting is the parallel to be drawn from the comparison of this drawing with the one of the youthful Raphael, 'The Dream of the Knight,' which he is reported to have finished at the age of fourteen, and which is now kept, together with the finished picture, as one of its greatest treasures, in our National Gallery. GUSTAV LUDWIG.

THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON'S BEDROOM, SHOWING THE BED ON WHICH HE DIED.

THE bedroom of the late Lord Leighton at his residence, 2, Holland Park Road, was remarkable for its extreme simplicity, bordering on the commonplace to a degree that was emphasised by the taste, finish, and fine effect which could be witnessed in almost every other part of the house in which he dwelt. The impression conveyed to the mind was indeed of so singular a character that the desirability was at once suggested of preserving a record of it. In the case of Turner the sketch that was made of the room in which that illustrious painter breathed his last, failed not to prove as years went by a record of considerable interest. In that humble apartment in Chelsea, with its slanting roof and its meagre furniture, one can scarcely realise that in such surroundings passed away the painter of 'Dido building Carthage.'

By no means, however, a parallel case to Turner's is the record here given of the late President's room, unless it be taken in contrast to the rest of the house—to the studiously-designed hall below or the loveliness of the blue-tiled wall of the staircase by which the room is approached. The adoption of the simplest and most ordinary of surroundings is noticeable in this small apartment that witnessed his last moments, but the heart of the man may be detected on the walls of the room more perhaps than in any other apartment of the house. Here, on the dark blue paper, were chiefly photographs of the works of great men, mainly of the past, of the early Italian schools, which in one way or another had attracted his eye as being of peculiar beauty

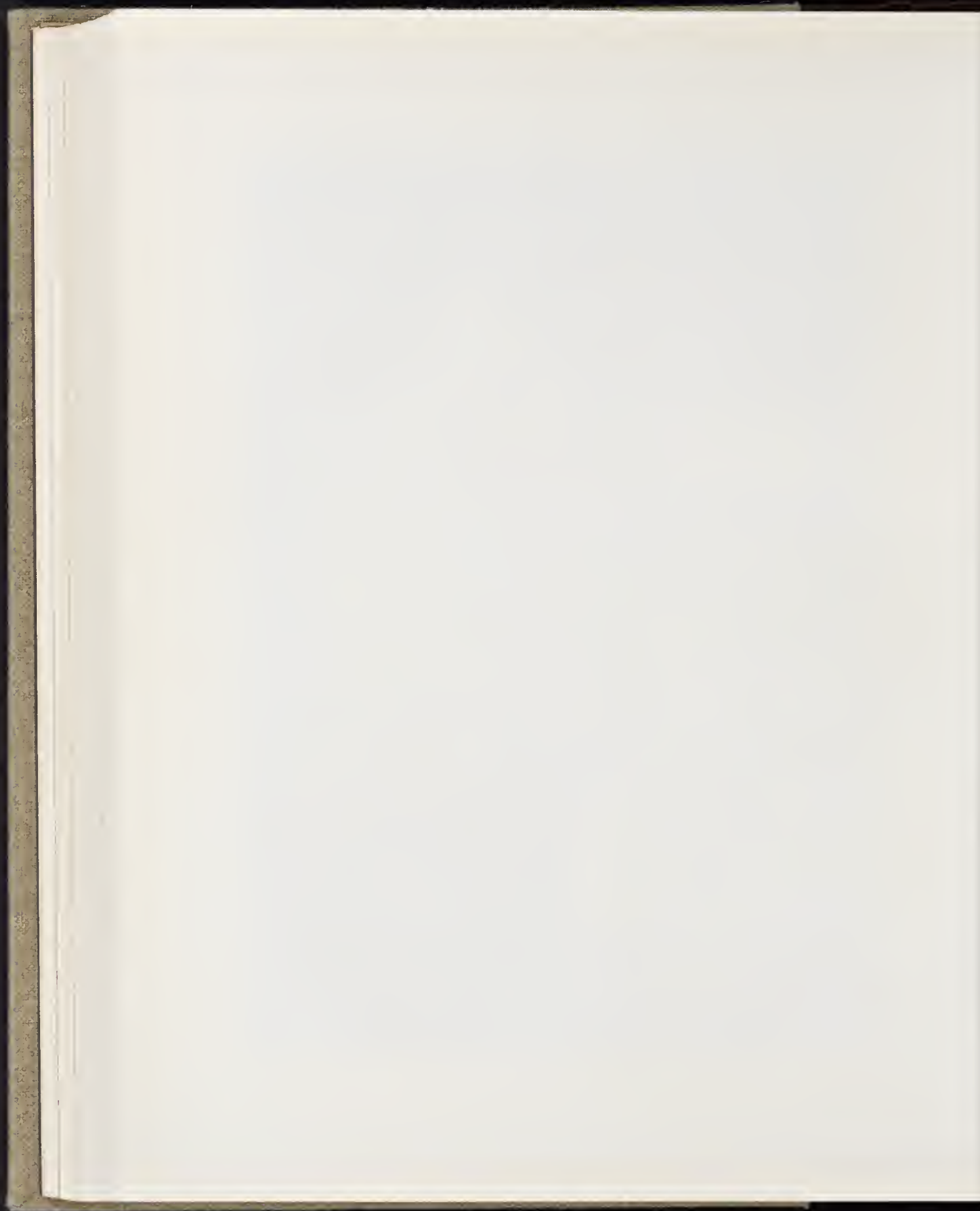
and interest, and to the contemplation of which one could scarcely turn without profit. One was a vigorous delineation of the features of Savonarola, another a reproduction of one of the marbles of Michael Angelo, above which was a representation of the famous Botticelli in the Academy of Florence, the allegory of 'Spring,' the 'Primavera,' while equally familiar works of the Tuscan, Paduan, and Venetian schools were placed about, apparently without much care as to their order. Each evidently had some peculiar interest, to him possibly an association, and doubtless his eye had oftentimes rested on the originals wherever they might be, most of them presumably abroad. The narrow frames of dark green stained wood, appropriate and simple, would appear to be his own idea. In the picture as many as fifteen are seen arranged on the wall. Quite twenty were on the wall to the spectator's right where the fireplace was situated, while on the wall to the left, above a Dutch marqueterie chest of drawers, were ranged several others; in the centre, however, of these being the water-colour drawing (about 12 by 16), by Sir E. Burne-Jones, painted in 1865, entitled 'Chaucer's Dream of Good Women,' which was recently sold at Christie's.

Sitting alone in the now quiet house, the hot sunshine of the June morning pouring in, where the sound of the voice or footstep of the late distinguished occupant would be known no more, the record of the room here given was taken, with the kind concurrence of the sisters of the late President. A. G. T.



Lord Leighton's Bedroom, as shown in the A.G.T. June 96.

THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON'S BEDROOM
SHOWING THE BED ON WHICH HE DIED.





Miss Prettyman.
By Richard Cosway, R.A. (No. 42.)



Countess of Carlisle and Countess Granville.
By Richard Cosway, R.A. (No. 43.)



Lady Caroline Howard.
By Richard Cosway, R.A. (No. 44.)

MINIATURE PAINTING IN ENGLAND.—VI.*



Portrait of a Lady.
By Richard Cosway, R.A. (No. 45.)

IN Zoffany's well-known picture of the 'Life School at Somerset House,' there are two persons represented as wearing a sword; one is Sir Joshua Reynolds, the other is Richard Cosway. One was president of the Royal Academy, the other had been, according to J. T. Smith, a waiter on the students at Shepley's Drawing School

prosperity came to him early, for he was elected A.R.A. when he was twenty-nine, and full Academician two years later; he blossomed out gorgeously in personal attire. Thus we read of his appearing in sale rooms in a mulberry silk coat, profusely embroidered with gold lace and scarlet strawberries! No wonder, then, he became a target for ridicule, and that this diminutive resplendent person was dubbed "Macaroni Cosway"; indeed, his ostentation and extravagance were notorious. His studio and house

in the Strand, where he was employed to take in the tea and coffee. In character no two men, probably, could be more unlike; but as regards reputation for portrait painting, each stood *facile princeps* in his own line and in his day. Cosway has been called the most ladylike of painters, but he had carefully studied the antique and was a fine draughtsman with a good knowledge of the figure; and his small full-lengths, drawn in pencil with the faces highly finished, are amongst his most charming works. He was born at Tiverton in 1741, where his father was a schoolmaster, who found it necessary to correct his son for neglecting his lessons for the idle pursuit of drawing when he was but seven years old.

The authority referred to above, in that highly entertaining book, "The Life and Times of Nollekens," has declared that Cosway, from being "one of the dirtiest of boys," rose to be "one of the smartest of men."

Certain it is that when fortune smiled upon him (and



Richard Cosway, R.A. (No. 46.)

were full of costly works of art, of silks, china, and gems. He boasted of his friendship with the Prince of Wales; he entertained lavishly the rank and fashion of the day. Peter Pindar did not spare him, for when the painter moved from Pall Mall to Stratford Place, to a house with a lion upon it at the south-west corner, Dr. Wolcot is said to have affixed these lines upon the door:—

"When a man to a fair for a show
brings a lion,
'Tis usual a monkey the sign-post
to tie on;
But here the old custom reversed
may be seen,
For the lion's without and the
monkey's within."

This lampoon led Cosway to move to No. 20, where he resided until his death. He married the daughter of an Irishman named Hadfield — an innkeeper at Leghorn. She studied Art in Rome, and when she came to England painted miniatures professionally. She first exhibited at the R.A. in 1781, when Cosway married her. She continued to contribute for twenty years, practising Art in various forms, and is said to have maintained her family by her exertions. Moreover, she was an excellent musician, and she fully shared Cosway's taste for profusion and display.

At the beginning of the century Maria Cosway was separated from her husband, and in 1804 retired to a religious house at Lyons: Walpole says, "owing to the death of her daughter." She was living in 1821, and was in London during that year, but is believed to have died at Lyons.

Richard Cosway died whilst taking the air in his carriage, July 4th, 1821. Paralysis of the right hand had led him to retire from his profession some time previously.

They must have been



William, Sixth Duke of Devonshire.
By Richard Cosway, R.A. (No. 47.)

a curious pair. Cosway himself professed belief in Swedenborgian doctrines and animal magnetism. He could talk with his wife at Mantua; he had conversed, says Hazlitt, with more than one Person of the Trinity.

But it is with his art rather than his foibles that we have to do. Allan Cunningham, in his "Lives of Eminent British Painters," thus concludes a long notice of Cosway: "His works are less widely known than they deserve, and his fame is fading." Abroad, his reputation may not be equal to that, say, of Cooper, and I could find but one example of his work in the Louvre (in the La Cazes collection), but judged by a pecuniary standard, his fame, far from diminishing, steadily increases, and this in spite of a certain effemina-

nacy of style, or, as some critic has termed it, hot-house lusciousness, in some instances.

He possessed extraordinary rapidity of execution. Cunningham says: "He often finished miniatures at three sittings of half an hour each; and when he sat down to dinner, would boast that he had despatched during the day twelve or fourteen sitters."

He first exhibited in the Academy in 1767, being then twenty-six years of age. He lived to be eighty. In this long life, with his rapid brush, he must have painted a great many miniatures; but if Cosway was a prolific artist, what shall we say of his imitators, and of their numberless and flagrant forgeries?

It is the fashion to talk of the decay of miniature painting, but there would seem to be a never-ending host of copyists still at work. Here I may quote some warning words on the subject, taken from Mr. Tuer's book on Bartolozzi.

"The almost priceless miniatures on ivory by Cosway and



Baroness Burdett Coutts.
By Sir William Ross, R.A. (No. 43.)



Lady Orde.
By Richard Cosway, R.A. (No. 49.)

other painters of his school of bygone celebrities and Leanties are being skilfully, though somewhat sketchily, copied and vended as originals; and, judging from the number about, there must be a manufactory somewhere for their production. The spurious miniatures are usually in old *papier-mâché* frames, from which the once so common silhouette or other valueless portraits have been removed; but notwithstanding careful repairs with black paper, the indications of change of tenancy are traceable; the settings of old-fashioned lockets are turned to similar account. While, if genuine, one hundred guineas apiece would be cheap enough for some of them, five and ten guineas are unblushingly asked for examples worth—if they have any value at all—as many shillings. Amongst others the writer has seen thus treated, portraits of Mrs. Cosway, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Robinson, Lady Waldegrave, Lady Northwick (mother of the celebrated trio of beauties known as 'The Three Graces'), Miss Faren (Countess of Derby), H. R. H. Caroline, Princess of Wales, and Mrs. Dawson Damer."

There was a contemporary artist, born, like

Cosway and so many other artists, in the West of England, who came from Bridgwater. He exhibited in the Academy from 1786 to within about a year of Cosway's death. His name was Andrew Plimer. A similarity of style and subject, aided by contemporaneous identity of costume, has led to the frequent ascription to Cosway of works by Plimer. There is a well-known group of three young girls, the ladies Rushout, by this artist, upon which his fame may be said largely to rest. No doubt there is an ingenuous charm, a simplicity and even refinement about these fair young daughters of Lord Northwick, and many of his portraits of ladies bear, at first sight, some resemblance to the work of Cosway. But put a genuine fine example of the latter by the side of anything Andrew Plimer ever painted, and you will see how wide is the interval between them. There was another Plimer, Nathaniel, younger than Andrew. His work is reckoned inferior to his brother's and he died in 1822.

We must now bring this hasty survey to a conclusion. Imperfect as it is, we trust we have at any rate been able to show that in any account of the development of British Art, a history of miniature painting must always be an important chapter; moreover, we have furnished evidence of the existence of so many fine portraits of distinguished personages, that they constitute of themselves a gallery not merely of absorbing personal interest, but of national historic value. The existence of these precious relics of the past should not be without its



Georgiana, Fifth Duchess of Devonshire.
By Richard Cosway, R.A. (No. 50.)

influence in the future, and should stimulate those who have the means and the leisure to perpetuate these delightful memorials to see that they themselves or those near and dear to them are painted in turn. We British folk have been making a great deal of history during the past half-century, and it is possible, nay, it is probable, that the men and women who have crossed the

in little cannot be inferior to those who have gone before; and though we may not see a Cooper or a Petiot arise every day, yet once a demand for genuine high-class miniature painting made itself felt, competent artists would surely be forthcoming. If this be so, it rests with the public to say whether the long and priceless series of English miniature portraits of which we may be justly proud, shall be continued or shall be closed. I repeat the public must do its share, and by liberal and discriminating patronage, foster and ripen to its old perfection this beautiful, valuable, and deeply interesting branch of Art.

J. J. FOSTER.



Louisa, Seventh Duchess of Manchester (now Duchess of Devonshire).
By R. Thorburn, A.R.A. (No. 51.)

stage of our national life during the sixty years of Victoria's reign, will, in days to come and in the eyes of generations yet unborn, be regarded with at least as much interest as those who lived in the "spacious times of Queen Elizabeth."

And let it not be said that miniatures cannot be painted nowadays. When one thinks of the ever-increasing number of students who leave our schools of Art every year, one cannot but feel that amongst them there must be some whose delicacy of touch and power of painting

No. 50.—GEORGIANA SPENCER, FIFTH DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments and the interest she took in politics. By Richard Cosway, R.A. In Her Majesty's collection.

No. 51.—LOUISA FREDERICA AUGUSTA, EIGHTH DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, daughter of the late Count von Alten, of Hanover, and widow of the seventh Duke of Manchester. By R. Thorburn, A.R.A. In the Devonshire House collection. Probably Thorburn's *chef d'œuvre*.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 42.—MISS PRETTYMAN. By Richard Cosway, R.A. From the collection of J. Davison, Esq.

No. 43.—LADY GEORGINA CAVENDISH (afterwards Countess of Carlisle) and LADY HARRIET ELIZABETH CAVENDISH (afterwards Countess Granville). By Richard Cosway, R.A. Formerly in the possession of Lady Taunton.

No. 44.—LADY CAROLINE HOWARD (afterwards Lady Cawdor). By Richard Cosway, R.A. In the collection of the Earl of Carlisle, Castle Howard.

No. 45.—PORTRAIT OF A LADY. By Richard Cosway, R.A.

No. 46.—RICHARD COSWAY, R.A. From a miniature by himself. In the National Portrait Gallery.

No. 47.—WILLIAM, SIXTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. By Richard Cosway, R.A.

No. 48.—BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS. By Sir William Ross, R.A. In her own collection.

No. 49.—LADY ORDE. By Richard Cosway, R.A. In the collection of Sir John Campbell Orde, Bart.



A Sketch.
By John Fullwood, R.B.A.

JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

THE artist whose name appears at the head of this article is one of the number hailing from the "Queen of the Midlands," by which it was the fashion a few years back to designate the Birmingham School. There was so much individuality, however, in the style and methods of these young men—as they then were—that it was soon discovered to be a mistake to call them a "school," or, indeed, to regard them as having any link in common, save that of the place of their birth. A few of them settled in Cornwall early in the last decade, and showed their individuality so strikingly, that it was at one time thought by many that Newlyn was going to mark a new departure in English Art. But the method was so easily copied, and so readily exaggerated too, that it very soon became the distinction not to be a Newlynite.

John Fullwood was one of the first group that settled at the little Cornish fishing village, and he did such good work there, that there are those who think it would have been best for him to have continued in that locality, and saturated himself and his canvases with the life and sentiment of that coast and country. Those who are of that opinion may be right, or they may be wrong; but there is no question as to the fact that some of his most characteristic work bears the stamp of Cornwall. It will suffice for the moment to refer to 'What the Morning Revealed,' and 'To Meet the Fleet.' The subject of the former is from Mount's Bay; the study for the picture having been made after a terrible gale which swept the Cornish coast. There is no attempt at idealising at all, we are given the bare, grim reality. The artist, we feel, has painted for us exactly what he

saw, neither adding to nor taking away; and that gaunt, ghastly hull, with its few remaining spars, tells its own tale. It seems strangely out of keeping with the golden glow of morning; but it is there as a reminder that nature is not always peaceful, that sometimes, indeed, it can be very angry, and very destructive. Thus, though the wreck is a discord, it is a note of the larger and more perfect harmony that marks the music of the spheres.

We are conscious that many artists, in painting such a scene, would have shrunk from the bald, naked statement here depicted, as being wanting in picturesque-ness. Hence they would have introduced some by-feeling or sentiment not in the original, and so destroyed its veracity. But Mr. Fullwood had the courage of the man who sees a deeper truth, and painted what he saw. In this he links hands with the



Autumn Glow, By John Fullwood, R.B.A.
In the possession of William Bayliss, Esq., J.P.



The Rival Flock. By John Fullwood, R.B.A.
In the possession of John Scott, Esq., J.P.

pre-Raphaelites, more perhaps than in anything else he has done.

After a short stay in Cornwall, the artist felt that his abiding place was not there; that, in short, he had to see other methods, to measure himself with other men, and so he settled for a time in Paris. It forms no part of this article to go into biographical details. Suffice it to say, therefore, that Mr. Fullwood undoubtedly derived benefit from his sojourn in the French capital. Whether he gained as much as he thought he would is another question. That his French contemporaries recognised his talent and gave him good places in the Salon was gratifying to him, and an encouragement. Possibly, had he stayed in Paris, he might by this time have won wider acceptance than he has done at home, where a man has to be able to out-weather years of neglect before he achieves the goal of success.

But the Paris episode was only a passing experience, a part of his necessary *Wanderschaft*, after the *Lehrjahre*. At the least it broadened his views, as well as his style, and it taught him better how to put on the paint. Moreover, it served to introduce him to American patrons, who were the channels through which his etchings became greatly popular in America.

But he was soon back in England, working in the *milieu* he liked best—English landscape. It is in this that he is so powerful an exponent—one of the most powerful, I think, of the younger living artists. Not that Mr. Fullwood is particularly young either—some of the keenest critics gave him frank recognition twenty years ago; but he has not yet fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. Some may deem it a ven-

turesome thing to give him so high a place. But he can stand the avowal, and it only needs that the real knower of good Art should have the opportunity to examine such pictures as 'The Vale of Shere,' 'The Winding Lyre of the Vale,' 'The Breath of Autumn,' 'Repose of Slanting Rays,' 'Woodland Melody,' 'The Gladness of Spring,' 'Autumn Glow,' or any half-dozen that had a place in the various London exhibitions, from the Royal Academy to the "New," for him to acknowledge their all-pervading strength and charm.

Of course, one cannot find everything in the artist. He has his limitations; or one should say, perhaps, his predilections. He has a great love for Nature in certain moods, and he throws himself into the depicting of those moods with great thoroughness and zest. He enjoys what he sees and feels very deeply himself, and he likes to

make the person who looks at his picture see and enjoy with him. If he does not do this, he is apt to think that his picture has failed of its effect.

One of the keynotes by which to read his work—a note which he confesses influences him more than anything else—is peace. He finds Nature in her best moods eminently peaceful; and if he is able to convey the repose, the tranquillity, the solace he always finds in Nature into his pictures, then he is happy. Moreover, something of the solace which Nature has for him has its source in her music. "Nature is always singing a lullaby to me, and so I endeavour to make my compositions musical," he once said to the writer.

How this music is conveyed through the eye to the ear may be seen in such pictures as 'Woodland Melody,' which we illustrate, in its power and richness of tone



Over the Border. By John Fullwood, R.B.A.
In the possession of E. J. Shaw, Esq.



On the Banks of the Tame.
By John Falthood, R.B.A.

almost equal in force to oil-colour work. Here the rippling of the little ford is suggested, and the sound of the horse's hoofs echoing in the wood, while the sense of stillness is conveyed by the distant hamlet, the smoke from whose chimneys is mounting slowly and directly upwards in the golden light of evening, indicative of the peace of sleep that will soon fall upon the little homesteads. In 'Over the Coombe,' a Surrey scene, a still deeper and more sonorous note is struck by the pines on the chalk cliff over the hollow, and the roll of the hills, covered with sounding trees. But even though this deep harp-music is resounding, repose is suggested by the sheep on the far hillside, and the church in the farther distance. This may be the same church as is painted so pathetically in 'Over the Border,' also illustrated, a country church and graveyard in a soft evening light, giving the last note of peace.

This drawing is particularly characteristic of Mr. Fullwood's genius, which, while it is lyrical, is also pensive, and even elegiac. It loves to dwell upon the frail mementoes of humanity, as in 'When the Weary are at Rest,' and 'Harvest,' in both of which the same chord is struck. In the former the mellow twilight sky, the rich green and luxuriant vegetation of the churchyard, the deep shadows and the soft grey and green mosses of the tombs and walls, make up a sober, grateful harmony in perfect keeping with the

the reapers are the angels? Gray might have written his Elegy among those moss-grown tombstones, mellowed by age from their original crude whiteness to a tender, greeny grey. The glint of light upon the old stained-glass window is strangely suggestive of the interior of the church, with its subdued music, and lends a solemnity to the whole which is almost weird.

In 'Refuge' we have another note. This picture reminds one somewhat of 'What the Morning Revealed,' not from any similarity of sentiment, but because it is a return to the theme of the sea. Here we have an approaching storm, marked by dark, inrolling thunder-clouds, from which the gulls in shoals are taking refuge in the inland marshes. Again we have music, but it is the wild refrain of the tumbling waves as an accompaniment to the crying of the birds.

The artist has a fondness for these marsh-lands, and for softly-flowing inland waters; the first with their rank sedgy growths and waving plumes of rushes, the other with their rich herbage and plenteousness of flowers. In

'The Swallows' Haunt' we have a fine feeling for the solitude of the marshes, which is heightened by the suggested twitter of the birds. 'The Rival Flock' (illustrated on p. 370) and 'The Winding Lyre of the Vale' revel in the fragrance of the meadows when the little stream is full and the meadow-sweet is in bloom; and as in



John Fullwood, R.B.A.



The Breath of Autumn. By John Fullwood, R.B.A.
In the possession of H. Holden, Esq., J.P.

scene. In 'Harvest' a twofold ingathering is suggested, for, besides the shocks of corn which in the near field are ready for the garner, are there not, lying in the churchyard, those who await that final harvest, whereof

'Over the Coombe,' there are flocks of sheep, the most peaceful and idyllic of domestic animals.

Most of these subjects are treated with great breadth, especially 'The Vale of Shere,' which attracted much



The Studio of John Fullwood, R.B.A.

attention when in the Dudley Gallery a few years ago. The same may be said of 'Autumn Glow,' of which we have an illustration on an earlier page, a singularly complete and well-harmonized drawing, lovely in colour and ample in detail, the whole fused into one rich, glowing harmony. Most of the critics united in a chorus of praise when this picture was exhibited at the New Gallery. The trees on which autumn has laid her fiery finger, contrasting with the far-away blue sea and white cliff with its short, smooth turf; the chalk-pit with its tender grey shadows, whose milky whiteness the straying sheep carry into the picture right and left; the weedy foreground, the broad mysterious purple shadows, all interdependent, borrowing and bestowing charms, combine to build up a

spect as examples of painter-etcher work, are the plates entitled 'The Gipsy Camp,' 'The Swallows' Haunt' (already referred to), and 'The Song of Autumn.' The latter was very favourably noticed in these columns when first issued, and it called forth high praise from Mr. Ruskin.

Versatile as are the artist's powers as displayed in the reproductions from his drawings here given, they afford very little intimation of his capability of putting in figures with such vigour and action as are seen in 'When the Reapers' Work is done,' 'The Gipsy Camp,' and some of his etchings of the Thames; although the effective tones of the powerful and sombre 'Song of Autumn,' or the small, rich 'Edge of the Moor,' might



Woodland Melody. By John Fullwood, R.B.A.
In the possession of Robert H. Holden, Esq., J.P.

fascinating whole in which one of Nature's benigntest and most gracious moods is rendered with deep tenderness and loving fidelity. The *Saturday Review* spoke of this picture as "solid and unfamiliarly pre-Raphaelite," while another leading review stamped it with the word

1896.

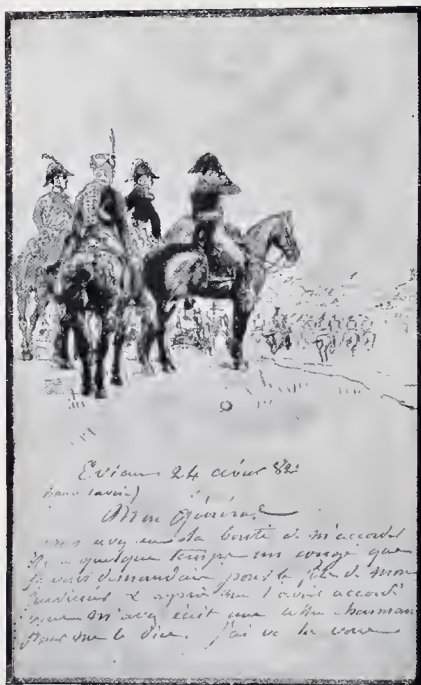
have been anticipated. If Mr. Fullwood had done no more than these—to say nothing of his Old Wolverhampton and Walsall series—they would place him in the front rank of living exponents of the art of the aquafortist.

ALFRED T. STORY.

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NEW ILLUSTRATED ART BOOKS.

DURING the autumn there are more illustrated books published than at other times, and the present season is as prolific as its predecessors.



Letter to General Davoust.
By Meissonier.

The chief Fine-Art book of the season is "THE LIFE AND ART OF MEISSONIER," by M. Vallery Gréard, of the Académie Française, of which the English edition is brought out by Mr. Heinemann. With over two hundred illustrations, embracing the greater number of the masterpieces of the painter and several plates printed in tints, a complete idea can be obtained of Meissonier's works. The memoir by M. Gréard gives as lively an account as is possible of the life of an artist who had few adventures; but the most attention will be given to what is called "The Wisdom of Meissonier," being a series of extracts from the artist's daily journal, or records by Madame Meissonier the second, of the observations on men and things made by her husband at various times. Many interesting anecdotes are given, and altogether these *pensées* give a new light to Meissonier.

The new edition of "THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN

CONSTABLE, R.A.," by C. R. Leslie, R.A. (Chapman), is so much a new book that it deserves more than ordinary notice. The place filled by the landscape art of Constable is second to none in European Art-history, not even to our own Turner. In 1824, when the French Salon gave its chief honour—the médaille d'honneur—to the almost unknown English painter, it was only setting the seal to the change brought about by the exhibition of 'The Haywain' and other works. All the landscape art since that time has felt the influence of Constable, and this new edition of his life, with forty illustrations, and additions to a book long out of print, will be warmly welcomed.

One of the most popular books for Christmas is "THE WORKS OF CHARLES BURTON BARBER" (Cassell & Co.), for the series of forty-one well-produced and well-printed illustrations, each on its own large quarto page, reproduce some of the most successful publications of recent years. Several of the Queen's family pictures are given first place, but these are necessarily—from the circumstances under which they were done—the least satisfactory. Such pictures as 'The Order of the Bath,' 'Trust,' of which we give an illustration, and 'Charity begins at Home' will always be welcome to lovers of animals. The merit of these works needs very little insistence, and the unhappy note of introduction by Mr. Harry Furniss entirely misses the point. Instead of blaming



Young Man writing.
By Meissonier.

the dealers, by whose goodwill after all this republication is possible, who are very unwisely said to have had enough power to make Burton Barber paint pictures he hated—which is nonsense—a judicious interpreter could

have found the artist's justification in pointing out the influence he attained. All his subjects were healthy in idea, well conceived within their limits, and carried out with delicacy and taste. Mr. Furniss says Burton Barber's unpublished studies alone do him justice, and it is to be hoped he will make a book of these studies some other day. In any case such a collection would sell.

The new edition of "ALBERT MOORE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS," by A. L. Baldry (Bell), smaller in size, but equally complete as the first issue, brings within reach of moderate purses the beautiful decorative work of this very charming artist.

"JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS," by Julia Cartwright—Mrs. Ady—(Sonnenstein) reviews the discussion as to the value of the letters in Millet's biography by Alfred Sensier, published in French in 1881. Sensier acted as a kind of agent for the artist, and their correspondence was mostly composed of considerations of money matters. To read the letters of Millet to Sensier produces the impression that the painter was always pressed for money and ever thinking about it, and even begging for it. But a broad view of the situation makes it extremely doubtful if this view can be correct, any more than if one's tailor were to publish the letters he receives, and the reader came to the conclusion that the writer thought only of apparel. Besides, Sensier did not live to complete his biography of Millet—it was finished by Paul Mantz—and it may be that, while on the one hand he wished to show his subject's ill-fortune, he was artist enough to be ready to show the other side, had he lived to describe it. The truth is that Millet's

financial troubles were never very great—he was only a peasant living amongst peasants, and his wants were few—and for the last twenty years of his life he had all a villager in Barbizon could wish, while at his death, in 1875, his drawings and artistic property realised £13,284 8s. Mrs. Ady's book is extremely well done from her point of view, and the sympathy displayed in the criticisms of the pictures give the volume a special value.



Trust. By C. Burton Barber.
By permission of Mr. Thomas McLean.
From "The Works of Charles Burton Barber." (Cassell)

"A HANDBOOK OF ANATOMY" (Clarendon Press), which occupies itself mainly with the effect given to the outer surface of the human figure by bone and muscle concealed within, represents the common-sense view that is possible to be taken of such matters. Art students when set to study anatomy have too often felt disheartened by their examinations of what may be styled interior arrangements, having little relation to the outward aspect of the body. Prof. Arthur Thomson has carried out his theory artistically as well as scientifically. He never loses sight of the fact that he is writing for artists, and

with a knowledge and lucidity rarely equalled, he has produced a master-work on his subject. For figure-painters, sculptors and draughtsmen, this well-studied volume is a possession that will be found of the greatest utility.

A book on a similar subject but concerning animals alone and larger in size, is issued by Messrs. Macmillan, entitled, "STUDIES IN THE ART ANATOMY OF ANIMALS," by Ernest E. Thompson, and with a hundred illustrations and diagrams. This is the first time artistic anatomy of animals has been seriously considered, and it forms a good companion to Prof. Arthur Thomson's "ANATOMY

OF THE HUMAN FIGURE," and supplements it in an appropriate way. It is remarkable and fortunate that these books should appear at the same time.

Another work of great learning and research is "ARCHITECTURE IN ITALY," by Raffaele Cattaneo (Fisher Unwin). This important volume describes and criticises the architecture of Italy from the sixth to the eleventh century, and is translated by the Countess Curtis-Cholmeley. Hitherto, the writers on this subject have avoided the centuries named because of their obscurity, but the Cav. Cattaneo has found his task extremely agreeable and with a healthy desire to see the best in everything, he has compiled a book which ably fills the gap. The illustrations and translation, however, leave much to be desired.

Pressure on our space at this time alone prevents a lengthy review on another learned book from the Clarendon Press. "MAIOLICA," by Dr. C. Drury C. Fortnum, is an historical treatise on the glazed and enamelled earthenwares of Italy, with marks and monograms, and some notice of the Persian, Damascus, Rhodian, and Hispano-Moresque wares. Embracing as it does all the learning derived from publications on the subject in all



Ruth.

From a Drawing by W. B. MacDougall.

parts, this volume, with its many good illustrations, is especially suitable for public Libraries as well as private students.

Although not strictly an Art book, the two volumes on "THE CASTLES OF ENGLAND: THEIR STORY AND STRUCTURE," by Sir James D. Mackenzie, Bart. (Heinemann), are so copiously illustrated with good photographic illustrations that they deserve special remark. The object is to record all that can be seen and is known about the six hundred castles still standing in this country at the end of the nineteenth century. The work occupies itself greatly with the archaeology and architecture of these castles, and plans are often given to make their position and surroundings clear to the reader.

As book-lovers mostly know, the publications of Messrs. Dent & Co. are always worthy of consideration. The "BOOK OF JOB," with many original illustrations in outline, by H. Granville Fell, forms an artistic gift-book of the best kind. The "BOOK OF RUTH," with similar outlines, by W. B. MacDougall, is not quite so fine throughout, but it contains one illustration of the highest quality, which we here reproduce.



Raglan Castle. From "The Castles of England." (Heinemann)



The National Art Gallery, Sydney. Front Elevation. (p. 378.)

PASSING EVENTS.

WE shall not seek to say much about the election of Mr. Edward J. Poynter as President of the Royal Academy, for we have arranged to devote a special number of *THE ART JOURNAL* to his artistic career early next year. This monograph will embrace reproductions of most of the President's chief pictures, and as the material in hand is already very large and complete, there is no doubt the special number will be universally interesting. It will show the wide scope of the new President's powers, and in this it may be a surprise even to his best friends. Meanwhile we have to welcome heartily the new head of the Academy as an artist of great power and resource, eminently qualified to fill the chair occupied by Leighton and Millais. Mr. T. G. Jackson, architect, was elected an Academician; and Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., has entered the retired list.

The chief interest of the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours is to be found this year in the contributions of the landscape painters. Such a piece of work as Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'Afternoon on The Broads,' for instance, is altogether admirable in its large interpretation of nature, its excellent harmony of colour, and its dignity of design; and his smaller 'Axmouth' is even more remarkable on account of the skilful manner in which difficulties of drawing and composition have been overcome. Mr. Austen Brown in the picture which is catalogued, apparently in error, as 'Au October Evening,' shows a most distinguished sense of style, and proves himself by his treatment of a row of tall poplars quivering against a

low-toned grey sky to be not only a very capable draughtsman, but, as well, a manipulator of unusual deftness and certainty. Mr. J. L. Pickering, in his 'Blakeney Hill,' with its brilliant colour and ready technique, shows a robust appreciation of open-air effects; and Mr. R. W. Allan, in his 'Cromarty Firth,' uses an agreeable convention with considerable discretion. Sir James Linton's 'Meditation' has the quality of serious intention which is never wanting in his paintings; Mr. Arthur Buntington's 'Little Fortune-Tellers' is delicate in colour and pleasant in motive; and Mr. W. Llewellyn's 'Labour of Love,' which we illustrate, is noteworthy because it has both charm of manner and attractiveness of colour arrangement, and is painted with a breadth and freedom which, with a degree more sensitiveness, would have given it a claim to rank among the cleverest work of its class. The best portrait studies in the exhibition are Mr. Arthur Hacker's 'The Artist's Mother'; Mr. F. M.

Skipworth's very refined and elegant study, 'Delia'; and Mr. Alexander Mann's powerful and soundly drawn 'Portrait of Alfred Ward, Esq.'

The Royal Society of British Artists have limited their autumn exhibition to the works of members. The wisdom of this course is evidenced by the character of the collection that has been brought together. Not only is it less tediously large

than usual, but it is also more than ordinarily varied, and free from those rather childish commonplaces with which the Suffolk Street Galleries have too often seemed to be filled. Certainly the presence of such canvases as Mr. Rupert Bunny's 'Eos,' or 'The Foundling,' by Mr.



A Labour of Love.
By W. Llewellyn.

Cayley Robinson, adds distinction to the show; and the standard is not lowered by 'The Daughter of Herodias' of Mr. Leonard Watts. Mr. Adam E. Proctor's 'Little Gear, Little Care,' of which a reproduction is given opposite, is above the average as a study of fisher-life, well expressed, and not lacking in character, if perhaps a little over-weighty in its tones. It is interesting because it shows a comparatively unfamiliar side of the artist's capacity. The happiest landscapes are those of Mr. G. C. Haité and Mr. E. Borough Johnson, who both observe nature with respect and treat her with discretion; and there is emphatic cleverness in the landscape with figures, 'Henley,' by which Mr. O. Eckhardt is well represented. The best appreciation of decorative motives is that shown by Mr. Hamilton Jackson, Mr. Reginald Machell, and Mr. Graham Robertson; but work of this class is not plentiful in the exhibition.

A very good example of the exhaustive and detailed historical exhibitions, which the Fine Art Society from time to time organize, is provided under the title of "A Century and a half of English Humorous Art." The period selected is from the time of Hogarth to the present day, and the drawings gathered together are very well calculated to adequately express the development and progress of pictorial humour.

Mr. Herbert Schmalz's latest religious picture, 'Rabboni!' is on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery. It has in full measure the qualities which are characteristic of this artist's work, and is possibly a little too obviously designed for wide popularity; but it is, at all events, free from either morbid suggestion or exaggerated symbolism. It is to serve as a companion to Mr. Schmalz's two other paintings in the same manner, and like them is well calculated to attract.

The Autumn Exhibition at the Liverpool Walker Art Gallery has this year been more than usually attractive. The average excellence of works of Art is very high, and in this respect it is said to be the finest exhibition seen in England this year. The walls of the Galleries have been newly draped, and the attendance is considerably in excess of previous years. The sales are more numerous than last year, but the works sold are not so important as formerly. The Committee have purchased for the permanent collection the large 'Sponsa de

Libano,' by Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart., and a fine water-colour, entitled 'The Pursuit,' by R. Talbot Kelly, R.B.A.

The catalogue of an "Interchange" Loan Collection exhibited in the Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide Galleries (Potter, Sydney), is proof of the excellence of the scheme first advocated by the Melbourne National Art Gallery, and taken up vigorously by their Australian neighbours. The scheme is the sending of six pictures yearly to each of the other two galleries on loan for exhibition for a term of six months each. Twelve pictures, therefore, are absent for twelve months. Twice this interchange has been made and with results entirely satisfactory. The catalogue provides admirable blocks of the pictures at Sydney. For the gallery there

£12,000 is now being spent on extensions for the Art Gallery of a very important character. Our sketch on the previous page gives an idea of the front elevation of the building.

We print an illustration of a screen formed from three designs for stained glass, executed some time ago by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. This screen has been arranged by Mr. Edward W. Wimperis; the wood-carving at the top by Mr. Leon Lehlo, and the other woodwork by Mr. C. S. Bessant, one of the most skilful cabinet-makers in London. We



Screen. With Designs by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.

reproduce this screen, which is one of the most excellent of its kind, by permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas, Art Publisher, Bond Street.

Subscribers to THE ART JOURNAL for 1896 are reminded that the twelfth voucher for the large premium Etching, 'The Convalescent,' by C. O. Murray, after L. Alma Tadema, R.A., is published with the December number. It will facilitate the despatch of these Etchings if subscribers will send the twelve vouchers, together with the two shillings, *direct* to the Publishers, J. S. Virtue & Co., Ltd., 294, City Road, London, E.C. The delivery of the Etchings cannot be completed for some time, but they will be forwarded as soon as possible from the *ateliers* of THE ART JOURNAL, and cannot be supplied to messengers.

We have to acknowledge a further draft of 20s. for the Artists' Orphan Children Fund from 'A Friend' in Scotland.

WILLIAM MORRIS AND GEORGE DU MAURIER.

TO the already long list of deaths of men who bear in the world of Art quite commanding reputations two serious additions have to be made. By the loss of William Morris and George du Maurier we are deprived of a pair of artists who had in totally different ways an extremely active influence amongst us. Of William Morris it is hardly too much to say that he revolutionised the public taste in domestic art. Although by the nature of his work his immediate appeal was necessarily limited to a comparatively small circle of wealthy people, the effect which his efforts had throughout the whole range of the applied arts was in the highest degree important, and the example which he set has been followed in ways which seem to promise permanent results of a very valuable kind. He was by temperament and inclination an innovator, a reformer who, dissatisfied with things as he found them, had the courage to create and lead a new movement. By virtue of the possession of an especially keen sense of beauty, he was able to make this leadership felt as an æsthetic influence that extended in many directions, and covered comparatively divergent branches of Art. This sense of beauty was first made apparent in his literary work. In his poetry, which was of notable excellence, his love of proportion, his judgment of rhythm, and his craving for picturesque quality were so evident, that it was hardly surprising to find him able to give expression to the corresponding decorative attributes in the field of Art practice. As he designed the word-painting of his poems, so he planned out the more visible colour and form of his decorations, always with the intention to reach a certain artistic standard, and at this standard he rarely failed to arrive.

One source of his strength as an Art leader was his discretion in associating himself, in the commercial undertaking of which he was the head, with artists of the first rank, who were fit to give him just the kind of assistance that was most emphatically desirable. With Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Dante Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown and Mr. Walter Crane among his collaborators, he was able to make his productions very different in type to the inartistic and ungainly decorative works which were, in his younger days, all that came within the reach of the most cultured and well-disposed patrons

of the applied arts. Now, thanks to his example, people have come to appreciate the fact that merely commonplace surroundings are not by any means necessities, unavoidable by all but a privileged few. The principles which William Morris advocated, both by his theories and his practices, have become part of our Art creed; and his many imitators have learned that a share of his success can only be earned by working as far as possible in accordance with his methods. In this way his influence has been already productive of conspicuous results; and, although he is no longer among us to direct and encourage the movement, the endurance of what he has established is ensured. He has taught people that real and sincere æstheticism has its place in the scheme of modern existence, and the lesson has been so generally learned that there is little chance of its being ever forgotten again.

A very different type of artist was George du Maurier. Militant æstheticism, and the desire to reform the world, were by no means the essential articles of the creed which he professed. His concern was not at all with the future of Art, and he credited himself with no mission to lead into the right path the erring æsthetics of his times. The present was what interested him, and his place in the scheme was that of commentator upon the events of the moment. He was in fact an historian who put into picture form his observations upon the manners and customs of his contemporaries. His view was doubtless a satirical one, and there was never-failing

humour in the records that he made; but his satire was never bitter and his humour was too genial and wholesome to offend even the most thin-skinned of his subjects.

As an artist he was popular because he presented in a pleasant way attractive types and scenes that were prettily arranged. He was rarely commonplace and never in the smallest degree approached vulgarity; therefore he attracted the many people who ask for something pretty to look at, and who will not accept the accurate representation of what is unrefined, simply because the artist who has chosen it for his subject has the capacity to make it admirable as a work of Art. At the same time he drew well enough and with a sufficiently accurate sense of beautiful line to avoid offence to all but the most exacting critics.

A. L. B.



Little Gear, Little Cave.
By Adam E. Proctor. (p. 378)



A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. (Raphael Tuck.)

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

THE first houses for Christmas Cards are those of Messrs. R. Tuck & Sons, Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., and Messrs. C. W. Faulkner & Co. All are controlled by men of enterprise and taste, and while these have sometimes to tickle the public fancy with designs that are more original than attractive, so often do they produce cards of Christmas and New Year greeting, notable for elegance and grace.

The first to reach us were the examples published by Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., and it seemed as if ingenuity, skill, and beauty had been exhausted in the search for variety and charm. The subjects that appeal to us most are those by G. C. Gaskin, and of one we print a reproduction herewith. This design of 'The Angel Choir' has the quaintness and reverence of the pre-Raphaelite. Many subjects, also, are in colours, and of all sizes and values, with Calendars of every shape.

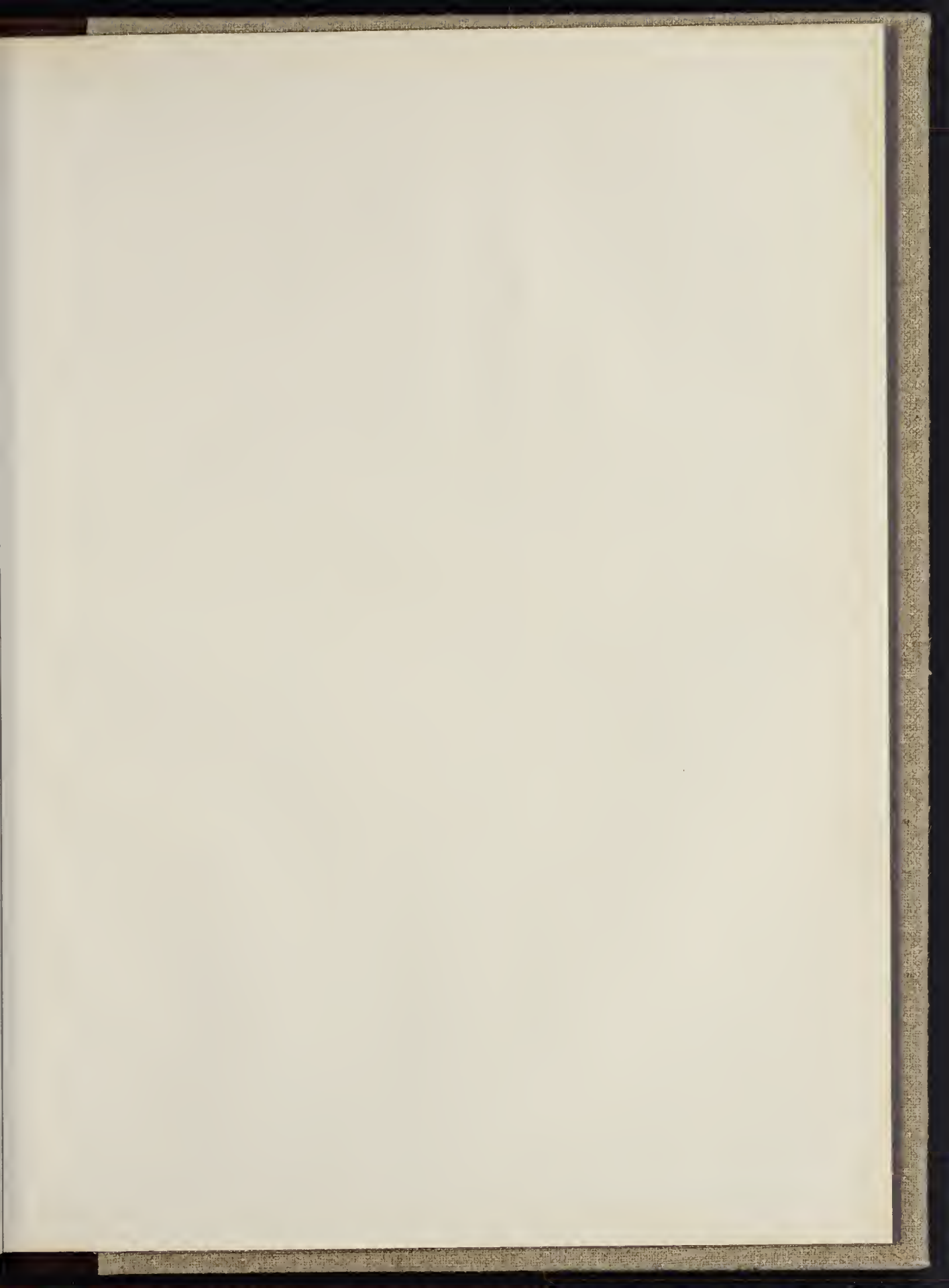
Then arrived the still larger parcel from Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, a little more seasonable perhaps, and probably, therefore, more popular, with pictures by Royal Academicians and other well-known artists of the front rank. The pretty series of heads, reproduced above, is a fair sample of the black-and-white cards, but, of course, the greater number are done in colours, while we are glad to note the progress in monochrome works.

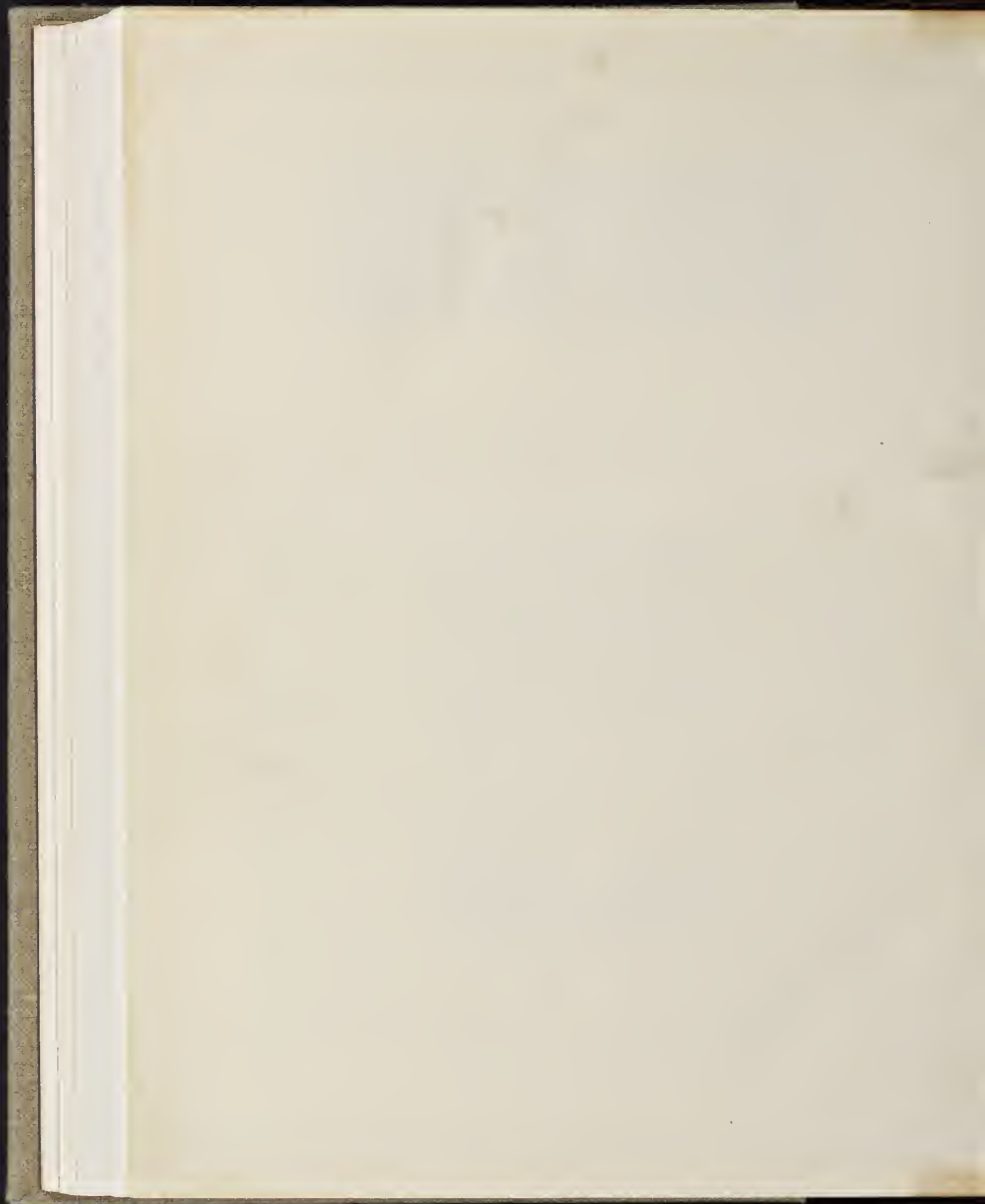
Messrs. C. W. Faulkner & Co.'s Christmas publications, cards, calendars, and games, differ from the others in being throughout lighter in fancy as well as lighter in tone of colour. Daintiness, in a word, is their characteristic. The Games are original and the larger prints are in most cases well done.

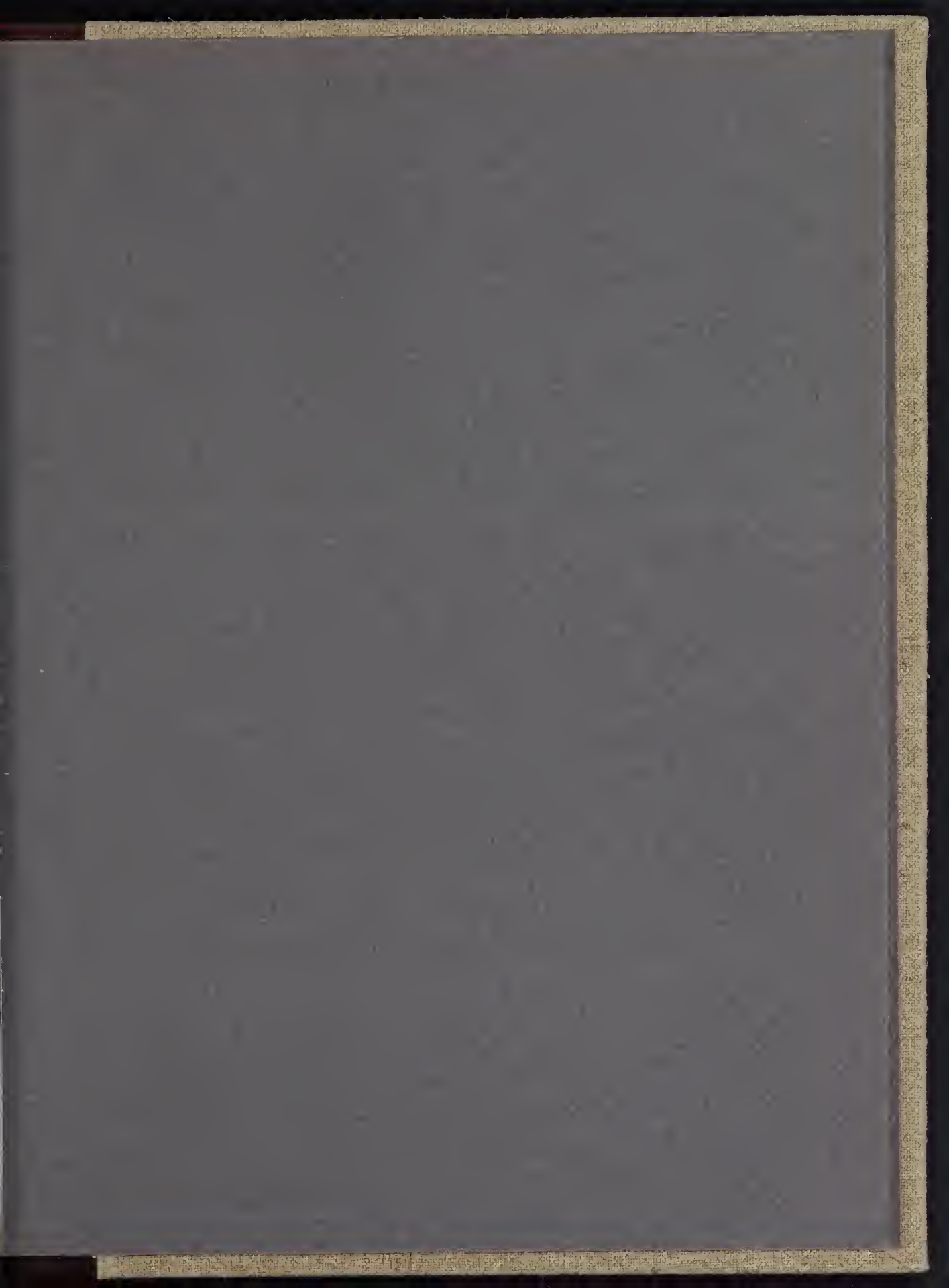


The Angel Choir. By G. C. Gaskin. (Marcus Ward.)

Messrs. Blackie's books for boys and girls are as inevitable at this time as Christmas cards, and to young people they are, at least, as welcome. With "COCHRANE THE DAUNTLESS," by A. G. Henty, the series properly begins, and the illustrations, by W. H. Margeson, to this and to "WULFRIC," by a new writer, C. M. Whistler, are well-drawn and appropriate. "THROUGH SWAMP AND GLADE," by Kirk Munroe, is illustrated with greater minuteness, but less artistic success, by V. Perard. "VIOLET VEREKER'S FAMILY," by A. Armstrong, for girls, has some well-executed blocks by G. D. Haumoud. But for illustrations of an original kind the best of Blackie's is the children's book, "TO TELL THE KING THE SKY IS FALLING," with artistic prints by Alice B. Woodward, whose art is specially adapted for this work. "SONGS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE," by Norman Gale (Constable), contains many dainty blocks by Helen Stratton, and "HORN BOOK JINGLES" (Leadenhall Press) is a child's interpretation of the recent "History of the Horn Book." The illustrations by Mrs. Gaskin are remarkable and good.









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