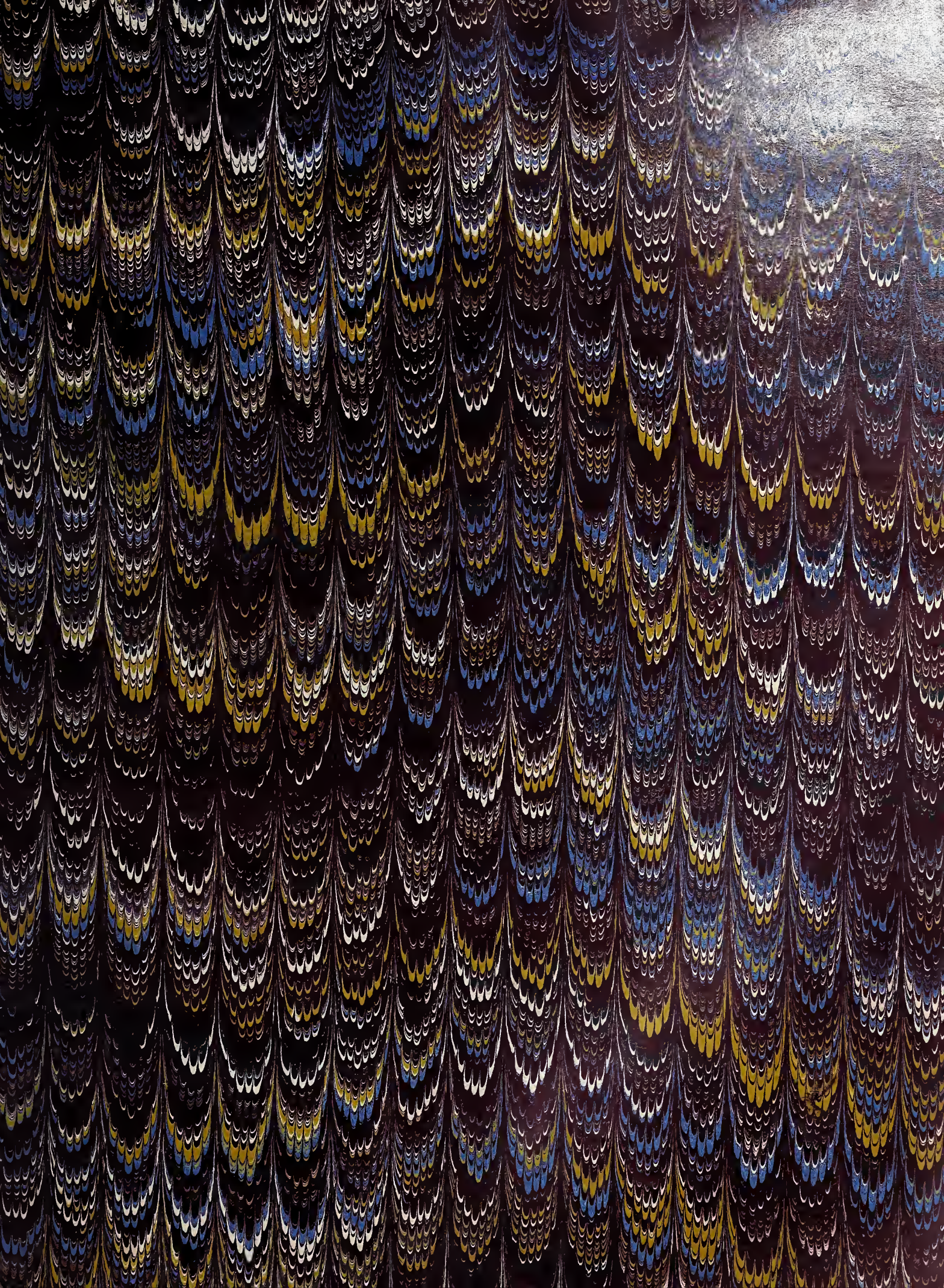


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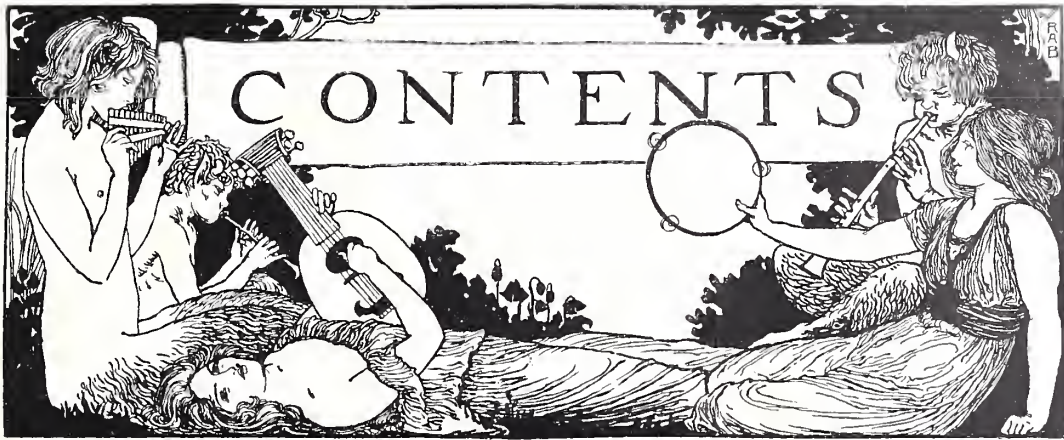
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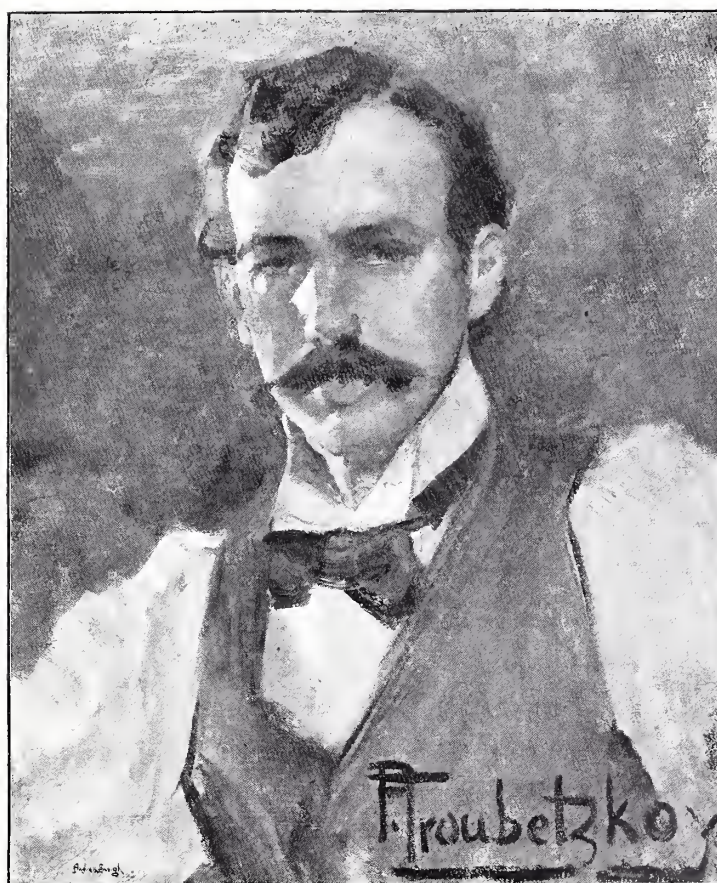
THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

J. J. SHANNON, PAINTER.

BY ALFRED LYS BALDRY

THE argument which at the present time we hear so frequently advanced, that a conspicuous degree of technical facility is not within the reach of any artist who has not undergone a course of training in a Continental studio, is curiously disproved

appreciation of the exact value of each one, and with an extremely intelligent judgment of the manner in which they aid him to realise his æsthetic intention. He is, in fact, a manipulator with exceptional sense of technical fitness, a worker whose



J. J. SHANNON.

(Drawn by Prince Troubetzkoy.)

by the history of Mr. J. J. Shannon's career. Among all our younger artists there is scarcely one whose mastery over materials and grasp of executive difficulties can be said to equal his. He paints with astonishing ease and certainty, with the most straightforward recognition of what is necessary in the way of brushwork to express the subject on which he may be engaged: and he uses the devices of the painter's practice with a distinctly rare

technical skill carries him very far indeed in the direction of success, and gives him pictorial results of a quite memorable kind.

Yet this skill is in no sense the product of foreign training. The only teaching that Mr. Shannon has had was obtained in this country, and even that was neither exhaustive nor prolonged. He came here, when he was sixteen years old, from America, of which country he is a native, for he was

born at Auburn, in the State of New York, in 1862. His original intention was to study in London for a couple of years only, and then to return: but circumstances led him to modify his plans: and the rapid growth of his reputation directly his school-days were over induced him to take up permanently his abode among us. What earlier artistic experience he had stored up during his boyhood was acquired by copying whatever pictures came within his reach. It chanced that there were in the town in which he lived copies of some of Landseer's works and a certain number of accessible originals by other artists of less note: and these canvases he was constantly studying and striving to reproduce. This was at best a desultory sort of education, and as there was no other member of his family to whom he could turn for assistance or guidance in his artistic endeavour, it is quite intelligible that he should have recognised very promptly that some more systematic and thorough foundation for future proficiency was necessary. To get the facilities that were not open to him at home he came across the Atlantic, but he knew before he started what were the opportunities that he was in search of, and how he intended to turn to account the material that he proposed to collect.

It was, perhaps, curious that he should have chosen the South Kensington School, with its uninspired system and incomplete methods of teaching, as the place in which to work out his idea of an art-education: but his decision is not so surprising if we remember that what he desired was not so much a school in which he would be subject to frequent supervision, as a practising place in which he could put to the test definite convictions already well formed in his mind without being unduly interfered with by professors with strong and firmly fixed opinions of their own. At South Kensington he was sure of a good selection of casts, of living

models, and of a valuable collection of art-examples from which he could derive much of the information in search of which he came. So for three years he worked there steadily and consistently. Not many months after his first appearance in the school he was admitted into the life-room to paint from the nude: and so excellent was the progress he made in this most important branch of study that he took during his second year a gold medal for a painting

of the figure, and a few months later was sufficiently well advanced to accept and successfully perform a commission to paint a portrait of the Hon. Horatia Stopford, one of the Maids of Honour. This picture was, by command of the Queen, exhibited at the Academy in 1881.

From this date onwards, Mr. Shannon has continued to show in all the chief galleries a quite remarkable array of canvases. He began independent work in a studio of his own directly his three years' study at South Kensington was over, and had to wait but a very short time before the unusual extent of his capacities began to be generally recognised. His first successes were made with portraits of ladies, but the picture which placed him at once in the front



SIR HENRY IRVING AS LOUIS XI.

(A Sketch by J. J. Shannon.)

rank of the younger painters was his admirable full-length of "Henry Vigne, Esq.," painted in 1887. This was a piece of work which would have done credit to an artist whose knowledge and executive capacity had been matured by a lifetime of strenuous effort: as the production of a youth who was barely twenty-five, it was quite extraordinary. There was no sign about it of juvenile inexperience, no suggestion that the artist responsible for it had left school little more than five years before. In sense of design, in appreciation of character, in its easy draughtsmanship and masterly execution, and above all in the exceptional judgment of pictorial essentials which it revealed, it was worthy to rank among the greater

portraits of this century. It secured to Mr. Shannon, as, indeed, is not at all surprising, an immediate access of commissions; and it also



SPOT RED.

(From the Painting by J. J. Shannon.)

gained for him many foreign distinctions, of which the chief were three First Class Medals at the Paris Exhibition, and at Berlin and Vienna. A later portrait, a full-length of "Mrs. Charlesworth," brought him a medal at the Chicago Exhibition; and he was awarded two years ago at Munich another medal for a group of contributions.

He has with these exceptions exhibited little abroad. Last year for the first time he sent to the Champ de Mars Salon some examples of his work, all portraits, "Josef Hoffman," "Mrs. J. J. Shannon," "Mrs. Magniac," and "G. Hitchcock, Esq.;" but these practically complete, up to the present, the list of his efforts to gain for his British reputation a foreign endorsement. On the other hand, he has kept well in touch with all the art-movements in

this country. He was one of the original members of the New English Art Club, and he was an active supporter of the Society of British Artists during its brief period of enlightenment under Mr. Whistler's presidency. To the New Gallery, the Grafton Gallery, and the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, of which society he is a member, he has been a constant contributor; and though he has generally been represented in the various exhibitions by portraits, he has on occasions not abstained from digressions into subject-painting.

In the recently shown selection from his pictures which occupied during part of June and July one of the rooms of the Fine Art Society, both sides of his capacity were sufficiently well illustrated. The opportunity of seeing once again his portraits of Mr. Vigne, Herr Pozuanski, and the Marchioness of Granby was very welcome; and his "Josef Hoffman," with its excellent deftness of handling and



THE SQUIRREL

(From the Painting by J. J. Shannon.)

effective breadth of light and shade, made an acceptable reappearance: but to most people there was more satisfaction in having presented to them such comparatively novel evidence of his versatility as

any sense a copyist of any other painter. He is clearly in sympathy with the men who, like Velasquez in the past and Mr. Whistler and Mr. Sargent in the present, have found the surest road to



THE DOLL

(From the Painting by J. J. Shannon.)

was afforded by the quaint treatment of his "Babes in the Wood," two little Dutch children set against a background of slender tree-trunks, or by the grace of pose and delicacy of colour which distinguished his "Spot Red." "The Squirrel," too, was a fascinating study of child-life, charming in its gesture, very easy and spontaneous in its lines, and in colouring delightfully subtle and harmonious. "The Doll" was another happy record of infancy treated with something of the refinement of colour scheme which gave part of their charm to the canvases on which Velasquez depicted his dainty Infantas. The arrangement of the faded pinks, the silvery greys, and ashy blacks of Mr. Shannon's picture was certainly reminiscent of the great Spanish artist's method.

Yet Mr. Shannon cannot be pronounced to be in

technical success in the use of absolute straightforwardness of manipulative statement; but he has his own way of looking at nature, and a thoroughly individual manner of expressing what he sees. There is no affectation of extraordinary cleverness, nor any striving unnecessarily after demonstrative modes of handling, in his productions. He has never fallen into the vicious habit of preferring mere executive animation to sound and intelligible painting. If his subject is one that calls for vivacity he treats it with freedom and readiness of touch; if one that needs sobriety he is quieter and more restrained. In all cases there is well-preserved congruity between the matter and the manner of his pictures. The chief merit of his style is its directness, its frank attention to what is requisite for the proper representation of nature's facts, and its discreet avoidance

of what is only superfluous and ornamental. At the same time it does not err in the direction of ruggedness or want of refinement, for one of its main characteristics is a certain scholarly completeness, which without approaching pedantic elaboration satisfies every necessity of real finish. As he has added to his experience and widened the area of his practice he has increased his power of making plain his meaning without excess of labour, and has developed a method of brushwork that is exceptionally free from either affectation or uncertainty. In "Josef Hoffman" and "The Doll," his ability to gain fulness of form and a sufficiency of detail by simple technical means is very adequately illustrated; while his rapid character sketch of "Sir Henry Irving as Louis XI." shows with what expressiveness of handling he can state a few salient points that do not depend for their meaning upon adjuncts and accessories.

As a colourist he is full of variety. He ranges over a considerably wide area, and does not limit himself to conventional combinations such as satisfy too often even the most celebrated portrait-painters. Perhaps his chief preference is for comparatively low tones, but it is a preference that is distinctly

open to frequent modification. The contrast, for instance, between his "Spot Red," with its gentle gradation of warm greys and browns, and the vigorously effective prismatic colouring of "In the Spring-time," wherein he has given at its full force the chromatic violence of sunlight shining on masses of fruit-blossoms, is as definite as it could well be made; and there is something of the same difference between the sobriety of the "Josef Hoffman," and the bizarre juxtaposition of strange hues which is characteristic of the "Sir Henry Irving" sketch. In colour, as in handling, he has the discretion to adapt himself to circumstances, and he avoids by what seems to be an inerring instinct any lapse into those commonplaces which are so many pitfalls in the way of the heedless painter. He is, in fact, the happy possessor of qualities which set him markedly apart, an artist who has at the same time originality, power of expression, and judgment in selection. He has already learned the facts of art, and the fancies are coming to him more and more plentifully as years go on, so we may fairly expect from him many fresh developments. There are few men among us from whom so much seems possible.



JOSEF HOFFMAN.

(From the Painting by J. J. Shannon.)



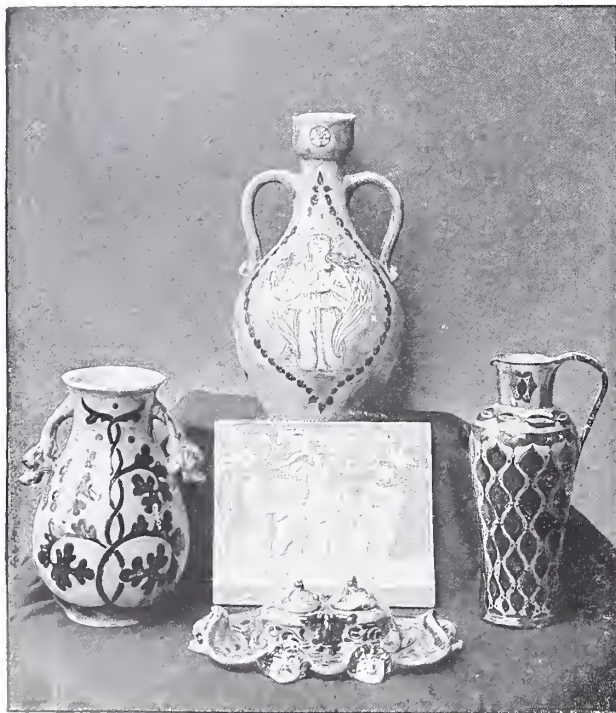
LUNETTE

(Designed by Conrad Dressler.)

THE "DELLA ROBBIA" POTTERY INDUSTRY.

A NEW industry has been established at Birkenhead of so distinctly artistic a nature that it is with pleasure we call attention to it. The first object of its promoters, Mr. Harold Rathbone and Mr. Conrad Dressler, was the revival of a modelled glazed or enamelled earthenware with coloured grounds for purposes of architectural deco-

or accents of rich colour which would still withstand the effects of the English climate in external as well as internal ornamentation would be of supreme value in lightening up the rather sullen and smoky buildings of our great cities. It has already been proved to some extent what a telling effect the tiling to window garden boxes imparts to many



VASES, PLAQUE, AND INKSTAND.



A PANEL.

of the large mansions which otherwise possess such an extraordinary similarity, and this practice might be very considerably developed with a constant variety of design and colour which would be a source of pleasure to the passers-by and those who inhabit the neighbourhood. Friezes with figure or floral design, or panels in low relief let into the ordinary white tiling with simple bands of green or red



PILASTERS.

ration after the manner of the *faïence* of the great Italian family of Della Robbias, who flourished in Florence at the time of the Renaissance. The introduction into architectural schemes of bands

colour, might be made considerable use of. Fountains in this material might also be introduced into some of the new restaurants or large hotels, and add a character of charm and entertainment like one is aware of in the foreign cities. This use of enamelled earthenware is certainly more suitable than the structural use, as surface that is glassy is apt to give one a certain want of confidence as to its service of strength and permanence. The setting-in of tiling, say, blue and



PIPING BOY PANEL
(Designed by Miss Ropes.)

ones in order to keep the standard of designing as high as possible, but more often invented by the pupils, whom it is the object of the working manager to see how far he can let alone—in order to bring out—the full fancy and originality of each individual worker; though every care is taken that the best principles of design are preserved as well as may be. It was the object thus to make the articles in everyday use comely and entertaining in shape, design, and colour treatment,



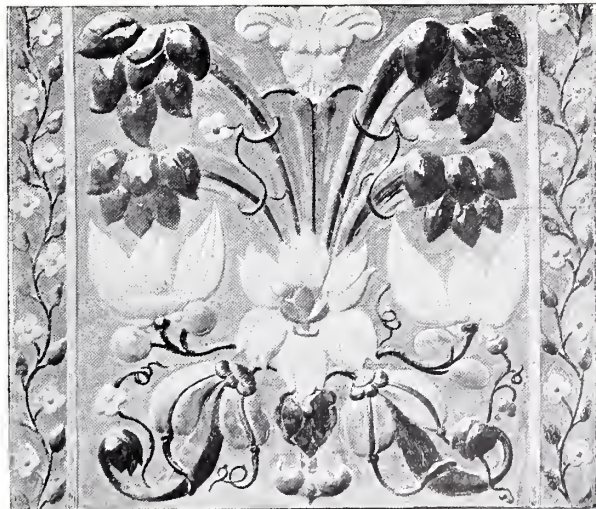
WATER-AVEN TILE.
(Designed by Conrad Dressler.)



white, into the woodwork of an overmantel, or the introduction of tall panels in the side pilasters, form other legitimate uses of this material, and would supply a valuable note of colour to continue the same scheme of decoration in the draperies and wall hangings, or some treatment which would equally well harmonise with the blue and white. Together with the architectural works has been carried on a pottery for the production of fine shapes and colours with a good deal of work in the *sgraffito* treatment on the model of the old Italian workers—with designs occasionally taken from the old

so that thus the ordinary meal would have the comparative air of a banquet like those beautiful dishes that one sees in the pictures of banquets by Sandro Botticelli and others, where, as in the

feast of Peleus by our own Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the sense of beauty is appealed to, and one is made aware how lovely is the fruit itself. Marmalade pots (with a hole for the spoon) and porridge plates, egg stands and muffin dishes, and milk and water jugs, are amongst these useful articles, not to mention the rose bowls and inkstands for the use of the boudoir. Nothing could be prettier than a dessert



SQUARE LILY TILE.
(Designed by Conrad Dressler.)

service in this *sgraffito* treatment, and it is a source of grief to the manager that the ware is used so much more freely for merely decorative purposes than for absolute daily use. One of the last letters written by Lord Leighton, P.R.A., was in reference to the Della Robbia pottery, and dwelt very much on this principle. He wrote:—"I have learned with great satisfaction that you do not confine yourself to the production of pieces destined wholly for decoration, but have grasped the vital principle that the chief object of a manufacture of this kind must be, if it is to thrive, the application of artistic qualities to objects of ordinary domestic use. It was this principle which gave to the work of the Greeks in ancient days, and to that of other European nations in the Middle Ages, that distinction and beauty which are our envy and admiration to this day."

Employment is found at the Birkenhead Potteries for many young people of both sexes who show artistic taste, and, in curious contradistinction to Mr. Herkomer's statement at the Eistedfodd last summer, it is found that those with the most highly gifted colour sense are of Celtic origin from the north of Wales. The best of their colourists is Miss Hannah Jones, who has undoubtedly influenced the work of the other girls at the Pottery. There is, too, a Welsh boy employed who never had a drawing lesson in his life, but who took the gold



"GUARDIAN ANGEL" PANEL

(Designed by Miss Ropes.)

cross for originality of design in pottery at the Home Arts and Industries Exhibition last year. This lad is also clever at throwing, handling, and modelling; and is at present employed dipping the red clay vessels into the white slip. Another designer of striking originality is Miss A. Pierce, whose sister, Miss Lena Pierce, produced some beautiful and romantic designs before her early death.

There is reproduced on this page a design of a "Guardian Angel,"

by Miss Ropes, of London, whose work is found to be peculiarly adaptable to Della Robbia methods. Mr. Aming Bell and Mr. Charles Allen, at the Liverpool College, are producing pupils whose work promises well for future use. It is hoped to extend the work for architectural purposes. At present two panels have been placed on a private house in Liverpool, representing a sower and a reaper; and an angel—which is reproduced—for a lunette at the house of Mr. Walter Holland. In the Town Hall at Liverpool, on one of the mantel-pieces, is a large vase, designed by Mr. Harold Rathbone, flanked by a pair of vases modelled on the lines of the old Pilgrim vases at South Kensington. Beside these an angle-nook has been executed for Lord Radnor's house at Folkestone.

The "mark" of the pottery is a ship with "D. R." on either side, signifying that the work is produced at a seaport town.



FRIEZE

(Designed by Edmund Rathbone.)



HEADPIECE FROM "LE MORTE D'ARTHUR."

(Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley.)

AUBREY BEARDSLEY AND THE DECADENTS.

BY MARGARET ARMOUR.

THE patient public is always having something offered it to live up to. Yesterday it was the blue tea-pot; to-day it is *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy*. The majority, of course, plod on their stolid way, unconcerned with the baubles of art, but there are always some for whom its esoteric mysteries have a charm, and who would rather die than lag in an up-to-date movement. These are at present agog over the Decadents, whose dazzling travesties, in black and white, of "the human face divine" are art's latest sensation.

The blue tea-pot was a mild diet for the soul. It did not nourish, but it did not harm. The Decadents supply stronger food, but they mix it with a poison that makes it perilous to swallow. This I shall try to prove by an analysis of the wares of the chief purveyor, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and a glance at the general characteristics of the school.

Mr. Beardsley might adapt the *mot* of Louis XIV., and say, almost without arrogance, "L'Art décadent, c'est moi." In his work we have the most complete expression of what is typical of the movement—disdain of classical traditions in art, and of clean traditions in ethics; the *fin de siècle* outlook on the husk of life, and brilliant dexterity

in portraying it; also, perhaps, a finer feeling for the tools of art than for its materials.

Mr. Beardsley's career has been meteoric in brilliance, yet at present he has all the appearance of a fixed star. He is one of those in whom genius is no smouldering ember, but a many-tongued flame.

While still in art embryo, he caught and pleased the eye of Puvis de Chavannes and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It said much for his talent that such diverse men combined to praise it. The qualities detected in the boy were no doubt those which Hamerton, in his critical note in Vol. II. of *The Yellow Book*, eulogises in the man: "Extreme economy of means . . . the perfection of discipline, of self-control, and of thoughtful deliberation at the very moment of invention."

Beardsley's first big work was the decoration and illustration of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," for Dent and Co. In this his bold use of black and white,



AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

(Drawn by Himself.)

with its skilfully-graded ink-values, made a palpable hit. True, some marked achievement in line-drawing was to be looked for as a result of the growing facilities for reproduction of line work. The opportunity was obvious, but that takes nothing from his feat, for genius just means, after all,

an eye to perceive the obvious. The volume *Salome* left his hands next, and shortly after, in *The Yellow Book*, he made his bow independently to the public. At present he continues to charm by his work in *The Savoy* and Pope's *Rape of the Lock*.

The more we ponder these works, the more we see the justice of Hamerton's criticism. Everywhere there is the prolific, yet thoughtful and

seems to be a peculiar tendency in Mr. Beardsley's mind to the representation of types without intellect and without morals. Some of the most dreadful faces in all art are to be found in the illustrations of the play *Salome*. We have two unpleasant ones here (*Yellow Book*, Vol. I.) in *L'Éducation Sentimentale*. There is distinctly a sort of corruption in Mr. Beardsley's art so far as its human element is concerned." This is much from a man of Hamerton's moderation, and it might be more. There is hardly an adjective in the dictionary too ugly to sling at the hectic vice, the slimy nastiness of those faces. And they can be pure and glad—some of them are—but Beardsley is a Decadent, and must do as the Decadents do: he must gloat upon ugliness and add to it; and when it is not there, he must create it. Compare his impression of a familiar object—Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for instance—with our own; the Beardsley trail is on her face, and it is curious to think what the Duchess of Devonshire would have been in his hands instead of Gainsborough's. But this fact, while it exasperates, has its own comfort for those who would see the world fair; for if we find an artist besmirching his model when we can test results by our own experience, the chances are he is



COVER FOR "LE MORTE D'ARTHUR."

(Designed by Aubrey Beardsley.)

deliberate, invention, and that "economy of means" which is Mr. Beardsley's great distinction. The cover and frontispiece of Vol. I. of the "Morte d'Arthur"—his high-water mark, to my thinking,—are specially rich in these qualities, and one cannot but note, too, the serene surety of the drawing and the superb sense of style. Mr. Beardsley's technique is masterly; it is from the spirit of his work that the great black, damning shadow falls that, to many eyes, is total eclipse. A certain grossness, which revolts one even in his treatment of inanimate things, gets free rein in his men and women, notably in those of *The Yellow Book* period; of late, in *The Savoy* and *Rape of the Lock*, we have joyfully hailed an improvement. With regard to the former, let Hamerton again lead off. His critical note in *The Yellow Book*, which I partly quoted, continues thus: "There

always at it, and the ugliness he dresses out for us is in his own eye.

To be a devout Decadent, too, you must not only be wicked; you must be worse—as *Punch* would say—you must be vulgar. Mr. Beardsley has a trick of superimposing one style on another—Japanese on mediæval, mediæval on Celtic. That does not matter so long as he has the genius to unify; but what does matter is that the groundwork of them all should be Cockney, and the coster be so prominent in the *motifs*. "The Slippers of Cinderella," in Vol. II. of *The Yellow Book*, is 'Arriet on 'Ampstead 'Eath done into a Japanese patch, down—or rather up—to the very feather on the "donah's" bonnet. In fact, *The Yellow Book* was just a glorified *Pick Me Up*, and both are utterances of the Cockney soul.

There is nothing easier than to prove a kinship

between the two. *The Yellow Book* may be considered as a younger brother who, through superior educational advantages, has forced himself into good society where the family taint, known as vulgarity



INITIAL-PIECE FROM "LE MORTE
D'ARTHUR."

(Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley.)

at a penny, becomes decadence at five shillings. Yet the poor relation is perhaps the better man of the two; he has pleasant Cockney traits that the *parvenu* lacks, a certain sunny *joie de vivre*, and a kindly humour. In London's lighter follies, made a speciality of by such men as Dudley Hardy, Phil May, Greiffenhagen, Raven Hill, this sunny vein is to the fore.

Decadents, it saves us the difficulty of a definition, but commits us to rather a sad view of our times. I think it is both pleasanter and truer to see, in the decadent movement, just the inevitable swing of the pendulum. We have had as much corruption before, followed by the most austere purity. England has wonderful recuperative powers. She has been sick to death a dozen times, but never dreams of dying. She has a day of asceticism and a day of debauch. Congreve and Wycherly were the reaction from Milton and the Roundheads; and Messrs. Beardsley and Company may quite well be the swing-back from the somewhat emaciated purity of the Pre-Raphaelites. The spirit has had its innings—now for the flesh and the devil. And, after all, it is a very partial swing.

But there is a happier way still out of the difficulty. Why not hoist the Decadents altogether off our shoulders and saddle them on to France?

It is in most of their men and women who trip and swagger in the popular "weeklies." Such draughtsmen dance to the tune of the letterpress, which is seldom a stately measure. They have a wonderfully versatile brush, and with one sweep describe an arc from *Pick Me Up* to *Good Words*. Their feud with the Philistine is no more: they and he kiss mutually over posters for soaps and tooth-pastes. One wonders if, on the whole, they do not gain by falling short of the dignity of decadence.

This term, in itself, is rather damning. Instead of an upward mounting to the zenith, it suggests the downward slope of things to night and death. The nations ripe and ripe, and when they rot and rot, decadence is the tale that hangs there. There seems to be, in the story of every people, first the battle for life and the hardy growth; then the early spring voices of the poets, and the sound, sweet fruit of art. The bloom of the fruit continues, but the plague-spot is at the core. This spreads till it poisons the eater, and the best that can befall is some strong wind of change—revolution or even extinction—to shake it to earth, that wondrous alchemist who transmutes all decay into new life.

If we accept this figure as illustrative of the



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

(Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley.)

She has a nice broad back for such things, and Mr. Beardsley won't be the last straw by many. Let us hug ourselves on our iron constitution, and the clean bill of health we should have, but

for the tainted whiffs from across the Channel that lodge the Gallic germs in our lungs. Our Beardsleys have identical symptoms with Verlaine, Degas, Le Grand, Forain, and might quite well be sick from infection. If we are to blame them at all, it is only, so to speak, for their trick of hanging round Dover, not to hear Matthew

we would dwell, we must work our way up earnestly from fractional to total surveys. Entire praise, and entire blame of men such as Mr. Beardsley, is each but a half-estimate. We must apply the half-estimates to the corresponding half-achievements, and join them by a hyphen before we get the final word of truth. Art-critics are apt to err in their

partial definition of beauty. Ought not the term "beauty" to connote all that elicits the permanent joy and approval of mankind over the whole field of experience, both sensuous and spiritual? Each of us is but a unit in the sum of being, and can contribute but a mite to the sum of beauty. Some may try to do it ethically, by pure conduct; some aesthetically, by pure line. But, while none can be expected to emphasise more than one or two points in beauty's limitless field, and the tendency George Meredith complains of in us, to judge works of art by what they are *not*, is absurd; still, in the emphasis of one point there must be no denial of another. Art for art's sake is sound doctrine. The first concern of pictorial art is with line and colour. It has no more to do with preaching than a sunset. *Non-moral* it may be as much as it pleases, but *immoral* never. The moment it becomes immoral it *does* concern itself with ethics, and denies the principle of beauty in its moral manifestation.

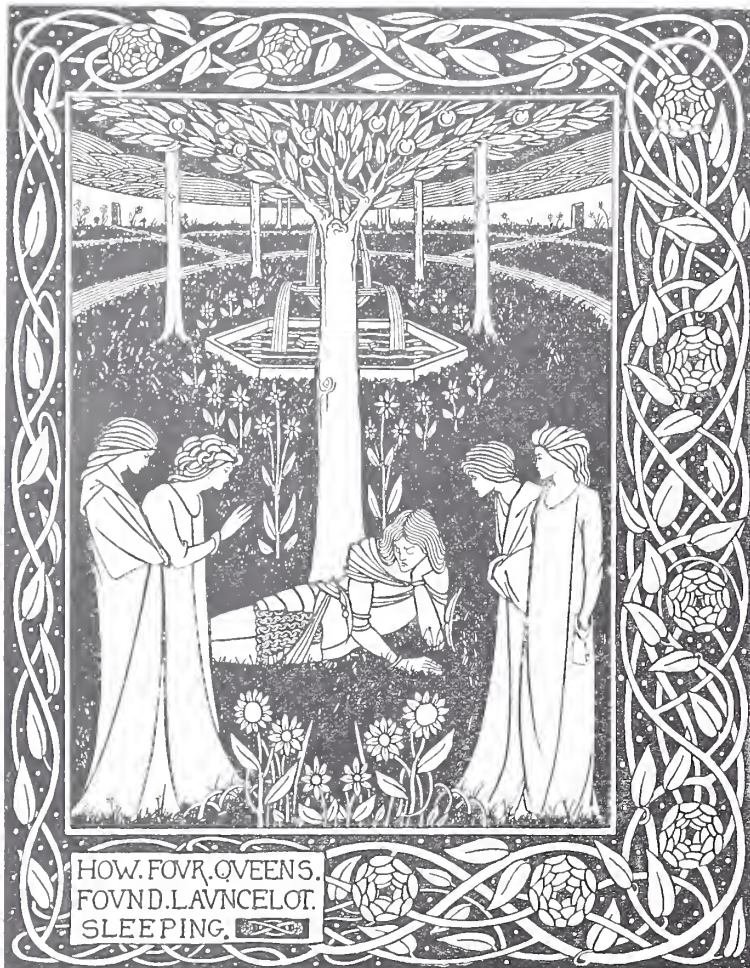
That art like Beardsley's, so excellent in technique and so detestable in spirit, wakes more repugnance than praise—proves us a nation stronger in ethics than in art. We are true to the Teutonic strain in us, and are not

Arnold's "eternal note of sadness"—the sadness of the great soul's baffled longing, echoed by the melancholy, long, withdrawing roar of the sea, "retreating to the breath of the night-wind,"—but to have news of the *café-chantant*.

Ought public feeling, then, to run dead against the Decadents?—and do the notice and praise they have won point to a debased standard of criticism among us? This is just a paraphrase of the old problem, Does art exist for art's sake, or as the handmaiden of morals? Is beauty enough without goodness? Here, as in everything else, it is the perception of half-truths that halves the world for warfare and pitches its opposing camps. If in unity

Goths for nothing. But there is Latin blood in us as well—enough, let us hope, to temper harshness, and allow us to give the Decadents the honour which is their due. In the externals of art they are doing good work, and even their flippancy may have its uses, if it jeer us out of conceit with the *bourgeois* sentimentality of the average painter.

Hamerton closes his criticism of Mr. Beardsley with a kindly hope that he may yet "see a better side of human life." 'Twere a fair hope to have realised in us all. There may be a better side of life than any of us have yet beheld, reserved for the vision of the pure in heart, who in God's works see God.



FROM "LE MORTE D'ARTHUR."

(Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley. By Permission of Messrs. Dent and Co.)

ART AND ELECTRICITY.

BY ROBERT JOPE-SLADE.

SOME little time since, when certain artists and members of the Church foregathered in a small room to discuss matters concerning their mutual advantage (but did not) the present writer had the pleasure of assisting at a passage of arms between Mr. Holman Hunt and a learned prelate who had once held a Slade Professorship. The latter, in a speech which was *nihil ad rem*, declared that the Cathedral of St. Mark was less a house of prayer than a museum, filled with the spoils of the foes of ancient Venice; moreover, that the mosaic men had overlaid the deep-cut Gothic mouldings of the original architects with their tessere. Mr. Hunt with difficulty restrained himself, and, speaking as an "ancient person," with fixed theories, traversed the statement. The mosaicists desired to keep St. Mark's on all-fours with the spirit of the time. The Gothic revival was an example of the uselessness of applying the art of the past to the needs of the present.

Art must adapt itself to the requirements of ever advancing civilisation.

The excuse for this long prelude is that Mr. Holman Hunt's remarks are very pertinent to my subject. Electricity, at least electric illumination, is in its infancy. It demands the assistance of art to add a beautiful setting to its utility. The opportunity for fine and novel work seems to have occurred to very few English modellers. In Paris it is otherwise: exquisite figures and designs have been obviously conceived with the intention of

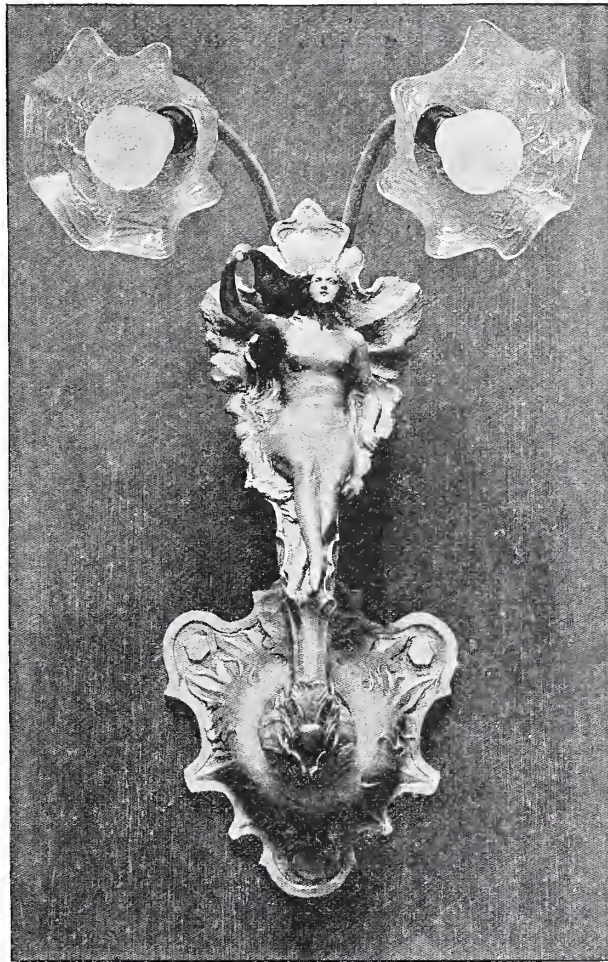
bearing the electric globes, and by artists of mark. Success in this new branch of art means understanding its exacting conditions. There are occasions, as will be shown, when an existing work of art may

be adapted to ends of which there was no forethought. But the better work must be begun with the idea that its proportions will not be perfect until the luminous globes are added. Electric light is pliant in the artist's hands, in a fashion those who have only dealt with oil and wax cannot imagine. It can be manipulated in any position, vertical, horizontal, diagonal; it can be upright in the watchman's lantern, drop as a stamen from the heart of a fuchsia, or fall parallel with the base from which its burner springs, as the yellow centre of a marguerite.

There are one or two elementary facts which must be observed. The first is the gauge of the brass ring which holds the globe, the second is the size of the actual crystal containing the light, which may be of any

transparent or even semi-transparent material. The "electrolier" may be of any size, but must not be too minute, or you get a gem of light in a bit of *bric-à-brac* and not the luminous utility of an ordinary lamp.

There will be no great city in another decade of which the streets are not lighted by electric light, except London, which is laggard and conservative, and has an unintelligent aversion to the acceptance of the changes effected by civilisation. She compares in enlightenment most unfavourably with provincial



MORNING.

(Designed by Alfred E. Lewis.)

cities such as Liverpool, which great port, by reason of the *va-et-vient* of the oceanic service, is in intimate relation with the States, learning thereby all the latest inventions, many of them of much municipal utility.

This new form of municipal illumination opens out indefinable opportunities for the decorative artist, if the eyes of the authorities can be opened to the hideousness of the present lamp-post. One seaside town to my knowledge has secured a handsome form of electrolier; but, of course, it is of one type, and wherever it occurs is like a repeating decimal. In Utopia every lamp-post, to adhere to the two Saxon words, will be a work of art differing in design.

It is across the Atlantic that we must look for the greatest and noblest electrolier, to Bartholdi's colossal figure of Liberty, designed to find completion of symmetry in the great globe of light it bears aloft, standing stupendous,



LIGHTNING.

(Designed by Maillart. From Bellman and Loey.)

illuminating the sea-way for the come-and-go of the maritime commerce of all nations to the greatest port on earth; the gift of the most important Republic in the Old World to the most important Republic in the New, in token of international amity.

It is, however, with humbler and more everyday matters that this essay must concern itself. In many of the houses of the great the chambers are lighted with the soft radiance of electricity from sources unrevealed. It is so at Stafford House, the London home of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, one of the most splendid places in the kingdom, of which rumour has it Her Majesty, on coming from Buckingham Palace to visit the late Duchess, said, "I come from my house to your palace." And here the lambent globes are

with difficulty discovered, hid by the golden cornice which runs round the dome-like ceiling.

A still better method for the suffusion of a gentle but powerful light is the Cuthbert light, so called from the surname of its inventor. A bronze plate of classic form, with a straight rim and concave centre, holds the invisible luminant. This plate is suspended by three chains. This new light was seen in the greatest possible perfection on the completion of its installation in the great hall of the Union Bank in the City.

On this page is an example of a piece of work by Mr. Bertram Mackennal, whose two great works, "Circe" and last year's seated figure—which for brevity we may call a Rahab—drew wondering and admiring eyes. Mr. Mackennal has the prettiest and most charming fantasy in producing excellently-modelled lilliputian figures. In the present case the figure is *accroupie*; the legs so drawn up that they are vertical from ankles to knees, which are clasped by the crossed hands of her extended arms. The back of the maid, which is beautiful in curve, is supported by what may be the stem, which forms a handle, of the flat leaf-like surface, whose three points, turned down, lift the whole from the ground. Between wings a *bizarre* imagination which is neither griffin nor snake, but something of both, bears on its head an electric globe. The design from which the illustration is taken is rather small, but it

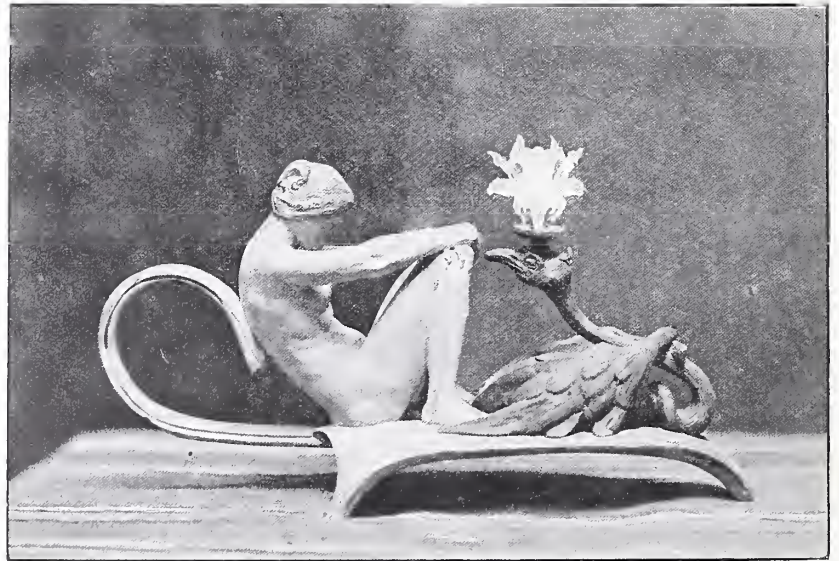


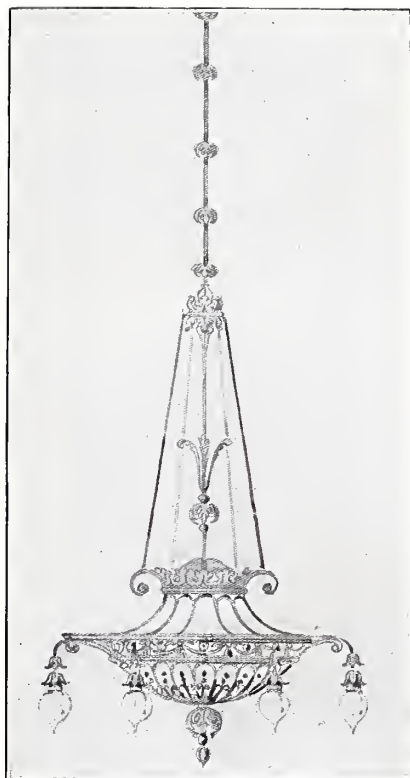
TABLE LAMP.

(Designed by Bertram Mackennal.)

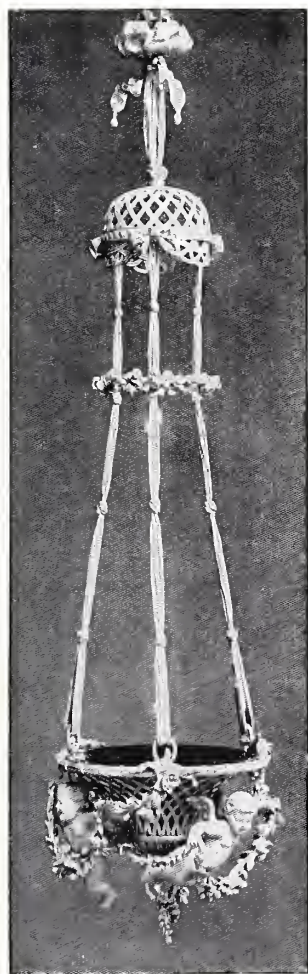
could be enlarged. It only remains to point out the distinction which marks the perfect setting on of the head and the felicitous handling of the hair.

Mr. Alfred E. Lewis is a direct disciple of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A. On many of the young the Gilbert

signature is stamped; on none more so than on this young artist, who has designed some absolutely Gilbertian yacht-race cups. American sportsmen last year discovered his gift in this direction, and were his considerable patrons. He also designs small figures, dragons, and serpents for door-knockers, and is master of all that appertains to the uses for which metal can be fitly made decorative for the home. Mr. Alfred Lewis's "Morning" is the daintiest electrolier we have; the little figure is exquisite in unconscious grace of pose, modelled with a delicacy no English sculptor could surpass, and absolutely without sign of labour. One is convinced that there



PENDANT IN WROUGHT-IRON.
(For Midd Hall, Ripley. By W. Starkie-Gardner.)



LOUIS XVI. LAMP.
(From Perry and Sons.)

were many experimental models before consummation of beauty was reached. The nymph grew swiftly into the perfection of her charm and intensely feminine seductiveness, with just that touch which lifts her out of the sphere of humanity. The refinement and culture which are suffused over the entire deliciously symmetrical figure culminate in a note of the highest distinction. The decorative arrangement against which she is seated expresses the last word of elegant simplicity—spontaneousness, liveliness of thought; while it arrests no attention from the figure, it completely

supports and harmonises with it in subtlety of feeling. So delightful is the perfection of the balance of the globes, and admirable the way in which they are disposed, so very much pleasanter than the insufficient fashion of an arm always holding up a too sufficient weight, that we may rest assured it sprang entire as it is now into conception at the first.

There is just so much suspicion of Alfred Gilbert, as one might suppose that Mr. Lewis's art would have been some time reaching its present expression if that great master had never lived. It is quite possible to believe that Mr. Alfred Gilbert has experimented with the new luminant, but he does not work on

chance, and is fully employed on commissions of clients whose copyrights he respects too much for publication, even if there were no other reason. His artist-reticence is doubtless to his honour.

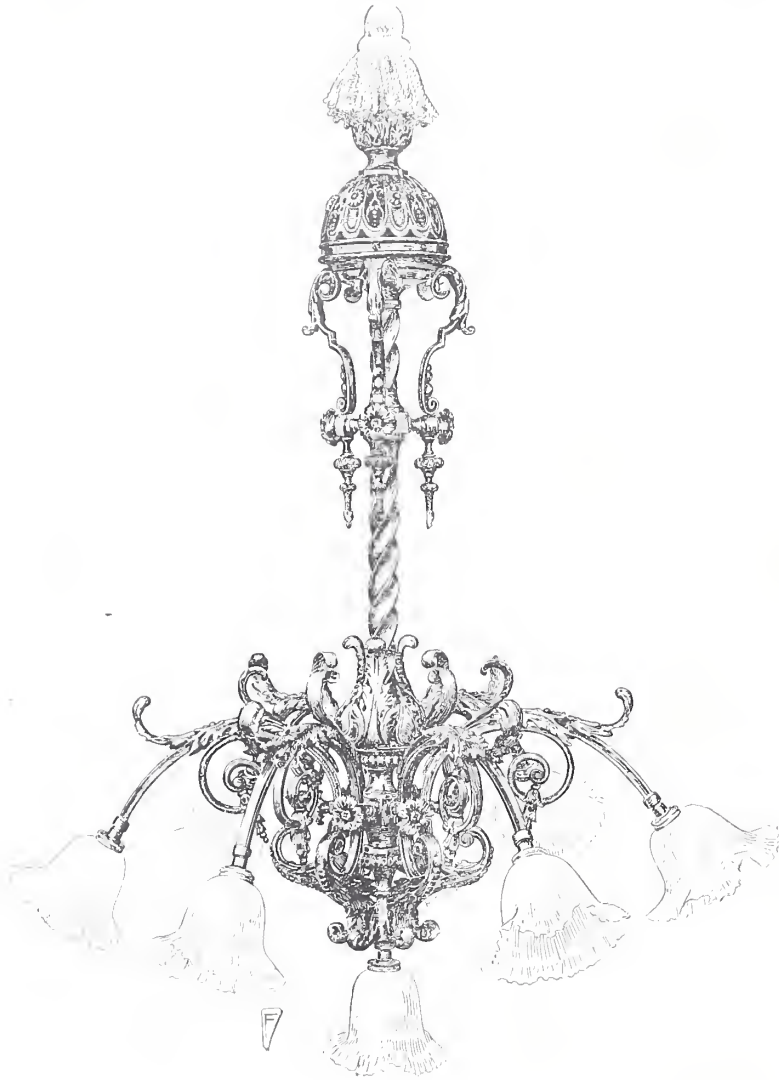
With Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A., the unexpected has occurred: he has modelled one of those exquisite little Venuses with which his painting-room abounds, and mounted her on a miniature earth of red crystal, an inversion which is delightful and *bizarre*. The original was designed for Mr. Stuart Samuel, for his dining room table.

In reviewing some sculpture galleries and



PENDANT LAMP FROM BRESCIA.
(Attributed to Ghiberti. Perry and Sons.)

places where electroliers are sold, there is one important note—almost all the work is French; but some is English, and extremely good in its way. The one quality English work never possesses is that untranslatable rognish little attribute, *chic*, or at least *cachet*. However commonplace the design—and some of them are that—there is always this unconscious quantity to redeem French statuettes.



ELECTROLIER.
(From Miller and Co.)

At Bellman, Ivey, and Carter's, always in the van of art, is the draped figure of a graceful maiden, standing delightfully at ease, with a figure which expresses the plump and perfectly wholesome robust vigour of a slow and gentle adolescence. The sparseness and novelty of the charming exotic plant gives a corresponding simplicity and unity, with its admirably disposed and weighted globes to contain the light. So popular is this figure, we find it in every gallery.

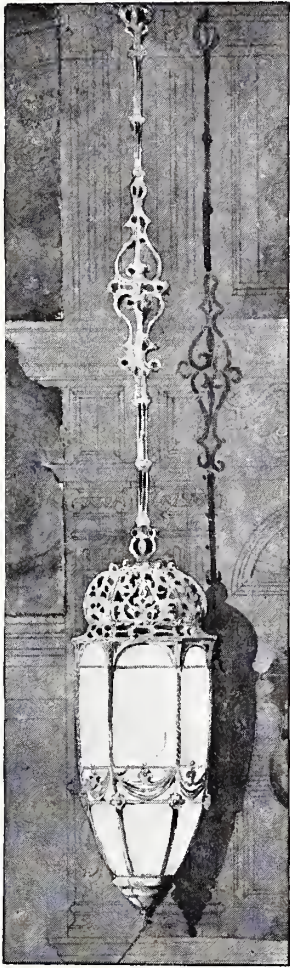
Perhaps the most vivacious, and fullest of life and

of the quick movement of advance, is the statuette of "La Foudre," by Maillard (see p. 14). The figure is sufficiently garbed, with drapery which crosses the lower part of the body, and passing up the back appears by her side under the uplifted arm, volant in a graceful curve. A little above her head in her left hand she carries the light, while in her right hand, which hangs alertly at her side, she holds a conventional zigzag of forked lightning; part of her bolt has already struck the earth, which smokes in reply. "La Foudre" is a flesh Alfred de Musset ideal *peau de velours, muscles d'acier*.

Many beautiful schemes for electric illumination at Messrs. Benson's are palpitatingly modern. The designs are their own. They are all purely decorative in the simple elements: a few flowers are introduced, but most of them are expressed in brilliant novelty of line and grace of curve: the spiral is again and again used with the happiest effect. It is impossible to credit the flamboyance of result produced by their simple methods, or the piquancy of acute multiplication of sharp angles and zigzags which are as artistic as *bizarre*. There are globes which swing with more than the grace of the fuchsia, by slender but beautifully wrought chains, as strong as they are dainty, quite superfluously charming in effect. Double curves that turn upwards are capable of captivating handling. In a word, they are quaint, striking, individual; akin to the work of the new English Art Club, unlike anything seen outside the gallery, the poetry of the mathematical line, evasive of description, and exhausting the beautiful metals in variety of tone. It is delightful so entirely to escape from the French.

At Faraday's there is much sumptuous work. One of the most beautiful things here, and of the newest design, is a trio of rams' heads connected by loops or curves of chain of graduated spheric oval beads. At Verity's, electroliers are almost entirely from Paris; and here we find the figure, both draped and undraped, which Bellman, Carter, and Ivey have found so popular.

At Perry and Sons' *un boîte de surprises* awaited us. Carrière-Belleuse has a large and fully-fleshed Eros, modelled, with unctuous amplitude, of a bronze with a sheen and bloom on its surface. But the figure should have been Hereules, the



LAMP.

(Designed for the Hon. A. P. Allsopp by
W. Starkie Gardner.)

A candelabrum of great splendour by Benvenuto Cellini, which need not be reproduced, although it makes a magnificent electrolier.

What is startling is the adaptation of Cinquecentist and Empire designs, from the primitive wax light to the ultra-modern electric: a Louis Seize *veilleuse* in ormolu, delightful in design, a sort of hanging basket wrought in a fretwork of metal, decorated with roses and Cupids, perfectly adapted to carry the electric light either pendent or hidden. A Renaissance lampada based on a design by Ghiberti, it has the power and simplicity of the best Italian work; the three chains by which it hangs are composed of links with crosses in them, and on the lamp itself are three figures draped, their hands holding the chains. Three heads in high relief are on the lamp itself, which is decidedly oriental. One of the most graceful designs is Florentine, the original now at Versailles; it

golden brazier with the twelve electric lights is so ponderous for the little god to carry. It stands on a Corinthian column, with a twining spray of roses and an heraldic wreath at the base, all in ormolu.

is a seated figure of a child-angel in bronze the floriated and graceful curved support is held by the figure in its arms, and would carry three beautiful light supports.

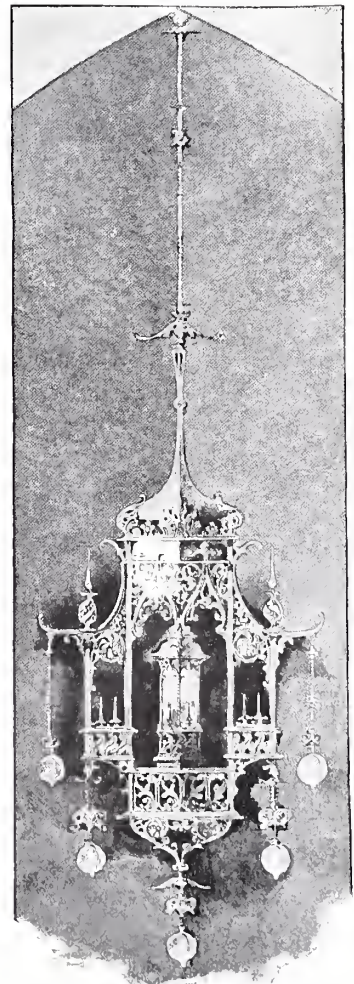
Decoration in the best sense is shown at Miller and Sons'. In the electrolier which is reproduced, with seven flowers holding lights which spring vigorously from the fine mass of graceful curves, the stem is spiral with large outstanding studs, with roses for heads, and terminating in what may be called a little dome, with spandrels in *repoussé*. It is wrought in lacquered and polished brass. The greatness and picturesqueness of the design dominate the art. At this gallery are splendid figures: one is probably Athena herself, by the dignity of the figure, and the queenly folds which fall straight so as to just reveal the toes of firmly planted feet. The vessel which holds the light is held on



LAMP.

(For a House in Berkeley Square. By
W. Starkie Gardner.)

high by the bare, strong, dimpled arms. This crowns a noble work. Cloisonné and Minton, Japanese, Chinese, and many other wares, and all the metals, have also been pressed into service for the new illuminant.



LAMP.

(For Mount Stuart. By W. Starkie Gardner.)

The exquisite and novelly-designed electroliers, of which several illustrations are given, are the work of



ELECTRIC GARLAND.
(From Eastlakes, Limited.)

Mr. Starkie Gardner. Of a delightful filigree, which strikes one as oriental in feeling, is the lamp first on page 17; the panes, if I may call them so, are of horn, a substance of great charm and just sufficient transparency to give a soft and sufficient light. This material has been sadly forgotten by artistic workers in metal. It is in the possession of the Hon. A. P. Allsopp. Quite different in design is the central lamp on the page; graceful curves climb the crimson rope of twisted silk which secretes the electric wire. A trellis-work of gold is diamond shaped, the scroll-work about it is of an elegant simplicity. Two minute griffin heads, bent outwards, break the sense of all line. The light itself is heart-shape, two shields of mother-of-pearl hiding it; they are connected in the centre by a small rosette. Amongst the many refined, graceful, and original works by Mr. Gardner is a somewhat weighty lamp, made of black iron and ivory. It goes to a house in Berkeley Square, as does another beautiful conception—it is formed chiefly of an elegant scroll-work; but the great number of perforations give this large piece an air of lightness. At the Junior Constitu-

tional Club hangs an extremely facile design of considerable grace; it is a novelty because it is made in pewter, an excellent metal for such a purpose. It is the work of Colonel R. W. Edis, of the Artists' Corps, who is the architect of the Club.

Wandering through the galleries one often tires of the eternal Eros and Aphrodite, the occasional Hermes, Herakles and Phœbus, wondering that there are no Cœur de Lion, no Saladin, watchmen, mediæval dames and damozels, fayre and debonnaire, Jeanne D'Arc, Fausts, Marguerites, Vulcan glowing at the forge, Eastern figures of women at the well, carrying jars on their heads, or stopping to pick shining globes; knights of the Middle Ages armed *cap-à-pie*, with electricity forming part, say, of a horse's crest. The whole host of legend, tradition, history, fantasy, faery, purely imaginative or elfin lore are available; the draped, the undraped, the



NAÏAD VASE.
(From Eugene Blot, Paris.)

grotesque, the quaint and the *bizarre* are all accessible. But the whole range of existing electric statuary and decorative globe-bearing design may be summed up as consummate in execution, strangely wanting in invention and imagination.



ARCADE IN PIAZZA CARICAMENTO, GENOA.

STREET ARCADES IN NORTH ITALY.

BY H. E. TIDMARSH. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

THERE is nothing distinctly peculiar to Italy in the arched and covered ways which we call arcades. Yet somehow there is that variety, beauty, and individuality in the arcades of Italy which make us associate the two, and almost forget that all civilisation has had such covered walks. Indeed, where men have found the discomfort of walking in the summer sun, the autumn rain, and the winter snow they have, if their health prompted them to be outdoors, and their wealth allowed them to be extravagant, made some kind of shelter in which to walk and do their business.

The Forum of classic days was surrounded by colonnades, and the chief streets lined with them; and, as far as we can learn, the best streets of mediæval towns were lined with covered walks built over the vaulted stone cellars of the merchants' houses; and where these did not exist the overhanging of the upper storeys offered a useful and grateful shade to the passer-by. But in these northern lands, when brick and stone supplanted wood, this overhanging and arcading was done away with, and the new builder seldom put a covered walk

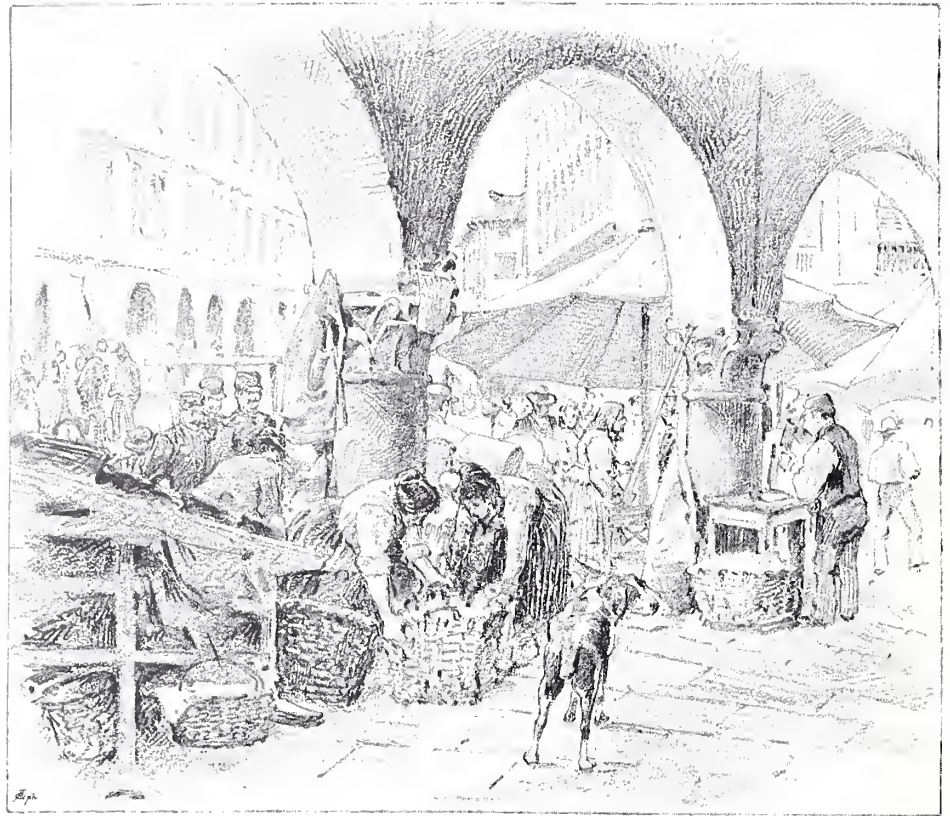
in the ground floor of his new house. Some of the show streets in modern cities have such arcades, and the Rue de Rivoli in Paris, St. Mark's Piazza in Venice, even the Pantiles in Tunbridge Wells, are instances where the architect has successfully attracted people to the shelter of his building, and the shopkeeper has found it profitable to settle there. Another phase of the same thing, but quite a modern development, is the glass-covered walk with shops on either side, now so common in all towns. Burlington Arcade is one instance at home, and the splendid Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, in Milan, one of the best known to travellers abroad. In Southern gardens it is common to build a double row of stone piers, across which sticks are laid and vines and creepers trained over them to form a sheltered walk called a *pergola*. But it is not of those I am now treating.

The temporary shelter which the shopkeepers make in some European cities when they hang cloths from the shop-blinds down to the kerb, thus forming a continuous covered way past the shops in the heat of the day, is on just the same principle as the stone

arcade, and may be seen well developed in the Via de Condotti, in Rome, so well known to the Briton.

This, in comparison to the solid work of our ancestors, is perhaps but typical of how we work for an age or a day, not for eternity.

One cannot enter the gloom of the stone arch of these streets, especially when the sun has just left it and the evening is coming on apace, without wondering almost unconsciously whether this part of modern architecture is but after all a survival of the primitive cave dwelling. Is it possible that the cave man in us still loves to make a stony hole where he may hide from the glare and shelter from the cold, and not be despoiled of all his natural tastes and advantages by glazed windows and carpets?

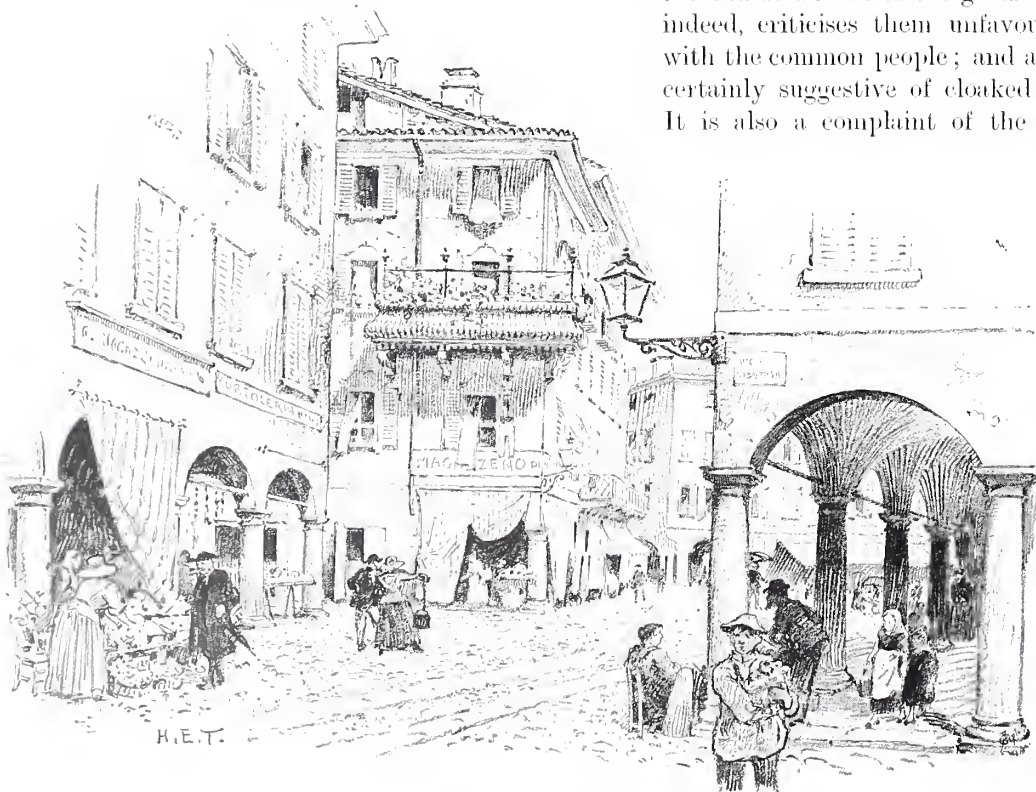


PIAZZA PONTIDA, BERGAMO.

It is a source of some wonder that these healthy and pleasant promenades should now be so little used; but maybe they are too much a shelter to the bad as well as to the good. Evelyn in his diary, indeed, criticises them unfavourably in connection with the common people; and at night time they are certainly suggestive of cloaked figures and daggers. It is also a complaint of the shopkeepers that so

little light enters under these arcades — for which reason the colonnading was removed from Regent's Quadrant in 1848.

Some of the North European towns still have their old arcades, and the Rows at Chester are but a strangely developed type of the same thing. But Winchester, Canterbury, York, etc., are peculiarly deficient



A STREET IN LUGANO.

in such features, the single occasional exception being the covered places under the Market-houses themselves.

North Italian cities have by far the greatest number of street arcades. Rome is very poor in them. Florence no less so, though one must not forget the Loggia di Lanzi. They probably trusted to the narrowness of their streets and overhanging eaves for shelter. But it was possibly a matter and accident of fashion and time, for while Bologna and Padua were being rebuilt Florence was largely complete, and Rome hardly rising from her long sleep.

At the entrance to Italy by Lugano there is a beautiful instance of arcading which compensates for the otherwise great plainness of the houses. Any possible monotony of so many arches is broken by the irregularity with which every shopkeeper hangs out his own form of blind when the sun is in his direction, sometimes quite covering that side of the street with stripes of colour. The approach to Italy by Genoa also exhibits a very interesting and unusual form of arcade. The great ancient houses along the quay have a very sombre and irregular covered way in their base. The arches are mostly filled up with little shops, or stairs to the rooms above, and the light has to peep in over the top; and the smell from the cookshops to find its way over these. A ceaseless crowd of all sorts and conditions is for ever up and down this walk, seafaring and dockmen being the most numerous. Without, is the great, wide dirty

quay, the Piazza Caricamento, with its great wagons and trains, and ships and old buildings and old piers, and the warm sunshine, and all the things of an Italian seaport. Within, there is cool shade and the flavour of Limehouse of the East India Dock Road, with a thousand things to interest one.

Bologna stands ahead of all cities for arcades, and is not without reason called "the city of



ARCADE OF THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE.



THE PIAZZA DELLE ERBE, VERONA.

columns." Padua ranks next in the number of its arcaded streets; but these are fast disappearing under the modern restorer's hands.

Of the same type, and perhaps better known to tourists, are those at Pisa, which is probably more visited for its famous church, tower, and Campo Santo than any other second-rate city in Italy. The streets are wonderfully clean and neat, and the sombre old columns, with their variously carved capitals, support a succession of arches which sustain the houses above by groining, which is generally

mixed up with iron tie-rods. The sun only peeps into these cool walks for an hour or two in the whole day; and the rain, of which Pisa gets so much, may be quite ignored in these streets.

Amongst the smaller towns, the arcading in Brescia has a charming old-world look. It is wonderful that after years of neglect and use these columns should show so little sign of damage. Every shop-keeper or stall-holder drives nails or hooks into them on which to hang coat or blind, and yet in this charming country they are sound and handsome hundreds of years after their builders left them to rot forgotten in the distant Campo Santo.

Cafés are constantly found in these covered ways. Some of the most famous of them of the South have taken up their abode in these arcaded buildings, as in Nice and Venice, and a bit of such



VIA DEL BORGO, PISA



H. E. TOMARSH.

PALLADIO'S ARCADE AT VICENZA.

shelter is seized upon anywhere for the purpose. A pretty instance of this is in the great market-place, the Piazza delle Erbe, at Verona. Here the builders

When he surrounded the old Gothic hall in the Market Square (the Piazza de Signori) with his beautiful and ornate design he produced a splendid upper and lower walk where the citizens could do business or take the air in any weather outdoors.

But there is no possible doubt that the best known street or piazza arcade is under the Ducal Palace at Venice. Constructed in the fifteenth century, beautifully built and carefully preserved, it is one of the most famous bits of the most famous corner of that most famous city. The beauty and cleanness of the marble of which it is built is no less attractive than the beauty of the design, and the contrast with the more commonplace and extensive colonnading on the other three sides of the piazza is greatly in its favour. There one looks out for



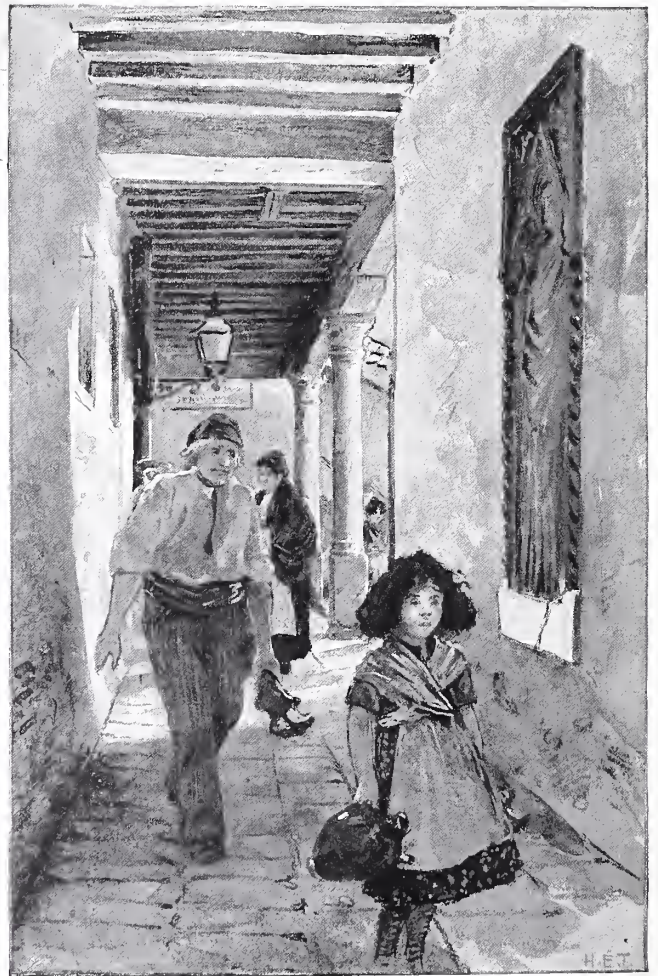
THE TOWER GATE, LEONESSA

of the east side of the square put up some old columns and built out the first floor upon them, forming not an arcade, which requires arches, but a little colonnade, in which are several cafés and other shops. Here the citizen may sip and chat and look out on the great forest of umbrellas and sea of people, with the background of the Palazzo Maffei and the lion-mounted column.

Another instance of such a bit of shelter, quite different in character to any of the others, is the little covered way one passes through in going to the railway station in Venice.

In the mountain towns they have the same cloistered ways, though here the arches are seldom supported on graceful columns, but on square piers of stone. In the little Abruzzi town of Leonessa such an arched footway (here shown) runs from the gateway up the chief street, if such a shopless, cartless, horseless place can be said to have a street.

To the progressive architect the most notable arreading is that famous work of Palladio at Vicenza.



ON THE ROAD FROM THE RIALTO TO THE STATION, VENICE.

the shops and coffee and people and pigeons: here for the beauty of the building itself.

GIOVANNI SEGANTINI.

BY HELEN ZIMMERN.



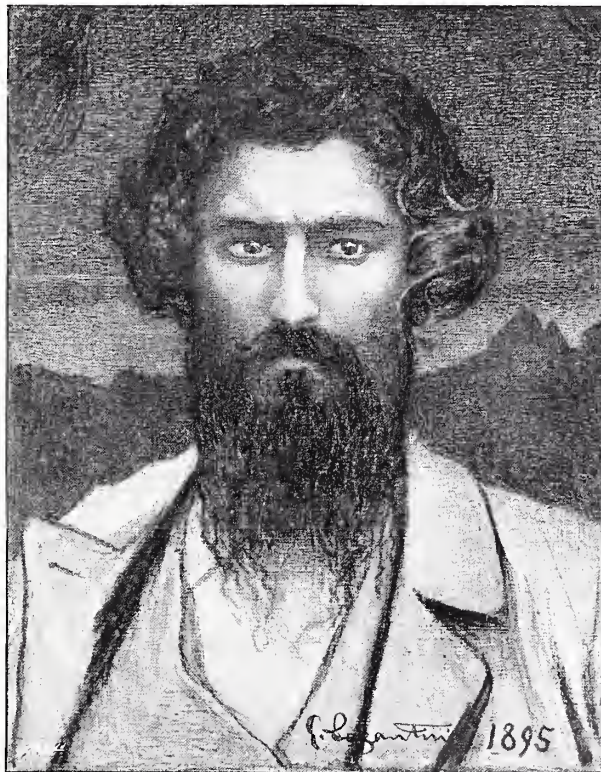
THOSE who read the accounts of exhibitions and watch with interest the new names and new productions that constantly appear in the world of art cannot fail to have noticed with ever increasing fre-

quency the recurrence of the name of Giovanni Segantini. This Italian artist, who is beginning to make a great name for himself outside the limits of his native land, is one of the most robust and original personalities among modern painters. So far is he from seeking after mere praise, from desiring to be the talk of the town or a more or less passing fashion, that he lives as far remote from the world as possible, pitching his tent in a high and distant corner of the Alps, whence he but seldom descends to visit Milan, and then only for short periods. Of him as of few other painters it can be affirmed that he is equally interesting as a man and as an artist.

Segantini stands in the front rank of modern Italian painters; indeed, in some respects he stands at the very head of them—that is to say, in the treatment of the subjects he has made his own particular province. What Millet did for France, Giovanni Segantini has done for Italy—that is, he has devoted his art to the cause of the poor and lowly, and has faithfully depicted the life of the peasants, not

dressed in their best with conventional, smiling faces, obviously sitting for their portraits, like *tableaux vivants*, but peasants in their daily existence, in work and sorrow and joy, with the unheeded tragedy and unconscious poetry of the simple peasant life. And he does not paint, moreover, as one who has studied his subject from outside, for a time, but he lived amongst the poor, as one of them, from his childhood, the poor of the city and the village: and when he became a man with means to do as he pleased he chose to make his home amongst the isolated dwellers in the Alpine hamlets, where life is rude and hard, and where man has not yet succeeded in enslaving and vilifying nature.

Segantini was born at Arco, in the Trentino, in 1858. His mother, who died when he was five years old, belonged to one of those ancient families



GIOVANNI SEGANTINI.

(By Himself.)

of the mountain districts from which in former times sprang the soldiers of fortune, and now the best agriculturists; his father was a plain man of the people. Being left a widower, the father moved to Milan, where lived a son and daughter of his first marriage. Affairs were not flourishing, and the father and elder son soon departed to seek their fortunes elsewhere, leaving the little Giovanni in the care of his half-sister. They lived in two attics, and the sister went to work early in the morning, leaving the child to his own devices, something to eat within reach, and forbidding him to go out, yet neglecting to

provide anything in the way of occupation either for hands or mind. What wonder if the active baby got into one scrape after another. Yet during the period of imprisonment he made his first acquaintance with brushes and colours. They were only the implements of whitewashers and house-painters,

certainly, but they formed an epoch in his childish history; and when the interest in the actual process had waned, he found an enthralling fascination in the damp patches on the half-dry wall: for in these marks his fancy saw the outlines of men and scenes and animals—even the semblance of the father he still waited and longed for, but who never returned

the drenched and sleeping boy, and these friends in need took him home to their cottage, where he was dried and fed and told his little story. On hearing he was an orphan, these poor but kindly peasants determined to keep him with them, on condition, however, that he made himself useful; and so, when barely seven years old, Giovanni Segantini began to earn his own living in the responsible position of a swineherd.

But the long hours of idleness were not wasted; he took note of his new surroundings, and instinctively tried to reproduce them, scrawling his pictures on walls and stones, like a new Giotto. At last his occupation was noticed, it came even to the ears of the syndie, and the little swineherd was straightway looked on as an infant prodigy, and was sent back to Milan to have his talent taught and fostered. But he could not adapt himself to the restrictions of domestic life: his boyish pride was wounded, there was a scene, and once more he broke away, this time for good. He began to lead a restless, roving existence, finding temporary employment and hospitality wherever he could, till at last he reached his native Arco, where he met his half-brother, who offered him the post of cashier in his bacon shop. Giovanni only stayed here till he had saved a small sum of money, with which he resolved to try his fortune once again. But the money was stolen on the road by a perfidious friend, and Segantini returned to his brother in despair. Touched, however, by his grief and his earnestness, the brother provided him with the means of going



THE ANGEL OF LIFE.
(From the Painting by Giovanni Segantini.)

from his fortune-seeking travels. At last a change came. One day the child overheard two women talking of a youth who had journeyed into France on foot and there had made his fortune; the thought struck him that if that boy had found it possible to leave Milan, why should not he? So he watched his opportunity one fine morning, and slipping out of the house he set off on his way to France, having for sole provision a piece of bread he had obtained from the baker's on credit. He tramped on till dusk and weariness and a storm of rain overcame his childish courage, and lying down beneath a tree he remembered nothing more until he was awakened by two men who, passing with their cart, had noticed

to Milan to follow his bent, and the boy departed only too gladly. In Milan he attended the art classes at the Brera, living meanwhile in an attic, and eking out his scanty means by giving lessons, drawing portraits, painting window blinds, church banners, etc., and helping a friend who was house-painter by day and clown by night. In spite of unkindness and frequent injustice he worked on courageously and cheerfully; he felt his own power and knew he must conquer in the end. Whilst studying at the Brera he was painting his first picture, which not only won for him the admiration and respect of his colleagues, but procured him the means of leaving the Academy and obtaining wider

teaching and experience. This picture was the "Coro di Sant' Antonio;" it represented part of the interior of a church, the light from a large window illuminating the stalls and falling upon an old picture, bringing into prominence its faded figures, while a little choir boy gives life to the scene. It was a strong and remarkable work for a beginner, and the vigour here displayed was to prove the permanent distinguishing mark of Segantini's art. He was so poor that he was compelled to use as canvas the back of an old fire-screen, whilst his colours were obtained from a friendly grocer in return for painting

made him long to be alone. He had taken a studio for himself, where he painted, amongst other things, "La Falconiera" and "Prode," but he did not stay there very long; he left Milan and settled in the Brianza, that beautiful piece of country between Milan and Lake Como. Here it was that he began to study country and peasant life, and in pursuit of his studies he roamed on foot all over these lovely semi-Alpine regions. The pictures he produced were not wholly landscapes, in spite of the absolutely rural life he led; he looked at a landscape merely as the background and setting for his figures, the surround-



PLOUGHING IN THE ENGADINE.

(From the Painting by Giovanni Segantini.)

a shop sign with a sugarloaf and other emblems of the trade. A critic of that time wrote that "Segantini's art is full of attractive elements and of defects, of deficiencies and exuberances—in short, it is the sum total of a talent that has all the expansiveness and all the audacity of careless and robust youth, of a genius that has developed out of its own strength, unhampered by scholastic principles which too often modify the originality of inspiration, and at times even suffocate it." The words hold true to this day. He now began to shake off the conventionality of the Brera school, and after the success of his first picture he exhibited others, such as "Galloping Consumption" and "Il Naviglio," which drew down on him the scorn of the conventional art-critics. But Segantini did not care; he was painting according to his own ideas and theories, and his one desire was to get away from Milan to some quiet place where he could work in his own way. The city seemed to stifle him, and, moreover, his constitutional shyness

ings for the soul of his pictures. To this period belong—to mention only the most notable—"Ave Maria," which gained the gold medal at the Amsterdam Exhibition in 1883, representing a boatload of sheep being ferried across the placid, shining water, whilst amongst the animals sits a woman, with bent head, clasping her child in her arms; on the shore beyond is the village with its church spire, and behind everything the sun is setting in fiery glory; "The Mothers," a tired woman and tired sheep, each with their offspring; "After a Storm on the Alps," showing sheep and shepherd huddled together beneath the mingled brightness and blackness of the stormy sky, the angry gleams of the breaking clouds reflected in the pools of rain amidst the grass; "A Kiss" and "A Moonlight Effect," all introducing sheep and figures and atmospheric effects; while in a different style was "Early Mass," the solitary figure of a priest slowly mounting a wide stone stairway, book in hand, to conduct the first service.



THE RETRIBUTION OF UNNATURAL MOTHERS.

(From the Painting by Giovanni Segantini.)

Segantini's most important work painted at Brianza was "Alla Stanga," a wide evening landscape with cattle brought from pasture to the milking place. Although all these subjects might be termed everyday and even commonplace, they are treated with an ideality that lifts them far above the usual rank: for, as Segantini himself says, "Art without ideals is like nature without life."

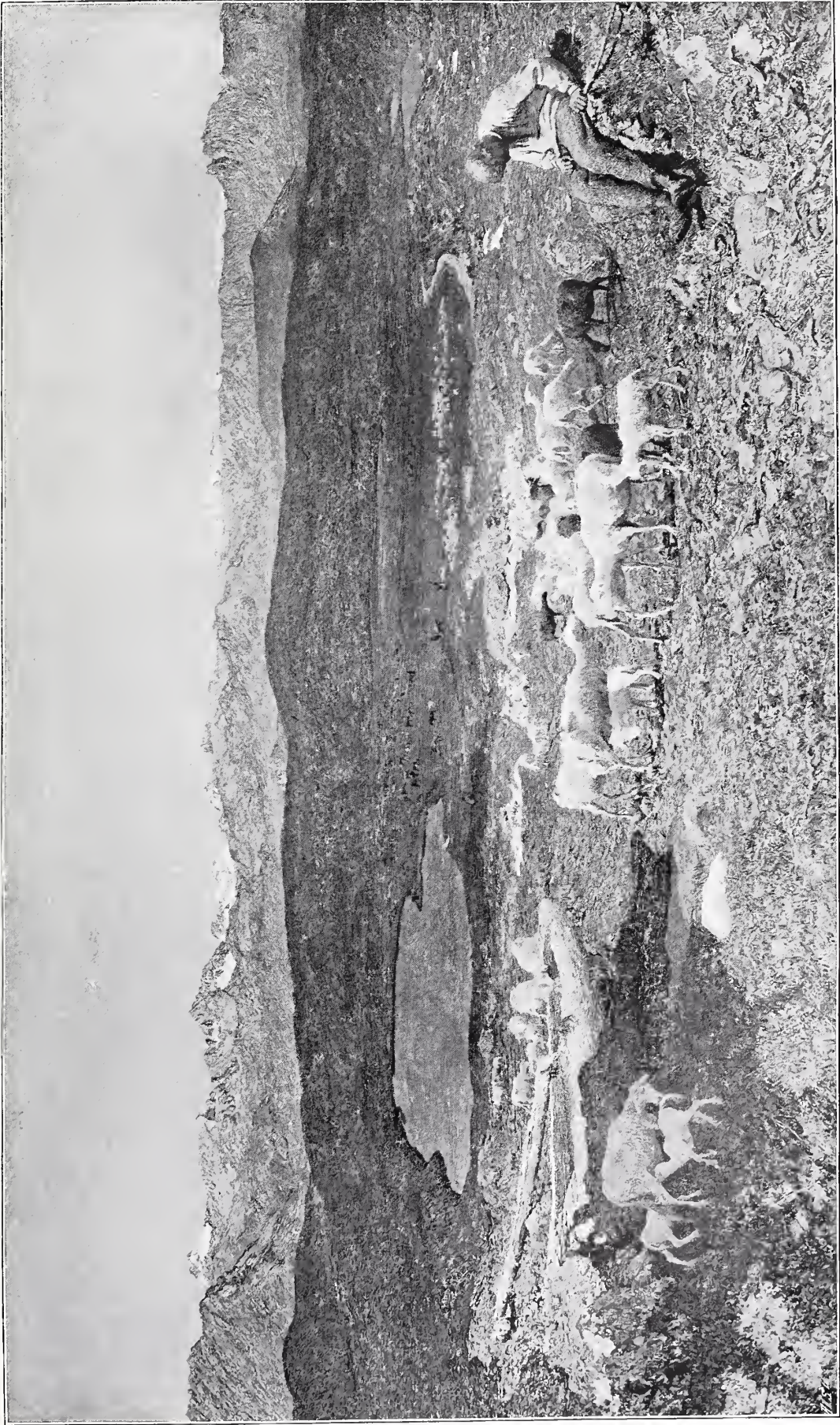
It so happened that about this time Segantini made his first acquaintance with the works of Millet;

they were only the reproductions in a French magazine, but they made a deep impression on him; for here was an artist who had reached the aim he was striving after, who, like him, had lived with the peasants, and had immortalised their joys and sorrows in his art. But so afraid was Segantini of having his own individuality influenced that he did not keep the magazine long in his possession: the impression could not be effaced, nevertheless, and had its effect on Segantini's subsequent work. After



THE SHEEPFOLD.

(From the Painting by Giovanni Segantini.)



THE ALPINE SHEPHERDS.
(From the *Painting* by Giovanni Segantini.)

this even Brianza seemed too much in the world to suit him, and he removed with his wife and children to Savognino in the Grisons, after a time going yet further into the Alpine heights and setting up his abode and studio at Maloja.

With all these actual changes there came a change, too, in his style of work. Like the youth who gradually grows to manhood, much of the delicate grace of his art gave place to more strongly marked and powerful productions, as though he would make nature his own by sheer force. Amongst the best of the pictures he produced during this period are "The Drinking Trough," which obtained a gold medal in Paris; "In the Sheepfold," "The Shepherd's Income," "At the Spinning Wheel," and "Ploughing in the Engadine," which won a gold medal at the Turin exhibition of 1892. He also continued his studies of the effects of light, and in "Midday on the Alps" and "Winter at Savognino" gave a fine contrast, the latter painting being remarkable for the management of the different shades and gradations of white. To the finest of his works must also be reckoned "The Return to the

Sheepfold" and "The Return to His Native Village." The latter illustrates a custom which prevails in Segantini's first Alpine home. When one of the mountaineers has been forced by poverty to emigrate and dies in a foreign land, his people fetch his body home to sleep its long sleep in his native soil. In this picture we are shown such a mournful arrival. The coffin is placed on a cart, beside it sits the weeping widow with her child upon her knee, and at the horse's head walks a bearded mountaineer, his head bowed in grief, his form wrapped in the long cloak which, according to immemorial custom, is only worn on solemn days of mourning, and is handed down from generation to generation.

In all these representations of simple pastoral life Segantini has shown himself thoroughly in sympathy with his subject, and the note he has thus introduced into Italian art is one quite foreign to it. Of late, however, he has taken a new departure, and has several times adopted a symbolical style, suppressing details and embodying ideas. Of these we may mention "The Punishment of Luxury" (sometimes called "Nirvana") and "The Retribution of Unnatural Mothers" (see p. 28), both themes inspired by an Indian poem. Of the gentler kind of theme, two lovely examples are "The Angel of Life," a poetic composition clearly inspired by the influence of Botticelli (see p. 26), and "The Fruit of Love," which may almost be described as a less ethereal and less melancholy version of "The Angel of Life," delicate and suggestive as it is.

It may be said that Giovanni Segantini has never been untrue to himself, never allowed the spirit of gain to overcome his artistic conscience. His smallest pictures are carefully studied, and his constant advance in the matter of colour shows that he is aware of his limitations and tries to overcome them. He is not always complete master of technical difficulties; the spirit of his picture sometimes makes him neglect the details of form; his painting is unequal, being at times even a little heavy, and his colouring, like that of Millet and the Milanese artist Cremona, whom he admired, is sombre; but, as I have said, this is always advancing and clarifying itself as he works in the clear light of the Alps and seeks to reproduce those strong, clear, mountain effects of air which cause all objects to stand out in sharp contour.

Segantini adds one more to the number of those who have risen by their own strength; who, knowing themselves to be worthy of something higher than the surroundings in which they were born, have dared to break their chains and carve out their own path in life. Strife and suffering such characters must of necessity go through, but with them it is the refining of the gold, the test of power.



ON THE BALCONY.
(From the Painting by Giovanni Segantini.)

THE ART MOVEMENT.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.—I.

IT was fully expected that, during the three years that have elapsed since the last exhibition of this Society was held, an advance had been made at least proportionate with the progress achieved in other ways in the artistic development of the nation, and that the present display would represent the high-water-mark reached in the practice of the applied arts by our sturdy revivalists. That expectation has not been disappointed. The exhibition is not only better artistically, it is saner aesthetically than any



SCREEN.

(Designed by G. Frampton, A.R.A., for Miss Alice Redcliffe.)

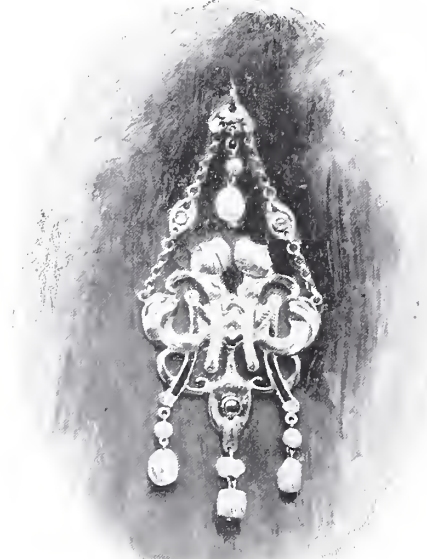
taste of the true lover of art than we have hitherto been able to concede.

We have been reproached ere now for striking too optimistic a note when dealing with the present-day art of this country. In reply we have pointed to the appreciation and commendation of our art by other nations, and have declared that, whether in painting or in the applied arts, a great revival had had its birth in Britain, which, in spite of certain youthful effervescence, was destined to bring this country to the front



ENAMELLED PENDANT.

(By F. S. Robinson.)



GOLD AND ENAMEL PENDANT

(By F. S. Robinson.)

that have gone before, and—not through concessions but by honest development—the workers' productions are more closely in harmony with the cultivated

rank, if not at the head of all other nations whatsoever. The new exhibition to a considerable extent justifies our contention. There is much in it,

no doubt, that is the outcome of mere juvenile enthusiasm, of the passion for the originality-at-any-

teets, who had just returned from his first visit to London, and was full of his impressions. He had



OVERDOOR (COLOURED PLASTER).
(By F. W. Pomeroy)

price which is willing deliberately to sacrifice all claim to beauty and revel in absolute ugliness, if novelty can by that means be obtained. In defence of such misdirected effort there is not much to be said, except this—that the habit of independent thought, of strenuous striving to leave the rut of

convention, in whatever branch of the art manufactures, sows a precious seed in the mind that conceives it. Ugliness, whether of subject, form, or colour, so soon as its novelty wears off, ceases to please, and a return to the acknowledged canons of beauty, accompanied by the newly-won individuality, achieves a victory in the fruits of which we all must share. The present writer was a short time since in Paris in the company of one of the most distinguished of French archi-

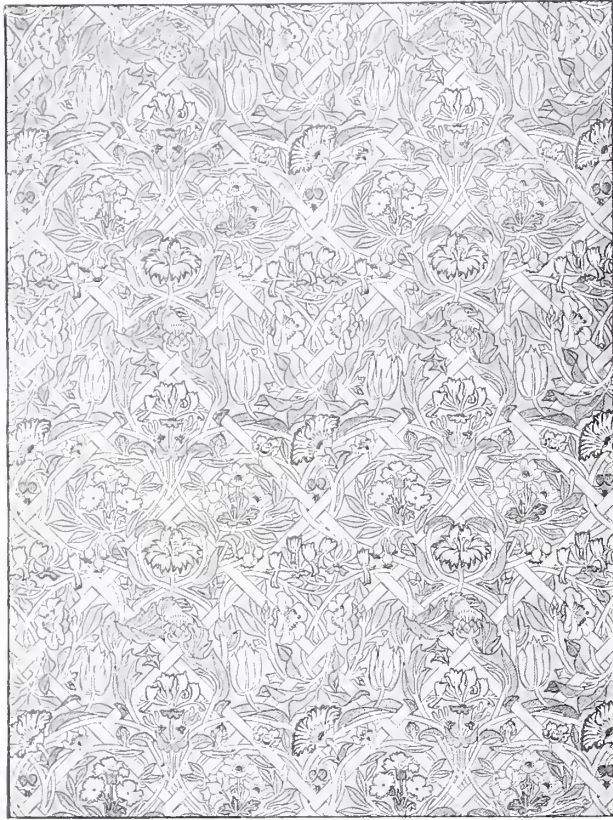


LETTER-PLATE.
(By W. Reynolds-Stephens.)



BRONZE PANEL FOR GATES OF BAPTISTERY, WELBECK.
(By F. W. Pomeroy.)

this," he went on, "that when I came back to our beautiful boulevards and saw our exquisite ornament,



FLORAL TRELLIS PAPER.

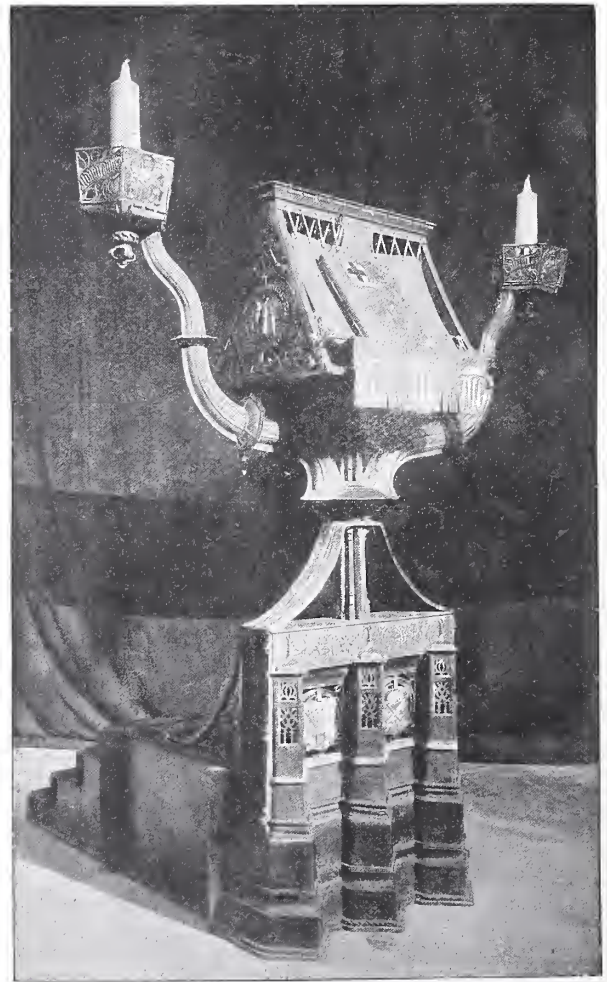
(By Heywood Sumner.)

executed in the best tradition, that I found them after all—well—*articles de Paris!*—even to our well-designed lamp-posts." He was not aware that the standard design of Parisian lamp-posts was the work of a Londoner, a student of South Kensington Schools.

Apart from originality of design, the greatest lesson taught by the Arts and Crafts Society is the dignity of labour—the propriety of any artist, however distinguished, to devote his hands to any form of design, however trifling: and the superiority of the work of those hands over the work of machines. It is too late in the day to need to insist on either of these fundamental theses: and there will probably be few visitors to the gallery who will not prefer Mr. Ashbee's silver plates, for all that their circles are not mathematically true, to the machine-turned plates of commerce. Men have now come to see that mechanical accuracy is in itself by no means a delight, but that, on the contrary, as evidence of the exclusion of craftsman's skill, is rather matter for continual regret. Another lesson, to be learned by craftsmen and patron alike, is that no man—if he is to keep his talent fresh and free, and his artistic conscience clean—should ever repeat him-

self. That the great artists, at least among the painters, would sometimes repeat themselves, even *ad nauseum*, is evidence only of the triumph of commercial over artistic considerations. The doctrine of non-repetition is less a dogma than an instinct in a true craftsman who loves his work and respects himself. We but lately heard of the death of an old cabinet-maker who lived and died in his native village in the Ardennes, and whose proud boast it was that he had never made two pieces of furniture alike; and whose epitaph, devised by himself, may now be read on his headstone, "Here lies —, Workman. He died an Artist." This is the true spirit of the art-craftsman, which it must be the aim of the Society to foster and develop.

The improved excellence of the new exhibition is to be recognised in many ways: in a greater reticence than was formerly the case, greater manual



LECTERN IN IRON, COPPER, AND BRASS.

(By W. Bainbridge Reynolds.)

skill, more highly-developed fancy and imagination, and a more defined unity of idea and intention. There are still examples of that form of originality that rather hinder than help the movement in the

favour of the public, and rather hinder than help the public itself in its understanding of what fine applied art is, and of the depth of the enjoyment to be found in it. The trail of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley—



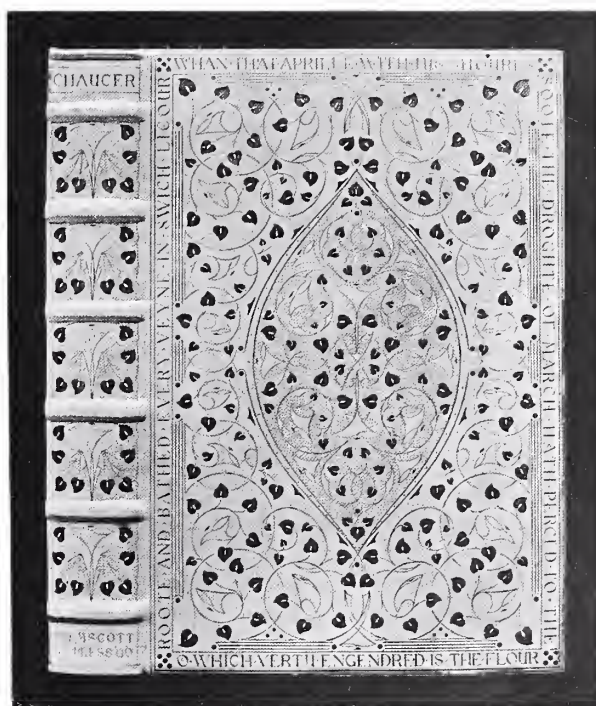
DESIGN FOR PLAYING CARDS.

(By R. Anning Bell.)

who may be termed the Hyde to Sir Edward Burne-Jones's Jekyll—is still over some able designers, for cleverness, even foul genius, always attracts disciples, even when sound excellence fails to do so. Then there is what is colloquially termed the "Spooky School," whose "spookiness" reveals itself alike in form, design, and colour. But the great fact remains that a distinct school of decorative design is evolving

result is an exhibition of great interest by men of power, by artists of taste. It is not too much to say that some of these men even now—in spite of a certain narrowness in the Society which one may yet detect—could unite to raise such a House of Art as has not yet been seen, beside the interest of which the formal glories of London's expensive palaces would pale into gaudiness or emptiness—into mere *articles de Paris*.

In selecting illustrations from this exhibition we have not sought to place the most charming, the most captivating, examples before the reader. We have rather aimed at presenting the stronger-flavoured specimens of work of the better-known men, the more truly to illustrate the tendency that



BOOK COVER OF CHAUCER.

(By F. Cobden-Sanderson.)

may be given to the domestic arts of the near future. This direction may not be exactly that which was intended by William Morris—dead, just as the doors of the exhibition were being thrown open. It is wider, more fantastic, less "organic," than his own tastes demanded. But it is, for the most part, sincere, and reveals a power which in a modified form will assuredly tell on the art of the future. Furniture, needlework, metal-work, jewellery, printing, binding, tapestry, wall-paper, carpet, book-illustration, mosaic, sculpture, gesso decoration, stained glass, cartoons, enamels, goldsmithery, design, pottery, tiles, and what not—all are represented. They may make little effect on the ordinary trades, whose hide-bound



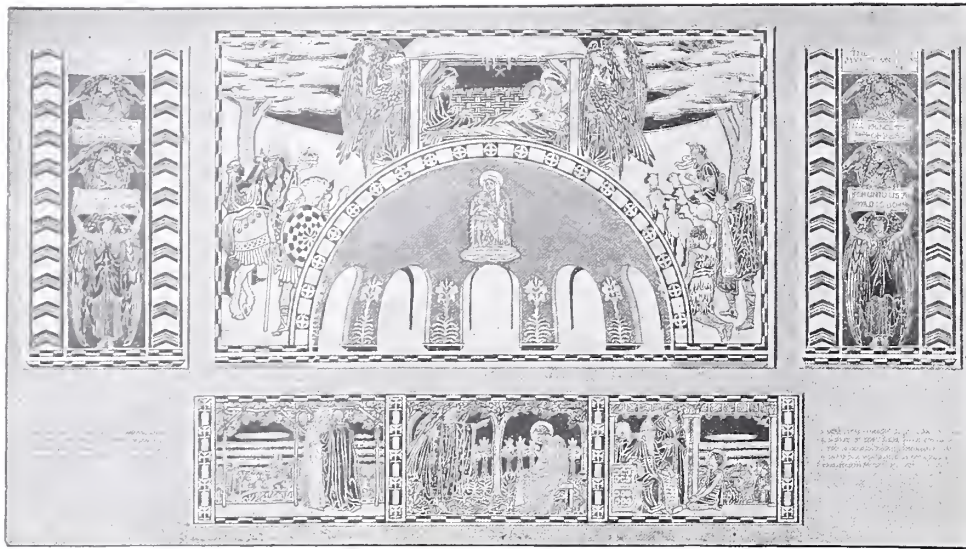
ENAMELLED CASKET.

(By Alex. Fisher.)

itself out of the chaos which attended its birth—a chaos the very existence of which itself bore witness to the extent and scope of the renaissance; and the

Unions accord scant welcome to a system wherein individual power and intelligence and art-feeling is a main disagreeable factor—a factor calculated to

are the fire-dogs, to be reproduced in this Magazine next month. Mr. Heywood Sumner, whose enthusiasm has done so much in recent years to carry



DESIGN FOR DECORATION OF THE APSE OF THE LADY CHAPEL, ST. AGATHA'S, PORTSMOUTH
(By Heywood Sumner.)

disturb the dead level in which all schemes for the equalisation of wages must be based. Their appeal is to the man of taste and judgment—to the man who can appreciate originality and reward it.

It may perhaps be objected that the craftsmen themselves are a little too unconventional in their work, too stiff in their opinions. It needs such men to effect a great revolution. It was ever the function of extremists to direct a middle course; and if these men have so far sacrificed themselves as to turn their backs on what is easy and *banale* and popular, it is not less the duty of the rich to do their part, and accord them such support as circumstances will permit.

In church decoration the exhibition is rich. The imposing lectern by Mr. W. Bainbridge Reynolds, wrought in iron, with brass and copper enrichments, is a work of striking originality throughout, thought out in every detail, even down to the nails which, while protecting the steps, tell the story of the little monument. In itself it is enough to render the collection remarkable, and will attract deserved attention to this clever architect turned metal-worker. Hardly less remarkable in their way

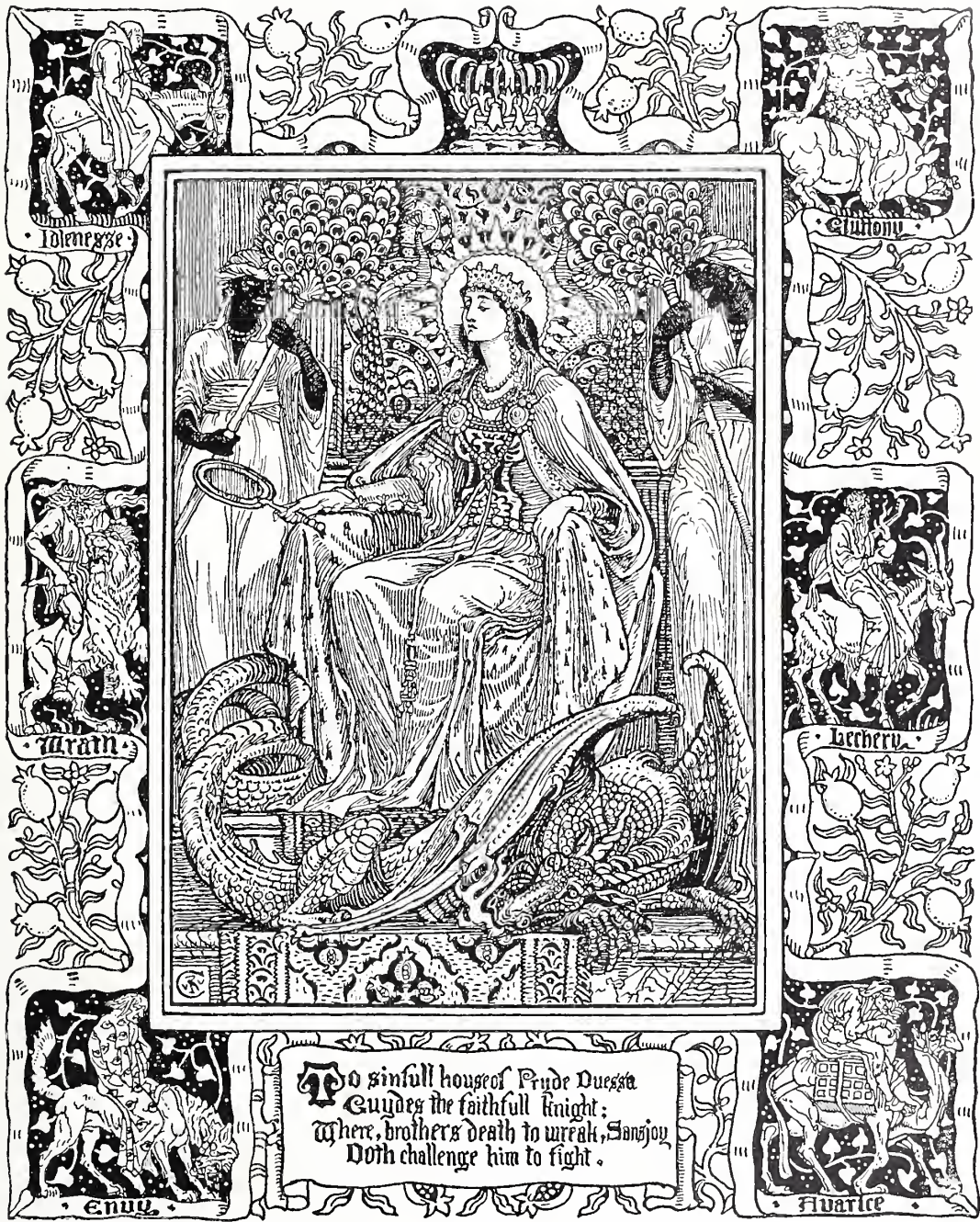
are the fire-dogs, to be reproduced in this Magazine next month. Mr. Heywood Sumner, whose enthusiasm has done so much in recent years to carry decorative art along the right lines, contributes a noble and expressive design in his great cartoon for the embellishment in *sggraffito* of the Lady Chapel of St. Agatha's, Portsmouth. The subject is the "Star of Bethlehem," and combines effectiveness and simplicity with charm of design and sentiment. This agreeable quality runs through all this artist's work, and may be detected hardly less in his wall-paper (for

Jeffrey and Co.) called "A Floral Trellis-paper" (which, by the way, requires a somewhat large surface for the proper display and significance of the repeat), than in the Fitzroy school picture entitled



SCHOOL BOARD CERTIFICATE.
(Designed by R. Anning Bell.)

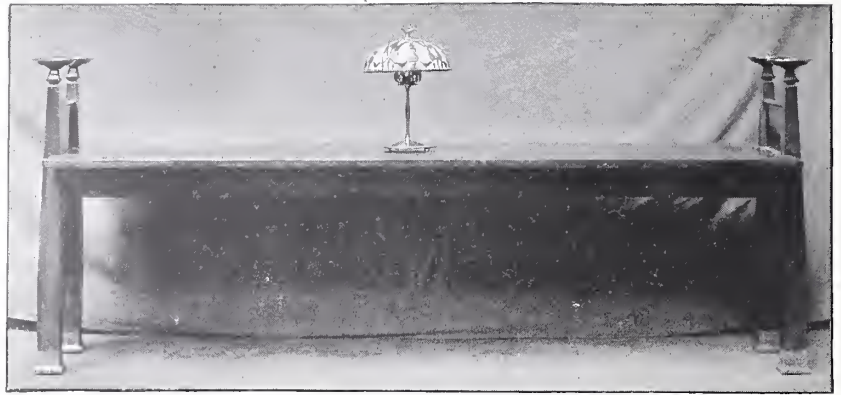
"Play." The cartoons of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and of Mr. Walter Crane fill the section of stained-glass windows, but it is much to be regretted that



THE HOUSE OF PRIDE. REDUCED FROM A PAGE OF "THE FAERIE QUEENE."

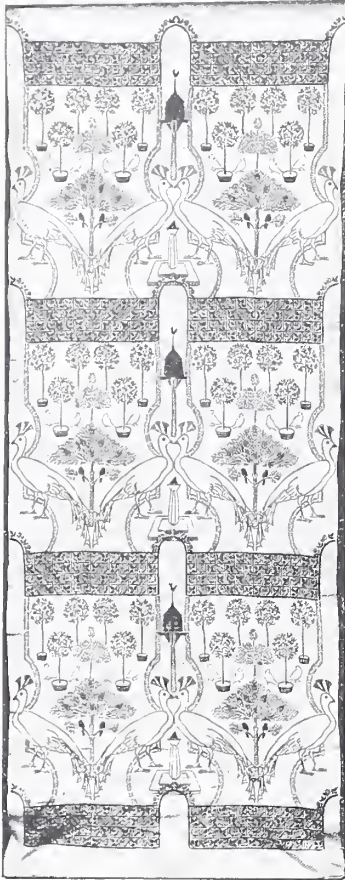
(By Walter Crane. By Permission of Mr. George Allen.)

no stained glass is shown, especially none of that lovely work which John la Farge invented, and which the Baron Rosenkrantz has with so much success just introduced for the first time into this country, in Wickham Church, near Canterbury. Finally, besides Mr. Pomeroy's fine lectern, there is the portion of



DINING TABLE.

(By W. Reynolds-Stephens.)



PANEL FOR QUILT

(Designed by C. F. A. Voysey. Executed by Mrs. Reynolds-Stephens.)

figures of St. Elizabeth and St. Dorothea, and with the still more exquisite panels of rose and apple-trees, as original and as graceful a work of its kind as we have ever seen. It is interesting to observe with how much success the cove which surmounts it suggests, but not insists upon, an architectural character. A variety of other work comes from Mr. Frampton, of which the coloured plaster panel of "Music" is the most successful, and the elaborate carving on Mr. C. H. Townsend's great mantelpiece the

chancel stalls, the exhibit of Mr. H. Wilson, the chief merit of which lies in the success with which, both in the design and in the carving, the feeling of the wood has been retained.

Close by is the beautiful screen of Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., "precious" in the best sense, and with its decoration of ivory, mother-of-pearl, gold, and enamels, with its dainty

least, mainly because, in the latter case, in its present light it can with difficulty be seen.

The section of enamels is well filled. Placed upon jewellery, as in Mr. F. S. Robinson's original works (see p. 32), coloured enamel threatens, if not skilfully used, to become a little crude; but whether adopted practically in place of gems, as in the exquisite five-sided ivory casket by Mr. Fisher, representing "The Story of Cupid and Psyche," or in broader fashion, as in the Queen's cup, by Mr. Nelson Dawson, "and Edith his wife" (as the cup itself proclaims), it is a joy for ever. The beautiful blues and greens, the perfect sense of grace of composition, the translucency and the delicacy of Mr. Fisher's work are captivating; and the question may even be asked if he does not carry his art to too consummate a finish. Mr. Nelson Dawson aims rather at breadth of effect, and whether he gives us his *cloisonné* with simple tones of blue, yellow, and green, relieved by touches of red, or combines his enamel with beautiful metal-work—as in his triptych, his beaten silver dish, or his steel and copper trowel—



CUP IN BEATEN COPPER, WITH LID IN CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL

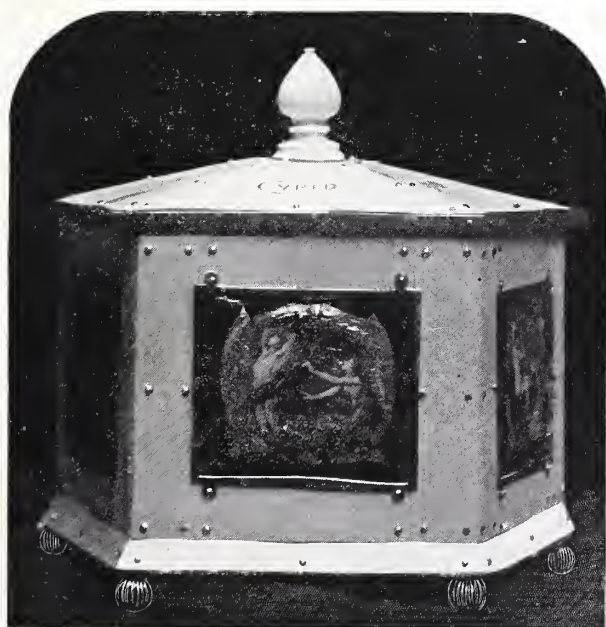
(By Nelson and Edith Dawson. The Property of H.M. the Queen.)



MODELLED DESIGN FOR PUNCH-BOWL.
(By Eleanor Mercer.)

he shows a masterful command of his material and of himself.

One phase of the independence of not a few among the workers is the remarkable versatility that results from it. Thus from that admirable artist, Mr. Reynolds-Stephens, we have a dining-room table on a new plan (see p. 38), whereby there is no longer a head and a foot, for upright stands for fruit and flowers occupy the ends; and a model for a letter-box lid, so dainty and charming in design, and so beautiful in patina, that standing before a door embellished with it would almost become a form of artistic entertainment. Mr. Anning Bell, again, exhibits a variety of qualities and characteristics in his designs for court playing cards; a sense of dignified



IVORY AND ENAMEL CASKET.
(By Alex. Fisher.)

fitness in his School Board Certificate, to be printed in three colours; and a frieze, which, by the way, is detracted from by festooned roses in the background

that are out of all proportion, and look rather like gigantic crackers. Nor is Mr. Lewis Day less prolific; for, besides the excellent tiles, which will be illustrated in our next Number, his numerous designs for embroideries, carvings, and the like, help to maintain his own reputation and the interest of the exhibition. Even Mr. Cobden Sanderson, who has lavished all his delicate fancy on his binding for the Kelmscott "Chancer"—a work of very singular grace and beauty (see p. 35)—



CLOCK.
(By C. F. A. Voysey.)

has also turned his attention to the fashioning of a semicircular steel fender, to which we shall make more special reference in our next Number.

Mr. Walter Crane's inexhaustible fancy and invention have perhaps never risen to a greater height or done work more thoroughly worthy of his genius than the exceedingly important series of illustrations and decorations to Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which Mr. George Allen is about to publish. One of these—"The House of Pride"—we are enabled to reproduce in reduced size. It shows how charming is the artist's work, how rich in design, and happy in border-designing. We would have to reproduce others, such as the "Charissa," to testify further to

what appears to us Mr. Crane's improvement in the greater vitality displayed in this series, wherein vitality seems to be added to beauty, and a sense of humanity to conventional design. With a brief reference to Mr. Pomeroy's beautiful coloured gesso overdoor, designed and executed in alabaster for the justice-room of the Sheffield Town Hall; to Mrs. Reynolds Stephens' intelligent embroidery of Mr. Voysey's dove-billing quilt (it is not everyone, as Mrs. Horner's carefully-worked imitative panel of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's "Love" clearly proves, who so thoroughly understands

the function and the limitation of the needle); to Miss Merecer's most graceful cup—the chief fault of which appears to be the heavy shadow cast by the overhanging lip; and to Mr. Colton's bronze model of a fountain, now erected in stone in Hyde Park, and we have for the present a collection of works which is destined to exercise as real an influence on the public of taste as on the artists themselves.

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STENCILLED STUFFS.

BY LEWIS F. DAY.

IT is not many years ago since stencilling was a despised art, deservedly so. It had fallen into the hands of the most mechanical of workmen. It ceased, as practised, to be an art or even a craft. Only here and there an artist turned it to artistic account.

Owing mainly to Japanese influence (to the interest, that is to say, excited by the importation of Japanese stencil-plates into this country—marvels of careful and cunning contrivance) a reaction in favour of this neglected process of work set in, a reaction which has developed into a fever, just now at its height, when clever young students are trying to do in stencilling what they had far better do with a free brush, and even manufacturers are going back to the use of the stencil-plate in hopes that it will give them results not to be obtained by means of the printing-block which superseded it.

It is more than possible that the value of stencilling as a reproductive process is, for the time being, overrated. Certainly, claims are made on its behalf which cannot well be supported. Granted that by means of it effects can be obtained which are not produced in printing, this is rather because, printing being the cheaper method, cheapness is more and more demanded of the printer, than because he could not get, if he

were paid for it, much of that subtle variety of colour which is the boast of the stenciller. Many of those who vaunt the charm of effects which seem to them peculiar to stencilling are presumably ignorant of what the block-printer can do, and did years ago, by means of "patching," "blending," and other devices familiar to the "paper-stainer."

It is probable, however, that the public will never be disposed to pay for "mere wall-paper" a price equal to that they are prepared to give for stencilling, in itself an equally mechanical process; and so, for the moment, stencilling is all the rage. One great advantage of stencilling is that the work

can be done on the wall, which, in a way, compels due consideration of the relation of the pattern, both in scale and colour, to the place it is to fill.

Most of us would certainly prefer decoration thus executed *in situ* to the mere covering of walls with so many yards of patterned material turned out of the workshop by the piece; and stencillers seem to cut the only really firm ground from under their own feet, when they take to the mere making of stencilled goods, which can, in the nature of things, never compete in price with printed work. For the moment they produce, it is true, something not quite in the ordinary way of printing; but it will not be long before printers, who have



FOUNTAIN.

(By W. Colton. Erected in Hyde Park.)

been, as it were, taken by surprise, carry back the war into their domain; and then—there is no room for doubt with whom the victory will rest.

The extinction of the mediæval practice of stencilling on cloths for wall-hangings followed naturally upon the perfecting of expeditious processes of weaving. Of late years it has been revived again, and some beautiful things have been done, on canvas, for example, in oil paint. This is at best, however, a clumsy and rather amateurish way of decorating stuffs. Woven, printed, or

winds its way unrestrained throughout the entire length of the curtain. It is repeated only laterally; but as the repeat is some five feet wide, that scarcely counts. There is at once greater breadth of effect and more individuality of design about these handsome arabesques than in the smaller repeats after the manner of the "verdure" of old tapestries, taken, indeed, in some cases from familiar examples at South Kensington.

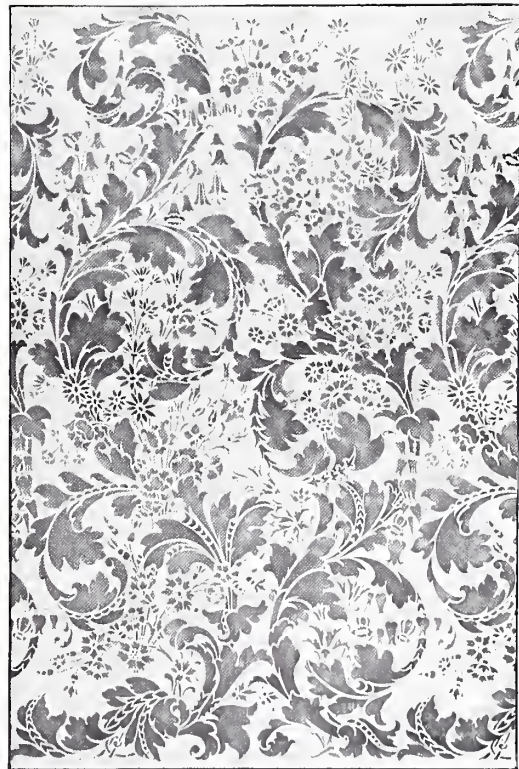
Mr. Heaton thoroughly understands and appreciates the limitations of stencilling. His designs are planned for the process employed; he neither disguises the "ties" necessary to the construction of a stencil-plate, nor emphasises them in an unnecessary and aggravating manner; he simply accepts them as part of his design. Nor is he misled by Japanese precedent into a minuteness and elaboration of detail, well enough in its place, but destructive of broad and simple decorative effect.

It seems as if Mr. Heaton had perfected a system of textile-stencilling which gives admirable decorative results at the same time that it provides employment for women. The prices at which he produces his stencilled fabrics compete rather with



THE "HARROGATE" STENCIL.

stencilled, we want our textiles dyed, and, apparently, the first to stencil stuffs in dye has been Mr. Aldam Heaton—with whom is now associated Mr. J. Croft-Smith—whose long familiarity with the textile industries should be sufficient guarantee that his hangings are stencilled not in pigments but in veritable dyes. They have certainly all the appearance, and especially the transparency, of dye, and he claims that they are fast. The hangings lately exhibited by him in his show-rooms at Bloomsbury Street are chiefly woollen materials, "mohair," "moreen," and "balk cloth"—all fabrics which fall in soft folds, and which give singularly lustrous colour. Indeed, in the case of curtains stencilled in blended shades of ruby red, the effect reminds one inevitably of similar effects produced in earthenware. Scarcely less suggestive of "silver lustre" are the hangings stencilled in yellows, merging on the one hand into greenish, on the other into orange, tones. Many of Mr. Heaton's designs, and the happiest of them, consist of big, bold scrolls; and advantage is taken of the process (stencil-plates being easily cut) to avoid repetition in the pattern, which



THE "RAYNSFORD" STENCIL.

woven than printed goods; but there should be demand enough for individual work of a kind which does not, strictly speaking, come into competition with manufacture. That is really its *raison d'être*.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.: A SKETCH.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. WAAIL.

WHAT the Berlin Photographic Company did for the Rembrandts at Cassel and Berlin it has more recently done for Mr. Alma-Tadema, in a volume containing a score and more of photogravures with a sketch of the artist's life by Mr. F. G. Stephens—an album which for taste in production and for quality of its plates has rarely been equalled: a tribute that is an honour at once to the painter and to the publishers.* That it is as fine—viewed as a collective example of the process of photogravure—as the Rembrandt achievements can hardly be asserted. The difference, however, is due rather to the difference in the styles and colouring of the old master and the modern, than to any inherent defect in the plates themselves. How fine these are may be seen more particularly from that which reproduces one of the most admirable of all the artist's pictures, "In My Studio"—the



L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
(In the Ante-Hall.)

picture he presented to Lord Leighton in exchange for the "Bath of Psyche," which the President wrought for Mr. Tadema's ante-hall. The work to which I refer is prefaced by Mr. Stephens' essay on Mr. Tadema and his art, against which the chief complaint is that it tells us too little of the artist's life. For this reason, I propose to give the story in my own way, based on words from the master's lips, fallen during several conversations.

Alma-Tadema's position in the World of Art is

* "Laurence Alma-Tadema, R.A.: A Sketch of His Life and Work." (London: Berlin Photographic Company.)

one apart. Others who have worshipped at the shrine of "Classicism," as it may comprehensively be termed, have, with more or less success, represented ancient life as it may have been; Alma-

Tadema convinces us, often in spite of ourselves, that he shows us the life as it was. The George Ebers of the brush—that and a good deal more—he stands proudly on the pedestal he has erected for himself; proudly, yet simply, too—easily and with unaffected *bonhomie*—fully conscious of his just worth, but entertaining no exaggerated sense either of his own powers or of the public estimation or appreciation. Yet there is hardly a painter in Europe more widely popular than he, whether as an artist or a man. Cosmopolitan in his acquaintance as he has been in his homes, he is essentially a man of many friends; picturesque in gesture and expression, more given to laugh than to frown—yet by no means

averse to the latter when he deems there is occasion for it—he possesses little of the phlegmatic calm characteristic of the Dutch. As a matter of fact, he is less a Hollander than a Frieslander, a Parisian, or a Londoner, and his vivacity will be readily understood by the student of the races of the Low Countries. Original in most things and energetic in all, public- and private-spirited alike, he is direct, bright, and witty in conversation, as becomes one blessed with a sunny nature; and when he talks in his musical English—in demisemi-quavers, as one might say, freely punctuated with minims and crotchets—he

startles his hearer continually with refreshing observation, emphasis of opinion, vivid expression, and happy turn of thought. Add to that a familiar knowledge of the world, an intense and absorbing passion for his art, and, in common with so many of the Old Masters, a keen business capacity, set off by a genial courtesy, and the spiritual man is before you.

Surely the house which such a man, successful as he has been, would erect to himself may be imagined with some degree of logical certainty: a dwelling-place like no other on this earth.* An original ground-plan, a novel elevation, unheard-of arrangements, ornamentation and decoration unprecedented in modern building in point of boldness and chasteness of design and execution, are all combined in this wonderful dwelling. After passing under the colonnade, the visitor may enter by the conservatory, arriving in the ante-hall, where each of the two-score upright panels of the great screen running round it is painted by a different artist of eminence (most wonderful and beautiful of autograph-albums), and where upon the high mantel border are inscribed the hospitable lines:

"I count myself in nothing
else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring
my good friends."

* The illustrations here given of Mr. Alma-Tadema's house, it should be explained, are not borrowed from the volume to which I have referred; they have been drawn by Heer Waail.

Or he may straightway ascend the brazen staircase and enter the studio: the effect is equally surprising and pleasing. The walls of this vast marble-lined chamber, pierced with doors and openings, are decorated with infinite refinement. The surface of the great apse is covered with silver-leaf in order that the studio may be flooded with pure light, so that the painter's palette may be maintained at painting



ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.



THE COLONNADE.

pitch; and at night the illuminants are reflected from it with brilliant splendour of effect. The celebrated piano in oak, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and I know not what besides, is raised in well-merited honour in a niche that is lighted by day through windows of onyx. And, greatest marvel of all in a studio, the orthodox, inevitable top-light is for once heterodox, evitable, and absent. The inscriptions about the house, too, are a feature eloquent of the hospitality they proclaim. From the hearty "Salve" above the house-door to the graceful salutation in the ante-hall, from those about the studio to the rest about the house, they breathe a love of art and a cordial welcome to the visitor. Outside the bed-chamber is a God-keep-you, infinitely comforting, doubtless, to the devout mind; and facing, so that it may meet the eye of the occupant on his quitting the room in the morning, is a cheery good-morrow that should put him in excellent humour for the day. And the point of it all is that some of the letters are painted in scarlet, which, reckoning Roman fashion, amount to numbers that mark, literally, red-letter dates in the Alma-Tadema family.

In Dronrijp, near Leeuwarden, in Friesland, Laurence Tadema was born on the 8th January, 1836,

the son of a notary in the village. Precocity, the clarion of the great, marked out his future career. At the age of four, so promising was his talent for art, that he received drawing-lessons: at five, he corrected his drawing-master's work—that is to say, he pointed out faults which his astonished preceptor was forced, with some little mortification, perhaps, to admit. The circumstance was of good omen, for had not Michelangelo as a child corrected the finished drawing of Domenico Ghirlandajo and reduced it, as Vasari says, to a "perfect form"? In due time, however, young Tadema was set to follow his father's profession of the law: but he had chanced upon Leonardo da

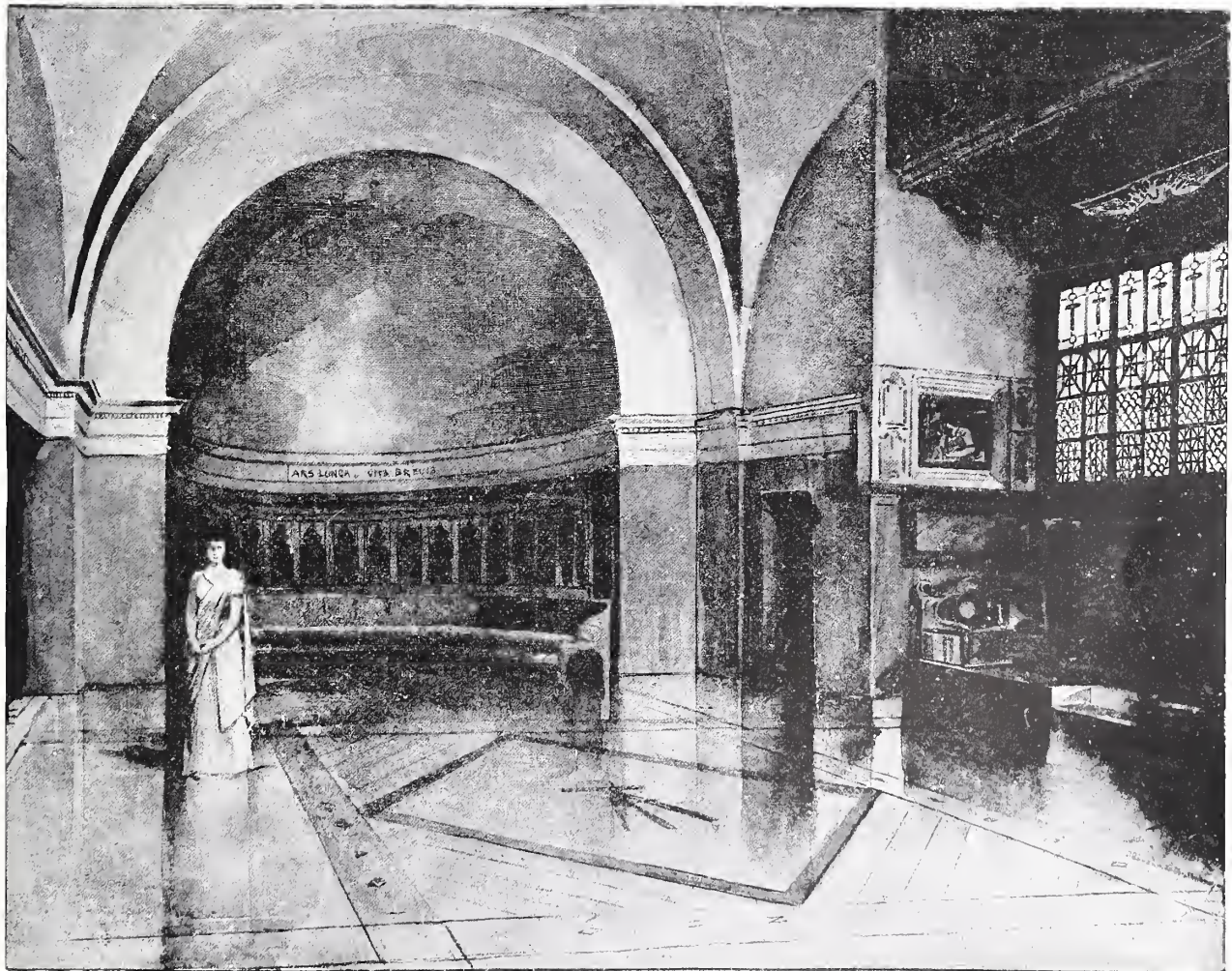
Vinci's treatise in the village shop, and then upon a book on perspective, and he read them again and again until he knew most of them by heart. So as he grew up, he formed the determination to become an artist—a resolution which his prudent mother, now at this time widowed, sought in vain to shake, and to which she only yielded when the doctors warned her that her delicate son was fretting himself to death by her opposition to his wishes. With art as the now recognised goal he soon mended, and he applied himself with energy to study, turning his attention principally to the classics. But, as he himself has told me, while hating Latin and Greek for themselves, he loved them for their mythology and archeology, and familiarised himself with their subjects chiefly through the medium of the fancy sketches of gods and goddesses and their attributes with which he freely decorated the margins of his school-books. He once told me, too, how during a grand school examination, when all the masters sat round in solemn array, just as he was in the middle of a Latin speech, the sun broke in, lighting up the professors' bald heads with liquid gold and touching with fiery light the green curtains that hung beyond. In a moment, all thought

of masters, onlookers, and examination vanished—he was stricken dumb with the fine effect of light and shade, until a reproachful prompting voice brought him back unwillingly to earth. Who, I wonder, among all that school assembly suspected the real secret of the boy's astonished silence, or guessed how deep the sunlight ray had struck into his little soul?

Tadema now soon left his native village, and in 1852 became a student under Wappers, "David's antidote." He was a hard-working, rollicking student, always painting throughout the day, never reaching his ideal of good work, and as constantly destroying his pictures, never discouraged, always trying, usually improving. Indeed, with the sole exception of "The Oracle," all his early works have been burnt by his own hand. Another act, based on sense and expediency not less sound, was the assumption of the "Alma-" which is prefixed to his name; it added grace and euphony to the name, but, what was to better and more practical purpose far, it lifted him in the exhibition catalogues out of the T's and deposited him in the A's, near the beginning: an arrange-

ment of especial advantage in the case of foreign catalogues of exhibitions. A typical example, this, of the discernment and sagacity that distinguish him as a shrewd man of the world.

The discovery of some Merovingian antiquities near the village of Dronrijp emphasised and developed young Tadema's taste for mediæval and classic themes. This pronounced inclination delighted Professor Detaye, the Professor of History of the Antwerp Academy, who, warmed into enthusiasm by so apt a pupil, crammed his young head with archaeology of all periods. The youthful painter obtained possession of Gregory of Tours' "Historia Francorum," and forthwith on suggestions derived from its pages he painted his two principal Merovingian creations—"Clotilde at the Tomb of Her Grandchildren" and "The Education of the Children of Clovis." The last-named was his first great success, for it was bought by the King of the Belgians for the sum of £64, and now hangs in his palace at Brussels. Tadema was by this time in the studio of Baron Leys, after passing under the tutelage of



MR. ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

Dyckmans and De Keyser, and was working on some of the master's pictures when he began to turn his attention to Ancient Egypt and to lay the foundation of his reputation as the great apostle of pictorial archaeology of our day throughout the length and breadth of the world of art.

But Alma-Tadema was not content merely to skirt his subject. He entered thoroughly into Ancient Egyptian life, because he knew that upon it was founded all more recent civilisation. At least, it is that which forms a *point d'appui* for the student of customs; and, as the painter himself loves to express it, "Egypt is the portal to the road which leads through antiquity." Of this course of study the first important result was "An Egyptian Festival Three Thousand Years Ago," for which the then Prince Napoleon bid three thousand francs—"a franc per 'year ago'"; but, as four thousand was the artist's price, the offer was declined. In 1862

Mr. Alma-Tadema gained the gold medal at the Antwerp Academy, and in the following year he made his first visit to Italy—an expedition, be it observed, not undertaken till the young painter had firmly marked out the artistic path he determined to follow and had trodden it far enough to know the ground and the direction whither it pointed. I was once talking over this very question of travel with Mr. Alma-Tadema and its proper relative educational value, when he expressed himself emphatically and to the point.

"What is the use," he cried, "of trying to graft a fruit-bearing branch on to a sapling if the sapling has no trunk to speak of to graft it on? Rubens followed the right principle, and, after deriving full benefit from his sojourn abroad, remained Rubens still. But what would he have been if he had undertaken the journey prematurely—before the artist in him was formed?"

Now, at that time Mr. Gambart was the great picture-dealer of the day (*il principe Gambarti*, as he is still sometimes called in Nice), and he ruled the picture-market in Western Europe beneficently, no doubt, and, not less certainly, with the utmost advantage to himself. When the report circulated in any town which it was his custom to visit on his professional rounds that "Gambart is coming!" plots were forthwith formed by the rising young painters of the community to lure him into their studios to view their works; and bitter was the disappointment when the great man departed straightway after visiting the one or two artists of repute whom he had come to see, and ignored the blandishments that were laid out to ensnare him.

Young Alma-Tadema, who now had a studio of his own,



IN THE HALL.

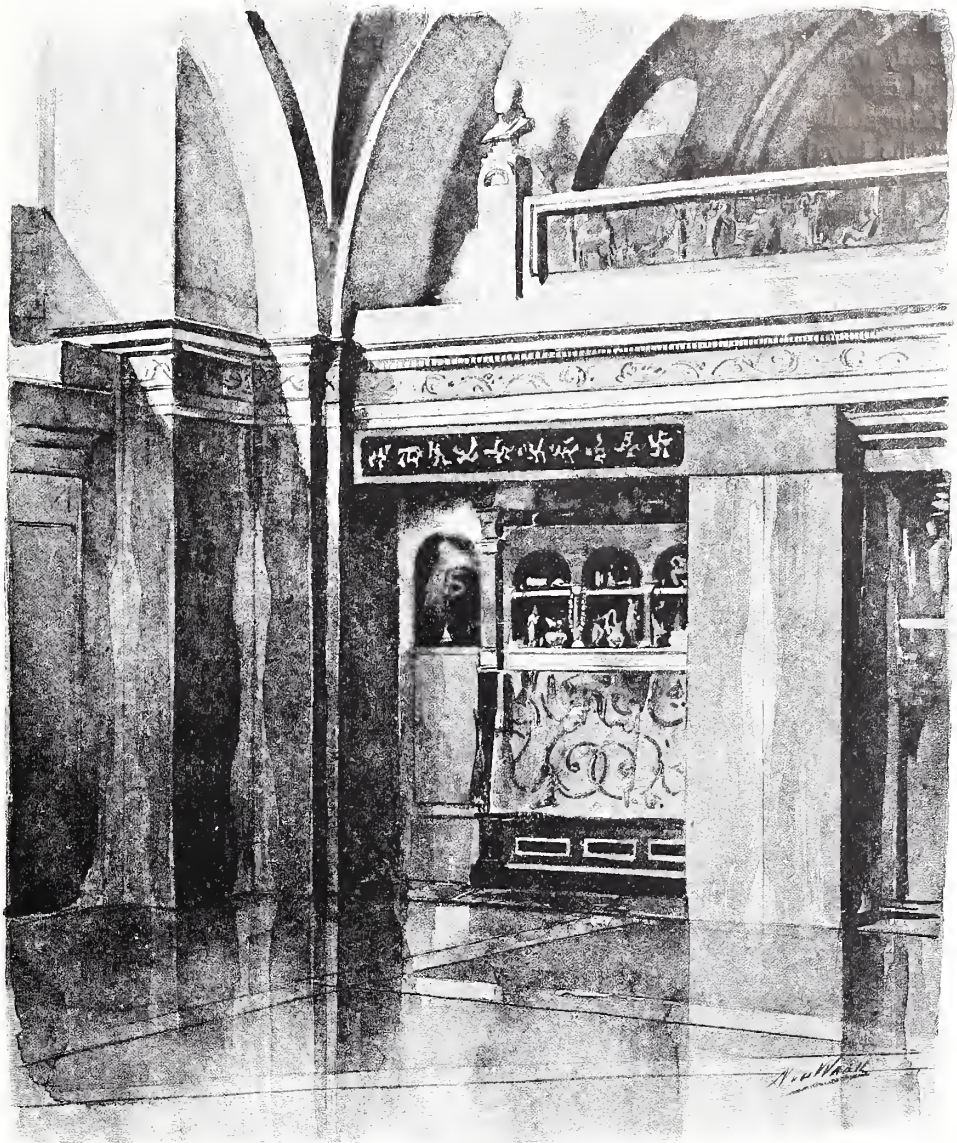
had tasted of the disappointment too; but, through a kindly subterfuge of Leys, who purposely misdirected Gambart's cab-driver to his pupil's studio instead of to another's, he received the yearned-for visitor. When Gambart discovered where he had been deposited, and saw the jolly, smiling young artist at the door, he could not find it in his heart to drive away; so he entered.

"Do you mean to say," he demanded brusquely, "that you painted that picture?" And he pointed, with obvious surprise, to the "Coming out of Church," which stood upon the easel. Mr. Tadema bowed assent.

"Well, then," he added, after a few words as to price, "let me have twenty-four of the sort, at progressive prices for each half-dozen."

Here was a stroke of unheard-of luck! And, to make matters

better, Gambart agreed, after much pleading, that the painter might go back to antiquity instead of to the Middle Ages. Thus it came about that some of the artist's most famous works were included among the pictures which had been ordered, like gloves, at so much per dozen. There was the "Three Thousand Years Ago," already referred to; then came "The Egyptian Chess-Players," with its fund of quiet humour; then "The Pyrrhic Dance," a fine work, in which the attitudes of the chief actors were suggested by the figures on an antique vase. It created an extraordinary sensation when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Of this picture Mr. Ruskin—a sincere admirer *au fond* of Mr. Tadema's work—told the Oxford undergraduates once that "the general effect is exactly like a microscopic view of a small detachment of blackbeetles



SINGING-GALLERY IN THE STUDIO.

in search of a dead rat;" but, although he added that "it is the last corruption of the Roman State and its Bacchanalian phrenzy which Mr. Alma-Tadema seems to hold it his heavenly mission to pourtray," he hastened to bear witness to his tremendous ability by declaring that "he differs from all the artists I have ever known, except John Lewis, in the gradual increase of technical accuracy which attends and enhances together the expanding range of his dramatic invention; while every year he displays more varied and complex powers of minute draughtsmanship, more especially in architectural detail, wherein, somewhat priding myself as a specialty, I nevertheless receive continual lessons from him."

So true is this in respect to execution that I may quote, as an example in point, the astonishment

of a distinguished Academician, who told me that all the difficult silver-work, marble, and mother-of-pearl, with all their complexity of reflected lights and cross-colourings, in a portion of "The Roses of Heliogabalus," were painted in on Varnishing Day at the Royal Academy while the picture was hanging on the wall, and the artist, pipe in mouth, and without model or study of any kind, was keeping up a lively conversation with a little ring of men around him. When I asked him afterwards if this were true, he raised his eyebrows in quiet surprise as he replied, "Why not? It was all thought out before."

"Phidias in the Parthenon" and "Claudius"—the latter so splendidly etched by Rajon—are two more of the pictures painted for Mr. Gambart: and when, after four years of diligent work (that is to say, in 1869), they were all completed, the dealer called again. "I want you to paint me twenty-four more," he said, naming prices, on the same progressive principle, but at a much higher rate. The artist agreed, and the first picture delivered was the celebrated "Vintage Festival." But, as this was so much more important than any that had gone before, the dealer insisted on paying for it at once at the highest rate. He was a liberal, straightforward man; and the artist tells with generous pleasure how, when at last the second consignment of pictures was finished, Mr. Gambart gave a dinner to the artist-colony of Brussels, Mr. Tadema found himself the honoured guest, and, in front of his cover, a silver jug bearing a flattering inscription, while his napkin concealed a substantial cheque, all over and above the bargain.

It was in this same year of 1869 that Mr. Alma-Tadema came to London and paid this country the greatest compliment in his power by applying for Letters of Denization from the Queen. That proceeding, however, might be called a matter of mere convenience, for not less than a Dutchman or an Englishman, is he an Ancient Greek in spirit—a Conscript Father—a priest of Memphis—just as he pleases. Nor will those who saw him at the "Painters' Masque," as I did, a dozen years or more ago, readily forget how, attired in classic garb, he appeared thoroughly to the manner born; nor repress a smile in recalling how, when the summer dawn was breaking, he threw himself into a hansom-cab, *pince-nez* on nose, cigar in mouth, and his riel but limp and fading flower-wreath drooping at each ear; while the startled market-gardener, wakened on his cart, stared speechless at the strange apparition, and pursued his journey with mouth wide open and bewildered eyes.

His first exhibit on arriving in this country were the pictures he called "Un Amateur Romain"

and "Un Jongleur," and, partly through their novelty, a remarkable sensation they made. Then followed "The Emperor Hadrian Visiting a Romano-British Pottery"—a marvel of knowledge, but lacking in grace through the treatment of the figures in the foreground and the strange cutting-off of the labourer's body. This picture the painter ultimately cut up, himself dissatisfied with the general effect, so that the whole picture now makes three, of which the semi-nude slave is the most valuable as a piece of brilliant flesh-painting. In 1875 appeared "The Sculpture Gallery," which was really painted—as Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" was—to combat an idea. It had been said, and steadfastly held, that the satisfactory rendering of sculpture in a picture was impossible. Alma-Tadema set himself to prove the contrary in this work, and succeeded. Ruskin judged of the flesh-painting in it with some severity, for, said he, it belonged to the foreign school by which the shadows were of charcoal and the lights of cream-soap; but while silent on the central purpose of the picture, he admitted it to be the principal historical piece of the year. The large picture was in the collection of the late Mr. Vanderbilt, of New York, and a small replica of the work, I may add, was painted for Mr. Gambart and is now at Nice.

When Mr. Tadema was painting "The Picture Gallery" archaeological accuracy was hardly of less importance with him than a religion; indeed, the correctness of the accessories in this remarkable work (which, by the way, was painted in response to a challenge) came to tell against the artist, for, as he has himself reminded me, picture-buyers are frequently not picture-lovers, and still less often, antiquity-lovers. Furthermore, Mr. Gambart discovered that an intending purchaser finally refused the picture as "there was so much in it for a fellow to remember, and he did not want to look a fool over it." And again, it is often impossible to be correct on points on which Antiquity is silent; it is so fatally easy to trip. In one of his Eastern pictures, for instance, he introduced a sunflower, in the belief that, as it belonged to the "*Jerusalem* artichoke" family, it was sure to be right, and he only ascertained too late that the sunflower, whether *Jerusalem* (*girasole*) or otherwise, is a comparatively modern importation from South America. Then somebody discovered that the shape of the seat in "Sappho" dated from two hundred years antecedent to Pericles, and another objected that certain Greek lettering on a pedestal ought to have been something else—although the artist had the British Museum at his back as his authority. And, finally, he was cruelly tripped by the discovery that in one of his Roman flower-pictures he had introduced the *clenatis Jackmanni*—the creation of Mr. Jackman of a very

recent date. So Tadema came to the final and obviously correct conclusion that archæology need be absolutely accurate only in so far as it is pictorial and not scientific, and that if it be not expressive or necessary it need not be insisted on.

But Mr. Alma-Tadema's skilful realism has not had the unattainable fortune of convincing every critic, among them Professor Ruskin, who, in his Notes on the Royal Academy for 1875, inveighed against the "gossip of the past," which is probably agreeable to a supremely ignorant populace. "The actual facts which Shakespeare knew about Rome," he said, "were, in number and accuracy, compared to those which Mr. Alma-Tadema knows, as the pictures of a child's first story-book, compared to Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities. But when Shakespeare wrote—

'The noble sister of Publicola,
The Moon of Rome;
chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the
frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's
temple,'

he knew Rome herself to the heart; and Mr.

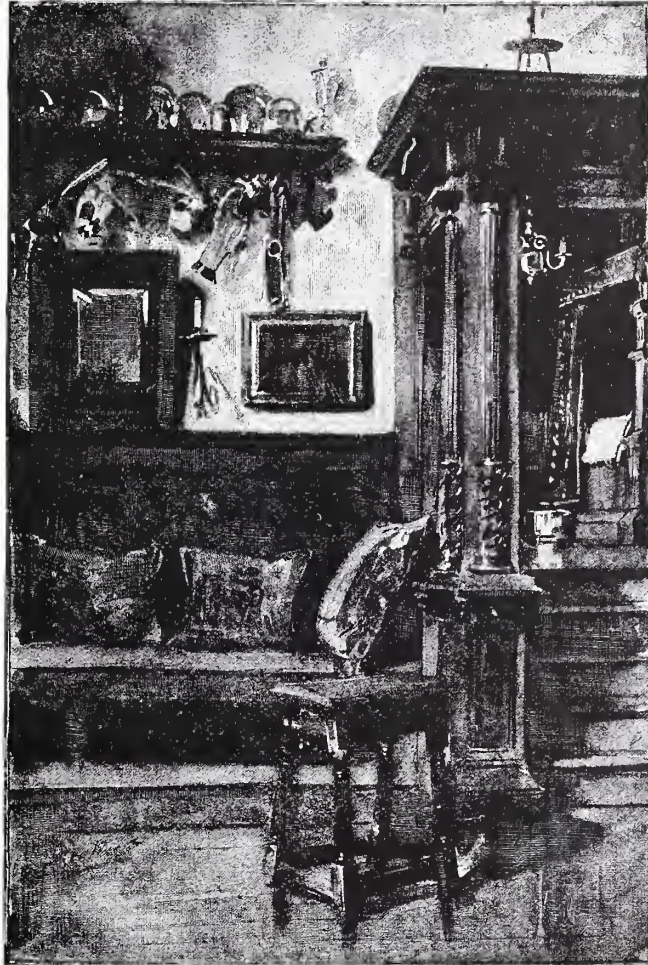
Tadema, after reading his Smith's Dictionary from A to Z, knows nothing of her but her shadow; and that, cast at sunset." A judgment, this, like so many of Ruskin's, spoilt by exaggeration; yet enclosing a truth that the more sensitive searchers after vibrating life in Mr. Tadema's pictures will assuredly in some measure respond to.

It is not easy to speak of Mr. Tadema's method of work or favourite processes of technique, as he is for ever changing—always trying something else, ever striving to do better. One of the problems he once set himself to solve, and has intermittently returned to, is the relation of the architectural column to the human figure and the juxtaposition of both in a picture without apparent disproportion of size, yet with complete illusion. The reader will

have little difficulty in recalling a dozen pictures in which the artist has cunningly endeavoured, with a greater or less measure of success, to give an appearance of truth to the relative size of the column which in reality does not (and within the compass of the canvas could not) belong to it. "A Connoisseur"

is one of the many instances of this. "The Convalescent," too, and "After the Audience"—a picture which was painted for a collector who wanted another "Audience at Agrippa's." Then there is "Fishing" and many more, all with the same motive—the last of them the gorgeous "Spring," exhibited in 1895, and now in the possession of Herr Robert von Mendelssohn.

A curious custom, though logical, is this habit of Alma-Tadema's of painting in "classes." Thus there are the "rose-pictures"—of which I need mention only "Catullus at Lesbia's," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Helio-gabalus"—for the painting of which latter work, by the way, the artist used to re-



MRS. ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

ceive two boxes of roses a week throughout the winter, each flower being painted from a different model. Then we have the "poppy pictures," of which, of course, "Tarquinius Superbus," "A Hearty Welcome," and "The Idyll, or Young Affections," are among the chief; the "oleander pictures;" and the "circular-seat pictures," with "Sappho," "The Improvisatore," "An Old Story," and "The Reading from Homer" at their head. I may mention that the great work last named (which became a "scratched" picture at the hand of some lunatic-vandal at the exhibition) was painted in the six weeks preceding the Academy Sending-In Day, as the picture it replaced—one to have been called "Plato"—did not satisfy the artist after he had expended eight months of hard work upon it: the

same amount of time required for the "Heliogabalus" itself. This canvas was on an easel in Mr. Tadema's studio the last time I was there, its face turned sorrowfully to the wall, awaiting the fate the painter may ultimately mete out to it. Again, there are the "bridge pictures," the most important of them "By the Bridge," a sort of elaboration of "The Flower-Girl;" and, finally, there are the three versions of "Claudius," of which "Ave Cæsar! Io Saturnalia!" (the property of Mrs. Perrins) is the completest and the finest. Like Sir John Millais, Mr. Alma-Tadema has on only one occasion painted a full-length nude female figure. This picture was executed as an object-lesson to his pupil, the Hon. John Collier (its present owner)—the only condition on which he would accept him as a learner. So the youth's father gave the commission, and the son watched the painting, whereby it was hoped that he would acquire the difficult art of painting flesh; and the position since taken by Mr. Collier is an interesting commentary on Mr. Alma-Tadema's very practical mode of instruction. For this picture, "The Sculptor's Model," the inspiration was drawn from the "Esquiline Venus," then recently discovered; and the aim of the painter was to realise, as far as possible, the conditions under which the masterpiece was wrought.

I suppose that the leading characteristic of Mr. Alma-Tadema's artistic mind is his conscientiousness. His brilliant "Spring" was scraped out more than once—with its multitude of exquisitely-painted details and lovely heads and figures—as it did not seem to him to "come well" as a whole; so that in its final form it represents the labour of two or three pictures, and comes as near to the intention of its painter as well could be. No part of a canvas is ever scamped or "faked," and Mr. Tadema has told me that the little glimpse of sunny sea and sky in the top corner of many of his pictures often gives him as much trouble as all the rest of the picture. For this conscientiousness and self-application hostile critics in the Press and in his own profession fall foul of him—for where lives an artist who has no such critic among his fellow-workers? "*Ça sue!*" they exclaim, in the elegant slang of the studio, ignoring the fact that it was by honest sweat that Ter Borch, Gerard Dow, Metsu, De Hoogh, Van Mieris, even Meissonier in our own day, reached the heights of their achievements, and that it is by the same infinite care that Alma-Tadema has risen to his place. Without it, for example, he would never have rivalled and excelled Solomon Ruysdael in his rendering of marble; without it—for he keeps his sudden impulses for his personal intercourse—he would have been nothing. He formed his style with deliberation and care. When he found that he was

painting too dark, he re-formed that style as diligently and carefully, hiding no fault to himself nor compounding in anywise with his æsthetic conscience.

"As the sun colours flowers, so art colours life," runs the motto in his studio; and with the slow deliberation of Nature in her exquisite processes, he follows her and seeks to record her beauties: with so much love, with such keen and delicate appreciation, that those who carp and dub his pictures "pot-boilers" are fain to admit—for they have no other choice—that if so indeed, they are the very apotheoses of "pot-boiling." His originality, his easy confidence and knowledge of effect, the brilliancy of his colour, his juggling with the falsehoods of painting so as to make them artistic truths, his scholarship which while always learned is never pedantic, his skill in imitation of textures, his daring which sometimes almost amounts to audacity, and his perfection of finish are a sufficient justification of the pinnacle on which he has been placed. He may not be a poet in the highest sense, but his imagination is at once picturesque and powerful. There may be "more mechanical steadiness of practice than innate fineness of nerve," as Ruskin said; his style may to some extent be artificial; indeed, a certain artificiality is inseparable from his style of art. But compare it with the hardness and artificiality of M. Gérôme, and the advantage lying with Mr. Alma-Tadema will be clearly established.

That such a master has attracted imitators in crowds is hardly to be wondered at. I do not mean accidental repeaters of subjects whose treatment is totally different—as when, for example, Mr. Tadema, with "An Earthly Paradise" himself followed Mr. Orchardson's "Master Baby." I remember once calling the artist's attention to an unblushing piece of plagiarism, in which grouping, poses, draperies, and the very folds had all been imitated with slavish accuracy from a work of his own. But Mr. Tadema merely shrugged his shoulders philosophically as he quoted the artistic axiom that "those who follow will never see but the master's back."

Of Mr. Tadema's honours it is almost unnecessary to speak in detail—for he must possess nearly all the more important that the European Academies have to bestow, and he is, besides, Knight of some half-a-dozen Orders. Of greater value and more permanent delight to him is the knowledge that the character of Aïssa, the hero in the art romance of the great Dutch writer Vosmaer, is drawn line for line from him; that a portion of Ebers' "Egyptian Princess" was suggested by his "Flower-Girl;" and that a whole prose idyll by the same author was inspired by his "Question," of which the title was retained.



STUDY OF A HEAD.

(By Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

- REGULATIONS.**—*Questions and Answers may be signed with the name of the writer or with a pseudonym; but the full name and address must be enclosed for the information of the Editor.*
- No enquiries of a commercial nature as to value or genuineness of pictures in the correspondent's possession, or other matters more properly addressed to picture dealers, can be inserted.*
- Illustrative matter may be included when helpful to the lucidity or interest of Query or Answer, and photographs and drawings—in respect to which, however, no responsibility can be taken, although every effort will be made to return them, if prepaid, to their owners—may be sent for reproduction.*
- No pictures, prints, or art objects may be sent to the Office of THE MAGAZINE OF ART in respect to this section, without the previous consent of the Editor.*
- Queries intended for insertion in any particular number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART should reach the Office by the 25th of the previous month: for example, a Query intended for the December Number, which is published on the 24th of November, should be forwarded by the 25th of October.*
- The Editor cannot guarantee insertion of Query or Answer in any special number of the Magazine. Every effort, however, will be made to publish them in the Part in course of preparation, and to accompany them with Answers compiled in the Editorial Office, or by experts connected with the Magazine. This will not prevent subsequent additions by the whole body of readers of the Magazine to the information already given. To our readers, indeed, we look for the co-operation which is needful to render this section of real interest and value and to ensure the success anticipated for it.*
- The Editor reserves the right to refuse the insertion of any Query or Answer should he for any reason think fit to do so. Although he will exercise such supervision as may be possible over the Answers inserted, he cannot hold himself responsible for the opinions or the facts of Correspondents.*
- The Editor has been greatly encouraged by the immediate response accorded to the announcement of this section in last month's Part and by the readiness already evinced by readers to avail themselves of the opportunity offered.*

[1] **WILKIE'S VILLAGE FESTIVAL.**—A version of Wilkie's famous "Village Festival" is reported to have been sold at Christie's on July 4th of this year. This appears to be the third or fourth painting by the same master of the same subject, one of which is in the National Gallery, and the other, I believe, in Windsor Castle. Can your readers tell me more precisely of the whereabouts of these pictures?—L. ROBINSON (Reading).

* * * The picture referred to was in the collection of pictures of Mr. Arthur Seymour, and, curiously enough, was displayed at the same time and sold on the same day as those of the late Mr. Angerstein, for whose father Wilkie painted the original "Village Festival," now in the National Gallery. Mr. Seymour's picture, which was signed and dated 1810, measured 24 × 29½ inches; although on a large scale, it did not include the whole design as we see it in the finished work in the National Gallery. There is no version of this picture in the Royal Collections either at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, or elsewhere; but a beautiful little replica is one of the gems of Sir Charles Tennant's superb collection of old English masters in Grosvenor Square.

[2] **PAINTINGS BY ROBERT SEYMOUR.**—Can any of your readers inform me of the whereabouts of any

original water-colours and oil-paintings by Robert Seymour, the first illustrator of "Pickwick"?—M.

* * * Five original water-colours by Seymour were sold at Sotheby's on March 7th, 1892. The purchasers were Messrs. Robson, Howell, Stephen, and Sabin, from whom, doubtless, particulars of their whereabouts might be obtained.—G. S. LAYARD (Malvern).

[3] **SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES' "DAILY CHRONICLE" CARTOON.**—A drawing by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, representing Adam and Eve at work after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden, appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* about a year ago. I have heard it stated since that the cartoon was not original; that it was not drawn for the journal in question; and that it was, in fact, executed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones for another publication. As an enthusiastic student of the artist's work, I should be glad to know if these statements are true, and if the drawing in question is or is not original.—A STUDENT.

* * * The cartoon was of course drawn for the *Daily Chronicle*, according to the announcement made by that journal. The motive itself had already been used by Sir Edward as a frontispiece to a volume of poems by Mr. William Morris; but the drawing was specially made for the *Daily Chronicle*, and adapted to a special

object at a special juncture; and it has the further credit of being perhaps the first true work of art executed by an artist of world-wide reputation for a daily paper working in the service of the people. As to the matter of "originality," a further point must be dealt with. An artist of Sir Edward Burne-Jones' calibre, of his facile invention and splendid imagination,



LABOUR

(Drawn by Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart. Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of the "Daily Chronicle.")

ADAM AND EVE AFTER THE
EXPULSION FROM EDEN.

(From the Panel by Jacopo Della Quercia at Bologna.)

can hardly be said to be anything but original. At the same time, it is quite open to him consciously or unconsciously to derive inspiration from works that he has seen before, making them, by his handling and by his individuality, works to all intents and purposes original. Such is the case of the Adam and Eve. By courteous permission of the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle* we reproduce in miniature the cartoon alluded to, together with the panel by Jacopo della Quercia, which is one of the ten that decorate the pilasters of the great western portal of San Petronio, in Bologna. Of this great architectural work a full-size plaster cast may be seen in South Kensington Museum. A reproduction of this panel is here given from a photograph taken from the sculpture itself, so that the STUDENT may make his own comparison of the treatment of the subject by the two masters. The originality of Della Quercia's conception need hardly be insisted upon, for hitherto Ghiberti, Uccello, Andrea Pisano, and others had represented Eve only as the mother with a mother's cares and joys. Della Quercia shows her as sharing in the work to which Adam was condemned; and the freshness and vividness of the conception doubtless struck the poetic mind of Sir E. Burne-Jones. It similarly struck Raphael, who, in his "Bible" in the Loggia of the Vatican, treated the subject somewhat similarly in "The Labours of our First Parents."

[4] **THE APPRECIATION OF ROMNEY.**—The esteem in which Romney is held as a painter at the present day is surely one of the most surprising circumstances to be found in the art-world within recent times, and I think that, without violating your rule as to "commercialism," I may fairly ask if this esteem, as exemplified in the prices given for Romney's works in the sale-room, is not rather overdone? What, I should be glad to know, is the justification for such a price as £10,500, given recently for "Painting and Music"? And may we not have a reproduction of the picture in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*?—J. H.

* * * A reproduction of the picture in question—which, it may be stated, was sold for 10,500 *guineas*, not pounds, to Mr. C. Wertheimer—appeared in the September number of the Magazine (p. 460), under the title of "Beauty and the Arts." A writer in *Temple Bar* has recently drawn attention to the same subject, reminding the public that Romney's pictures for years after his death never fetched more than an insignificant sum, and that the "St. Cecilia" (Mrs. Billington), which in 1890 brought 900 guineas, was once knocked down for eight and a half guineas.

There can be little doubt that this rage for Romney will eventually withdraw to its proper limits; the probability is that, by the law of ironical fate, he will fall far beyond it, as we have seen in the case of Guido Reni, Carlo Dolci, Ety, Dyce, and a score of other painters. The fact is that Romney is ridiculously over-appraised. He had grace and beauty and fluency, a sense of style, and a courtly appreciation of dignity. For these qualities he is esteemed. But his breadth is usually emptiness, his colour often poor and generally hot and bricky, his line too obvious, his dexterity summary, and not to be compared for sheer skill with that of Mr. Sargent. He was a good deal of an artist, but not so much of a painter. Referring to Romney, Sir John Millais declared in a private letter written three years ago to the Editor of this Magazine: "Shoddy pictures of the last century are just now run up in price, and the times require a very strong pen to clear the air." There is little doubt that most of our accomplished artists hold the same opinion. Lord Leighton certainly did. The contrary view is held chiefly by younger men, who are blinded to Romney's faults by the brilliancy of his merits. Although we can never expect to see his "Mrs. Tickell," which sold for 1,150 guineas in 1894,

drop to the four guineas it fetched in 1804, the present generation will probably see a very considerable reduction in the market value among connoisseurs of painting. As to connoisseurs of beauty, that is a different thing.

[5] **SIR JOHN TENNIEL AS A DECORATIVE ARTIST.**—Sir John Tenniel has for many years devoted his pencil to execution of political cartoons in the pages of *Punch*, but it is generally known that at the outset of his career, and later, he aimed at excellence if not in a higher, at least in a graver, plane of art. Has he executed anything other than the fresco, now perished, in the Palace of Westminster?—J. COPELAND (Peebles).

* * * It is a mistake to suppose that Sir John's Westminster fresco has "perished." It is true that it has been greatly injured by time and the climate, but as a matter of fact its condition is much better than that of any of its companion pictures in the Upper Waiting Room. Besides this work, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, are Sir John's contributions in water-colours to the Royal Institute, and more especially—in the way of public work—the important decorative figure of "Leonardo da Vinci" on the west wall of the South Court in the South Kensington Museum. This work is carried out in mosaic.

[6] **WHO WAS "E. I. F."?**—I have in my possession a porcelain tile on which is painted a bouquet of flowers in strong but well-chosen hues. On the back appears "E. I. F., 1772." I should like to know if the artist was a craftsman of importance.—C. L. F.

* * * The initials are clearly those of Emmanuel Jean Frutting, of Berne, in which town he established a factory for the production of porcelain stoves. M. Garnier, who refers to this craftsman in his "Dictionnaire de la Céramique," states that a stove bearing these initials is to be found in the Gasnault collection in the Limoges Museum, but adds that many pieces with this signature are of doubtful origin. We should be glad to publish a reproduction of this apparently rare piece if the owner will permit.

[7] **THE BRONZE WORKS OF J. B. CARPEAUX.**—It would be useful to me if your readers could tell me what were the chief works executed by Carpeaux in bronze. I know most of his marble statues, etc., but have been unable to ascertain the subjects of his principal works in the metal.—FONDEUR.

* * * When he was thirty-two (1859) Carpeaux exhibited in the Salon his bronze statue of "Jeune Pêcheur." In 1863 his "Ugolin et ses Enfants" was erected in the Tuileries Gardens, a

replica of it, also in bronze, being shown in the Salon of 1867. In the following year there was shown the statue of the Prince Imperial. The sketch for the monument to Watteau was acquired by the town of Valenciennes, and was carried out in 1884—nine years after the painter's death. The great group for the Observatory fountain, representing the Four Quarters of the World, was cast by Matifat in 1874. Besides these were the busts of Maitre Beauvois and one or two others.

NOTES.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS' "AUTUMN LEAVES."—I have just read with the greatest interest your excellent article on the great Sir John Millais, whose loss is irreparable. It is in no way a depreciation that I should like to relate to you a circumstance connected with "Autumn Leaves" that I heard years ago from Mr. Eden at Lytham, where he was living after having left the neighbourhood of Bolton, in which place he had been a successful bleacher.

When the picture reached him he disliked it, and he asked the great painter to take it back; but this Mrs. Millais, his mother, said was impossible. He was then told to sit opposite to it when at dinner for some months, and he would learn to like it. He tried this, but, alas! disliked it more and more. One day a friend—I think Mr. Miller, of Preston—called, saw the picture, was enchanted, and said: "Eden, I will give you any three of my pictures for 'Autumn Leaves.'" "As you are a great friend," said Eden, "you shall have it;" and so the picture changed hands. This is what Mr. Eden told me, and now it is on the way to be "among the world's best masterpieces."—EDW. STUART TAYLOR (Sutton S. Ann's Rectory, Loughborough).

[We believe that it was to Mr. J. Leathart, not to Mr. Miller, that the picture passed.]

SAM BOUGH AND BEVERLEY.—Reading the very interesting life of Sam Bough in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for September, I find a startling mention of my old friend George Augustus Sala. I was associated with Beverley from 1844 to 1846. I well remember that Beverley went to Manchester in the summer of 1845 to paint the scenery for a revival of *Acis and Galatea*, leaving me to look after his interests at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street. I had a chat with George Gordon, who had been at work with Bough in the Manchester painting-room, from which I learned that it is not correct to say that Bough was a pupil of Beverley, and I am quite certain that he would not ask Sala to wipe his palette (or clean his boots), which it is always the duty of the painter's labourer to do. Besides, Sala was not associated with Mr. Beverley till after June, 1846.—W. J. CALLCOTT (Savage Club).

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—NOVEMBER.

National Portrait Gallery. THE thirty-ninth annual report of the National Portrait Gallery is without question the most satisfactory of all. It records a popularity which in respect to attendance has equalled in three



MRS. SIDDONS.

(By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. In the West Octagon Room.)

months any previous year's numbers. It sets forth formally Mr. WATTS's splendid gift of eighteen portraits, together with twenty-seven other canvases of the highest interest, from King Edward IV. down to Lord Leighton and Robert Louis Stevenson. Seven have also been purchased, including WESTALL's famous portrait of Lord Byron. Sixty pictures have been repaired, sixty-eight placed under glass, and so forth; while 245 new biographical tablets have been written and affixed to the portraits. We draw special attention to these details in order to show how much energy and activity are being displayed in the organisation of this admirably conducted institution, which contains as many as 905 pictures on the walls, 116 works in sculpture, and 29 miscellaneous portraits in cases. The grand total thus amounts to 1,050—a total which places the New Portrait Gallery, of course, among the largest galleries of its kind in the world. After an explanation, which, however, is not a satisfactory one, of the opening of the gallery without any sort of ceremonial, the director proclaims—what we set forth two years ago in this Magazine, but was at the time officially contradicted—that the gallery, newly opened as it is, has no more room for additions to the collection. In other words, the site first granted and the designs first made were inadequate from the beginning. In the partition of the site now occupied by the barracks—which we have over and over again pointed out are a constant and imminent source of grievous danger to the National Gallery as well as the National Portrait Gallery—it is necessary that the latter should receive its due share, more especially as the opening of Mr. Tate's building will

probably make some room in the National Gallery by reason of modern English pictures being removed to Millbank. A reference is made to the official catalogue, but no claim, of course, is made for the very high credit which should properly be accorded to it. We observe that a "special arrangement" has been made with Messrs. Walker and Boutall to photograph all the pictures in the gallery. We presume that this does not mean a monopoly.

Miniature Painting. THE pleasure with which we welcome the awakening of the miniature painters of England

to a sense of their own dignity and that of their art is somewhat dashed by the knowledge of a curious rivalry, not, we hope, of personal jealousy. We have often urged in these columns the desirableness of forming a Society of Miniature Painters, not with a view merely of securing the concrete advantages of a corporate establishment, but with the double object of reviving in the public mind an interest in one of the most exquisite and refined of all the methods of portraiture; the self-education of the artists; and assisting, by honourable competition, the bringing forth of that excellence which, from Cooper to Cosway, has always constituted a subject of national pride. We were hardly prepared, however, for the foundation of two societies almost at the same moment, both bodies declaring themselves ready for amalgamation, yet neither, for the time at least, prepared to give way. This should not be; the art of miniature painting cannot support two societies, and for the sake of the art,



DOÑA ISABEL COBOS DE PORCEL.

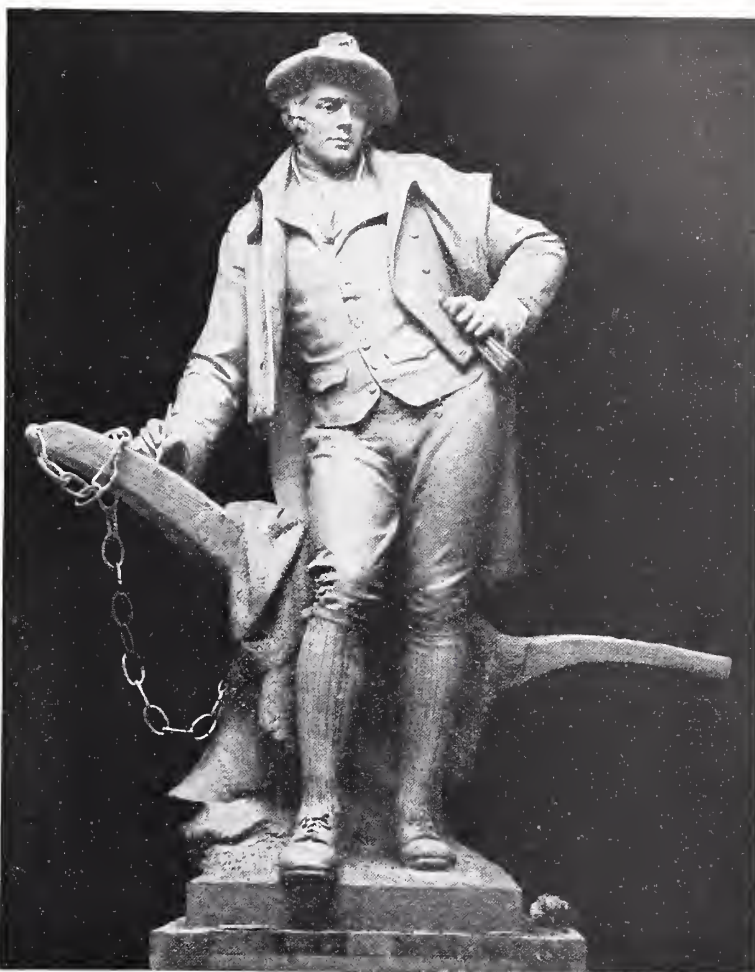
(By F. Goya. Recently acquired by the National Gallery, Room XV., No. 1,473.)

amalgamation should be arranged without delay. This should be the easier as no matter of essential importance, no fundamental principle whatever, separates the two concerns. If matters proceed as they have begun, one of

two things is sure to happen: either the collapse of both, or the absorption of one by the other after a damaging struggle. The two societies appear about equal in strength, numerical and artistic, and it will be to the benefit of neither if considerations which would do no credit to a vestry are permitted to sacrifice the art on an altar of egotism.

Current Art on the Stage.

THE French axiom "*il faut reculer pour mieux sauter*" may be applied just now to Art in the Theatre, which has probably been holiday-making with the rest of the world—or, as the professional phrase has it, "resting"—collecting all its energies to achieve a record-breaker later on in the long-expected *Monte Cristo* ballet at the Empire Theatre. At the *Gaiety*, however, Mr. TELBIN contributes a conspicuous exception to this record of artistic inactivity, in a scene of peculiar charm and accomplishment—a view of Dartmouth Sound from the heights above—which graces the second act of *My Girl*. In the crowd of yachtswomen peopling the foreground of this picture, Mr. WILHELM gives evidence of his versatility in an array of *fin-de-siècle* toilettes, steering a singularly felicitous course of ocean blues and sea-foam colouring between the Scylla of fashionable convention and the Charybdis of theatrical



BURNS STATUE.

(By F. W. Pomeroy. Recently unveiled at Paisley.)

THE BURNS EXHIBITION
GALLERIES
OF THE
ROYAL
GLASGOW
INSTITUTE
OF THE
FINE ARTS

Should auld acquaintance
be forgot?

175
SAUCHIEHALL
STREET
GLASGOW

CATALOGUE
1896 PRICE ONE SHILLING

Wm. Boyd & Co., Printers, Glasgow.
(Designed by J. Hassall.)

extravagance. The poetry that adorned the scenery by BEVERLY for Planquette's opera *Rip Van Winkle* at the Comedy Theatre some years since, finds, unfortunately, little echo in that of the latest *Alhambra*

ballet on the same romantic theme. The one pictorial incident treated with artistic feeling is the brief moment of Rip's awakening in the rosy flush of dawn, but the actual scene on the mountain tempts one to ask why the unmistakable Matterhorn is allowed to o'ertop the Kaatskills, and why the draperies of the phantom fays should be bordered with up-to-date frills! The village tableaux are sadly lacking in atmosphere, and the costumes throughout claim no special recognition for colour or fancy. To enhance the pictorial value of his interesting revival of *Cymbeline*, Sir HENRY IRVING has secured the co-operation of Mr. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., whose reliable and popular archaeology has been ably edited for the Lyceum stage by Mr. HARKER. The Roman scenes in particular reveal beyond a doubt the source of their inspiration, and are in admirable contrast to the comparative barbarism of the British interiors, with their quaint Celtic decorations and Druidic symbols (a curiously effective corridor in "Cymbeline's Palace" is excellent in draughtsmanship), and to the landscape illustrations from the brush of Mr. HAWES CRAVEN, who may be warned against cultivating a monotony of style and treatment. His opening "set" of the "Garden of the Palace" is oddly "Japanesque" in sentiment, and his final picture of the "King's Tent," formed by some draperies attached to a tiresomely perforated oak-tree, lacks breadth. The "Field of Battle"—with a defunct steed of the toy-shop variety amongst the cromlechs of Stonehenge—is remarkable chiefly for the superfluity of standards and insignia as compared with the rank and file of the Roman soldiery engaged. Perhaps Mr. Craven's most noteworthy scenic effort is in Act IV., "Before the Cave," a composition suggestive of the familiar methods of Mr. Charles Stuart in his sunny gleams on Scottish and Welsh hillsides—though here at one moment the eye is

irritated by a transparency in the back cloth showing a scarlet sun setting in a bright emerald light on the estuary below. The costumes are largely of the *Lear* and *Macbeth* order, and against these Cymbeline's royal raiment



THE LATE G. DU MAURIER.
(From a Photograph by
W. and D. Downey.)

seems more characteristic of the Hebraic priesthood. Sir Henry's Iachimo suggests in the "make-up" rather the Renaissance than Ancient Rome, though his superb robe of lapis-lazuli blue, draped in the earlier scenes by a toga heavy with jewelled vine-embroideries, is sufficiently typical of the luxurious decadence of art under the later emperors. Imogen's first dress is almost startling in its *bizarre* assemblage of hues—outrivalling Joseph's traditional "Coat of Many Colours"—but Miss Terry wears it with all possible distinction and grace, and later on as "Fidele" is irresistibly charming in the subdued harmonies of the discreetly fashioned page's disguise.

Miscellaneous. We call the attention of all artists to the terms of a competition which will be found in the advertisement pages of this Part. For designs for a poster, prizes to the value of £100 are offered by Messrs. Cassell and Company, Limited. The judges will be Mr. JOHN SPARKES, Principal of the Royal College of Art, Mr. EDWIN BALE, R.I., and Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN.

In connection with the Burns Centenary there is an exhibition at the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts of everything that it has been possible to collect concerning Scotland's greatest poet. The Art section includes portraits of Burns, and of his friends and associates; and pictures of the scenes among which he lived and about which he wrote. Then there are personal relics; various editions of his works, and a collection of MSS. and books relating to Burns and his time.



THE LATE WILLIAM MORRIS.
(From a Photograph by Höllyer.)

The catalogue is a bulky volume—we give a reduced reproduction of the cover, designed by Mr. HASSALL—for the compilation of which, with the exception of the book section, Mr. ROBERT WALKER has been responsible.

A statue of Burns has been unveiled by Lord Rosebery at Paisley to commemorate the Centenary of the poet's death. The commission was gained by Mr. F. W. POMEROY in an open competition, and the cost has been defrayed

by a series of Burns concerts. The statue is in bronze, and is a graceful and virile composition. Mr. Pomeroy found his inspiration in the opening lines of "The Brigs of Ayr":—

"The simple bard, rough at his rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from every songster on the bough."

Obituary. It is with deep regret that we notify here the sad death of that highly-talented humorous artist, Mr. FRED BARNARD, in the month of September. In view of an article on his life and work, which we propose to include in an early Number in the series of "Our Graphic Humourists," we withhold for the present a biographical notice.

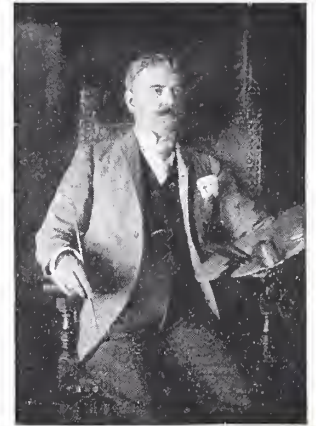
With sentiments not less sincere we record also the death of Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER, the delightful artist, the genial satirist, the exquisite pourtrayer of beauty with pen and pencil, who has taken so great a share in social art, and has helped to make *Punch* a delight for six-and-thirty years. We are pleased to think that it was in these pages that this artist made his literary *début* some years ago, and that his pencil has embellished them. A careful estimate of his life's work was published in this Magazine on p. 229 of the volume for 1892.

To the life and death of the great art-reformer, WILLIAM MORRIS, we propose also to make such fuller reference as appears to be due, not only to his own great talent and brilliant work, but also to the powerful influence for good which he exerted on the art-views and the art-productions of this country, of Europe, and of America.

A portrait is presented of the late Mr. C. S. REINHARDT, whose black-and-white work has embellished the best of the American books and magazines for some years past. He was a consummate master of the art of pen-drawing, and was among its most distinguished professors.

VICTOR LAGYE, the celebrated Flemish artist, has died at Antwerp at the age of seventy one. He was born in Ghent in 1825, and studied at the Academy of Fine Arts of that City. He went to Rome at the age of sixteen, fought under Garibaldi, and escaped from a sentence of death when the city was captured by the French. He commenced painting again at Brussels, but a little time after went to Antwerp to Baron Leys, with whom he stayed till he died. He painted the well-known series of panels in the Hôtel de Ville at Antwerp, illustrating the marriage-customs at different epochs.

"THE Exposure of the South Kensington Museum." The writer of the anonymous letter addressed to the Editor on this subject is requested to communicate confidentially his name and address.



THE LATE C. S. REINHARDT.



THE LATE FRED BARNARD.
(From a Photograph by F. Gregory.)

GEORGE W. JOY.

By JOSEPH ANDERSON.

THE early work of Mr. George W. Joy merely gave that promise which is frequently shown by amateurs. It was marked by good drawing, by



GEORGE W. JOY.

(From a Sketch by Himself.)

conceptions savouring of youth, and by a smooth finish, but much that is desirable in colour was wanting. He first painted subject pictures. These were hard in outline and low in tone. Portrait painting then occupied a considerable period of his time, and here the severe lines gradually softened. Yearning for some outlet to his imagination, he returned to subject pictures, most of them with a patriotic motive, and to works of imagination. Within a dozen years, Mr. Joy's work has so changed, and has reached a level of merit so far above his early labours, that it is difficult to believe the present painter could have grown out of his former self. Without hesitation it may be said that his art of the last few years is worthy of very serious consideration, for if not in the estimate of the bulk of English critics, we find support at least in the best critics of France, and in many other Continental judges of art. Mr. Joy is not only in earnest and in love with his art, but he manifests an

unusual energy and breadth. In these qualities and a singleness of purpose that characterises him, lies the secret of his growth. His "Lear and Cordelia," now in the possession of the Leeds Municipal Gallery, "Christ and the Little Child," now on his easel, "The King's Drum," and "The Danaids," reveal a painter possessing all the refinement and dignity of repose, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of an elevated art. It is not proposed to class Mr. Joy, for there is an element that is decidedly unique in his productions. This is probably what has, in a measure, barred him from the recognition he deserves in England, although it has served to enlarge his reputation in France—a country that has on several occasions recognised the merits of British painters before they were acknowledged at home. Mr. Herkomer, R.A., and in earlier times John Constable, are—one a distinguished, the other an illustrious example. During the last six years Mr. Joy has been a contributor to the Salon, where he has been warmly received by both painters and art critics. A nude subject, "The Danaids," was the first of his pictures exhibited there. It was originally a half length, and would never have been finished but for the encouragement of Mr. G. F. Watts, under whose



SKETCH FOR "THE FIRST UNION JACK."



LAODAMIA.

counsel it was made a full length. "The Danaïds" was followed by "Truth," which was received with such enthusiasm in Paris that Mr. Joy, out of gratitude, painted his "Joan of Arc" as a thank-offering to the French people for their hearty welcome of the work of a comparative stranger. The French Government was quick to see the merit of the picture, and promptly bought it. In this manner one act of appreciation begot another, and that begot a third.

Of "Joan of Arc" no comment need be made, except as to colour. This is one of its principal merits, and is a delight of tender contrasts. A litter of glistening yellow straw, steel armour, a red scabbard, the opalescent wings of the angel, a silvery halo about the angel's head; over all, the glow of lantern light, for the scene is night within a stable (see Frontispiece).

"Truth" scarcely speaks for itself in black and white as the "Joan of Arc" is seen to do. Apart from its colour, the feeling of "Truth" in the original is so faithful to nature that, nude as the figure is, it commands our respect and reverence. The eye radiates beams of truth; truth is written upon the broad white brow, and there

is no shadow of falsehood on the noble features of the face. Truth is naked, but she fears no gaze. All this, and an image of beauty, are recorded in Mr. Joy's picture. This painting and "Joan of Arc" surpass all his other works, and may be considered as the fullest notes to which his art has yet given expression.

The "First Union Jack," painted in 1891, a sketch for which is here reproduced, is now in possession of the Fine Art Society. It is one of the first successful examples of Mr. Joy's painting in a higher key. In this picture, the soft silken folds of the first Union Jack lie

on the lap of a lovely girl, and are stretched along the floor. The girl is daintily plying her needle. A letter lies at her feet on which is sketched the design of the flag she is making. The picture inspires in one a sense of patriotism, mingled with the charm of romance, and is pleasing in its humour, grace, and ease. Its most striking and important detail is a bold contrast in colour that cannot fail to challenge criticism, although it is one of the picture's claims to distinction. A lover of Wagnerian music would love the boldness that dares to dash the minor and the



LEAR AND CORDELIA.

(From the Painting in the Leeds Corporation Art Gallery.)

major chords of colour into a strange but pleasing harmony that verges upon dangerous ground. The intense red and blue of the flag in the foreground might appear to clash with the greens, browns, and yellows of the well-painted tapestry in the background; but they no more clash than do the emotioned discords of Wagner thrown together, mastered, and then caressed into a melody of tranquillity. It is not intended to suggest that the picture is a Wagnerian creation in oils. It possesses too little grandeur, too much placidity. It is the colour alone to which the simile applies.

"The Bayswater 'Bus" is as bright in tone as it is refreshing in feeling. It delighted the French by its human nature and its truth to the familiar features of life in omnibuses. It cannot be called a slight work, although the subject be slight, for the artist has expended infinite care upon it, and his treatment has elevated what might, in the hands of most painters of familiar street scenes, have been a commonplace performance.

At the present moment Mr. Joy is engaged upon the most important work of his career. It is an essay in religious art, bearing the title "Christ and the Little Child." The picture, it will be observed in the reproduction, is in an unfinished state. The figure of Christ reflects many of the attributes of the "Son of David." It is characterised by the highest simplicity. The personality is that of one who has indeed been reared and educated as the son of Joseph the carpenter. There are meekness, peace, benignity, truth, and charity in every lineament of the face. Even the unstrained poise of the head, the serene grace of the body give intimations of a spotless soul. Thus far the picture succeeds in presenting faithfully the idea of Christ. A gap is, however, visible. There is wanting the high intellect and the towering imagination rarely absent in the face of those who possess them. And while there is goodness, there is little suggestion of the inspired and exalted spirit of the Son of Man. The element of transfigured beauty of nature that the masters have accustomed us to look for—Raphael in his third cartoon, "Christ charging Peter," and Guido Reni in his "Ecce Homo"—this element is not present. Nevertheless, it may be said, and said with much hope, that Mr. Joy has achieved something above the religious painting seen in the galleries of our Academy during the last decade, for he is entirely what



TRUTH.

(Purchased by the German Government. By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

English painters of religious subjects are not—free from affectation. And he may achieve more.

Mr. Joy's best known works are "Nelson's First Farewell," "Wellington's First Encounter with the French," "The King's Drum shall never be beaten for Rebels," "Flora Macdonald's Farewell to Prince Charlie," and "The Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports" (Wellington as an old man). In this last Mr. Joy stirs a deeper current of pathos than in any

after a glance at the reproductions that accompany this paper. As a young man it nearly befell him to seek his fortunes as a violinist. He played the violin with skill and feeling, but loving art most, he studied drawing while he played, in spite of being haunted by a fear that his love for art might in his case prove her the syren. At the age of nineteen he left Harrow, went to Kensington, and worked under Mr. Herkomer. It was here that



"THE KING'S DRUM SHALL NEVER BE BEATEN FOR REBELS!"

other of his works, not excepting "The King's Drum," "Flora Macdonald," and his "Death of General Gordon."

"Nelson's First Farewell" and "Wellington's First Encounter with the French," though admirably painted pictures, particularly the last, are too young in sentiment to win favour with the mature in matters of art, and they may in some degree be responsible for holding Mr. Joy back from English acceptance. It is regrettable, nevertheless, that a painter should be judged by his slightest and, it again happens in this case, his most popular works.

Mr. Joy is an Irishman and a man of varied talents. His versatility as an artist will be obvious

he felt his misgivings. He then went to the Royal Academy classes, at the time when they were becoming more strict as to drawing. Mr. Joy was the only student out of his batch who got into the "life" class. Encouraged by his progress, he went to Paris, where he was invited to occupy a corner of Jalabert's studio: he attended Bonnat's life class, and during this time he became the friend of Ouleri. From this period his career began, and for some years he knocked in vain at the door of success. Since the year 1890, however, Messrs. Cassell and Company have bought his "Flora Macdonald;" the Fine Art Society, his "First Union Jack;" the French Government, his "Joan of Arc;" the German



THE BAYSWATER BUS.

Government, his "Truth;" and the Queen has purchased a portrait, while Lord Leighton, not long before his death, acquired a picture from his brush. All this came after some dozen years of up-hill toil, but the invigorating air of success, far from injuring his work, has added warmth and virility to his most recent undertakings. It has been intimated that Mr. Joy gave great care to a subject of tertiary importance, "The Bayswater 'Bus.'" Indeed, his zeal for familiar, historical, and literary truth knows no fatigue, and on beginning this picture, besides taking the utmost pains to secure suitable models, he engaged one of the old Bayswater omnibuses, in which he sat and wrought daily for close upon two months.



A BABY BEDOUIN.

Before painting his "Death of General Gordon" he obtained all possible information from military sources: he had a building erected from drawings by Colonel Watson. He then rose before sunrise all during one summer, painting in the open, not studies, but on the picture itself. Every dress, every arm, was genuine, and the figures of the Arabs attacking Gordon were drawn from real Soudanese.

The bottom of the well in his "Truth" is gold, and for this he has been blamed as being too literary. It was as patent to others as to himself that grey stones throughout would have obviated many difficulties, but he preferred long and anxious labour to sacrificing the least fragment of fact in his image of "Truth."

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE CHILD.
(Unfinished.)

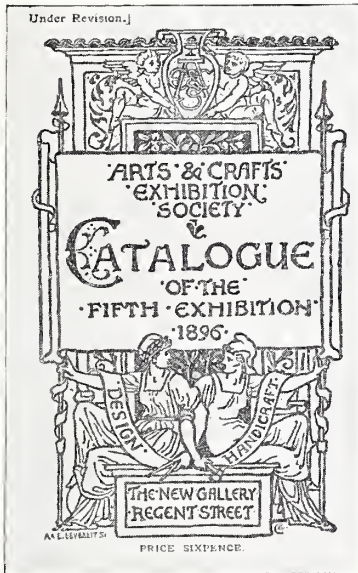


From the Painting by the artist, 'Joan of Arc'.

From the Painting by the artist, 'Joan of Arc'.

JOAN OF ARC

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.—II.



(Drawn by Walter Crane)

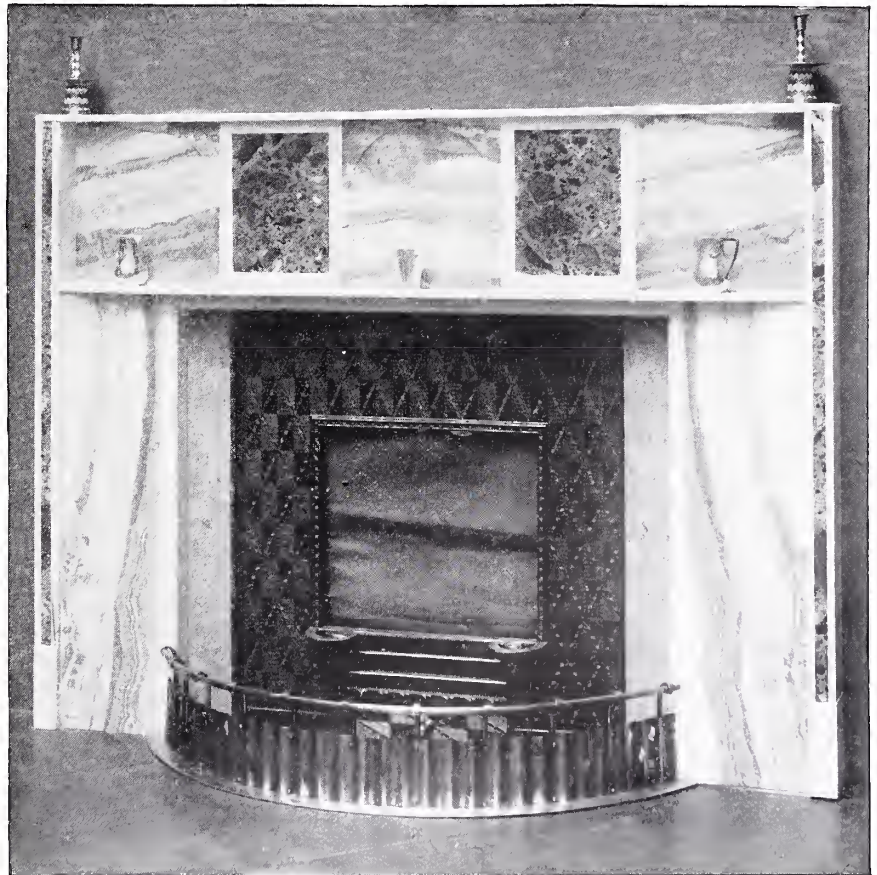
for all such admitted beauty as they may possess, the conventional objects of commerce are notoriously lacking. Furniture and such-like are to-day turned out by an impersonal firm for an impersonal public. Designer and craftsman (that is to say, the artists), on the one hand, are wholly out of touch with the purchaser, on the other; and the latter, brought up to regard his acquisitions with as little real interest as he lavishes on the bricks and mortar of the house he lives in, never knows the joy of sympathy bred of direct concern in the construction and adaptation to his needs of the furniture of his home.

Doubtless, the newly-born passion for simplicity and purity of design has led many members of the society into a self-conscious baldness that has resulted in what is dubbed the "rabbit-hutch school;" but affected simplicity is the natural

It must be borne in mind by those who visit this exhibition that there is no pretence of offering a display of exquisitely-made objects, whether furniture or ornament or decoration, on the ordinary lines. Its main note is individuality, and its very existence is a plea to persons of taste to demand that human quality in which,

antithesis to the unconscious and thoughtless elaboration which has been fast leading us into a distorted version of redundancy of ornament, such as we see in the Viennese school. Rather, say our purists, begin afresh and return to archaism than fall still further into the slough of false art. And so there has arisen a school parallel, in some sense, with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in another branch of art, whose attitude is a practical protest and whose influence is directed to awaken the dormant art-consciences of those who have brains but think not. Hot gossellers are apt to be extreme; but men of sense can make allowances and be indulgent to those who, in their desire for significant expression, are apt to fall into exaggeration and caricature.

So much may account for what is extravagant at the New Gallery; but, it should in justice be said, the extravagances, which at least have the merit of thought and humour, are neither numerous nor



CHIMNEYPIECE IN MARBLE AND ONYX. (By W. R. Lethaby. Executed by Farmer and Brindley.)

STEEL FENDER. (By T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. Executed by Longden and Co.)



TROWEL IN WROUGHT STEEL, SILVER
AND COPPER, WITH ENAMELS.

(By Nelson and Edith Dawson)

unduly obtrusive. Last month we suggested that the entirely sane works were more than enough to monopolise our attention: even this second notice cannot exhaust the list, so that it is encouraging to think how much conscientious effort has been put into the production of work intended not merely to meet the demands of a market, but to make direct appeal to the better feeling of individual persons. Notable among these works are the admirable park gates by Mr. Reginald Blomfield: admirable, because they do not aim at displaying the gymnastic refinements of the smith so much as the qualities of the iron and the purposes they are intended to serve. It is the modern fashion to demand from iron lightness and malleability alone, so that we have exquisite but radically incorrect examples of the metal beaten into rose-leaves and twisted into tendrils—the malleability insisted on, but the

strength and weight—two of its three inherent virtues—wholly forgotten. Mr. Blomfield, with his smith Mr. Elsley, has made no such mistake. His gates are reticent in design, noble and strong, admirably suited to the purpose of keeping intruders out, and free from all those fireworks of smithery which render a real sense of distinction impossible. Mr. Lethaby's chimneypiece in marble and onyx, executed by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, with a grate by the same designer and Mr. J. Gardner, and a semicircular fender designed by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and executed by Messrs. Longden and Co., compose together a pleasing if rather severe arrangement, in which the workmanship proclaims itself as excellent as the design is thoughtful and harmonious. Mr. Voysey's carpets, although always happy in colour, are not equally admirable in design. Nothing could be better in its way than the first here reproduced, which is not only excellent but inexpensive. In the "Bo-peep" design the case is different: for the growing trees and grazing sheep (conventional to the furthest point) which may be correct enough when viewed from one



WROUGHT-IRON GATES.

(Designed by Reginald Blomfield. Executed by Messrs. Elsley.)

end of the room must necessarily be absurd when viewed from the other and from the sides; while “water-colour print” by Mr. J. D. Batten, of “Eye and the Serpent,” executed by Mr. Morley Fletcher;



STEEL CASKET, WITH ENAMELS AND GOLD SETTING.

(By Alex. Fisher.)

three sides of the border must always be irritating to see. This is a mistake common enough to designers of hangings. At the same time a word of praise should be accorded to the excellent workmanship of Messrs. Tomkinson and Adam, the weavers. Mr. Voysey's versatility must also be recognised in his finely-proportioned model for a lamp-post, his quaint and characteristic designs for clock- and barometer-cases, and other objects.

Wandering through the galleries we find many exhibits to arrest our attention; far more than our space will permit us even to mention. There is the

there are the enamels on silver by Mr. W. R. Colton; there is the extremely forced and, on some grounds, unwelcome chimney-piece of Mr. G. Jack, and his far more pleasing carved oak leg of a settle. There is Mr. Christopher Whall's charming decoration for Douglas Castle; Mr. Nelson and Miss Edith Dawson's trowel in wrought steel, silver, and copper, with enamels, together with their beautiful heraldic design on beaten steel with *champlevé* enamel, and their alms-dish in



TILE PANEL.

(Designed by L. F. Day for the Pilkington Tile Co.)



WROUGHT-IRON FIRE-DOG.

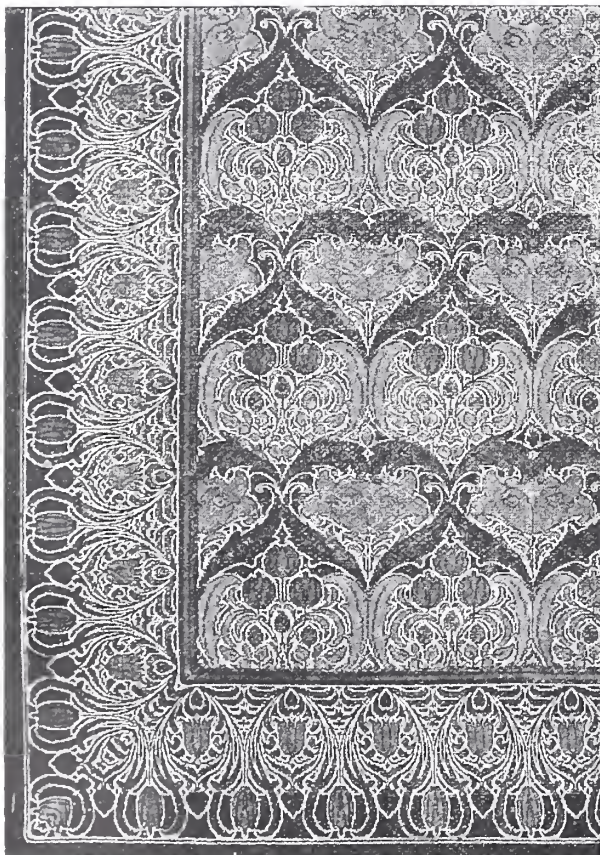
(By W. Bainbridge Reynolds.)



TILES.

(Designed by L. F. Day for the Pilkington Tile Co.)

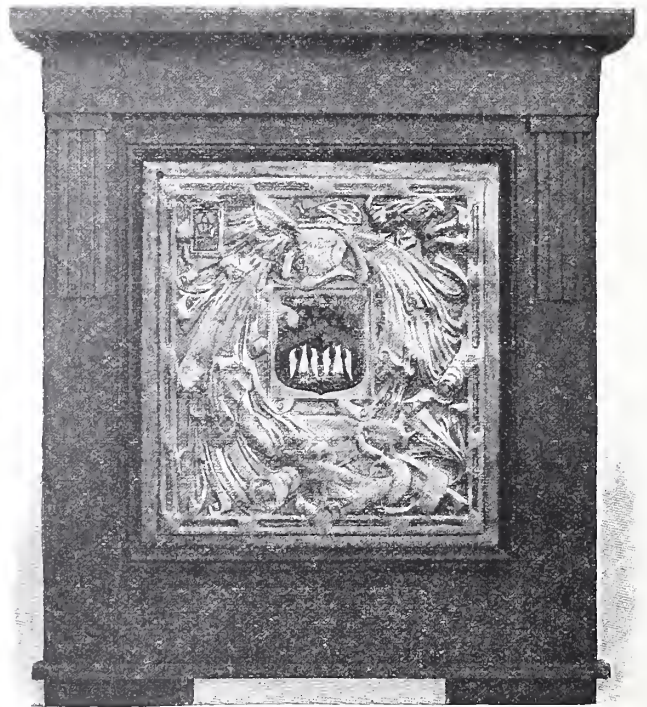
beaten silver and enamel, representing, with wolves in disturbed tracery round the border and lilies and crown enamelled in the centre, "The Turmoil of



CARPET.

(Designed by C. F. A. Voysey. Executed by Tomkinson and Adam.)

the World and Inward Peace." There are Mr. Catterson Smith's hammered silver plaques after Sir Edward Burne-Jones's designs; there is Mr. Alexander Fisher's beautiful steel casket set with enamels; there is Mr. Onslow Whiting's clever design for a door-knocker; Mr. G. Morris's music-cabinet; Miss Mercer's punch-bowl; Mr. G. W. Rhead's design for stained glass on the subject of "Apollo and the Muses," in the manner of his master, Ford Madox Brown; Mr. Spooner's mahogany cabinet; Mr. Edgar Wood's bedstead; Mr. Walter Crane's damask tablecloth, "The Five Senses;" Mr. W. F. A. Voysey's mantel and fireplace; Mr. Henry Arthur's sideboard:



HERALDIC DEVICE IN BEATEN STEEL AND CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL.

(By Nelson and Edith Dawson.)

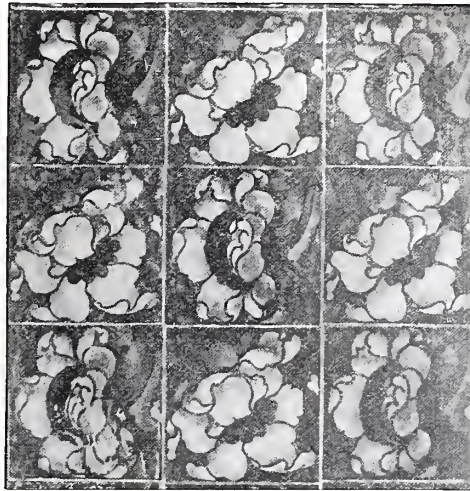
Miss Hay's doorplates and handles; Mr. Lewis Day's pure and graceful designs for panels intelligently embroidered by Miss Swindells; the Hon. Mabel de Grey's inlaid box and cupboard; Mr. Christie's iron four-post bedstead, cleverly executed by Messrs. Shirley and Co.; Mr. Alexander Fisher's copper bowl with enamel on silver; the striking collection of books, book-covers, illustrations, and typography, to which we hope to give special attention later on. Then there are the exhibits of domestic objects in metal, chiefly in brass and copper, by Mr. W. A. S. Benson; the glazed pottery of Mr. Rathbone's "Della Robbia" Company, which Messrs. Liberty have introduced to London; and Mr. Lewis Day's tiles by the Pilkington Company; the charmingly delicate and dainty pottery panel of "Le Printemps" by

Mr. Léon V. Solon—clever son of a clever father; the novel pianoforte of Mr. H. B. Scott, exhibited by Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, and the other by Mr. Walter Cave, shown by Messrs. Maple; Mr. Halsey Ricardo's beautiful fireplace-surround on the subject of "Camelot," exhibited by Messrs. De Morgan; Messrs. James Powell and Son's dainty and charmingly-wrought blown table glass; the original and extremely characteristic smithery in beaten gold and silver by Mr. Ashbee, together with his ornaments; and the notable lectern in bronze by Messrs. Wilson and Pomeroy. When they are all examined, some estimate may be formed of the great movement which is intended as an antidote to the degradation of latter-day taste, and which assuredly is feeling its way to the foundation of a notable and worthy school.

The loan collection of the works of Ford Madox Brown has its proper place in this exhibition, not

alone because he was the direct forbear, so to say, of the present Society, but because his sense of decoration and the numerous works in which he gave it play offer even now examples enough, practical and suggestive. The faults of his style proclaim themselves, and need not be dwelt on here, for so personal are they to the man that no follower, no disciple, is ever likely to fall into them heedlessly. But the merits of the style—the elevation of thought, the extraordinary power of invention (a quality he used so to admire in Dyce and Maclise), the fertility, and originality—are so many, that only superficial observers will be turned from them by their cramped quaintness and archaic idealism.

The finished oil-paintings themselves, interesting as they are, are not here quite in place. They serve little purpose in showing the artist as a designer, and are too few to show him adequately as



TILES.

(Designed by L. F. Day for the Pilkington Tile Co.)



CASE OF METAL-WORK.

(Designed by C. R. Ashbee. Executed by the Guild of Handicraft.)

a picture painter. "The Summer Day," as it is now called—the old title of "The Pretty Baa Lambs" being rejected as too "soft" for these less sentimental times—shows his great power of technique, but is deficient in the light it professes to be a study of.

Suggestions—cartoons, studies, and so forth—are, it is true, given us of his greater works; but a sense of fitness compels us to turn our chief attention to those of his designs exclusively executed for decorative purposes. Madox Brown excelled, we consider, in his designs for stained glass: and of these we have a very considerable number—enough to appreciate how great a man he was. He made no concessions to popular taste; he would sometimes even shock by the familiar touches he would introduce into his works—touches of an *intime* character which, while they occasionally would detract from the loftiness of dignity in the subject, would add to their humanity, to their universal sympathy. An example of what we mean may be seen in the design for the second mural painting of the Manchester series—"The Romans Building Manchester"—wherein, in the midst of this heroically imagined group, the general's little son is kicking viciously at his laughing black nurse. Human nature, indeed, was at the bottom of Madox Brown's work, and he never hesitated to import it into any of his designs, not minding if the effect was sometimes incongruous. He was influenced not

a little by a contempt for that conventionality in design which in the 'Thirties and 'Forties so sapped English art, and he carried his protest a little too far. His babies have been objected to because their infant bodies and habits were too truly characteristic, or over-characteristic, of babyhood. But in his designs for stained glass most of these objections vanished: we no longer see men with extreme development of calf contrasted with extreme narrowness of ankle, nor with countenances distorted by grimace rather than with expression. Madox Brown

was a master of picture-lighting, and could put more luminosity into a canvas than perhaps any of his contemporaries, in however high a pitch they might paint. His sense of colour was extraordinary, and his power of harmony and his delight in giving

rein to that power were such that, in his later works at least, the glow was sometimes almost overwhelming especially when seen within the same hour as other pictures. Add to these qualities his splendid feeling for line, his merits as an ornamentist, together with his profound knowledge of costume and custom of many periods, and the secret of Madox Brown's success (*d'estime*, it is true) is evident.

This very considerable collection at the Arts and Crafts is representative of all Madox Brown's forms of designs, if not of his technical processes. His book-illustration may be seen in the quaint "Brown Owl," and his oil-picture painting in "Oliver Cromwell on his Farm," "The Pretty Baa Lambs" aforesaid, "William the Conqueror Finding the Body of Harold," "Cromwell at St. Ives," "King Lear," as well as his portrait of himself; while of the water-colours those of "The Entombment of Christ" and "The Younger Foscarini" are perhaps the most interesting. But the main portion of his other work here shown is to be divided among his cartoons for stained glass for Morris and Co., his designs and sketches for his mural paintings in the Manchester Town Hall, and similar



CARTOON FOR WINDOW OF UNION
CHURCH, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

(By Sir E. Burne-Jones.)

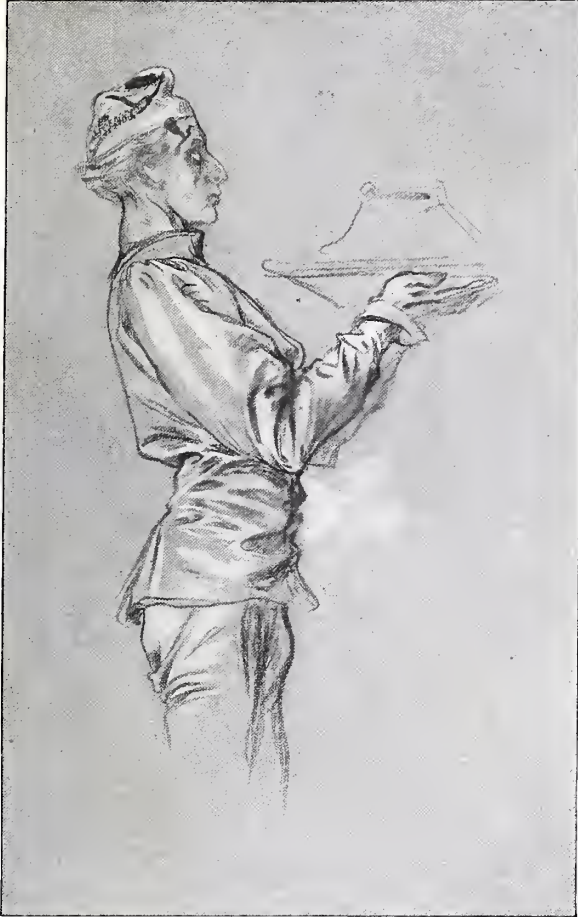
preliminaries for the important decorative work he executed in the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition—a series for which he has never received just credit, even in the excellent biography newly published of him by his grandson, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. There is a wealth of artistry and of suggestion in this collection for artists to observe and men of taste to study.

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LORD LEIGHTON'S SKETCHES.

By ALFRED LYS BALDRY.

THERE is with the general public no idea so absorbing as the desire to be admitted behind the scenes, to be allowed in any art to study the processes by which the complete and perfected result



CHALK DRAWING.

is achieved. No matter what may be the loss of illusion which must result from this satisfaction of curiosity, everyone is anxious to see in progress the building up of a great work. In the case of an important picture people are not satisfied merely to admire it when it is at last put before them in the form which seems to the artist most nearly to realise his intention; they want to penetrate into the studio itself, and to become acquainted with the methods by which he has acquired the knowledge of which the evidence appears throughout the canvas that he has completed. Therefore, the exhibition of the sketches and studies by Lord Leighton, which has been arranged by the Fine Art Society, is certain of wide popularity, for it is designed expressly to

present in as adequate a manner as possible a summary of the infinite labour which throughout his life he devoted to the building up and perfecting of his pictorial productions. In such a show he may be seen for what he was—a man of extremely fastidious taste, a worker whose one idea was to satisfy in even the smallest and apparently the most trivial matters his intense anxiety to be exact.

To the members of his own profession, and to everyone with a technical knowledge of art, these sketches have a far more intimate interest. They are in the highest degree instructive, because they prove with what constant attention and never-ceasing self-examination he worked. His pictures were to him matter for absorbing thought, for analysis and comparison, which was often extended over a period of many years. He never did anything hurriedly, nor committed himself to technical



STUDY OF DRAPERY FOR "DAPHNEPHORIA."

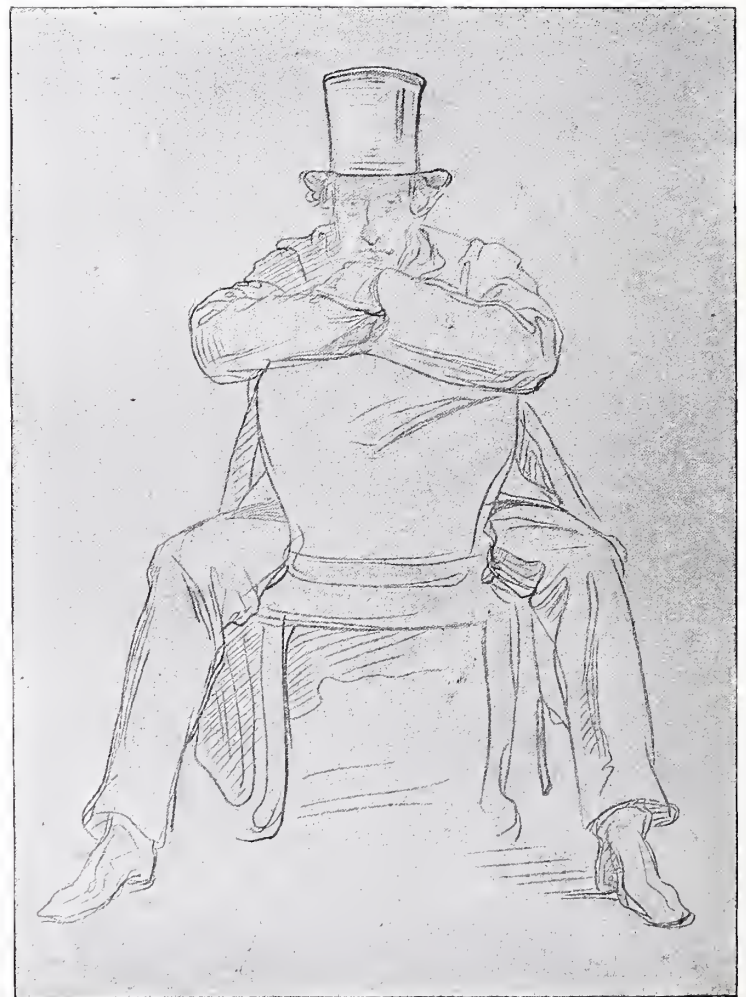


PENCIL STUDY.

statements that he had not verified beforehand by every means in his power. A particular desire to reason out and to construct upon a basis of definite information guided him in his practice. Nothing was left to fortunate accident, no moment of chance inspiration was allowed to divert him from his serious intention; unless the idea which had formed in his mind was matured by the most careful process of cultivation, he hesitated to turn it to account. His instinct was that of a student learning by every access of knowledge the need for closer and more strenuous attention to his subject.

In nothing is this better seen than in the manner with which he repeated in his sketches the figures and groups that he proposed to include in his compositions. He would cover sheets of paper with tiny notes of the same figure, varying them apparently hardly at all, but seeking, nevertheless, to arrive at

the most perfect expression of his meaning. He was always in search of a better way of doing what he proposed to do than the one which first commended itself to him. A distrust of his own capacity to decide offhand what was most suitable for his purpose seems to have dominated him throughout his life. What were his final conclusions were the result of a very elaborate system, during the application of which, in their earliest stages, he was ready at any moment to abandon his previous conclusions and to occupy himself in new directions. This habit of thought appears strongly in the custom which, as his sketches tell us, he possessed of walking round his subjects. He was not satisfied to proceed with the first aspect of his pictorial motive that presented itself to him; he must see it from various angles, and study its



EARLY PENCIL SKETCH.

proportions and line arrangement from points other than that one from which at the outset he viewed it mentally. His feeling in this respect was that

draperies which he made from the model with the intention of using them in specific compositions he was obviously concerned from the first with con-



PROJECTS FOR "ELIJAH."

of a sculptor, the instinct to construct and to work from something that had become at last almost solid and tangible.

There is another characteristic of his art which appears very strongly in these sketches: his extreme appreciation of line. Both in his rough jottings of ideas for pictures and in the studies of figures and

siderations of the flow and harmony of his linear arrangement. Unlike most other artists who make a considerable amount of preliminary work a necessary part of their system, he ignored almost entirely the physical characteristics of his model and the accidental peculiarities of the material of which the drapery was composed, and imposed upon both the

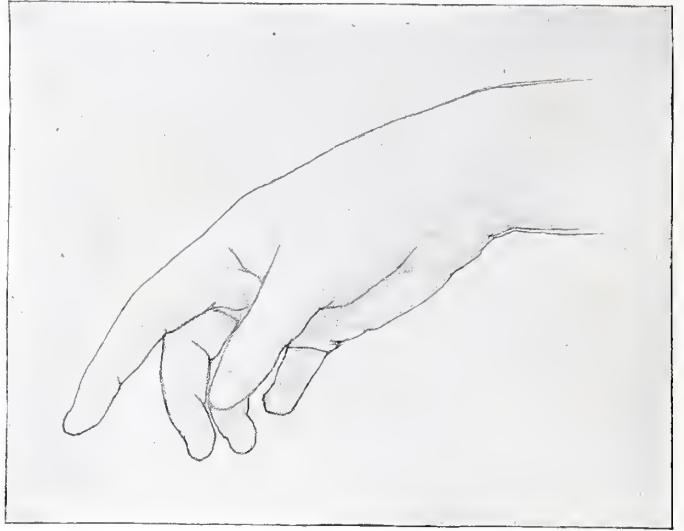
living forms and their coverings the aspect which his personal inclination led him to prefer. To interest himself in the facts that were before him, to make a portrait exact in detail as a literal basis upon which to build up afterwards the ideal convention which controlled



A STUDY.

him in his paintings, were by no means ideas that occurred to him as important. From the first rough note what was in his mind was his picture, and its suave atmosphere affected everything connected with it that he touched. In a sense this habit was prejudicial to him as an artist, for it tended to lead him, as years went on, further and further away from nature, and to formulate a preconception which was in its origin based quite rightly upon a most judicious regard for the highest qualities of beauty and refinement. Without doubt his convention was a necessary outcome of his eclecticism, the protest of an extremely aesthetic mind against the ugliness which is the dearest

companion and associate of civilisation; but his constant life in a dream world, and his repugnance to observe details which, if at times jarring and discordant, are not



PENCIL DRAWING (ROME. 1854)

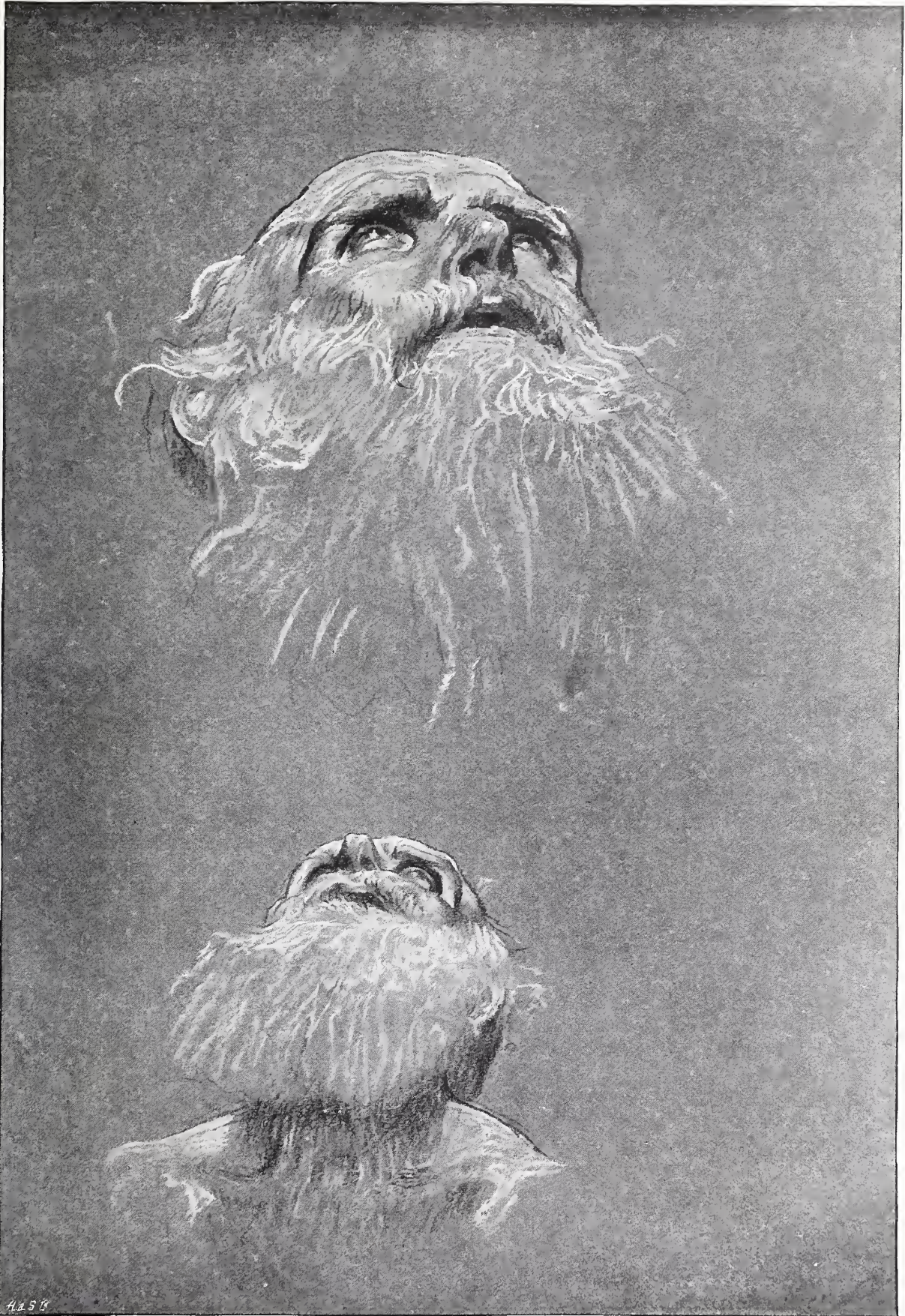
without importance in their effect upon the mind and hand of the artist, certainly influenced in a very marked way the expression of his ideas.

Yet there was scarcely anyone who used preliminary



PENCIL DRAWING (ROME. 1854)

study more extensively than he did, though he turned it so exclusively in a definite direction. For every



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STUDY FOR "AND THE SEA GAVE UP THE DEAD WHICH WERE IN IT."

important picture he ever painted he has left scores of detailed drawings. The total number amounts to many hundreds, and their variety is astonishing.

Earlier stages of his career, are intensely painstaking efforts to secure the sort of accuracy he desired most. When collected they show with curious vividness how



FIRST SKETCH FOR "FLAMING JUNE."

Some are the roughest notes in which are recorded the germs of ideas which he was afterwards to carry to completion; some are experiments, serious evidences of self-examination in which he showed how unwilling he was to accept as conclusive his first decision; and others, especially those which date from the

little the unrest and the desire to range in new fields of practice, with which most artists are affected, existed in his nature. Seemingly he made up his mind in boyhood what course he wished to follow, and during an active and extraordinarily industrious life deviated from it not an atom.

THE REVIVAL OF LITHOGRAPHY.

INTRODUCTION: ITS RISE AND FIRST DECLINE.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

A HUNDRED years have passed since Senefelder's first happy introduction—half discovery, half invention—of the art of Lithography. The hundred-and-first is witness of a revival full of promise and

means by which he might evolve his artistic dreams or dash off his most vigorous thought, with the certain knowledge that permanence and easy publicity were at his command. Thus would



VENICE: THE GRAND CANAL.

(From the Lithograph by S. Prout.)

already full of beauty: a revival possibly destined to rival the brilliant renaissance of Etching which, realising how it had become the victim of its own foolish misconception of its functions and limitations, has but lately risen afresh from the degradation to which it had condemned itself. It was impossible that an art which consisted simply in the drawing with pencil, pen, or brush upon a stone, and rendered a ten-thousandfold harvest in the almost infinite number of its prints—or, rather, replicas—that might be multiplied from its surface, was one which could not willingly be allowed to die. It was not only that lithography was cheap and rapid and convenient; it was rather that it was the medium *par excellence* by which the true artist might reproduce his freely-made sketches and designs—a

Gavarni first scrawl over his stone uneasily and at random, seeking inspiration from the scribbles that he made; or with feverish haste would throw the idea upon it already formulated in his brain. It is clear enough, therefore, that artists' lithography—that is to say, Original Lithography, for I pay here no heed to the less spontaneous art of the reproducer—is not, and could never be, the lithography of the lithographer; and this is the saving fact on which we who love the art base our hopes and our judgment of the immediate future. Herein we are more sanguine than Mr. William Simpson, our greatest surviving English lithographer of the old school, who wrote to me some time ago, on this very point: "Artists seem always to take to etching, so that they neither learn the capabilities of lithography

nor acquire a knowledge of the process. I believe that if they did, and found what a beautiful means it is in the hands of an artist, they would prefer it. I have talked this matter over with Louis Haghe and with Robert Carrick, and both of these men—who were alike lithographers and water-colour painters of the highest repute—quite agreed with

student of jurisprudence, the stage, and the drama—realise, as well as discover, the virtues of a calcareous stone, which through the application of grease would accept printer's-ink and through that of water repel it, than he quickly appreciated the importance of the invention he developed from it; and, more fortunate than most inventors, he drew upon himself the notice not only of the artists of his country, but of those, later on, of France, whither General Lejeune and the Count de Lasteyrie brought it back from Munich; and, later still, of those of England.

In Germany the new art, now duly recognised, was soberly taken up and widely practised, arousing the interest and commanding the "patronage" of the Court; but few of the artists of that country, save Adolf Menzel and one or two associates, took it very seriously. In France it quickly became a vogue; and the vogue, the rage; it was practised by amateurs royal, ducal, and other who boasted any claim to dilettantism. By the artists its reception was enthusiastic. The uncertainty of aquatint, the tediousness and expense of line-engraving, the chemical drawbacks of etching, all combined to carry forward the claims of the new method which, whether for original sketching or for purposes of reproduction, offered advantages belonging to no other process whatsoever. Goya, then an octogenarian and an exile at Bordeaux, experimented with it and obtained extraordinary results, and his few productions, executed in or about 1825, of which I would specially mention "The Bullfight," gave birth to what may be called lithographic Romanticism: for Delacroix saw them and spread their fame, and so gave rise to the second of the four periods into which the life of the art should be divided.

The first dates from its birth in 1830, during which interval the Baron Gros gave to the world his Mamelukes, Charles Vernet his Cossacks and his hunts (whose son Horace later delighted the world also with his studies of military life), Prud'hon his little comedies, Bonington his genre subjects, and Gericault his epics and then his horses. The second period extended from 1830 to 1840, when the romantic and the colourist schools, headed by Delacroix and Isabey, reigned supreme, and Devéria put forth his portraits, and Henri Mommier his scenes of Parisian life. From 1840 to 1855 or 1860, the glories of lithography—then, perhaps, the triumphs of subject and utility rather than exclusively of art and handling—



FROM "BELGIUM AND HOLLAND."

(From the Lithograph by Louis Haghe.)

me on this point. But that is what there appears to be but small hopes of."

The hopes, on the contrary, are great. A powerful movement has been of recent years initiated, and exquisite work has been produced. Before, however, I proceed to explain this movement and to speak of the masterpieces of lithography lately produced, it is necessary that I should set forth briefly in this paper an outline of the art's history antecedent to the decline which paved the way for its revival with all its beauties fresh upon it, and all the lumber of past prejudice and malpractice left behind.

No sooner did Senefelder—the poor disappointed

were sustained by Charlet, Daumier, Raffet, Diaz, and M. Ferdinand Rops, who in their various styles carried the popularity of the art higher than it had ever been before. For the artists, its popularity was based upon technical considerations, so delicately and accurately responsive was it to every shade of the draughtsman's mood, to every touch of his skilful hand. For that reason Gericault, who executed only one single serious etching, besides a few studies of animals, produced a hundred litho-

powerful a one!—for such a purpose. By it the artistic sense of the connoisseurs was charmed and caressed; and with it the country was one moment set a-laughing, and the next inflamed by passion. With it, too, Daumier and Gavarni rivalled Balzac upon the stone, and Charlet and Raffet “discovered” the army, glorified Napoleon, and deified the Empire. These men understood the true utility of the art; but others arose who, partly by carrying its technique to its extreme point (as the Americans



INFANTRIE POLONAISE MARCHANT À L'ENNEMIE.

(From the Lithograph by C. Raffet.)

graphs; and Decamps seventy-three lithographs, and but a couple of etchings. Hippolyte Bellangé, who etched not at all, so far as I am aware, put forth five hundred lithographs, and similarly, Delaeroix, merely flirting with etching, in lithography produced his “Hamlet” and his “Faust.” Daumier confined his wonderful colour studies and records, satires, and whatnot, to the stone in black and white, to the number of three thousand; and Gavarni, who detested the chemistry of etching, in his *Comédie humaine* alone executed as many. Indeed, the harvest of Daumier, Gavarni, and Raffet between them, amounts to seven thousand prints, all known. To these great men lithography meant as much as etching did, not to Rembrandt alone, but also to satirists like Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank, and as the wood-block meant to Tenniel.

Social life, satire, political passion, and red-hot patriotism kept the public interest in lithography alive, for it was the unique instrument—and how

carried wood-engraving), tired the public with it, and partly by using it for subjects for the rendering of which newer methods were more appropriate, dragged it down; and the dates 1860 and 1880 enlose its period of debasement. Caricature, also, had become too violent, so that lithography turned rather to the representation of manners and customs. This duty was in time usurped by photography and “process;” artists were drawn aside by a rising popular interest in etching; even architects—in France at least—abandoned it for the more flattering blandishments of *taille-douce*; and the downfall of lithography was complete. A few faithful souls still practised it quietly, almost furtively; and to their good sense and better instinct is due in no small measure the revival which is now reawakening the enthusiasm of the lover of art.

The practice of the art in Belgium, whither it was carried by Jobard, needs little notice, for it produced no artist of cosmopolitan reputation save Madou. It sent us, however, Louis Haghe to second,



STUDY.

(From the Lithograph by Guverni.)

and, after a time, to head, the efforts of Samuel Prout in this country. As early as 1816 Ackermann had published the first lithographs of Prout, who soon became famous for his views of Continental cities and his extraordinary feeling for architecture. His market-places, so naturally peopled, are still a delight to look at, and make us feel, with Ruskin, that his are the only crowds the spectator feels inclined to get out of the way for. To their artistic beauties—one might almost say, to their perfection—Ruskin bears frequent witness, and when he declaims in "Modern Painters" against "the wretched smoothness of recent lithography" as compared with the manly work of Prout's bold and sometimes hasty touch and his "scrawled middle-tint," the student of lithography will appreciate the justice of the criticism.

But for all Prout's excellence—unrivalled and unapproachable, as Ruskin declared it—Louis Haghe became the more important figure in the practice of the art. His main work consisted, it is true, in re-drawing on the stone other men's work; but his own sketches in "Belgium and Holland" are altogether admirable, full of quiet power rather than of force. His architectural detail was a little

more made out than Prout's, and his lighting was excellently managed. He used but one tint at first, then two, and finally, before he gave up the stone altogether, three—black, blue, and ochre—yet the result was by no means what is now understood by chromo-lithography. I may here mention—that Haghe's right hand was without fingers, a congenital defect, and that he did all his work with the one hand he was limited to; and, furthermore (although it comes not rightly within the scope of the present article), that his reproduction of David Roberts's "Fall of Jerusalem" was probably the finest piece of lithographic work ever executed in England, just as Robert Carrick's "Blue Lights," after Turner, is to be considered for breadth and tenderness of effect the classic, as well as the first great, piece of chromo-lithography.

J. D. Harding was an excellent artist whose touch with the lithographic chalk, especially when handling trees and foliage, is to all artists delightful; but neither his technical manipulation nor his graduating tints could be compared to Haghe's. He was very particular as to the white lights with which stone-artists made much effect—often, to my mind, illegitimate and illogical, even by the best of them; and, although he was precise in teaching that they should "always be confined to objects which are in Nature positively white," he did not in practice, even in his finest work, which I take "Picturesque Selections" to be, always carry out his principles. Indeed, the lights taken out were used without proper effect, so that, instead of helping the plate, they often made the artificiality of it the more apparent.

Then followed John Nash and Mr. William Simpson, the latter the better artist of the two and far the more versatile; and in romantic and historic art, Cattermole and Corbould; in the rendering of cattle and animals, James Ward, R.A., Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., and Frederick Tayler; in portraiture, J. H. Lynch and R. J. Lane, A.R.A. On these men, reinforced occasionally by Alfred Stevens and others of less note, fell the burden of sustaining England's reputation in the section of lithography, and made her paramount in the departments of tint, transfer, and lithography in colour, just as Germany was paramount in the exquisite finish of the work, and France in the higher plane of artistic conception and brilliancy of execution. Then, in due time, just as abroad the art decayed, etching usurped its place in public and



A STUDY.

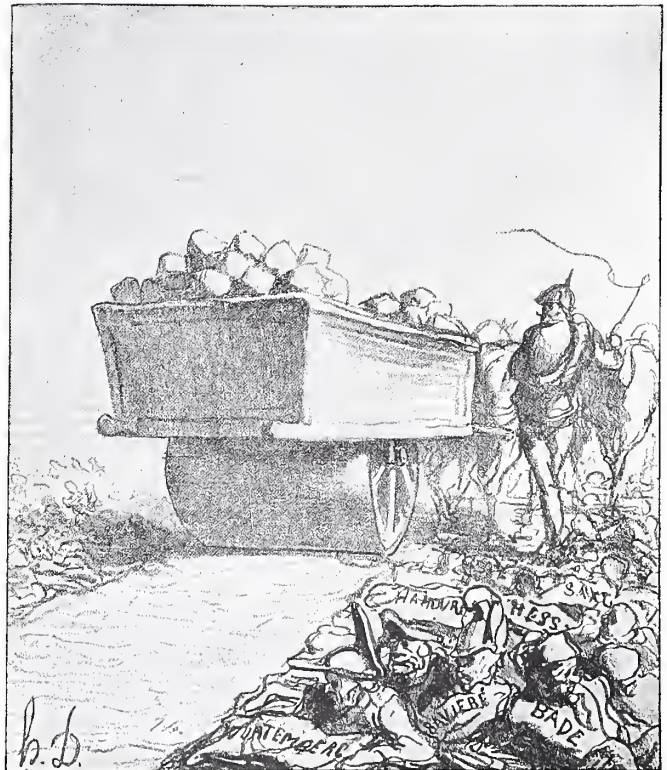
(From the Lithograph by J. D. Harding.)

artistic taste; wood-engraving supplanted it for book-illustration, and photography annihilated it for portraiture, just as the new "three-colour process" will assuredly dispossess it in the field of chromo-lithography.

Although Scotland had no printers like Day or Hullmandel, no Hanhart or Way to encourage her, she achieved at least one success in the art which must not be omitted. This was David Morrison, of Perth, who about 1830 illustrated with extreme taste and skill the catalogues of the library and paintings belonging to Lord Gray in Kinfauns Castle—books to which Sir Walter Scott refers in his notes to "The Fair Maid of Perth," but which I believe to be wholly forgotten by, or unknown to, lithographers in this country.

It will thus be seen that in this country at least the field of Original Lithography, as at present understood, is practically virgin soil and promises a rich harvest. With the grease-pencil or lithotint-brush our artists have never given rein to their fancy, nor

ever sought to express such artistic passion as may move them. They have hitherto been precise, deliberate, almost emotionless, and with relatively but little poetic feeling. Fact, not fancy, has been their aim. Lithography, indeed, has hitherto been chiefly used as a means only to an end; it will now be practised as its own end—for its own charm rather than for the opportunity it offered to record the beauties of architecture or to produce well-drawn models for the art-schools. It is the same new spirit which is animating the artists of France and England both—a profound appreciation of lithography's own exquisite qualities and its capacity for rendering easily, beyond any other method, every gradation of tone, and of permitting the artist to attempt any problem he may choose. Power, force, tenderness—the whole gamut from black to white—all are within his reach, with a variety of technique offered by no other process, except in a very limited sense by wood-engraving. How these remarkable qualities of lithography have recently been taken advantage of in the two countries, and what the individual artists have achieved in his direction, will be set forth in my subsequent papers.



UNITED GERMANY!

(From the Lithograph by H. Daumier.)

ADOLPHE ARTZ.

BY RICHARD HEATH.

THE very opposite opinions which the Modern Dutch School has called forth are some proof of its power. Even its detractors admit that it contains men who are real masters, and who possess original genius; but they insist that the rest are but clever imitators, and that the whole school is wanting in imagination, and confines itself to a most limited horizon. Josef Israels may be a master of his craft, but both he and all the other Dutch figure-painters, so they complain, simply give variations of one and the same set of subjects.

On the other hand there are those who declare that these so-called defects are really virtues, and

that in limiting itself to what is simple, healthy, and natural, the Modern Dutch School shows that it is superior to the common practice of attracting notice by the choice of striking subjects, preferring to rely entirely on the artistic merits of its work. And the result, they say, is that wherever Dutch paintings are exhibited they are hailed as a relief after the crowd of repulsive and horrifying subjects with which sensational art deluges the Salon and other Continental galleries.

Such are the opposing views held abroad. Amongst ourselves the sympathetic view seems in the ascendant, and the assertion has even been ventured that posterity, in estimating the art of our time, will give the foremost place to the Modern Dutch School.

However, sympathetic or not, all agree that the horizon of Dutch painting is singularly limited. To find out how this is would be a most interesting inquiry, for certain it is that the Dutch painters waste no time in courting the world for subjects, but are content to get at the secrets of their art by the faithful study of the scenes within a few miles of their studios. Adequately to explain the cause of this would lead us into the history of the formation of the Dutch national character, a subject beyond the scope and limitations of this article. We can only, therefore, state the fact and its more obvious causes and results.

Having made a country out of the refuse of the Rhine, the Hollander is now showing the world how much beauty can be extracted from arid dunes, a formless coast, and from the simple lives of fisher-folk and labourers who have been formed in such unpromising surroundings. And, one might almost add, without the aid of what in London and Paris seems to be considered needful to the successful practice of art. The studio of the leading master at the Hague is well-nigh bare of furniture; just sufficient apparatus for work—that is all. And not very different is the little room where the first among Dutch



THE PET LAMB.

(From the Painting by Adolphe Artz, in the Possession of the Queen of Holland.)

landscapists completes the subjects he has taken direct from nature.

But in a school distinguished for this same devotion to nature each painter will be found in surroundings more or less in accord with his peculiar temperament: and thus we explain the fact that in this particular the painter to whom this article is devoted did not follow the austerity of his lifelong friend and early master.

The studio in which Adolphe Artz painted—lofty, well-lighted, shut out from every distraction, the former hall of the Art Club of the Hague, and still earlier of the governors of the Hofje van Nieuwkoop*—was for size quite a magnificent chamber; and, adorned with old paintings and tapestries, bronzes, and Delft and Japanese ware, appeared as stately and serious-looking an *atelier* as any painter could desire. Here Artz worked in full enjoyment of his agreeable surroundings, a buoyant, jovial, broad-shouldered man, whose hearty laugh and amiable manner were infectious. His "home" was equally pleasant, with its choice pictures and studies, the works of Maris, of Israels, of Mauve, and of many others of his comrades in art.

Few persons in the Hague were more popular than this indefatigable painter. Spectacles on nose, cap on head, palette and mahl-stick in hand, he was always ready with his joke or humorous story—a man who could not deny himself the pleasure of pleasing others. Need it be said that his brother artists thought much of him, so that in 1881 they elected him President of the "Pulchri Studio," the Hague Art Club already mentioned. In the same year he became a governor of the Hague Academy of Arts, and in 1889 he represented Dutch art as President of the Netherlands section of the Universal Exhibition at Paris, and out of sixty members of the Jury des Récompenses, composed of all nationalities, he was chosen vice-president, Meissonier being president.

This slight suggestion of his personality, and the agreeable impression it made, will render it more clear that his painting was truly original, the spontaneous expression of the way he saw nature, and of the image its faithful study made on his own mind. This, of course, is true of all really good work, but in Holland we are able to see it just now

* An ancient hospital for the aged and infirm.



PAST AND FUTURE.

in rather a striking manner; for its painters, in narrowing their horizon to that of their own little country, have, so to speak, absorbed into their souls the peculiar nature of its land, water, and atmosphere, with that of the people in closest contact with that nature, and almost forming part of it. And so it comes to pass that, although these painters have a family likeness, each one of them has a very marked and distinct individuality.

Thus Artz, though a devoted disciple of Israels, retaining something of the touch of his early teacher to the last, developed a style entirely his own. Not that he had been exclusively a pupil of Israels, for he had passed several years at the Academy at Amsterdam. But he seems to have had an ardent admiration for this distinguished leader in Dutch art, from which his sympathetic nature would have found it difficult to free itself had he not withdrawn from its influence and plunged for a time into the great art centre in Paris. When he left Holland, Israels gave him a letter to Coubet, and the latter evidently discerning what was best to be done, refused to receive him into his own *atelier*, and still more, advised him not to go into any other, but to take

one himself and to work out his own education alone. It was exactly in the spirit of Rembrandt's method, who compelled his pupils to work each in a compartment by himself and to find out for himself whatever he wanted to know as his powers developed. Artz acted on Courbet's advice, but not to such an extent as to neglect to profit from the instruction of the masters in French art.

At last, after eight years in Paris, he turned again to his native land, threw himself into its art, specially devoting himself to the subject art. But after eight years in Paris, in which he more or less followed the fashions in art, painting various kinds of pictures, he seems to have found about 1874 light, peace, and satisfaction in returning to his first love, and in henceforth consecrating his powers to the work in which some of his compatriots were already engaged, that of evolving a real local art worthy of comparison with former efforts of the national genius. A recent Dutch writer, speaking of this change in the direction of the artistic life of Adolphe Artz, calls it "his way to Damascus"—a pregnant phrase which seems to suggest the secret of the power of the Modern Dutch School to produce painters. The land which formerly found in Individualism the road to power in art is now one of the first to show that there is something more than the individual in Man, that communities of men have in connection with the land they inhabit a common life which it is the work of the artist to interpret.

And thus, when Artz returned to Holland it was to interest himself in the life of its people as seen at Scheveningen and Katwyk, and in the neighbourhood of the Hague. Every year he spent the

summer at Katwyk, where he had a cottage picturesquely situated on the dunes, and looking out over-sea and shore. Living, so to speak, with the fisher-folk who all knew and loved him, he studied in conversation with them his types, and in the touching incidents of their life gathered materials for pictures.

"Un Loup de Mer Debout dans Son Bateau," as

a small picture to have been seen at the sale of his works at the Hague in January, 1891, was described, is an example of the successful way in which Artz portrayed his types. It is the simple figure of a fisherman at sea standing erect against the mast of his little vessel, watching with fixed gaze the sky, where unerring signs foretell a squall. The uplifted eye, the compressed mouth, indicative of the intense seriousness of the Dutch fisherman's character, are all expressed in a few masterly strokes.

In his type-mother Artz has given the fitting partner of this strong souled man.



THE PROPOSAL.

A short thick nose, full cheeks, a loving, meditative eye—there is something bovine in the face. Ever in the reflective mood, whether as girl or mother, she seems to be always pondering the mysteries of life.

None can be surprised if even the most joyous of painters adopts the Lydian mode when treating the lives of fisher-folk, for he cannot forget how frequently and how suddenly they are brought face to face with the greatest catastrophes. Few of them but have seen the dripping corpse carried up the beach and laid on the best bed. "Past and Future," by the ominous sheet and the lighted candles at the side of the bed, with the little orphan, her doll in her arms, looking ruefully on, suggests such a calamity.

These touching pictures lead naturally to the



WOMEN IN A POTATO-FIELD.

“Orphanage at Katwyk,” the most famous of the works of Artz, a gem of perfect painting in which

all Artz’s strong points—his gift of colour, his feeling for light and air, the directness of his touch—are



THE POOR-HOUSE AT KATWYK.

seen at their best. This picture by its very finish marks the artist, true in judgment and sincerely responsive to nature. What restraint in colour!—no bright bit of red save the little needle-case on the

the best of its little drop of comfort, is depicted by one who looks at the scene as a faithful linner. Millet or De Groux would have brought out more powerfully its tragic melancholy; but they could hardly have been more faithful to their impressions than was Artz; and these necessarily were the brightest and most cheerful the subject could afford.

Artz was best and strongest when he kept strictly to nature. His more romantic pictures—"A Shepherd Boy Playing on a Pipe: Effect of Sunset through the Woods;" "A Shepherd Girl Sleeping among her Sheep in the Woods;" "The Pet Lamb," belonging to the Queen of Holland; and, most imaginative of all, "Return of the Flock: A Shepherdess Leading her Sheep Home by Moonlight"—are not, however, really so interesting, and are certainly much less characteristic than his more commonplace works.

Nevertheless they indicate that Artz was a man of culture and taste. He was well read in the English, French, and German classics, took a lively interest in the drama, and, though no musician himself, by dint of constantly going to the best concerts both in Paris and at the Hague, he became quite a connoisseur.

Nor did he limit himself to one form of painting, but gained quite a reputation in water-colour drawings, which he often executed on a large scale. Shortly before his death he exhibited at the Dutch Water-colour Society in the Hague the head of a Scheveningen woman, life-size, drawn with such power and yet with such a tender play of light over the brows

that it attracted universal admiration.

Born at the Hague December 18th, 1837, David Adolphe Constant Artz died there November 5th, 1890. The esteem in which he was held by his countrymen was indicated by the numbers who, from all circles in the Hague, and from the various art centres of Holland, followed his remains to the grave. He was a real loss to Dutch art, for he was one of those painters who are not content with getting a name and then resting on their laurels, but who are ever striving after something better and higher. Up to the last his art was growing in feeling and refinement, and in the Dutch art world there were few even among the coming men about whose future there was so much hope.



ON THE DUNES.

table and in the armorial bearings in the window. In accordance with the genius of his surroundings Artz was moderate in sentiment, and his own temperament led him to treat subjects from the sunny side, and leave the shadows dreamily in the distance. His "Women in a Potato-field" is a sunlit scene, of which both forms and composition are excellent: but it does not appear that Artz ever sympathised with the human element in such a picture as Millet or Jules Breton would have done.

How little these Hollanders give way to the temptation of sensationalism may be seen in Artz's picture of "The Poor-house at Katwyk." Poverty here appears neither charming nor disgusting, but its varied character, resigned or moody, or making



THE ORPHANAGE AT KATWYK

THE RENAISSANCE OF MINIATURE PAINTING.

BY ALFRED PRAGA, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF MINIATURISTS.

WHEN Hamlet, incensed at the sycophancy of his uncle's courtiers, exclaims that "those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, now give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little," he is referring, without doubt, to a miniature portrait of the usurper of Denmark's throne. What the miniature portrait was at the time Shakespeare wrote, with

in a very able and comprehensive preface to the catalogue of the Exhibition of Portrait Miniatures, held by the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1889,* tells us that "the word miniature, as applied to small portraits, is of comparatively recent introduction. Derived from the Latin word *minium*, signifying red-lead, in which material all the headings, capital letters, etc., of the most ancient MSS. were drawn,



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

little essential difference, so it is, or so it should be, at the present day. It is the *multum in parvo* of portrait painting—an abridgment of the beautiful: in its relation to greater work, what the sonnet is to the epic. In short, it should be, as Hamlet designates it, "a picture in little."

But this beautiful art has fallen into sad straits, like a timid nymph chased and affrighted by the demon Daguerre and his descendants. Our quarrel, however, is neither with photography nor its exponents; it is rather with those who, professing to be painters in miniature, have unintelligently misused the great and useful science that has done, and may still do, great service to art.

This brief paper is, of course, not in any sense intended as a guide to miniature painting, but at the present juncture, when this neglected art is at length receiving a justly-merited meed of attention, it may not be out of place to give some details concerning its practice.

Dr. Lumsden Propert, an esteemed and learned authority on miniatures and all appertaining to them,

the term came gradually to mean the 'miniatura,' or picture painted by the great artists—part of the illuminated book." And again:—

"Few if any miniature portraits are known to us prior to the time of Holbein. The death of Cosway in 1821 marks the end of the line of the great artists who, for nearly three centuries, had contributed to this charming branch of pictorial art, and though a few men continued to gain an existence by its practice, the cheap mechanical process of photography completely took its place."

The same author also tells us that "miniature portraits, when painted in water-colour, were done on card or vellum, those in oil on panel, silver, copper, and slate; but that about the end of the seventeenth century, ivory was first used as a basis for the painting. When once ivory became the generally accepted basis for water-colour miniature, transparent colours were more freely used than when card or vellum was in fashion." Up to a comparatively

* See also Dr. Propert's series of articles on "The English School of Miniature Art," in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, 1891.

recent date the miniature painter had perforce to exercise greater care in his selection of ivory for his work, and instead of obtaining it in sheets, as at the present day with a surface ready prepared, he had to go through the tedious process of bleaching it to a proper whiteness, scraping to remove all scratches, and rubbing with pumice powder and sandpaper until it assumed a satisfactory and equal surface for receiving the colour.

It is a little odd that some of the so-called guides to miniature painting sold by artists'-colourmen at the present day, commence by giving directions such as I have mentioned for the preparation of the ivory. This alone is somewhat significant of the neglect into which the art has fallen.

The first thing to be considered in the painting of a miniature is the selection of the ivory slip. The striations present in all ivory have to be taken into account, and those only should be used where these natural markings are so disposed as not to appear through the head or other principal part of the picture where extra delicacy or transparency of colour might allow them to be visible.

Amongst the majority of miniature painters it has become almost a convention to work up the picture to so great a degree of finish, that any trace of the means employed or the manipulation is impossible of detection. This in a measure, perhaps, should be so, although there are many choice and valued examples in which this mechanical and often spiritless ultra-finish, that seems to leave a something wanting, is exchanged for a freer and more personal, and to many minds a more artistic, technique.

But this must not be construed into any advocacy of slovenliness on my part. The thing most to be avoided in miniature work is an appearance of want of care. Here there is little or no scope for accidental effects, no tricks of technique, no slap-dash of style, nor the vagaries of pseudo-impressionism. Yet withal, between the poles, so to speak, of the slavish, machine-like method, admitting of no individuality in treatment, and the predetermined

loose style that may often be successfully affected in other branches of painting, there is a *juste milieu*, the attaining of which is the aim of the most enlightened exponents of the art of miniature painting.

The accompanying illustrations represent the principal stages through which a miniature passes from commencement to finish. In all, I had six sittings of about two hours each, but the three illustrations will be sufficient for the present purpose. They are reproductions of the appearance of the

ivory after the first, third, and sixth sittings respectively. The intermediate stages of the work would not show any conspicuous difference in reproduction.

It must not be assumed that six sittings, averaging in all about twelve hours, is a sufficient amount of time in which to complete a miniature portrait. In most cases, the greater number of sittings that can be had, the better. In addition to the sittings there is a great amount of labour necessary to bring the whole picture into harmony by hatching or stippling; and the minute particles of grit that, in spite of the greatest care, will present themselves on the surface, have to be removed from time to time with a needle-point or scraper. This is generally done between the

various sittings, but should be restricted only to the background or accessories, as it is hardly ever safe to touch the head when the sitter is not present.

Fig. 1 represents the first sitting of about two hours, and is sketched in almost entirely with a neutral tint composed of cobalt and light red. This is an excellent combination, as it admits of almost every variety of warm or cold grey, according to the preponderance of one or other of the colours. Many of the older miniaturists substituted for them Indian ink with lake or Indian red. The first sitting is taken up with blocking out the general forms, attending chiefly to the dark masses, and keeping the whole rather faint and of one tone. This is generally carried into the second sitting, only here more attention must be paid to getting a likeness of the sitter.

In Fig. 2 the third stage has been reached, and



FIG. 3.

the tender shadows and tints of the flesh have been worked into the preceding tones, care having been taken to preserve and strengthen the forms, few and simple as possible, as these, to a great degree, constitute the likeness. Now the delicate tints of the flesh, which have all a precise form, and which are indistinguishable to the common eye, have to be searched and drawn with as much decision and squareness as possible.

The likeness should now come on rapidly, and the background having received some amount of attention, there should be apparent in the picture a balance and unity, and the whole should have assumed a tolerably even state.

Up to now no gum has been used with the water, indeed, I find that the best results are obtained by the non-use of gum. At all times it should be used sparingly, and then only in finishing, where sharp, dark, and decisive touches are required.

In the succeeding stages of the work, the mode of procedure would be similar were a dozen or more sittings requisitioned. This consists of finish—a word that to the painter in miniature means the closest application and the truthful imitation of the subtlest gradations of tone and colour, adding a richness here, and rendering more delicate there, but always aiming at largeness and breadth of effect, despite the limits under which he is bound to work.

Fig. 3 shows the completed miniature. The ivory has now been cut to the oval which was

drawn around the portrait at the first sitting. This cutting of the ivory is a matter requiring the extreme care. Unless it is properly done, it is easy to split up the whole work. A pair of curved scissors should be used, and the cutting must be commenced from the centre of the side of the oval, working around to the top. This should be done separately on either side. Passing the scissors completely around the ivory should not be attempted. It has now to be mounted on white paper, and attached to the glass around the edges, with gold-beater's skin, which will effectually keep out the dust of ages, and, finally, to be fixed into the frame or locket.

In the course of his preface Dr. Perpet expressed an opinion that has peculiar interest just now. He wrote—

“Miniature painting is still in abeyance, the tide still ebbing; but can it be always thus? With the increased art-culture and appreciation of the beautiful and true, which is happily permeating the intelligent classes of the present day, it is impossible to believe that the faulty results of a mechanical process can continue to satisfy the art aspirations of the future. The sons and daughters of men are as noble and fair now as when Cooper painted the strong men of the seventeenth or Cosway the beautiful women of the eighteenth centuries. With materials so worthy of the limner's skill it can but be a question of time when the fascinating art of miniature shall again flourish, awaking from its slumber, refreshed and relieved, striving always onward to greater and greater perfection.”

This was written as recently as 1889. Was it prophetic of what has come to pass within seven years from then? I think it was.

NOTE ON THE WORK AND LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

BY WALTER CRANE.

WE have lost not only a great artist and craftsman, poet and social reconstructor, but also a great personality by the death of William Morris. Indeed, his influence in the arts of design might almost be said to have been stronger through the weight and vigour of his personal character than it was, and is, by reason of his actual autograph work in that branch.

The success or far-reaching influence of his work in so many fields of design was perhaps as much due to his power of initiation and permeation as to original creative invention. The thoroughly practical workmanlike spirit in which he took up the forms of handicraft, upon which he has left his mark, mastering the methods, details, and conditions of each in turn first himself, enabled him to impress his feeling upon and to guide his helpers and assistants with the authority which only comes of practical knowledge, distinct artistic aim, and definite principles.

The personal force with which he was wont to maintain his views of art had all the emphasis and effect of passionate personal conviction, and when he upheld his opinion against that of others it was rather in the spirit of one inspired by a vivid and profound faith which could not brook any laxity, vacillation, or vagueness, and which was too ardent to be tolerant, at least in the heat of discussion.

At such moments his friends had glimpses of the fiery energy which lay behind the extraordinary creative power of his nature—the force which fed that perennial stream of poetic and artistic invention; albeit flowing smoothly through the woods and flowery meads of romance, and giving life continually to forms of wonderful richness and beauty.

That stream flowed serenely enough (like his beloved Thames) through the dream-world which the poet wove around his life, like to his own arras-tapestry, with its wealth of fruitful trees and flower-enwrought ground, peopled with the figures of legend

and romance. With his lifelong friend and fellow-artist, Edward Burne-Jones, he dwelt in that pleasant land, ever discovering new treasure in it, ever building new houses for delight, with fair gardens of flowers, or gathering new wonder and romance from the deep umbrage of its mysterious woods.

How eagerly has a world-worn and jaded generation sought the key to that earthly paradise. How far removed it seems from the commercial and industrial bustle and battle of the nineteenth century, the sordid life of modern cities, the seething stress and stir, the cry of poverty, the glitter of wealth, the ebb and flow of human life :

“ Forget six centuries o’erhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
Forget the spreading of the hideous town;
Think rather of the packhorse on the Down,
And dream of London, small and white and clean,
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green.”

That was Morris’s world. These were the things in which his heart delighted; and one can constantly trace the craftsman’s pleasure throughout his poetry, dwelling lovingly upon the beauty of the ministrants and accessories of his stories; the colour and surface of marble, the carved work, the painted storied chamber, or the hangings of arras, the gleam of gold and silver vessels, and the fine cloth and embroidery.

Thus the craftsman and the artist were always one with the poet, and *vice versa*. While with his pen he created this fair dream-world, or painted vivid pictures of the primitive, ancient, or mediæval world, he strove to re-create, or to recall, something of lost beauty and romance in the accessories of everyday life, to give character and meaning again to table and chair, to hanging and cupboard, to settle and fireplace, to lamp and pitcher.

The means by which he sought to bring this about were a return to simpler and sounder methods of construction in furniture; to let the constructive principle be obvious, as in trestle table and rush-bottomed chair; and, if richness and variety be sought, not to let it take the form of tortured ingenuity in the turning and curling of legs meant for support, but rather in enriching those parts not already burdened with organic purpose, as, for instance, the panels of a sideboard, a cabinet, or settle with figure-painting or pattern-work.

Where cushions were needed, as for a couch or chair, to let them be loose and apart from the structure, and not (as in the course of a long evolution of upholstery and doubtful comfort) inseparable from the plethoric constitution of the whilom bourgeois arm-chair, protuberant with fallacious springs and padding.

By a return to sincerity, too, as to materials in all the belongings of a home, and truth to method of work, he lifted decoration and furniture on to another plane, so that nothing should pretend to be

what it was not; plain painting, for instance, should be plain painting, and not try to look like marble or precious woods of curious grain: wall-paper should be wall-paper, and not imitation textiles; while the virtue of wool or silk should appear in the fabric and pattern most characteristic of, because best adapted to the conditions of each in the loom.

Now this movement of sincerity was really the extension of the principle which animated that remarkable group of painters, known as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, to the larger domain of constructive-design and decoration generally. As a matter of fact, certain leading members were originally the colleagues of William Morris in his work, when the committee or firm of artists and craftsmen was first formed, who carried on the famous workshops of Queen Square—notably D. G. Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, and Edward Burne-Jones. Mr. Arthur Hughes was also a member at the first. We thus see the direct influence of the Pre-Raphaelite painters, especially perhaps of the first-named, who, influenced by, and in turn influencing, perhaps, both his masters Madox Brown and Mr. Holman Hunt, gave, in conjunction with William Morris, a marked bias to the work of the firm.

The fact that Morris had a certain architectural training in the office of Mr. G. Street must have been of enormous advantage to him as a designer in decoration, and it probably had its effect, in addition to other advantages, in enabling him to finally take the leadership as a designer in the decorative arts. His knowledge and grasp of Gothic architecture was very extensive, and he was able to bring it to bear very forcibly in another important work of his life, too little recognised—I mean his work on the committee of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, where, with his friend and colleague Mr. Philip Webb, the distinguished architect and designer, he has carried on quietly a most useful and much needed work. When the historic documents of our country, in the shape of ancient buildings, are in constant danger, either from neglect and ignorance or from commercial enterprise or the zeal of the modern restorer, this society raises its emphatic and informed protest. These protests were frequently voiced or penned by William Morris himself, who probably possessed as extensive knowledge of the mediæval buildings of England as any man.

While in the region of poetic art William Morris’s ideal seems to have been, as he himself wrote in the introduction to “The Earthly Paradise,” to—

“ — strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,”

he was fully prepared to take his share in the movements of his time, and it was only part of the sincerity of his nature to do so. His practical

endeavours to add to the beauty of life brought him close to the economic question, which he approached both from the point of view of employer and worker. He always described himself as an artist working with assistants, but no doubt in the course of his multifarious kinds of work, having dealings with manufacturers and workmen in many different industries, the trend of the general conditions of our times, the evolution of the industrial system, the effect of the machine and the fierce commercial competition prevailing must have quite naturally led his thoughts to those great questions which touch the very foundations of the modern system of production.

His mood changed from "The Earthly Paradise," though even there, in the opening verses, the very fact that he seemed conscious of the turmoil and trouble of the world outside would indicate what afterwards happened—that he would finally be compelled to listen to it, to form an opinion, and take his part in the great industrial battle. That he did not hesitate on which side, or with whom, to cast his lot, is not to be wondered at when one considers the thoroughness of his nature.

No doubt, too, among the influences at work a very potent one must not be forgotten in John Ruskin, whose views upon modern methods and their results in art, architecture, and social life he thoroughly endorsed. I have heard Morris speak with the highest regard of Ruskin and his work. Ruskin, though bitter against the modern system, took no part or lot with revolutionists. While theoretically and in his writings in revolt against the tendencies of his age, he remained practically a conservative. With Morris, on the other hand, protest became active and constant as soon as he became convinced that the economic basis was wrong; and when he discovered the new socialist party—men for the most part of very different natures, and who had reached the same standpoint by very different roads—he joined, and worked heartily for the cause, in the light of the new hope. It is a great mistake to suppose that William Morris's socialist views were an accident, or merely the result of sentiment. He started with a definite ideal in art, and he practically realised it as far as his own work was concerned, but when he desired to go further and realise it in life, it was a very different thing, but he faced the facts. He went down to the ground in the matter with characteristic thoroughness, and worked at economics, and debated the question until he was master of it, and threw himself into the movement which he was convinced was really the hope of the world, morally and socially, and which involved of necessity the prospects of art and labour with it.

Corresponding with his change, or rather development, of his view of life, he turned his attention to

and developed a new art, or perhaps revived an old one—the art of printing. While his verse powerfully voiced the claims of labour and humanity, he finally put into the form of a romance his vision of the future constitution of society in "News from Nowhere," which is remarkable—while containing passages of romantic beauty and vivid description as fine as anything he wrote—for its modern touches, and the powerful contrast drawn between the vision and the actualities of present-day London life. A beautiful edition, with a frontispiece by Mr. C. M. Gore, a drawing of Morris's favourite retreat, Kelmscott Manor, has been printed at the Kelmscott Press.

In the works which William Morris has issued from his press we see much the same qualities as a designer as are shown in his work in other provinces of design, allowing for the differences of method and material. The ornamental feeling is rich, full, and efflorescent. The well-filled borders of arabesque upon black grounds occasionally recall in motive some of his well-known printed textile designs. The form of the type, whether Roman or Gothic, is tasteful, and always in accord with the ornament of the page, and, with the rich initial letters, forms agreeable quantities in pattern upon the carefully proportioned recto and verso pages. Perhaps the most remarkable designs are the title pages, which show much resource in the values and quantities in the combination of black and white, and the use of lettering as parts of the decoration.

The monumental work of the Kelmscott Press is the Chaucer, with its noble borders and figure designs after Sir Edward Burne-Jones. In some instances the wealth and richness of the borders seem to rather overpower the figure subjects, which are drawn with considerable reserve and even restraint; but it is rarely that two designers so much in sympathy collaborate upon a work.

But the pitcher is broken at the fountain; the press is stopped; the loom is silent; we are left gazing at the rich record of the strenuous artistic life that has gone from us—a record wonderfully complete and full, and of extraordinary width of range. We feel the spirit of the craftsman in the poet, and the spirit of the poet in the works of the craftsman, playing through the mazes of the floral arabesque upon our walls, mingling with the rich dyes and patterns of the hangings and carpets, fused in the glowing glass, or making beautiful rhyme and romance upon the printer-poet's own page. Finally we see him as a man, pleading the cause of the labourer, as John Ball and Sir Thomas More had done before him. Surely the record of such a life forms a golden-lettered chapter in the history of the art and life of England in this last half of the industrial commercial nineteenth century!



HAWKING.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

NOVELTY IN DECORATION AT THE TROCADERO,

BY MR. G. E. MOIRA AND MR. F. LYNN JENKINS.

THERE was a time when the celebrated epicurean who reversed the common order, and "lived to eat," used to swear that, if he wanted to dine well, he was obliged to cross the Channel to Paris, where, at the most intimate of all French cafés and the costliest restaurant, one might breakfast out-of-doors. But this was very greatly altered for a brief spell by the founding of a club of exceedingly heavy subscription and entrance fees—the Amphitryon, in Albemarle Street. Here the gluttonous refinement of Rome in its decadence was repeated: but the smash, when it came, was heavy enough punishment. The Trocadero, after passing through many vicissitudes, has become a palatial restaurant.

Tapestries, friezes, electric light, brocades, velvets of many hues are combined in an effective *ensemble*. The most lovely chamber by far is the entrance-hall, with its golden balustrade, its pillars of exquisitely-veined Devonshire marbles from the quarries of Oddicombe. It is most brilliant and unprecedented, the unique and extremely charming feature being

the frieze by two young artists who have passed through the Royal Academy Schools, already successful in the paths of sculpture and painting. Here the two arts are joined together, the pictures being modelled in low relief and enriched with metals and every shade of colour, the buffs being in by far the greatest diversity; lemon, pale blue, scarlet, grey, green, black and white, amber and brown, all come together in perfect harmony. These two young men have made a new departure in the art of decoration, and evolved a splendid success, which will no doubt be universally copied for internal mural decoration. From the original small coloured sketches Mr. Moira made full-size cartoons on brown paper—drawn with exceeding boldness and *verve*, in charcoal and white chalk. Mr. F. Lynn Jenkins from these cartoons modelled the panels in low relief, the greatest relief being one inch. They were then cast in fibrous plaster, and coated with a special medium which renders the material non-absorbative and at the same time attained a very enduring and hardened surface.



THE COMING OF GUINEVERE TO CAMELOT.



THE ROUND TABLE.

Metals—gold, silver, and platinum—in the leaf were then applied to the parts required, and the whole decoratively enriched with colour by Mr. Moira. Owing to the peculiar strength of fibrous plaster the panels were cast exceedingly thin and are very light in weight.

These pictures, which run round the entire entrance-hall, and measure over ninety feet long with a depth of nearly six feet, are from the "Legende d'Arthur," as narrated in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and are too various to describe in detail. Two of the largest, which face each other, give "The Round Table" and "The Coming of Guinevere to Camelot." In the former, which



ENID CROSSING THE DRAWBRIDGE.



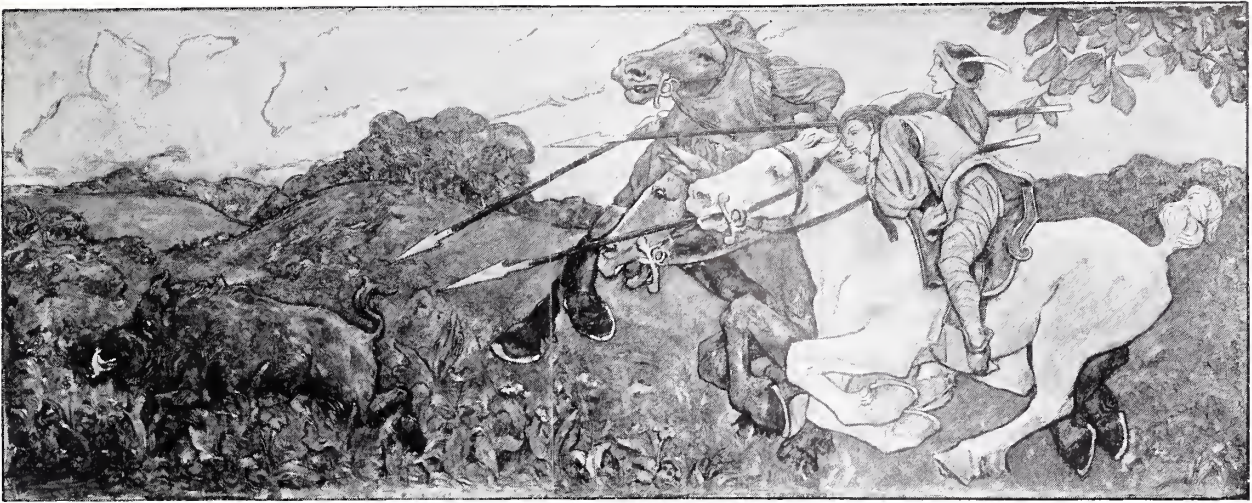
ENID BRINGING UP WINE.

glows with rich colour—but the mass of white drapery and vestments lowers the colour scheme somewhat, and sobers it—King Arthur, Merlin, the seer and philosopher, a grave, Gothic figure of sacerdotal aspect, with a black cap on his head, surrounded by the drinking knights, Percival, Geraint, Gareth of the kitchen, and the rest. Some are seated, some stand; all the attitudes are graceful and manly; by the side are banners, which flourish wide in multitudinous and intricate folds; to the left is a banner of crowns and swans. "The Coming of Guinevere to Camelot" contains the greater

number of figures, both mounted and unmounted; the horses are armoured with gold and silver; blue and scarlet make their trappings; the knights all wear helmets, and carry their shields bright with bearings. Lancelot, tall and commanding, dominates the picture, and the queen, with her imperially-moulded figure, shares in its governance. A page kneels before her, offering wine on a golden salver. Serving-men in gorgeous costumes, their jerkins decorated with the three crowns imperial, their legs encased with cloth swathings, bear aloft the luscious fruits of the earth; while behind them come others with drinking-horns, and feminine figures are in the back-



THE QUEEN OF THE TOURNEY.



HUNTING THE WILD BOAR.

ground. The story of Guinevere's coming is told by Tennyson thus:—

“Then Arthur charged his warrior
whom he loved
And honoured most, Sir Lancelot,
to ride forth
And bring the Queen;—and
watch'd him from the gates:
And Lancelot passed away among
the flowers
(For then was latter April) and
return'd
Among the flowers, in May, with
Guinevere.”
(*The Coming of Arthur.*)

There are two sporting incidents—“A Hawking Party:” Guinevere, robed in white, flies the bird from her hand with graceful gesture; a highly-conventionalised tree; the stern, perpendicular walls of Camelot; the hawker, with his frame of birds, kneels to give one of his captives flight. The quarry is a heron going at great speed, all legs and wings; an argent stream in the left corner passes swiftly. “Hunting the Wild Boar,” from its position, enjoys a great advantage of light; it is undoubtedly the finest of the set. Though low in tones, it is manly, strenuous, brawny, and noble. The great massive horses seem to thunder along in their speed and heavy stride. Their riders, with

bent spears, have their boar immediately in front of them, the horrent beast galloping as fast as his

short legs will let him. The background, which is a landscape, the scurrying clouds, and the masses of distant heavy foliage, all have their powerful expression. The little bough of chestnut in the corner is Japanese in feeling. Amongst the panels to which we would draw attention is “The Queen of the Tourney”—a very queen, seated on a dais; at her feet is a wreath held high on a lance, illustrating the lines:—

“There all day long Sir Pelleas
kept the field
With honor; so by that strong
hand of his
The sword and circlet were
achieved.
Then rang the shout his lady
loved; the heat
Of pride and glory fired her face,
her eye
Sparkled; she caught the circlet
from his lance
And there before the people
crowned herself.”
(*Pelleas and Elaine.*)



ELAINE.

In this figure, more than any other, we find the strong Moira feeling, the sentiment of ancient chivalry being excellently expressed. Equally beautiful, but of a different complexion, is “Enid Bringing

up Wine:" her figure, as she toils up the stairs, is sweetly pathetic. Again, "Enid Crossing the Drawbridge:" she descends, holding a basket on her arm, her gown of faint pink, with a dark border of fur, her neat little head outlined against the masonry of the building, while beyond, the water cascades in a silver sheet. The incidents are taken from "The Marriage of Geraint":—

"So Enid took his charger to the stall;
And after went her way across the bridge,
And reached the town, and while the Prince and Earl
Yet spoke together, came again with one,
A youth, that following with a costrel, bore
The means of goodly welcome, flesh and wine,
And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer,
And in her veil unfolded manchet bread."

The panel illustrated on this page represents the stern seneschal of King Arthur's Court, who takes so prominent a part in the poem "Gareth and Lynette." Standing in his own particular domain—the kitchen—Sir Kay here looks the em-



GERALD E. MOIRA.
(Painted by Laurence Koe.)



SIR KAY THE SENESCHAL.

bodiment of the tyrant who "hustled and harried" the kitchen knight, Gareth. The figure of the little maid, crouching in lowly attitude at his feet, turning the wheel of the spit, serves to emphasise the haughtiness of the seneschal. Sir Kay might be saying—

"Bound upon a quest
With horse and arms—the King hath past
his time.

My scullion knave! Thralls to your work again,
For an your fire be low ye kindle mine!
Will there be dawn in West and eve in East?
Begone! My knave! . . .
Well—I will after my loud knave, and learn
Whether he know me for his master yet.
Out of the smoke he eame, and so my lanee
Hold, by God's graec, he shall into the mire—
Thence, if the King awaken from his eaze,
Into the smoke again."

Messrs. Moira and Jenkins occupy two spacious studios in the neighbourhood of Campden Hill, one above another. There is no knick-knackery, nor wild beasts' skins; they are workshops, and nothing else. Mr. Jenkins commenced to study under Mr. Sparkes, that splendid teacher and author of so many men's successes, where he won nearly all the sketching club prizes of that school, and also a medal from the Academy



F. LYNN JENKINS.
(Painted by Laurence Koe.)

and the City of London Guilds medal. Entering the Academy Schools in 1893, the following year he was successful in winning the British Institution Scholarship of £100, open to competitors from all over the United Kingdom. This young man, who is only twenty-six, is a native of Torquay; the profession followed by his father gave him an early insight into the use of the chisel. He is of opinion that plain sculpture reliefs are apt, from inadequate lighting, to be cold; but this combination of metals, rich colouring, and sculpture opens up a scheme of decoration which will prove of benefit both to the artist and the public.

Mr. Gerald E. Moira is better known, being for the last few years a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy. His pictures are always interesting, very individual, but sometimes his ambitions o'erleap his power. In 1894, a Rossettian theme; 1895, a portrait of Mrs. Cyril Plummer and Mrs. Nares: this year "The King's Daughter," and "Brenda, Daughter of Carl Svedburg, Esq." Mr. Moira brings the hereditary

influence to his art: his father was the celebrated Portuguese miniature painter, who lived, worked, and flourished in the latter decades of the present century. After studying in the British Museum, Mr. Gerald Moira entered the Academy Schools, where, after winning several medals and prizes, he only missed the gold medal by half a length, Mr. Ralph Peacock being the lucky winner. As a portraitist, Mr. Moira has shown himself a deft and clever worker, a collection of heads forming a small one-man show at the Fine Art Society. We have treated the work of these two young men at some length, but they have launched out in so novel and individual a manner that—for the moment, at any rate—they are of paramount interest to the younger school of painters.

The accompanying sketch portraits are from the brush of Mr. Laurence Koe, who has achieved considerable reputation as a portrait painter, and who, with Mr. F. Haviland, shares the studios at Bedford Gardens.



HOISTING KING ARTHUR'S STANDARD

PEWTER WORK.

PEWTER is one of the most valuable mixed metals used in the decorative arts. Its extreme malleability and its purity of colour have allowed of its being wrought with the happiest and most interesting results. M. Bapst, in his interesting work called "L'Étain," has given a complete history of this branch of art, showing its development among the Greeks and Romans, then in the hands of the Germanic races, and finally in those of the Medieval monks. We know how fine are the shapes of the Louis XV. jugs and pots, and who knows whether the famous

as Corinthium, spoken of with admiration by Greek and Latin authors, was not simply our most ordinary pewter?

Be this as it may, after being neglected at the beginning of this century, the use of this material has lately been revived, and a long list might be made of artists who employ it with success. But foremost of all M. Jules Brateau deserves the first credit for having restored pewter to a place of honour, and as

the leader of a movement which is now in full career. Of all our modern workers in pewter, he is, in fact, the only artist who is above all else a



PEWTER BOWL.
(By Carrière.)



THE WAVE.
(Pewter Dish by M. Ledru.)



PEWTER VASE.
(By Carrière.)

pewter-potter; a chaser who has mastered the material on the old lines, and who handles it in the old style.

Pewter has been adopted for the most various ornamental purposes. M. Gustave Charpentier's candelabra show a choice adaptation of form; MM. Baffier and Desbois, and the sculptor Ernest Carrière, have made themselves really famous by this class of work; and not less M. Maurice Maignan, whose jardinière, representing "The Day After a Victory at the Alhambra," will not be forgotten.

But I wish here to dwell more particularly on the artistic work of M. Ledru, a pupil of M. Dumont, who won a medal at the Salon of 1894, and who this year again has earned the same distinction. M. Ledru, in his vases and dishes, never loses sight of the two sides of his art, the decorative treatment and the sculptural fitness; as a sculptor he often lets us see his admirable talent, but without any injury to the

purpose of his work. Thus, in a vase he calls "The Prey," here represented by permission of Messieurs Susse Brothers, he shows us a woman lying prone whom a monstrous euttle-fish is about to seize; but M. Ledru very rightly feels that this is but an episode, which ought not to divert attention from the vase, itself of an elegant classical form, or attract the eye too assertively, as is the case in some work by other artists. The same remark applies to a dish, "The Wave," modelled with wonderful delicacy. The art is admirable with which M. Ledru has, as it were, draped his Naiad in light caressing waves, and added such dainty details as the two fish swimming above her.

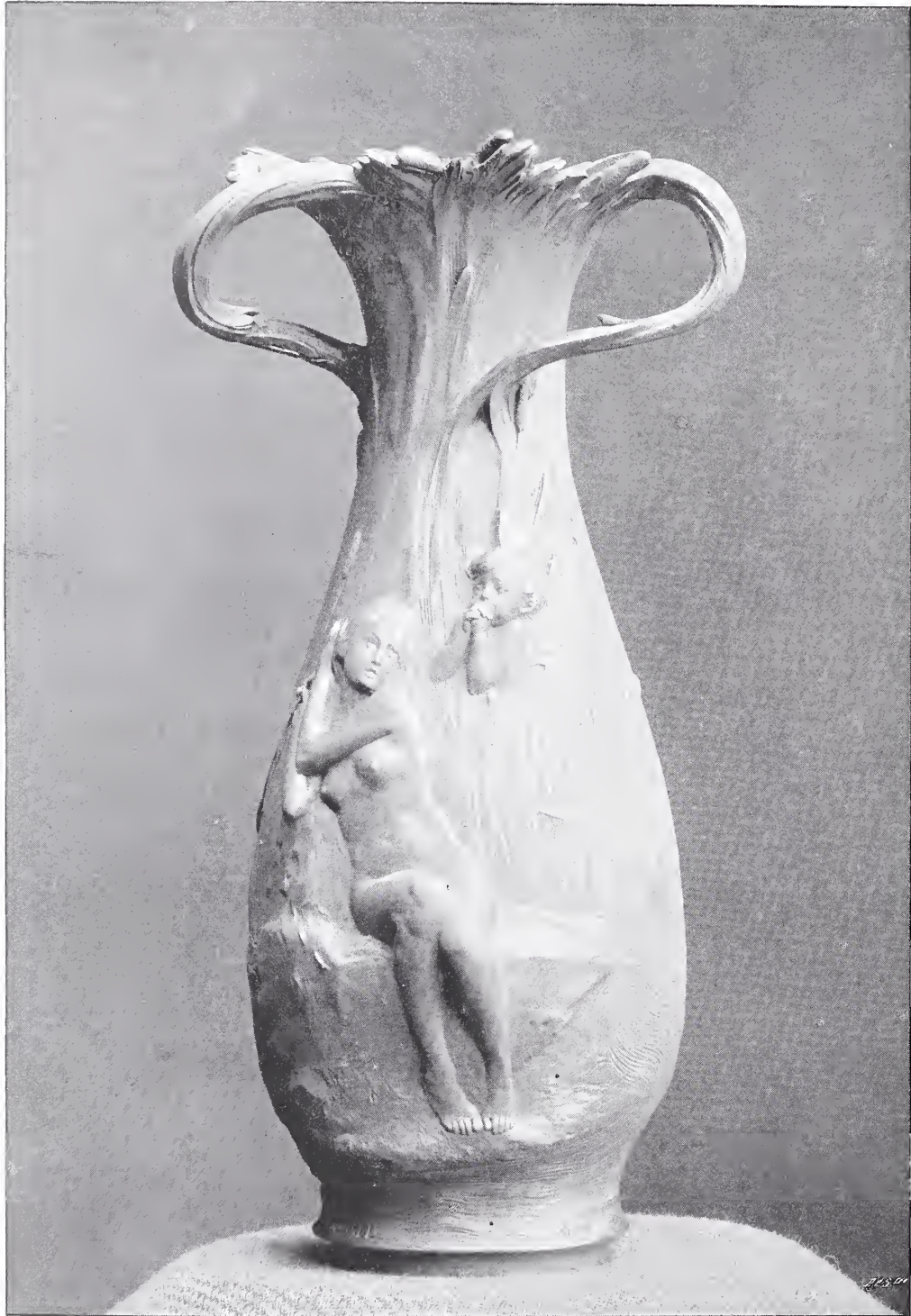
M. P. H. R. Roussel (Grand Prix de Rome, 1895) is not as yet so skilful as M. Ledru, but his vase, "The Sedge Nymph," with its double curve of exquisite elegance and charm, gives promise of an artist of the first rank with a great future before him.



THE PREY.

(Pewter Vase by M. Ledru. By Permission of Messrs. Susse Brothers.)

Still, the criticism we must address to all these artists, however great their merit, is that they treat remaining faithful to the true tradition, which nevertheless does not destroy the charm of the works



THE SEDGE NYMPH.

(Pewter Vase by M. P. H. R. Roussel.)

the material as sculptors, as they would any other plastic material, not in the manner of the old workers in pewter. Only M. Jules Brateau has succeeded in we have described. We must be satisfied to regard these artists as independent of the time-honoured tradition of the pewterer's art. HENRI FRANTZ.

NEW SCULPTURE.

SOME symbolical sculpture of a rather unusual type has just been completed by Mr. A. G. Walker, of the Cedar studios, Chelsea, for the church which is now being built at Stamford Hill by the Society of the Agapemone. Four bronze figures, each of which is about seven feet high, are used as finials to the tower, and these figures represent the evangelistic symbols—the angel in human form, the lion, the ox, and the eagle. Each symbol personifies a certain virtue: the angel intelligence, the lion strength, the ox patience, and the eagle far-sight; and they are used because they are held to be the four attributes of



EAGLE AND ANGEL FOR TOWER FINIALS OF THE CHURCH OF THE AGAPEMONE.

the Divinity. The same motives appear in the four buttress groups which decorate the west front of the church; but here the symbols are actively triumphing over their opposites. Intelligence overcomes Sorrow, Strength and Patience respectively conquer Death and Pain, and Far-sight defeats Mental Blindness. Mr. Walker's manner of handling his subjects is marked by a judicious mixture of realism and decorative convention; he has secured reality enough to make the meaning of the symbols apparent, and at the same time he has gone sufficiently far towards pure decoration to prevent any lack of style in his designs or any want



BUTTRESSES OF THE CHURCH OF THE SOCIETY OF THE AGAPEMONE.



BULL AND LION FOR TOWER FINIALS.

(By A. G. Walker.)

of meaning in his manner of treatment. In the buttress groups, especially, there is shown a fine sense of line arrangement, and excellent judgment in massing and composition. As examples of what is after all the best way to employ sculpture—in conjunction with architecture—these productions of Mr. Walker's deserve very considerable praise.



ALMS DISH
(By A. G. Walker.)

The other example of his work which we illustrate—a silver alms dish for a church at Liverpool—claims attention, as it shows his capacity to deal with a different branch of sculpture. The work in this case is done partly by casting and partly by chasing, and is in its result eminently effective because it combines in a manner which is unusually well-considered richness of design with a lowness of relief that suits well the purpose to which the dish is to be devoted. As a whole, this piece of metal work is acceptable as a sign that our younger sculptors are learning how to adapt their art to practical exigencies. There is certainly no need to disregard utility in the pursuit of æsthetics; and it can hardly

be denied that on the highest merits in the application of design is the preservation of an exact balance between the decoration and the fitness for its ultimate use in the object decorated.

Another important group of sculpture intended as a prominent feature in an architectural design is that which Mr. J. Wenlock Rollins, of Glebe Place, Chelsea, has executed for the new General Hospital, Birmingham. Two colossal figures, symbolising Pharmacy and Surgery, uphold a lamp, typifying Life; their arms are supported by Philanthropy, who tramples upon Disease in the form of a snake. The total height of the group is nearly ten feet, and the figures surround the central pier of a triangular porch, which is a striking part of the design for the hospital building. The dignity of the composition and the severity of the lines of the drapery (save for the tortuous edges) give to the whole work a significance which is entirely appropriate to the purposes of the institution itself. For the same building Mr. Rollins is also busy with three other colossal statues representing "Light," "Air," and "Purity."



GROUP FOR NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL,
BIRMINGHAM.

(By J. Wenlock Rollins.)

ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

EVERY new volume put forth by Mr. Phil May not only confirms his position and establishes his genius—it enhances his reputation while his gallery of characters is steadily added to, and his range is widened. The admirable series of half a hundred drawings included in the volume entitled "Phil May's Gutter-Snipes," which has been put

forth by the Leadenhall Press, shows us the stream of his humour as fresh as ever, observation as keen, truth as inexorable; while the freedom of touch and handling show unmistakable development. In looking over these pages the Londoner is startled with the verisimilitude of the scenes he has so often witnessed, but so rarely seen adequately portrayed.

From the first pages that present us with the game of cricket as played in the Seven Dials, and a lifelike portrait of Mr. Andrew Tuer, to the last admirable study of gutter gymnasts—a sketch which Leech would have liked to sign—we are presented with

sketch them down, and forget them again as rapidly—but they are permanent, abiding ideas. Not the sports of Nature, but her necessary eternal classes. We feel that we cannot part with any of them, lest a link should be broken.” As is the ease with the



WATER-WORKS

(Reduced from "Phil May's Gutter-Snipes.")

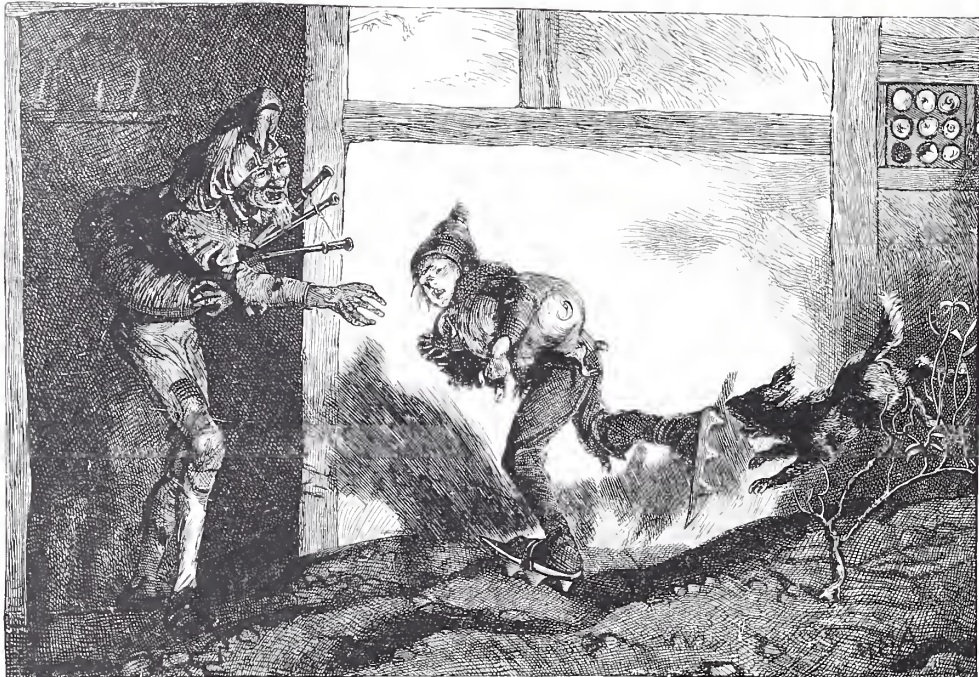
every variety of life that form the lights and shadows of general existence. We do not pretend that "Water-works," here reproduced, is quite the best of the series; yet the inimitable figure of the self-possessed young humorist offers worthy testimony to Mr. Phil May's comie sense (if such were needed) and to his consummate power of placing it on paper. There is hardly a drawing in which are not presented several types of character searchingly true, and, withal, a sense of style which proclaims the artist not only a master of his craft, but a very master among artists. Of these studies we may say what Charles Lamb said of Hogarth's: they "have not a mere momentary interest, as in caricatures, or those grotesque physiognomies which we sometimes catch a glance of in the street, and, struck with their whimsicalities, wish for a peneil and the power to

true humorist, the tender side of Mr. May's nature is very obvious. He revels in practical jokes, in low humour, and knockabout farce. He plays the poor Gutter-Snipes' games upon paper and shares in their squalid happiness. Not less does he sympathise in their wretchedness and misery, in their illness, poverty, and utter wretchedness. So profound is the humanity of his drawings that we are almost tempted to overlook the fine composition of his pictures, which is inevitably right, and the instinctive balance of his light and shade. Not less remarkable is the truth with which he presents the spirit of the townscape which may happen to form the background of his pictures. We doubt if Charles Keene ever surpassed with so little effort the successful rendering of such a street-wilderness as we see in the "Pegtop" scene. In short, Mr. May is seen here

at his best, for, sketchy as is his work, no artistic quality is on that account lost. The book is one to get and to treasure, for it takes its place by right among the best productions of the country's humour.

TO Mr. Laurence Housman we are indebted for his admirable essay on the work of "Arthur Boyd Houghton" (Kegan Paul and Co.), a book which should be in the hands of every lover of intellectual and technical art, as well as every lover of black-and-white illustration and of the art of the wood-cutter. The volume includes a number of facsimile reproductions of the drawings for the wood, as well

as many and convincing as Millais'; and his methods as original as anybody's. His characterisation is not less happy, as may be seen in the drawing, "The Indian prostrates himself before the King of Persia," wherein every face, black or brown, is well accustomed to the blinding sun, and every inch of the surface is eloquent of the Orient. In one point only do we disagree with the writer. He says that Houghton's work is curiously bound down to monochrome and rarely suggests colour—only tone. We consider, on the contrary, that his suggestive colour-sense was hardly less than Keene's. It is delightful in passing in review



"TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON."

(Drawn by A. R. Houghton.)

as a great number of impressions from the wood-blocks themselves, executed for the Dalziel's "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," and other works. It is a pity that the drawings executed for Messrs. Cassell and Co. were not also included, but the collection as it stands is sufficient to show the greatness of the artist. There has been a "boom" in Houghton latterly, but it is a boom fraught with good, for no attention which might be given to his work would be mis-spent by the student nor unremunerative to the beholder. Mr. Housman does well in placing Houghton at the head of the Pre-Raphaelite Revivalists, so to say, for Houghton had much of the passion, the vigour, and the humanity of all the great illustrators included in the "P.-R. B.," and had, moreover, as much humour as all them put together. His black-and-white is often as fine as Charles Keene's: his devotion as deep as Holman Hunt's; his vigorous realisation

these interesting illustrations, to observe with how much intelligence Houghton—the one-eyed artist, whose health was shattered, it was said, by over-indulgence—knew how to profit with unerring instinct by the great improvement which Millais and his associates had forced upon the engravers on wood. It is not less delightful to see how completely, how instinctively, he understood light and shade. The perfection of many of his illustrations lies in the truly luminous character of his illustrations of his author's *meaning*, and not merely a reproduction by the pencil of the author's *words*. Houghton, in truth, was a great imaginative artist, and we rejoice that so interesting a reprint has been placed in hands so capable as those of Mr. Housman for introduction to the public. The unknown drawing which Mr. Housman refers to as "Jew and Gentile" is, we believe, a fanciful illustration to the *Merchant of Venice*.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[For "Regulations," see THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November.

[8] **LORD LEIGHTON'S FIRST FRESCO.**—The history of fresco painting in England is fairly well known, as well as Lord Leighton's share in its attempted revival. Can you inform me whether his work at Bowood is, as has been suggested, his first work in that method?—G. A. B.

* * * The Bowood fresco was in no sense an experimental one. Long before Lord Leighton returned to England, even while still at Frankfort as a pupil of Steinle, he executed his first fresco painting. This was in the courtyard of the castle of Auerbach, in the Bergstrasse—where it may still be seen. It is a fresco painted by Leighton and his fellow-student, Gauba, in celebration of an artist's festivity, representing in a humorous spirit "Spring receiving the Arts." In this work—which is still described as "Leighton's First Fresco"—the portrait of both of its painters are introduced.

[9] **THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY'S OFFICIAL DRAWING PAPER.**—The question as to the quality of the paper, its properties of resistance to damp and to the disintegration caused by hot climates, is of the greatest importance to us artists, for the permanence not only of our drawings, but of our reputation itself, depends on the material supplied to us. For that reason I, amongst others, welcomed with pleasure the issue by the Royal Water-Colour Society itself of a paper stamped with its own initials ("O.W.S.") as a guarantee of the excellence of the paper. I have since heard it stated that this paper, of which a vast amount, it is said, has been thrown upon the market, has been too hastily fathered by the Society, and that it is even less to be trusted than old and reliable marks, such as Whatman. But there is difficulty in ascertaining facts. Can you obtain for us any trustworthy information on this subject, as the matter is of vital importance, and cannot wait?—R. W. S. (St. John's Wood).

* * * The matter is, we believe, a somewhat delicate one at the present time. We ourselves have heard grave criticism passed on the paper in question, for which charges of weakness, irresponsibility, and misguidance were for a time levelled against the Society; while it was alleged that the paper in question was of a quality greatly inferior to other standard papers, and that it was adopted by the Society without proper examination or analysis. We understand, however, that since that time an independent analyst has

examined the paper and has reported upon it in highly favourable terms. At the same time, we are bound to explain that, solicitous for the well-being of artists and their works, we took steps some years ago to have the matter of drawing-paper thoroughly dealt with by the highest authorities, and continued our efforts up to recently, when the article on "Mildew in Drawing Paper," by Dr. Russell, was the outcome. To those remarks we would refer the reader (Jan., 1896). It would, perhaps, be well if this important matter were publicly ventilated.

[10] **IS THE DRESDEN "SISTINE MADONNA" GENUINE?**—On my return from Dresden, where I have been studying Raphael's masterpiece, I am confronted with the statement, in *Truth* and elsewhere, that the "Sistine Madonna" of the Dresden Gallery is but a copy of the genuine picture, which is said to be in the possession of a hotel-keeper at St. Moritz. I do not suggest that too much credit should be accorded to such a claim; but in view of the wealth of evidence adduced in favour of the contention, the elaborate pedigree, and the evident sincerity of the claimant, it would, I think, be well that the contention should be inquired into, to be established, so far as it may be, or else swept away. There seems to be more foundation than is usually the case in claims such as this, so that a service would be done to the art world at large were any reader of THE MAGAZINE OF ART to bring the light of knowledge to it and settle it one way or the other.—S. (National Liberal Club).

* * * As it happens, we can give a very definite reply upon this subject. We may say at once that in the summer of last year the Editor of this Magazine was courteously presented by Mr. Caspar Badrutt, the proprietor of the Engadiner-Kulm and owner of the picture in question, with a copy of the beautifully-produced volume that sets forth his claim, and illustrates it with excellent photographs, etc. A moment's examination was enough to convince him of the groundlessness of Mr. Badrutt's belief, in spite of any evidence that might be adduced. With the owner's consent, the Editor submitted the matter to the judgment of the late Lord Leighton and to the Director of the National Gallery. The gist of the President's reply lay in his words, "Surely you do not seriously wish me to express my opinion on such a point?" and the Director's reply was not less uncompromising

though it was more explicit. Other judges were as emphatic and unanimous in their opinion. One of the points on which Mr. Badrutt relies is the fact that the "Sistine Madonna" being offered, and accordingly presented, to Pope Paul III., by his host, the Duke Hercole II., was not really



THE "SISTINE MADONNA" AT DRESDEN. (By Raphael.)

presented at all; but that a duplicate by Gerolamo da Carpi—that in the Dresden Gallery—was executed and palmed off on the connoisseur Pope (but inexplicably left at Piacenza), while the original found its way by easy stages, and at last in a shocking condition, to the Engadiner-Kulm. The Dresden picture, says Mr. Badrutt, is painted on coarse canvas with two transverse seams; while Raphael always painted on a smooth damask linen, such as that on which the St. Moritz picture is executed. But where, if he holds to his argument, is the force of the reasoning? For surely, if the Duke wished to deceive so appreciative and perspicuous a connoisseur as the Pope, he would not have stultified himself by allowing "a coarse canvas with two cross seams" to be used in place of Raphael's well-known damask linen? The whole of this argument is self-contradictory.

But, in point of fact, the picture is its own argument. The Dresden picture is sublime in expression, grand in its draperies, broad in its

handling. Of the St. Moritz picture, the contrary must in every case be said. But even were it the original—which on the evidence of the paint alone we cannot admit for a single minute—the value of it would be gone. It has been considerably *added to* at the top, bottom, and



THE ST. MORITZ "ASSOMPTIONE."

sides; considerable spaces, formerly perished, have been painted in; and the whole appears so "tight," so poor relatively, so uninspired, that we cannot understand anyone seriously supporting the theory of its genuineness as against the accepted work. The refusal of the Director of the Dresden Gallery to allow Mr. Badrutt's picture to be placed in juxtaposition with the great work in the Gallery for more than one hour is apparently felt by the owner to be due to either fear or jealousy. Our own belief is that the concession is an unusually complaisant one. If it were generally granted a dangerous sort of patronage of inferior copies, replicas, and forgeries would be the result, and no gallery would be free from the incursion of debased canvases striving for recognition. We have every respect for Mr. Badrutt's honesty of purpose, and sympathy with what we regard as a pathetic struggle against unrecognised fact; but concerning his picture we can profess neither the one nor the other.

[11] **THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD AND THE "MARQUIS OF STEYNE."**—Was it the 3rd or 4th Lord Hertford who was supposed to be the prototype of "Lord Steyne" in *Vanity Fair*, and what portraits (prints or paintings) of the Lord Hertford so made famous exist, and where can they be seen?—PENDENNIS.



THE ST. MORITZ "ASSUMPTIONE" BEFORE RESTORATION.

NOTES.

STAGE ART IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.—I should like to make a rejoinder to a paragraph which appeared in the number of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for September dealing with the above subject.

Mr. Archer says—"There is not the remotest reason for supposing that if scene-painting had been practised in his day, Shakespeare would not have availed himself of its aid." But the fact remains, as his paragraph admits, that scene-painting was not practised in his day. It was not consciously rejected, but simply was not invented; so that, although he might "have been able, under the conditions it (scene-painting) imposes, to express his genius to the utmost perfection," it is quite clear he did not actually do so. On the other hand, he has most perfectly expressed his genius under the conditions imposed by the advanced platform of his day.

The change from an advanced platform to an arched-in stage means a change in the dramatist's art; and there older and later forms of art differ in much the same way as the arts of the sculptor and of

the painter differ from one another. The intermediate examples of development, showing a painted scene on a back wall, and a stage running far forward through the proscenium arch, seem to me highly unsatisfactory as compared either with the old platform or the modern tableau. But even so, a play written for these intermediate arrangements would not, without trimming, adapt itself either to the earlier or later stage. For instance, *The School for Scandal* would play best on just that shape of stage, and with just that kind of scenery which Sheridan had to reckon with when the play was originally rehearsed. There are gains and losses with each build of stage, and a dramatist's business is to make the most of his opportunities. A playwright who understands the technique of his craft, adapts his work to current stage conditions, or, rather, uses the opportunities given by those conditions to develop his design. Give him new opportunities after his death, and he cannot avail himself of them; give him fewer opportunities, and some part of his design has to be sacrificed. The same plot may be used for the older or more modern form of stage. In one case the scheme of scenes and elaboration of dialogue will be quite different from the other. To suit the requirements of the old method any number of scenes may be used, and a full and literary book of words is demanded. Full "books" can be delivered without weariness to actor or audience from the platform. In the other case, the playwright will seek to compass his story in a few long scenes, and will know that full literary development of dialogue will certainly drag, as it is most difficult to get its true effect through the proscenium arch and across the footlights. Therefore, although a play can be transferred from one form of playing to the other, yet the transference involves such recasting of scenes and dialogue as can only be justified in the case of a great master, if done by the master himself.

Mr. Archer's paragraph closes, to quote again—"The upshot, then, is that the whole configuration of Shakespeare's stage rendered scenery impracticable." From this it follows, naturally, that Shakespeare, who could not possibly allow for the possibilities of future inventions, wrote his plays in such a way as to be, *as they stand*, impracticable for scenery, and they can only be made practicable by placing his supreme masterpieces at the mercy of such "ingenuity, taste, and discretion" as we—not Shakespeare—can command. It is this necessary alteration of the plays in fitting them to modern mounting, and no love of antiquarianism for its own sake, which makes so many of us desire to see his works played upon such a stage as that for which they were designed.—ARTHUR DILLON, Hon. Sec., The Elizabethan Stage Society.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—DECEMBER.

The Royal Academy. **WE** refer fully to the election of Mr. E. J. POYNTER to the Presidential chair in our special article on p. 111. We record with pleasure the elevation of Mr. T. G. JACKSON to full membership; and with great regret the resignation of Mr. G. F. WATTS from active membership. He was elected Associate in 1867, and full Member a few months later.

Exhibitions. THE fourteenth exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours is chiefly notable from the fact that the Council has at last exercised the long-needed restraint in the number of pictures hung. By allowing a little space between the frames, and by hanging but two rows of works in the central gallery, the



G. F. WATTS, R.A., HONORARY RETIRED ACADEMICIAN.
(From a Photograph by Hollger.)

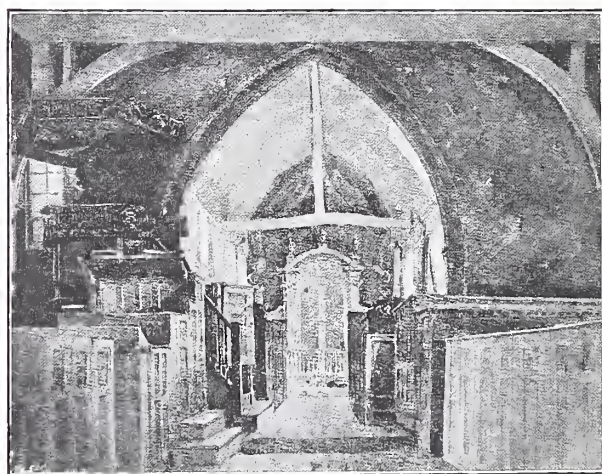
numbers in the catalogue have been reduced to the extent of nearly two hundred. The landscape painters are the best represented. Mr. T. HOPE McLACHLAN'S "By Starlight;" Mr. F. G. COTMAN'S "Richmond, Yorks.;" Mr. ALFRED EAST'S "An Autumn Study;" Mr. R. W. ALLAN'S "Cromarty Frith;" Mr. J. AUMONIER'S "Sunlight on the Downs;" and Mr. ARTHUR SEVERN'S "After Sunset—West Coast of Scotland," are admirable and welcome amongst much that is commonplace. Messrs. AUSTEN BROWN, GEORGE WETHERBEE, LESLIE THOMSON, F. WALTON, and JULIUS OLSSON also contribute works of interest. Pictures of humorous and domestic genre are numerous, Messrs. EDGAR BUNDY, J. C. DOLLMAN, G. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, G. G. KILBURNE, and JOSEPH CLARK contributing subjects in their own special manner. Mr. G. PERCIVAL GASKELL'S "Die Katzenzauberin" is interesting; and Mr. W. A. BREAKSPEARE'S "Chez Romney," Mr. MATTHEW HALE'S "Once upon a Time," Mr. T. B. KENNINGTON'S charmingly conceived "Memories," and Mr. A. J. MAVROGORDATO'S "Cadennabia" help to add dis-

tinction to the exhibition; but Mr. CHEVALLIER TAYLER'S "Enoch Arden" is far from being successful. Mr. ARTHUR HACKER'S "My Mother" is the most striking among the portraits.

At the Royal Society of British Artists Mr. F. CAYLEY ROBINSON is once again the most interesting contributor. "The Foundling" is a skilfully composed and exquisitely wrought piece of work, pleasant in line and colour. Mr. R. C. W. BUNNY'S "Ancilla Domini" is too involved in sentiment to be easily understood, and his two other contributions, ambitious as is their scheme and elevated their poetry, are not quite up to his usual standard. Mr. GEMMELL HUTCHISON'S "Friend in Need;" Mr. W. T. WARRENER'S "Tom Dress;" Mr. TOM ROBERTSON'S "Orchardneuk on the Tay;" Mr. ARNESBY BROWN'S "Fenland;" and Mr. TATTON WINTER'S "Chelsea," are among the most noteworthy works, in addition, of course, to Mr. SIME'S flat portrait of a gentleman, and Mr. J. W. T. MANUEL'S little jokes.



T. G. JACKSON, R.A.
(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



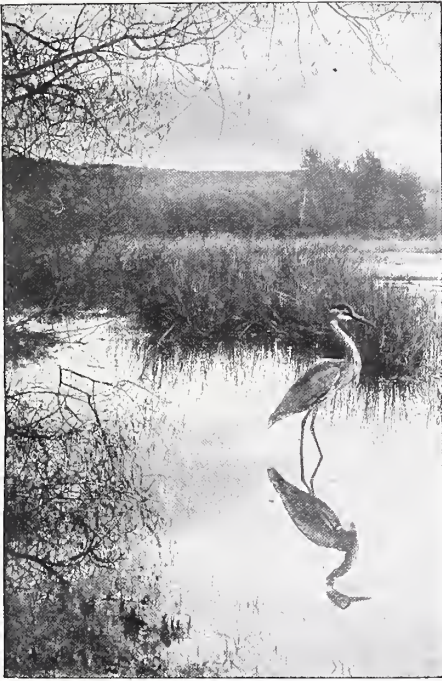
BECKENHAM CHURCH.

(By David Cox. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. Hung in the West Octagon Room.)

For charm of personality and dexterity of handling, Mr. J. McLURE HAMILTON'S portraits of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., would be difficult to equal. These, together with about forty other

of his works, are on view at the Goupil Gallery, and form a charming little exhibition.

The two representative photographic exhibitions at the Royal Water-Colour Society's rooms and the Dudley Gallery



"LO, THERE THE HERMIT OF THE WATER,
THE GHOST OF AGES DIM,
THE FISHER OF THE SOLITUDES
STANDS BY THE RIVER'S BRIM."

(From the Photograph by John Bushby, in the Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society.)

were of great interest this year. At the former gallery the Royal Photographic Society had a collection of over three hundred prints most commendably hung, each picture being well within the line of sight, and allowed plenty of room for display. The level of excellence attained by the Society was well maintained, and in all branches of photography the results shown were for the most part all that could be desired. Mr. RODERICK J. FRY'S "East Anglian Landscape" was a beautiful transcript from nature, and Mr. JOHN BUSHBY'S picture of a silent backwater, in which a heron is standing, was a charming little plate. Dr. MACDONALD'S flower-piece, "Wild Flowers," was, to our mind, much preferable to Mrs. CADBY'S spray of sorrel here, or to her "Design for a Frieze" at the Salon. It seems rather an affectation to designate half a dozen stems of daffodils arranged symmetrically in a row "a design." In portraiture the Glasgow photographers are evidently influenced by the artists of their city. At Pall Mall Mr. WARNEUKE had a half-length portrait of a veiled lady which was very effective, while at the Dudley Gallery Mr. J. CRAIG ANNAN showed some portrait pictures which were delightful. We reproduce the best—"A Lady in White." Mr. RALPH W. ROBINSON easily took the palm for landscape photography at the Salon with his "Landscape near the Coast," which was one of the finest bits of camera work we have seen. Mr. HOLLYER'S, Mr. MASKELL'S, and Mr. H. H. CAMERON'S portraits, it is hardly necessary to say, were excellent; and Mr. DAVIDSON'S landscapes were of fine quality, though the title given to a view of Charing Cross Bridge, "Rain, Steam, and Iron," suggested a comparison

which was fatal to the photograph as "a work of art." In conclusion, we might ask, does the fact of making a photographic print resemble as near as possible a chalk or pencil drawing help to raise photography to the dignity it claims among the Fine Arts? In spite of the "Fore-words" of the Salon catalogue, we cannot admit it. We much prefer the honesty of the photographic print, which is avowedly submitted as a photograph, and is only to be judged as such.

The exhibition of prize-work of the Royal Female School of Art supplied striking evidence that the efficiency of the school is well maintained. Flower-painting is the strongest point of the students, for a National Queen's Prize is gained by Miss EMILY G. COURT, a Queen's Gold Medal by Miss LILIAN REYNOLDS, and an Honourable Mention by Miss HANNAH HOYLAND for this section of work. Miss MARY F. BELL (Queen's Scholar) gains a scholarship of £60, and her studies deserve special mention. As they proceed strictly upon South Kensington methods, originality of design is conspicuously absent from the students' work, but we reproduce a design for a damask tablecloth by Miss KATHARINE SMITH, which is among the best. Miss H. N. SPANTON'S and Miss MULLINS'S designs for tiles were distinctly the best.

In "*Shakespeare's Town and Times*," by Mr. SNOWDEN WARD and Mrs. CATHERINE WARD (Dawbarn and Ward), we have photography put to a noble use. The story of Shakespeare's life, simply and unaffectedly told, has been made the vehicle of a great number of views and illus-



A LADY IN WHITE.

(From the Photograph by J. Craig Annan in the Photographic Salon.)

trations, appropriate and in their way exhaustive—that is to say, as desirably exhaustive and complete as the actuality of photography could permit. These photographs—or, as

the authors would have us say, "photograms"—are for the most part excellent, and invariably well printed, and the text is not less carefully compiled or less successfully presented. The interest is at once pictorial, antiquarian, and historical.

We have received from Messrs. REEVES & SON their new catalogue and price list of artists' materials. It is a very fine catalogue, and no doubt Messrs. Reeves are able to supply artists with anything they may require of impeccable quality; but the feature in the catalogue which attracts our attention is the information given to artists as to the nature of the pigments made by the firm. A table of some pages gives information as to the nature, manufacture, and permanency of every pigment made, information which every painter should have at his fingers' ends.

A happy idea has occurred to Messrs. G. ROWNEY & Co.



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

(By F. J. Williamson. Recently placed in the Guildhall.)

Variety, ingenuity, and taste are the distinguishing merits in Messrs. MARCUS WARD's Christmas cards this year, the whole being remarkable for excellence of execution. The humour is somewhat happier than usual; the imitations of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley are especially clever, and not ill-natured. Most of the processes of reproduction have been successfully employed. We have also received from the same firm a copy of a photogravure entitled "The Spinning Wheel," from the picture by Mr. FRANK BRINDLEY. It should prove a popular publication.

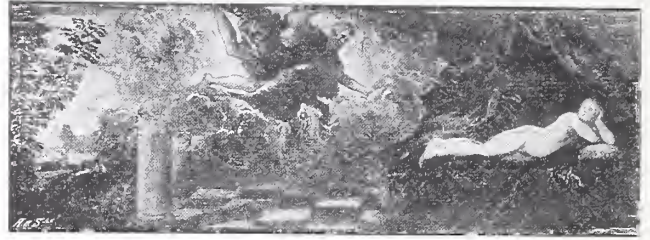
The platinotype and photogravure prints of pictures by well-known artists, issued by Messrs. C. W. FAULKNER & Co., are tasteful enough, and in miniature size, with appropriate lettering, are a decided advance upon the old-fashioned form of Christmas card.

Miscellaneous. VISCOUNT KNUTSFORD, G.C.M.G., has been appointed Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery in succession to the late Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A.

We regret that by an oversight Mr. H. W. WILSON's name was not connected with the Baptistry Gates at Welbeck, illustrated in our first article on the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. As a matter of fact the gates were modelled from a cast supplied by Mr. Wilson.

Mr. H. E. CROCKETT, whose panels for mural decoration were referred to in the article, "What South Kensington is Doing," in our October issue, is a student of the Camden School of Art, not of the Hammersmith School.

Owing to the confusion that might arise upon the



JUPITER AND SEMELE

(By Andrea Schiavoni. Recently acquired by the National Gallery, No. 1,476, Room VII.)

almost simultaneous formation of two Societies of Miniature Painters, that of which Lord RONALD GOWER is the President has adopted the title of "The Society of Miniaturists." Its first exhibition—an admirable one—is now being held in the Grafton Gallery.

The Second International Art Exhibition at Venice is announced for next year, from April 22nd to October 31st. Notification of intending contributions must be made by January 1st to Professor A. FRADELETTO, the Secretary, at Venice.

The establishment of a Central School of Arts and Crafts, under the directorship of Mr. G. FRAMPTON, A.R.A., and Mr. W. R. LETHABY, by the Technical Education Board of the London County Council, marks an important stage in the advancement of art education in the Metropolis. It is the first attempt at a municipal art school in London, and of its success there is not much doubt. Centrally situated in Regent Street, with a low scale of fees, an efficient staff of teachers and lecturers, well-equipped studios, and a good nucleus of an art museum for the use of students, there is everything to attract the craftsman anxious to become an efficient art-worker. The teachers include Mr. HALSEY RICARDO (architecture), Mr. E. ROSCOE MULLINS (sculpture and ornament as applied to architecture), Mr.

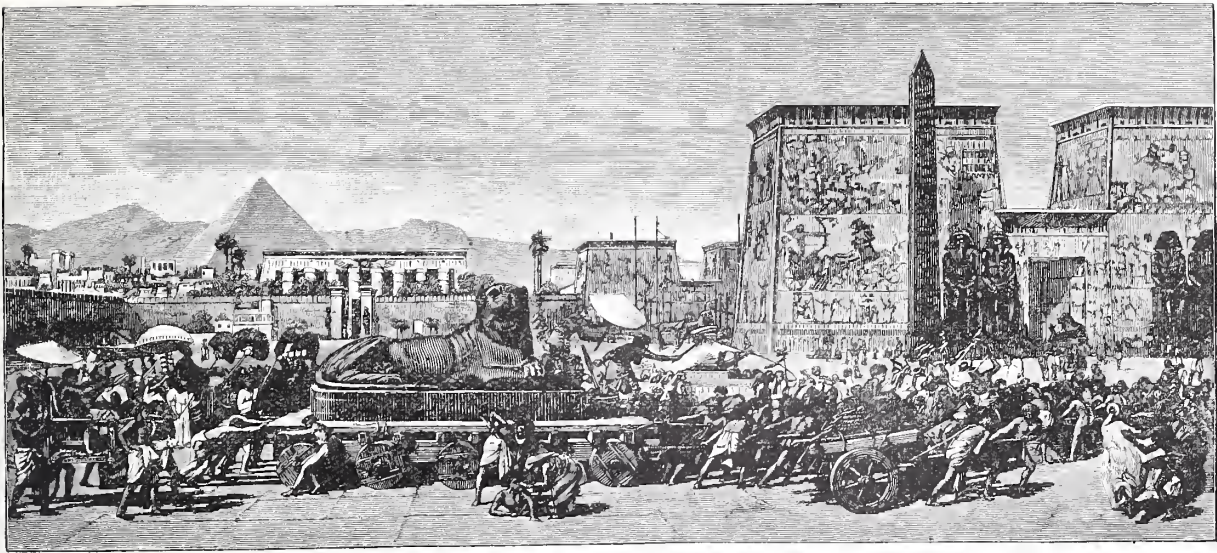


DESIGN FOR A TABLE-CLOTH.

(By Katharine Smith. See p. 109.)

W. MARGETSON (design, colour, and decoration), Mr. ALEX. FISHER (enamelling), Mr. CHRISTOPHER WHALL (stained glass), and Mr. W. AUGUSTUS STEWARD (silversmith's work).

Obituary. THE well-known water-colour painter, Mr. GEORGE A. FRIPP, has died at the advanced age of eighty-four. He had been a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours for more than fifty years.



ISRAEL IN EGYPT. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1867.)

(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.)

EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

BY THE EDITOR.

BY the narrowness of the majority by which Mr. Poynter has been elected to the Presidency of the Academy must not be assumed a doubtful fitness for the post. The circumstance was rather a testimony to talent for leadership imputed to Mr. Briton Riviere, than a reflection on his own eminent qualifications. Mr. Poynter's long official experience, his well-proved capacity for administration, his striking ability in design, his profound scholarship as a painter, and his notable achievements as lecturer and teacher, comprised a claim that could not but outclass his friendly rival Mr. Riviere. Sound common-sense and business capability distinguish both; but when the sums of achievements of the two men come to be weighed against each other, we cannot but endorse the selection of the

Academicians — a selection which vindicates the character of the institution for excellent good judgment when its vital interests are at stake.

No fewer than thirty-six members took part in the election — Associates not being admitted to the privilege of choosing their President, although they have the right to elect Academicians. Mr. Watts for reasons of age, Mr. Orchardson through the little love he bears to business routine and partly through motives of health, narrowed down the issue by practically withdrawing from the contest. The details of the election itself are neither uninteresting nor un instructive. At the first "scratching" all the Academicians except Mr. Horsley received some measure of support, however slight. Mr. Riviere obtained six "scratches," Mr. Poynter

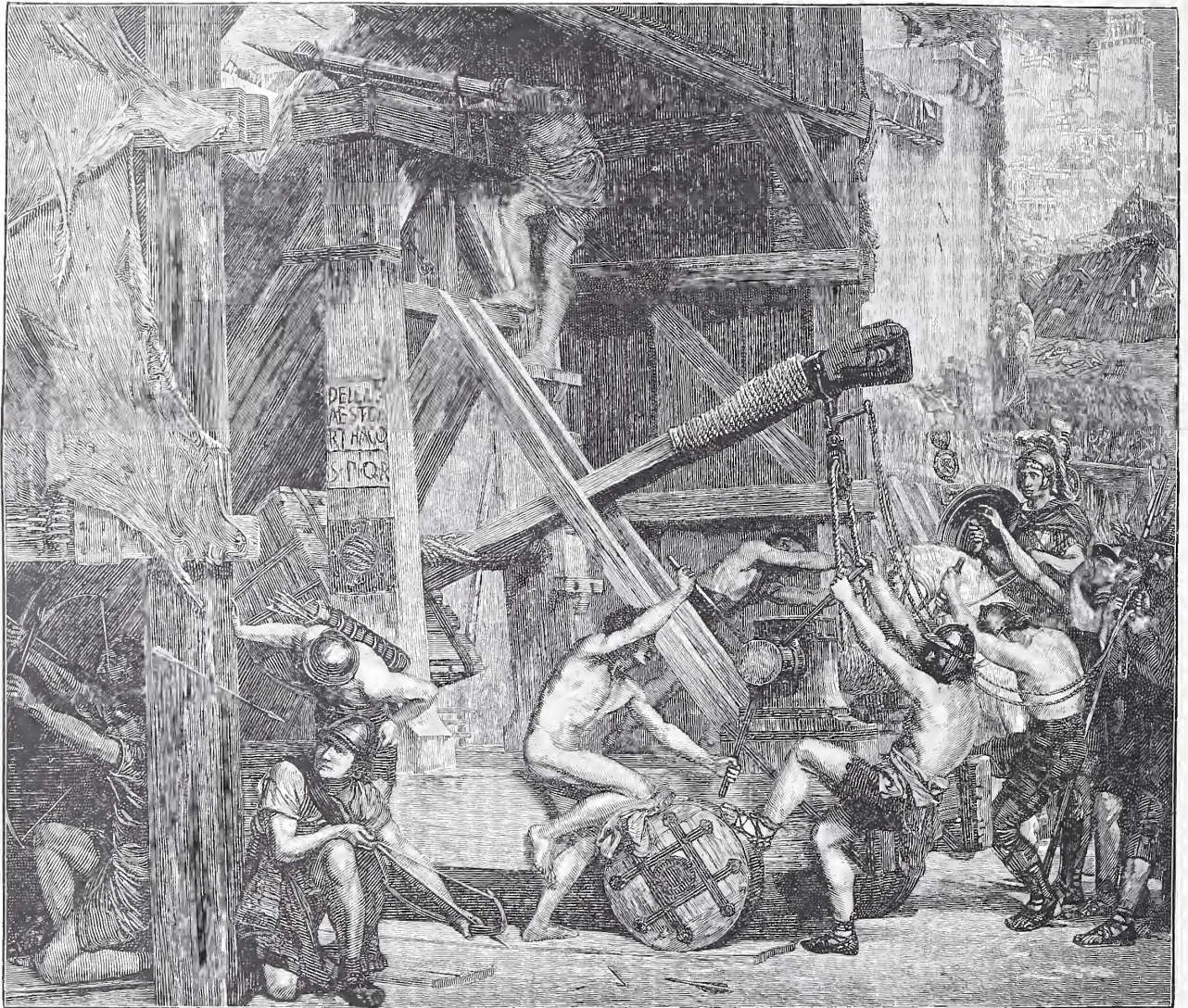


E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

(From the Etching by Alphonse Legros. By Permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co., Limited.)

fifteen, and Mr. Frank Dicksee five in the second voting; and in the final ballot, Mr. Poynter received the suffrages of nineteen of his colleagues and Mr. Riviere seventeen. So little bitterness of feeling animated the voters that the result was cheerfully accepted by all the members without exception, and Mr. Poynter enters upon his office supported by the

of his sympathies, and his versatility in the practice of his art. As an administrator he has proved his capacity at the National Gallery; as a teacher, by his experience as Principal of the National Training School at South Kensington; as a connoisseur, by his work as Director for Art at South Kensington and at Trafalgar Square; as painter, by his numerous



THE CATAPULT. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1868.)

(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.)

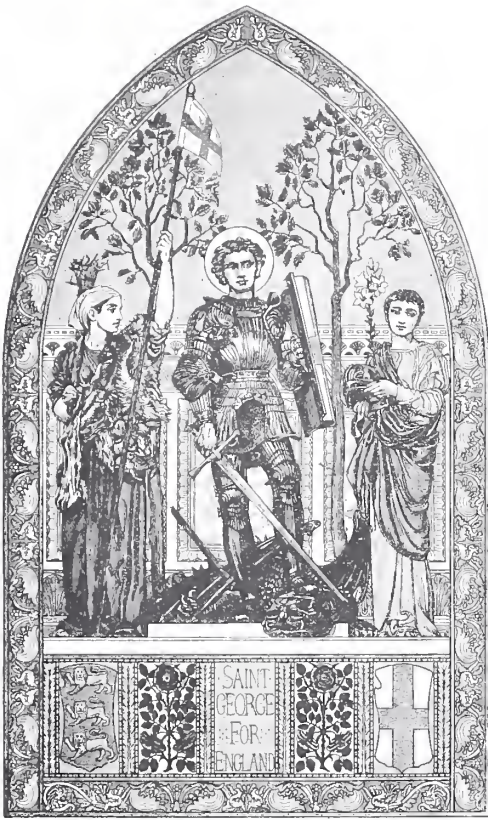
goodwill of the undivided Academy, pledged to assist him in his arduous task. He is a man without an enemy, who has long since possessed himself of the friendship of his colleagues, and has been fortunate in adding to that friendship a sense of confidence based upon the solid merit of his past career.

It is not only the position of Mr. Poynter as an exhibitor in the Royal Academy which has marked the artist out as the successor of Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais. It is rather the width of his range, the depth of his scholarship, the comprehensiveness

exhibits in Burlington House; as designer, whether in fresco, mosaic, glass, pottery, and tile-work, by his labours in St. Stephen's, Dulwich, in the Palace of Westminster, and South Kensington Museum, and elsewhere, and in his noble design for the decoration of St. Paul's; as a lecturer, by his most admirable series of addresses delivered during his tenure of the Slade Professorship at the University College, London; as a medallist, by the designs for our current coinage, of which the reverses show his accepted designs. Such are the more obvious claims of the



E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1888)
(From the Portrait by Himself, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.)



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON (1870).

(Mosaic in the House of Lords, by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.)

New President to the honour that has been conferred upon him. But his merit lies deeper in the wide scholarship which has rewarded his intense industry and perseverance, and which, wedded to his latent ability and to his keen sense of appreciation, has produced in him an artistic catholicity not less generous for being strictly disciplined, not less refined for being based upon a classic model. It need but be added that he is a fit representative of the Royal Academy in public and in Society, that he is sympathetic and kindly as he is earnest and energetic, and the propriety of the election will not be held in doubt.

When, in 1854, at Rome young Frederick Leighton urged Poynter, younger still, to study the figure rather than devote himself wholly to landscape, and set draperies for his friend to study, he little imagined that their two selves would in due time be called to the headship of English art. Yet it is clear enough that both men took the straight path that leads, opportunity permitting, to the Presidential chair. Both, whether they knew

it or not, were intensely academic in their aims—academic in the right and noble sense. Both sought out an ideal beauty, each in his own way. Both aimed at the perfection of Greek art; the art of both was decorative rather than realistic: both were—and ever remained—intensely conscientious, industrious, and sincere, turned aside by no obstacles in their striving after mastery of technique, shirking no difficulty, no complexity of drawing, as so many moderns do, but meeting them honestly and surmounting them if they could. To both perfection of drawing was a goal-in-chief; and although Leighton most worshipped Raphael of all the masters of the Renaissance, and Mr. Poynter bent the knee to Michelangelo, both painters were heart and soul for classic beauty, and built up their art on a profound study of the history of their subject, and used their knowledge as stepping-stones for all the work of their hands. I do not think I overstate the obligation of Mr. Poynter to Leighton's early influence. It is true that the younger man might, by sheer force of character and direct intention, have found out by his own unaided instinct the road he was to travel. But although he had decided three years before to relinquish his father's



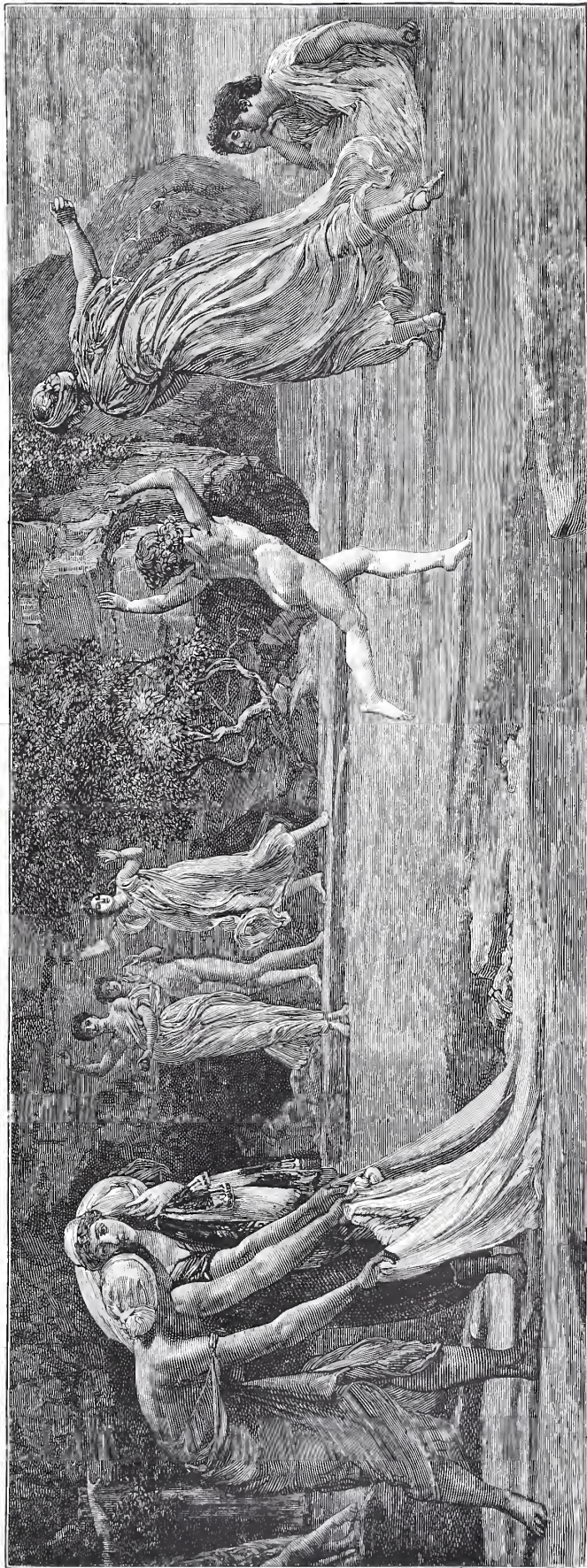
THE IDES OF MARCH. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1883).

(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A. Engraved by H. S. Percy.)

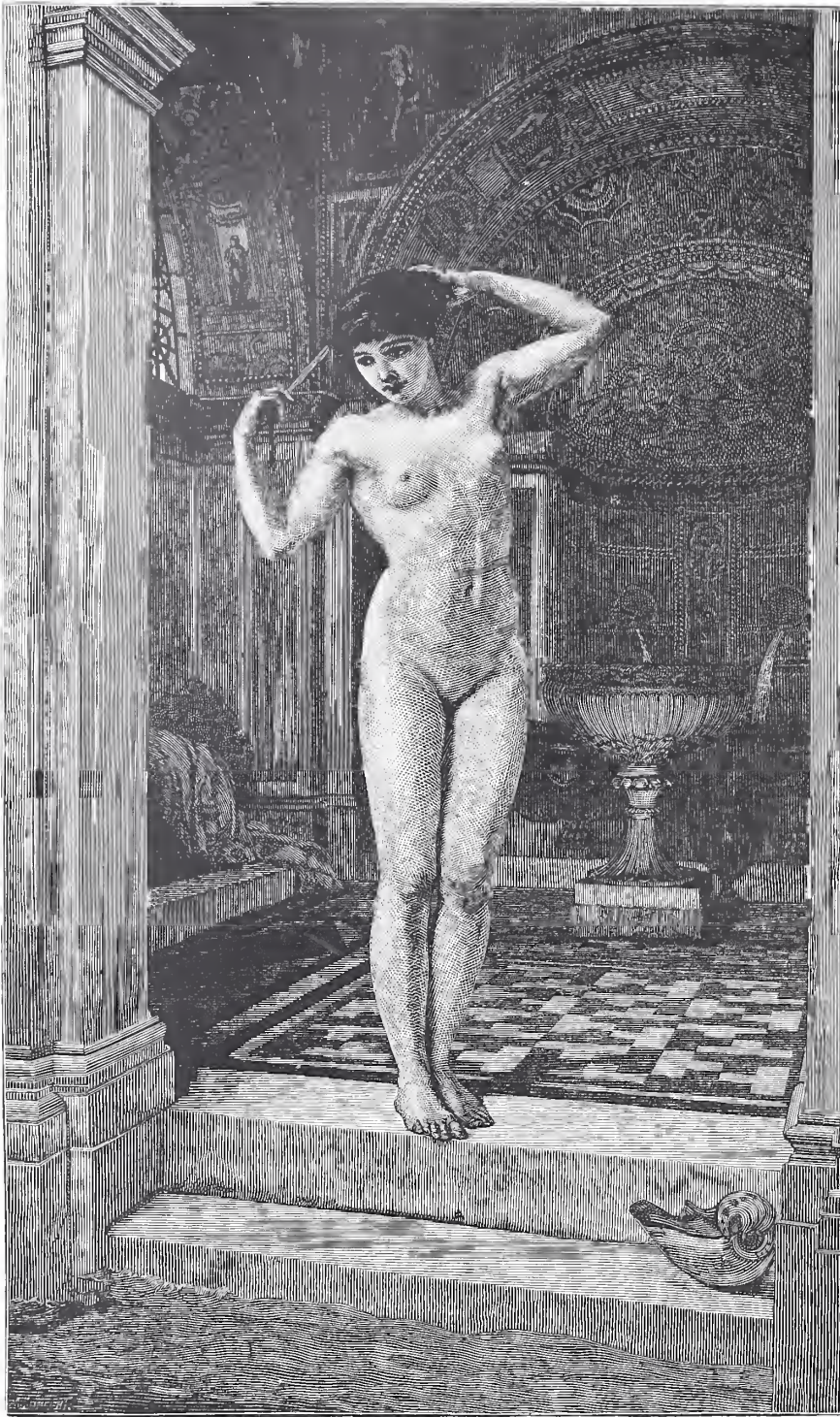
profession of architecture in favour of painting, he had in France and Madeira confined his study to landscape. He became the pupil of Mr. W. C. T. Dobson; then entered the schools of the Royal Academy; and, at last, fired by French art and French teaching, placed himself under Gleyre and joined the *École des Beaux-Arts*.

Already at this time Mr. Poynter's talent for design, as apart from ordinary picture-painting, had developed along with his capacity, not less remarkable, for figure-drawing. Burges encouraged him by commissions to decorate the panels of his quaintly Gothic cabinets; Messrs. Powell obtained from him cartoons of designs for stained glass; for the decoration of Waltham Abbey Church he was employed on a series of thirty important designs on canvas to be affixed to the roof; and Dalziel Brothers, attracted by these, commissioned a number of full-page drawings on the wood block to be engraved as illustrations to their celebrated Bible. It was not until 1861 that his first picture was exhibited on the walls of the Academy; and from that day to this not fewer than four score canvases have been seen there. Students of art could comprehend his ideal and applaud his courage in challenging the highest difficulties of composition for the pleasure, not unmixed with pain, of overcoming them. His pictures might be "literary" or they might not: think what the public might, the story or the anecdote was but a peg on which to hang problems that demanded unusual skill in their solution. And solution there always was in greater or lesser measure.

In design and decoration Mr. Poynter made his mark at a time when his example was of the utmost value to the country. In 1870 he put forth the mosaic of "St. George," which decorates the panel over the Lords' Corridor leading from the Outer Lobby in the Palace of Westminster: an effective work which was the result of a visit to Italy undertaken with a view to mastering a form of decoration at that time neither well understood nor appreciated in England. These were followed by the "Apelles" and the "Phidias" in the same method



NAUSICAA AND HER MAIDENS PLAYING AT BALL. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1879.)
(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.)



DIADUMENE. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1834.)

(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A. Engraved by Klinkicht.)

at South Kensington: by the frescoes in St. Stephen's, Dulwich; and again by the embellishment of the Grill Room at South Kensington Museum *en camæïeu*—the ensemble successful to a striking degree, and pregnant with results by the favour with which it was received. Lastly there is need to mention the scheme for St. Paul's Cathedral dome—a plan noble in itself, and probably un-

surpassable at the time by any English artist save Alfred Stevens, but not adopted partly on account of the relatively small scale of the decoration.

But no decorator, however able and however distinguished, can hope for recognition in this country through his decorations alone. Painting's the thing; and by painting may Mr. Poynter be judged. It must be admitted at once that his neo-classicism raised a barrier between himself and a considerable proportion of the great public, and his refusal to treat the domestic—even the classic domestic, as Mr. Alma-Tadema has so admirably done—was mistaken for a lack of human sympathy. Certainly he would make no concessions to mere popularity, and kept himself sternly to his own path, sacrificing none of his conceptions of what he considered his artistic duty and æsthetic destiny. In these latter days he has yielded somewhat of his old austerity, but at the same time he has had to concede not a little of the air of grandeur he would often infuse into his canvas—as in the "Andromeda," which in some respects touches the artist's high-water mark of achievement. In his earlier years Mr. Poynter showed far more force than grace—he was the professor rather than the entertainer. In his great pictures of "Israel in Egypt"

and "The Catapult"—for in their own way they are really great—he gave us more of the appearance than the spirit of the age; and though they lacked not refinement, nor certainly strength, they needed just that extra touch of life which is a condition of transforming high talent into unmistakable genius.

In these two last-named works we perceive the learned painter, tenacious of the principles that have



"WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG" (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1892.)

(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A. By Permission of Major W. J. Joiceu, the Owner, and Messrs. T. McLean and Sons, by whom a Photographure of the Picture is published. Engraved by A. Kress, g.)



A STUDY. (ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, 1888-9.)

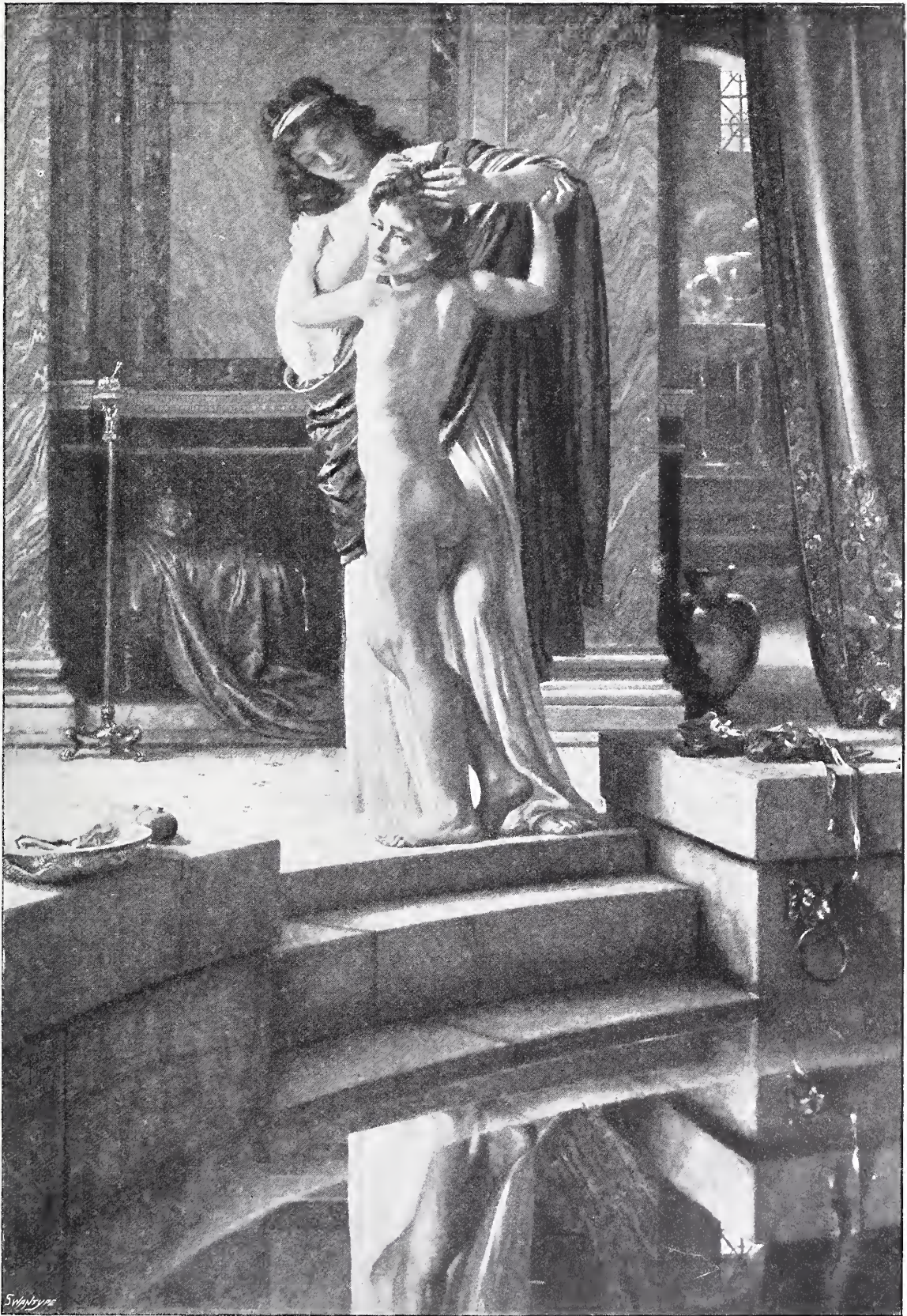
(By E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.)

been revealed to him, appealing to those who, above all, are art scholars rather than to those who seek the emotional in art. Chastened by the sternest self-discipline, he is seen to be seeking beauty according to his own academic ideal. Well convinced in his own mind of the end and aim as well as of the means of art, he permits himself no deviation from the rules laid down by his severe scholarship. If in the result he addresses himself rather to the reason than to the emotions, he reconciles us to what deficiency there may be by a sense of style—a quality for which we must be doubly grateful in days when theories of art in no way elevated above

mere sensuousness are taking undue hold upon a large section of painters. It is right that the President of the Royal Academy should be Academic, and that Nature unselected should not lure him from the demands of Art.

It has been objected, with much truth, that in such pictures as "The Catapult" (1868), "Atalanta's Race" (1876), and "Nausicaa and her Maidens Playing at Ball" (1879; painted with others at Wortley Hall for Lord Wharncliffe), with all their learning, with all their epic force, the violent action is not so much real as arrested movement. The full answer is not, as some may hold, that this is the price paid for conscientious and deeply-studied drawing and for complex composition triumphantly overcome. It is that the artist's aim has been essentially decorative, and that this concession to the

true laws of decoration more than compensates for the sacrifice of realism and spontaneity. In other words, Mr. Poynter's work is to be best understood by those who understand it best. The artist works according to his own principles, and his natural reticence withholds him as much as the less restricted freedom of Benjamin Robert Haydon and Ford Madox Brown permitted the first often, and the second sometimes, to sink into exaggeration and even into caricature. Mr. Ruskin admitted as much when he criticised "The Festival" and "The Golden Age" (1875), though the point of his complaint was that for decoration the works were too highly



IDLE FEARS. (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1894.)

(From the Painting by E. J. Poynter, P.R.A. By Permission of Lord Hillingdon.)



CYMON AND IPHIGENIA

(By Lord Leighton, P.R.A. By Permission of the Fine Art Society.)

THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P.

THE MODERN ENGLISH MASTERS.—I.

BY F. G. STEPHENS

IN his London and country houses this most catholic of amateurs possesses a number of modern masterpieces the merits of which form a whole inferior to none in England. In addition, he owns a smaller gathering of ancient works, all of excellent quality, some of them being as rare as they are fine. So rich are these galleries that, within the space at my disposal, it is hardly possible, even with the most brilliant and faithful illustrations, to do anything like justice to any but the best members of a category every element of which is of the choicest kind. Thus an embarrassment of artistic riches stringently compels the critic to restrain his hand.

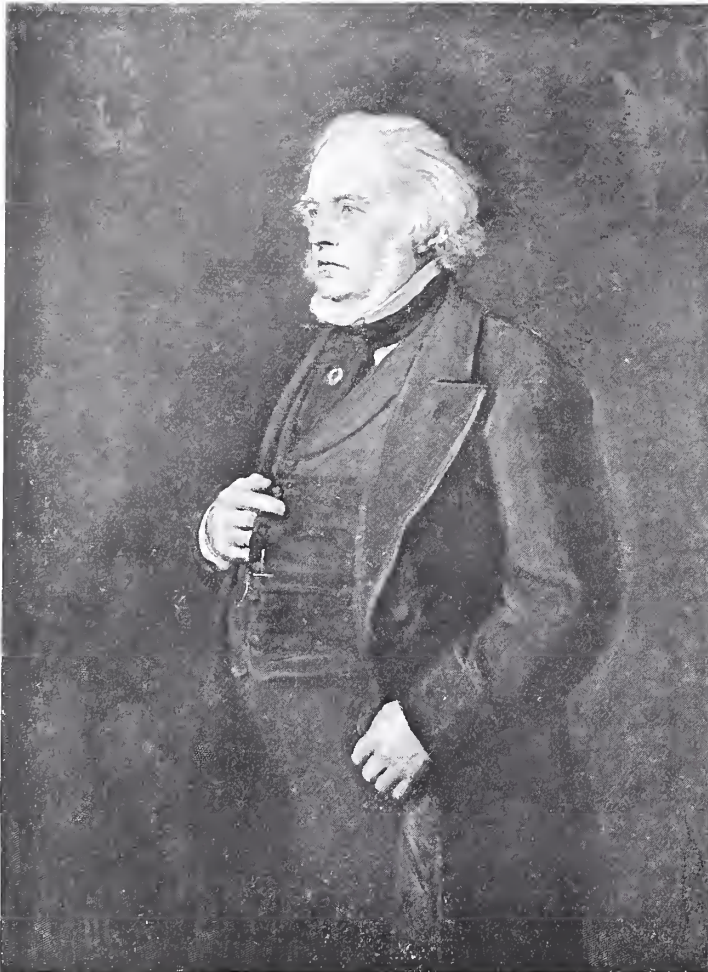
Truly it is an embarrassment, though not surplusage, of treasures which one has to deal with when there are in question Leighton's "Cymon and Iphigenia," Rossetti's "La Bella Mano," Mr. Herkomer's "Last Muster," Millais' "Murthly Moss," "Joan of Arc," and "John Bright," F. Walker's "Bathers," Mr. Briton Riviere's "Magician's Doorway," Landseer's "Titania and Bottom," F. Lewis's "Lilium Auratum," Mr. Holman Hunt's "Scapagoat," and Mr. Gow's "Requisitionists." These are the leading English examples now installed at South Audley Street, and with them are capital specimens of the powers of C. F. Daubigny, Corot, J. F. Millet, and Van Haanen, and several other Continental masters of the modern strain, besides a

thoroughly characteristic Frank Hals, a Velazquez, and various old pictures. With the first group, confining these notes to some of the greater men of my own time, this paper will deal.

The reader who is familiar with Academy exhibitions of the last generation will recognise in each of the pieces named above a powerful and representative specimen of its author. In short, it would be difficult to select a group more fit and exact in that respect than this one: while on "The Last Muster," "The Bathers," and "The Requisitionists," the reputations of their respective painters may be said to be worthily founded. As to the first of these, it is veritably Mr. Herkomer's *chef-d'œuvre*, a word which—although the terms are often used as if they were of equal value—does not by any means necessarily imply the same thing as a masterpiece of art at large. But "The Last Muster" is, indeed, such a masterpiece, and a great work of that grave and intensely pathetic sort in which poetic minds delight, and which (in England especially) carries all the world before it. Fred Walker's picture is, apart from its energetic and virile conception and excellent design, one of the best modern triumphs of that graceful sort of realism which aims to succeed in depicting human flesh, or, as skilled critics say, the carnations, from "the life," according to Nature, and in sunlight. In this respect no one has succeeded better than the youth (for such

was Walker when he painted "The Bathers") who, with exquisite skill and delicacy of perception, and with indomitable patience to boot, put his nude models in the open-air when the atmosphere was surcharged with light, and, without sacrificing an iota of Nature's

As to "The Requisitionists," the third of this triad of "foundation pictures," the reader will not fail to see in it one of the ablest and most successful outcomings of that brilliant school of which, in our country not less than in his own, Meissonier was the



JOHN BRIGHT.

(By Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.)

harmony, painted what he saw. This was a task of such prodigious difficulty as few but technically trained observers can adequately appreciate. As a work of art *per se*, not any of the ablest veterans might be ashamed to own "The Bathers" as a triumph of its kind. As a piece of realism, it is of the very highest rank, so that, while nothing could be broader, more in keeping with itself and its subject, or purer, it is incomparably truer to Nature than the insolent vulgarities of certain French "Impressionists" of the modern school. That these worthies could not have seen such things as they were pleased to paint is manifest to all who know the most obvious laws of light and colour, and can appreciate the classic forms and natural grace of Walker's naked boys.

founder and greatest light. This work, of which a first-rate reproduction is before us, fairly established the reputation of the artist when (painted in the year before) it occupied a leading place in the gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1879. Mr. Gow, who began to exhibit in 1866, reached his present level with "A Requisition," as this relatively small example of his art was then called, which fully illustrates the best qualities of the school in question. This the reader will see for himself who tests the scrupulous care with which every detail in the work has been carried out, from the poisoning of the feathers in the soldiers' hats to the foreshortening of the boots of the old man in the foreground on our left, as well as the trappings of the horses throughout. The design is as clever as the execution is exact: nor is the former in the least degree deficient in spontaneity, although the most scrupulous thoughtfulness and a rarely sympathetic vein of invention pervade the scene. The helplessness of the miller could hardly be better rendered than in his entire lack of confidence in the value of the document presented to him in exchange for the flour—his customers' flour, by the way—to carry off which his visitors have considerably provided the waggon we see in the rear of the party. The French school, in which Mr. Gow was trained, is extremely prolific of work of this sort, but, except by means of its first-hands,

seldom justifies itself so well as in the present case. In England, and by English artists, military themes are mostly treated in a manner which affirms the astounding ineptitude and incapacity of the natives who attempt them; and, most of all, their insufficiency, when that sardonic humour in which "A Requisition" excels is desirable.

When we turn from Mr. Gow's capital piece to Rossetti's magnificent performance—the superbly painted and loftily inspired "La Bella Mano," of which a good engraving is before the reader—it is as if we passed into a new world of imagination, enjoyed a pure atmosphere of thought, reaped the fruits of centuries of culture, and, so to say, became members of a race which sets the highest value upon beauty of form, splendour of colour, and grace of movement,



LA BELLA MANO.

(By D. G. Rossetti. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

and rejoices in that spiritual ardour which knows no bonds of Heaven nor Earth, but, in its irresistible though indefinable charm, is—

“Like an Eolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes.”

Of course the title of this picture of the Lady with the Beautiful Hand is a mere nominal convenience, such as every work—however soaring its motives

“The Beloved,” and its not distant competitor, the painted poem we all know as “Proserpina.” The model employed in this instance was Miss Alexa Wilding, whose head and stately presence surpass in the nobility of their charm, as well as in the amplitude of their absolute and classic beauty, the best qualities of any of his numerous sitters, diversely lovely as most of them were. She had sat to many artists before Rossetti monopolised her sumptuous charms and statuesque dignity, but none among



THE CHALLENGE.

(By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.)

are—must needs be accompanied by. All it signifies is, in fact, that the masterpiece is not an “illustration,” or, if possessed of a meaning such as anecdotic art is wont to aim at, it is such as the “spiritual ardour” of the painter desired sympathies for, but no more cared to analyse or describe than he would attempt so to deal with the melody of the late Laureate’s Eolian harp itself. Designed in 1875, and painted shortly after that date, “La Bella Mano” belongs to the finest epoch of Rossetti’s mystical or imaginative mood. This is the period of the “Venus Astarte,” “The Sea-Spell,” “The Blessed Damozel,” and the almost equally lovely “Veronica Veronese.” All of these are, too, technically speaking, examples of the artist’s most mature and finished methods, and affirm the perfection of his pictorial craftsmanship. Of “imagination all compact,” the jewel now before us rivals in that respect Rossetti’s greatest efforts, which are, I think, that veritable *chef-d’œuvre*

these students were so fortunate as my old friend proved himself to be when “Mona Vanna,” “Veronica Veronese,” “La Ghirlandata,” “The Sea-Spell,” and other fine pieces, came from his hands. She sat to him last as “The Roman Widow,” an intensely sad and moving work, the *morne* pathos of which was deepened by the evident decline of the once magnificently beautiful model.

On the frame of the picture there is written a sonnet composed by the painter himself, which may be quoted here as a fit accompaniment to the engraving before us:—

“O lovely hand, that thy sweet self dost lave
In that thy pure and proper element,
Where erst the Lady of Love’s high advent
Was born, and endless fires sprang from the wave:—
Even as her Loves to her their offerings gave,
For thee the jewelled gifts they bear; while each
Looks to those lips, of music-measured speech
The fount, and of more bliss than man may crave



THE MAGICIAN'S DOORWAY.
(By Briton Riviere, R.A. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

"In royal wise ring-girt and bracelet-spann'd,
A flower of Venus' own virginity,
Go shine among thy sisterly sweet band;
In maiden-minded converse delicately
Evermore white and soft; until thou be
O hand! heart-handse!d in a lover's hand

So far Rossetti's versed illustration of his picture. As, when, in 1875, I wrote for the *Athenaeum* (No. 24,941) a long notice of this and other masterpieces of his, the historical portions of which were verified by himself, it will be desirable to add from that criticism the fact that "La Bella Mano" is simply a painter's fancy, and almost entirely dependent on pictorial qualities. The lady is washing her hands at a cistern and basin of brass, where two white-robed and red-winged Loves are in attendance, one holding the towel in readiness, the other having on a silver tray the adornments destined for her "bella mano." The sentiment of the design lies in her face, and is discoverable in the light of a woman's hope which fills the eyes, has given a warmer rose-tint to the full and slightly parted lips, that are red in their full vitality, and, as the abundant noble bosom is, voluptuous, not luscious. This picture was at the Academy in the winter of 1883, just after Rossetti's death.

If Professor Herkomer had painted nothing else than "The Last Muster" his immortality as a designer of fresh and profoundly pathetic subjects would be assured: such being the case, it is not to be wondered at that he has never conceived nor executed another picture which, in its inventive as well as its technical qualities, approaches that very noble example. The scene is the chapel of Chelsea Hospital during divine service, where the inmates have assembled, and, with admirably diversified and apt expressions and characteristic attitudes, listen to the chaplain's discourse. They are the survivors of many a hardly fought field, of many a year's faithful and valorous duty. One of them has answered the great roll-call of another Service, and the comrade on his right, observing the stillness of the frame from which the spirit had departed, anxiously touches the cold and helpless wrist at his side. This piece, the "first thought" of which

appeared in *The Graphic* newspaper, was at the Academy in 1875.

One of the late Lord Leighton's finest and most representative pictures is "Cymon and Iphigenia" (R.A. 1884), in which Leighton, with that noble sort of voluptuousness in which his essentially classic, highly cultured, and passionate art excelled, depicted the "noblest nymph of all Diana's train"



THE LAST MUSTER.

(By Hubert Herkomer, R.A.)

sleeping amid her companions under a huge oak—an outpost of the forest where they hunted from "twilight dawn to twilight eve." The latest glow of a summer's night flushes the loveliness of the damsel, reveals her statue-like form extended in amplest of marble-like draperies, and lingers on her stately shape and face: the golden mystery of the low large moon that is rising at full strikes along the champaign and, contending with the sun, will soon prevail. Cymon, the swain who till

this moment had contemned the power of Venus and avoided maids and nymphs alike, coming upon this bevy of fair huntresses, is, by Iphigenia's charms, compelled to resist no more. Here we have the *ne plus ultra* of Academicism, a crowning triumph of cultured art at its best, faultlessly and completely in harmony with itself—a really glorious piece, to refuse to admire which is to convict ourselves of ignorance and a barbarous sort of prejudice. In it everything that culture can do for painting Leighton bestowed—such is his prodigious achievement of 1884. Only two other pictures of the late President's can hope to rival "Cymon and Iphigenia."

In "The Magician's Doorway" we have Mr. Briton Riviere at his best. In this impressive Oriental romance—of which the architecture represents the Indian version of what, for want of a better name, we are wont to call Gothic art—there are all the awe-inspiring elements of Eastern necromancy: the palace-like and magnificent structure of white stone has a portal carved with emblems of half-forgotten meanings; the long vista between

columns of serpentine and porphyry opens its gloomy depths, baffles our view, and hints at silent and mysterious chambers far apart where a wizard of unknown name and terrible power exercises his will, and, as he pleases, conceals or reveals the future—who can tell? The guardians of the doorway, which few approach, seem to be a pair of cheetahs, or Indian hunting leopards; but only the painter knows whether they are demons who, with soundless feet, pace the long dark corridor before us, or, sleepless, but motionless, crouch on the sunlit, immemorial marble of the gate.

Mr. Orchardson's capital picture called "The Challenge" tells its own tale with fortunate force and skill. Sir John Millais' "Portrait of Mr. John Bright" is one of the greatest pieces of portraiture of one of the greatest artists of the age in this country. Neither Vandyek nor Velazquez produced a truer, more powerful, or more masculine example of its kind than this, and, perhaps, that which is unsurpassed by any of the late President's portraits, the veritable *chef-d'œuvre* of his work, the surpassing "Mr. Hook, R.A."



THE BATHERS.

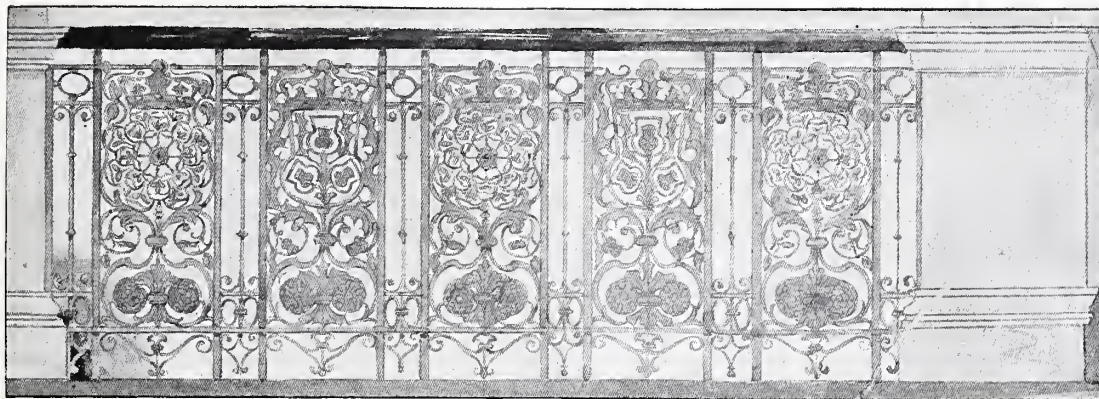
(By Fred Walker, A.R.A. By Permission of Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons.)



A. C. LOW
1876

A. C. Low, R.A., Paris

REQUISITIONISTS.



IRON BALUSTRADE AT THE CONSERVATIVE CLUB, GLASGOW. (R. W. Edis, Architect.)

MR. STARKIE GARDNER AND HIS WORK.

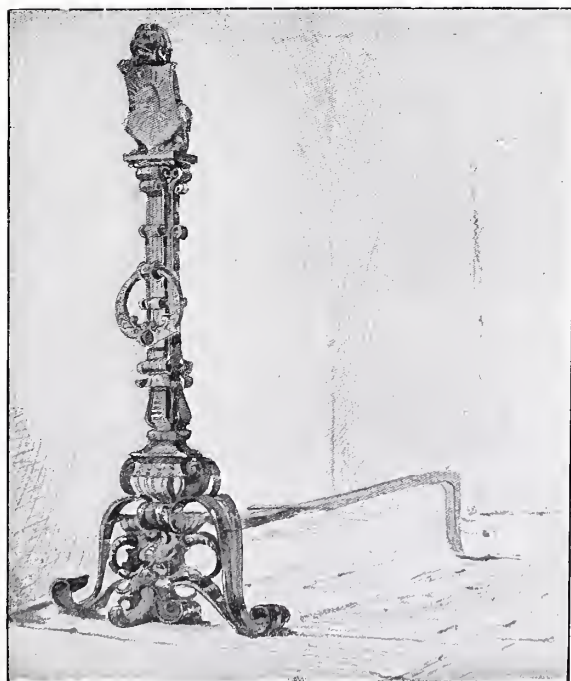
BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW. ILLUSTRATED BY MR. STARKIE GARDNER.

THERE is a very unusual diversity of interests in the daily life of Mr. J. Starkie Gardner. Here Commerce and Archaeology are always the friendliest of near neighbours to each other; here Literature finds that practical affairs amuse her, and that she cannot be discordant with Mechanics; and here, too, in spite of the cold influences of a materialist generation, Art and Science go quite lovingly hand in hand. Were it not for this really touching friendship between Science and Art, one might think, without any great extravagance, that what is best in the South Kensington Museum had found its way, somehow, into the busy, versatile mind of Mr. Starkie Gardner.

These interests are all noteworthy, but there are three which attract us specially at the present moment: those, namely, which centre about the artist's doings in the triple capacity of art writer, employer of the best skilled craftsmen, and designer in iron, copper, tin, pewter, and brass. These industrial arts are often seen in company with those other aristocratic ones which we denominate "fine." It is then we perceive clearly that they are mere drudges, slaves of our utilitarian needs. This is why they are

usually marked by hard, unpliant mannerisms, formal-looking and mechanical. In no art is it easy to keep clear of mannered peculiarities of style, and certainly there are not many men who often succeed in expressing strength without strain, and delicacy without insipidness. But the real point is that the difficulty of acquiring such essential qualities increases in proportion as the artist's sphere of liberty diminishes; and, therefore, it is far easier to work well under the guidance of one's own will and criticisms, than to rival Mr. Gardner in the daily task of reconciling one's handiwork with a given style in

architecture and a given set of decorative requirements and restraints. This important truth may be expressed in another way. There is in all fine architecture a very wise and logical orchestration of many independent arts acting and re-acting on each other: hence Goethe likened such architecture to instrumented music in a frozen form. The architect figures here, on this reading, as a kind of bandmaster, whose office it is never to allow his useful minor instruments to become aggressive. It is not his business to remember that strong active talents seek



FIRE-DOG AT SHIPLAKE COURT. (Ernest George, Architect.)

liberty with as much naturalness as trees in a forest shoot up to meet the sunlight. He must be a disciplinarian: then all his instruments will answer readily to his will. As a result of this exasperating training, the best talents, as a rule, become Protean; and as soon as they have found several outlets for their

shaping energies they cease to vie with the violins in the architect's "frozen music."

The foregoing remarks are all emphatically true of Mr. Gardner, whose art in iron is usually characterised by a unity of effect and a vigour and variety of appeal which are never in the least flamboyant. Also this

art carries within it a certain personal impress, a token of the artist's personality that is seldom met with in modern ironwork. It was Professor A. H. Church who first called attention to this quality. "It constitutes," said he, "the signature of the artist, not the trade-mark of the manufacturer; it is the *cachet* of the studio rather than the label of the factory." True: only one must add that it is the learned *cachet* of a studio in which the past greatness of the art of iron-smithery is reflected, is renewed, in a good many original designs. It is thus that Mr. Gardner touches us with a sense of other times and their artistic wealth; and in doing so, he should remind us, I think, of Lowell's definition of artistic originality. This kind of originality is neither cleverness run wild, nor freakishness; these are but its

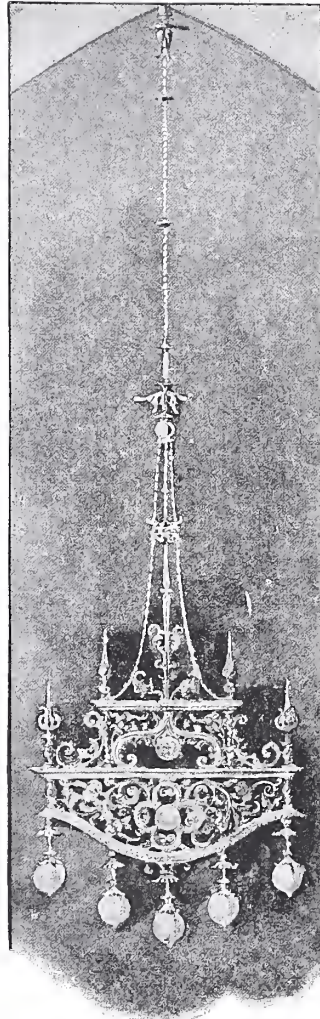
latter-day substitutes. It is a singular personal charm showing through and modifying the influence of culture, contemporary thought, and birthright traditions upon a poetic mind and a sensitive temperament. In our own day, this truth should never be forgotten, for the curse of England is that so many of her most gifted children work too much with their hands and too little with their heads. This is the case, above all, with the subaltern

craftsmen; and for this reason, and no other, Mr. Gardner, like Mr. Walter Crane, longs to bring about a revival of the Art-and-Craft Guilds. He sees plainly enough, of course, that such institutions have too many drawbacks to lead to one-half the advantages which their least thoughtful advocates foreshow. They might easily become centres of discord, trades-unions; and already the wages earned by some of our skilled workmen are so high, that it is cheaper to import marble mantelpieces from Belgium than to have them made

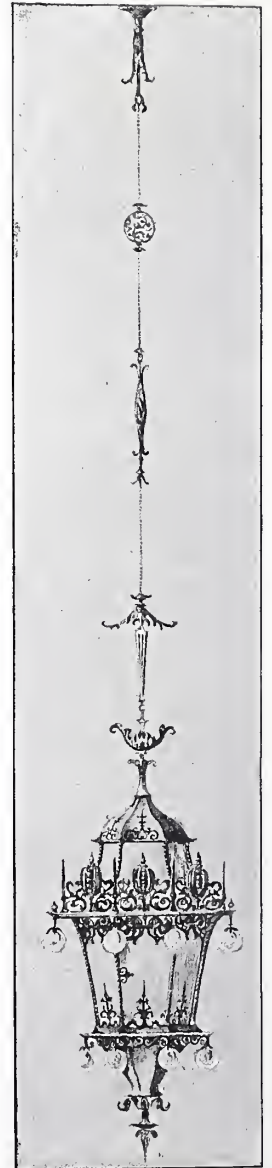
in this country. The shop-keeper in the English artistic temperament needs no encouragement of any kind; what he does need is training, culture, and honesty of purpose; and these things might be gained in such guilds as would welcome the art worker in all kinds, from the painter and the architect down to the least expert of Mr. Gardner's



DESIGN FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT FITTING.



DESIGN FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT FITTING.

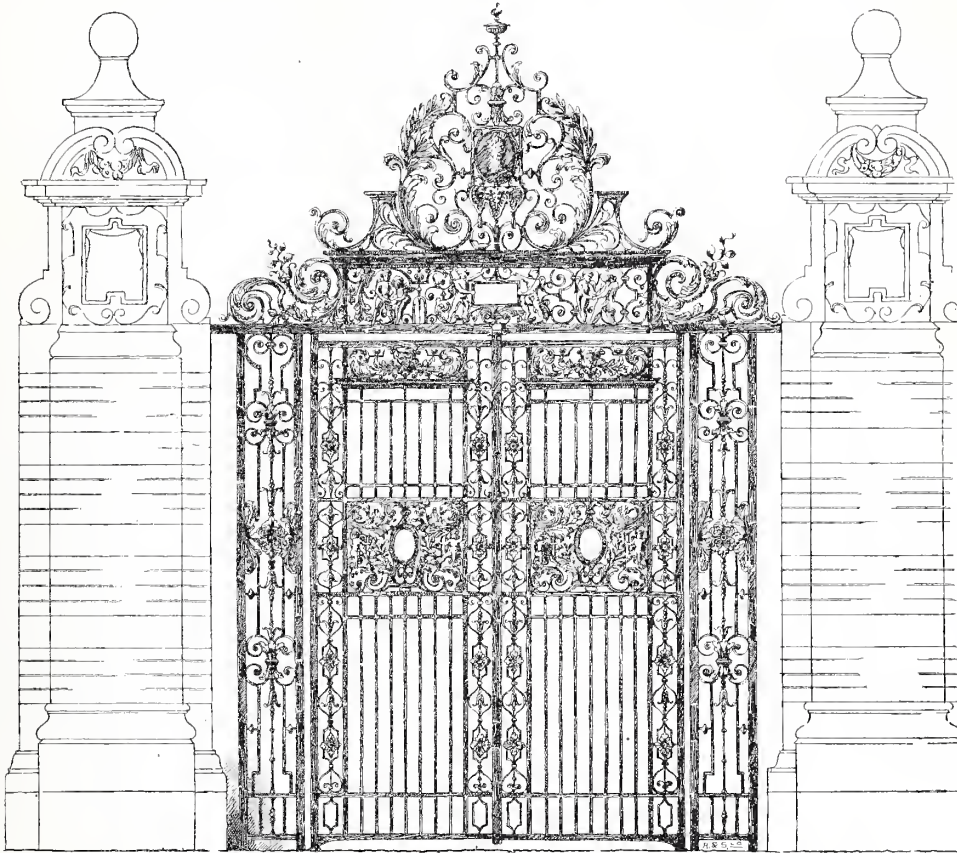


DESIGN FOR HANGING ELECTRIC LAMP.

many assistants. To bring masters and men more sympathetically in touch with one another would be the sovereign aim and use of these ideal associations; for nothing so much tends to ruin British industries, to turn the working masses into self-destroying striking classes, as the prevailing ignorance of economic principles which sets the craftsman at variance with his employer. The goose is killed by the act of forcing her to supply so many

not only of the best contemporary work, but also of fine old masterpieces.

Perhaps none of us will live to see this dream of guilds realised in any country. In the meantime, however, Mr. Gardner has set before himself the duty of bequeathing to his craft his present factory on the Albert Embankment, Lambeth, in order that it may serve in times to come as a central-registry office, where men will seek work,



GATES AT NORTH MYMMS, HERTS. (*Ernest George, Architect.*)

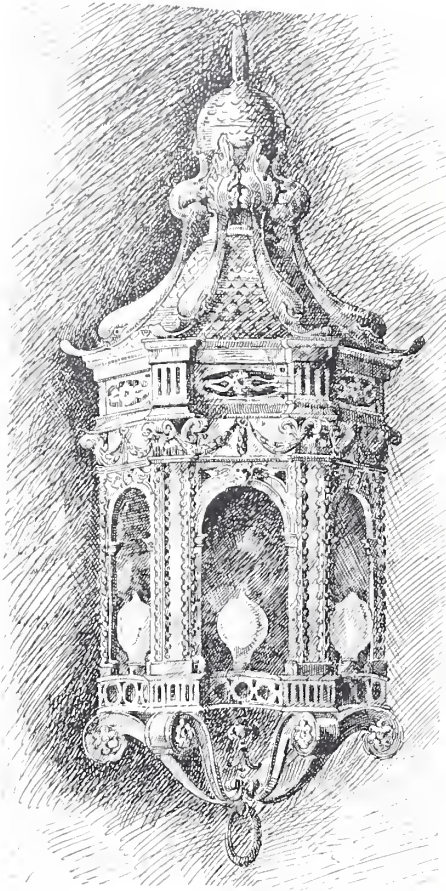
ignorant egoists with too many golden eggs every week. This commonplace cannot be impressed often enough upon the national mind; and Mr. Gardner believes that those ideal guilds, those truly democratic brotherhoods of art workers in all lines, would not fail to encourage such free discussions as would centre about the economic considerations by which the welfare of every industry is determined. Also their directors, for the purpose of stimulating interest in the various arts and crafts, might feel called upon to employ a certain number of travelling lecturers, selecting them by examination from among the members, and setting them to deal with each subject in its technical and utilitarian aspects, no less than from an historical point of view. Here we have in some sort a liberal education; for a large boxful of magic-lantern slides would be a portable exhibition,

read the papers, and consult an invaluable library of books dealing with the metallurgical arts. The library is, truly, an inexhaustible treasury of design, and hence its value to the student is incalculable. I have glanced through some of its great bulky tomes, with their curt, suggestive notes, their original drawings, their recent photographs, and time-worn prints and engravings. Each volume deals with a particular period and style, and the whole collection strikes me as being the most interesting result of Mr. Gardner's unflagging industry and delight in research.

It is true to say, I think, that our artist's factory is a school. There, for instance, the apprentice and the smith never grow mechanical—partly because Mr. Gardner never repeats himself in his designs; partly because no machinery is used there. The

quality by which Mr. Gardner puts the greatest store is that continued novelty, that infinite variety of character, which nature has given to the leaves of the same tree, and by which an artist-hand invariably enriches all its repetitions of the self-same scroll, or

friend. Nevertheless his art is returning slowly into vogue, Mr. Gardner tells me. Professor Herkomer, in some big doors at Bushey, as well as in other ways, has made admirable use of pewter contrasted with brass; and another artist has modelled the alloy into exquisitely delicate finger-bowls, in imitation of scallop-shells. That pewter would be effective in a highly-wrought lamp, we may judge from Mr. Gardner's design (p. 134); and Mr. H. J. L. J. Massé, Secretary of the Art Workers' Guild, has made a fender overlaid with it. The effect is good, though perhaps the metal is too soft not to be injured by careless servants who will make the fire-irons ring. It is a plain fender made of four-inch square yellow pine, halved and



BLACK IRON AND IVORY LAMP.
(For a House in Berkeley Square.)

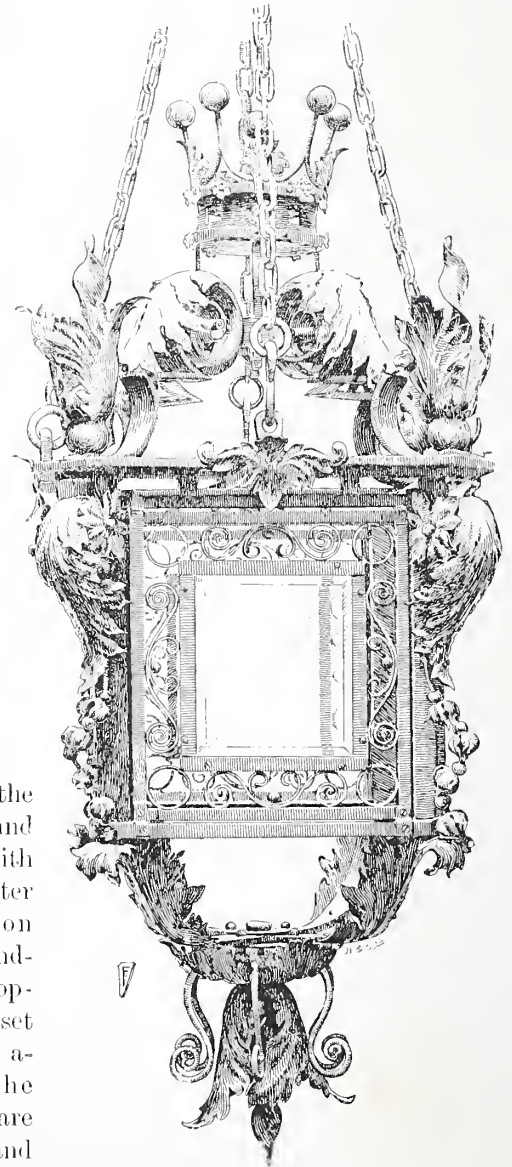
leaf, or piece of diapered tracery in ironwork. Then, again, there is an education of the progressive kind in all such fanciful work, when not interrupted by long periods of forced idleness owing to bad trade; and it is Mr. Gardner's happy lot to be "in full swing" all the year round. His present works were started in the year 1882; in 1886 they came under his sole management and direction; and already many of his helpers have become his rivals, but without ceasing to be his friends.

I have already referred, in passing, to the interest taken by Mr. Gardner in the pewterer's craft. The pewterer was once a necessary servant of kings and popes, of princes and nobles; afterwards, as soon as more precious metals came into fashion, we behold him as "the potter of the community;" which lowly title he held with dignity till his clients began to forget that cheap crockery would be dearer in the long-run than his unbreakable, silvery wares. In our own times the publican is his only true



DESIGN FOR A SIDE-LIGHT.

bolted at the corners, and covered with good pewter nailed on with round-headed copper nails set an inch apart. The corners are mitred and studded with a double row of nails. It were easy to allude to other experiments, but enough has been said to show that Mr.

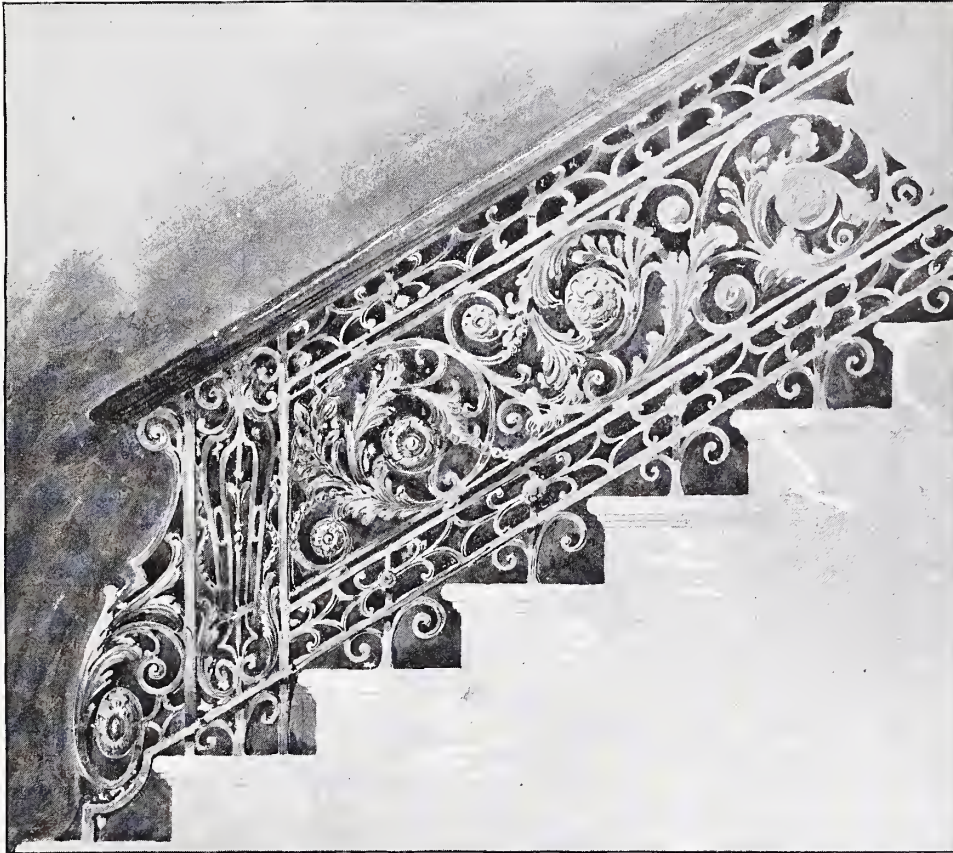


LAMP AT THE LEATHER-SELLERS' HALL.

Gardner's lecture on the history and the uses of pewter, delivered two years ago before the Society of Arts, set a good many people thinking and experimenting. Indeed, a handbook on the subject, commissioned shortly afterwards, will soon go to press.

Science is usually supposed to be an enemy to the artistic part of a man's nature, but Mr. Gardner believes that his early studies as a geologist, and especially as an enthusiastic collector of fossil plants

that he had always a kind of hereditary claim to rank as a collector of the first grade. His mother, for instance, devoted her life to the gathering together of humming-birds and butterflies, and of so many corals that they filled three bays at the Fisheries Exhibition; while his father spent every leisure hour in hunting after drawings and prints descriptive of Old London. Surely very few artists have been so fortunate in their early circumstances.



DESIGN FOR A BALUSTRADE.

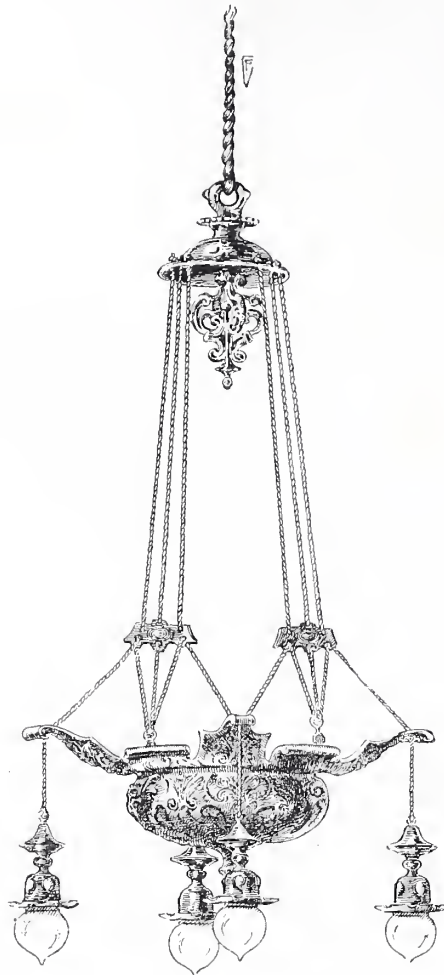
and shells, taught him instantly to discern those innate characteristics by which very similar styles, like very similar shells, are set apart from one another. The shells, moreover, with their delicate curves, their fanning and their spirals, not only charmed him by their diverse beauty, but stored his mind with a valuable stock of natural forms, replete with decorative suggestiveness.

It is about fifteen years ago since Mr. Gardner drifted into his present career with its grave responsibilities, adding £1,600 to his capital by selling his fine collection of fossil plants and shells to the British Museum. But the old days of science, of rough wanderings in the bleak Isle of Mull, in the north of Ireland, and elsewhere, searching for specimens, are still the happiest days of his laborious and useful life. And one gathers from his conversation

Probably none of Mr. Gardner's many doings has made his name so familiar as his success in winning for good ironwork a place in the South Kensington Museum. The authorities, true to their own tastes and temperaments, had given the back to this old art, and I know not how many venerable church-doors in the country, richly covered with ornamental hinges, were allowed to be villainously repaired and ruined. Even a singularly beautiful screen at Chichester was pulled down and broken into fragments. One piece found its way to a neighbouring smithy, where Mr. Gardner sketched it; while drawings of other parts are now published in America. Seven or eight years ago, the South Kensington Museum possessed only two examples of ancient English ironwork, and these we owed in part to Mr. Gardner, who has since added repro-

ductions of several other antique specimens; also it was in his *atelier* that a duplicate of the famous Eleanor grille, in Westminster Abbey, was made for the Science and Art Department. The cost of the replica was of a piece with the original cost, regard being paid to the relative value of money. The grill was made by Thomas de Leightone, in 1294, "at a cost of £13, a sum equalling £180 of our money;" and thus it is clear that the wages commanded by skilled labour do not improve by leaps and bounds. One more fact. The present collection of ironwork at South Kensington was in great measure arranged under the superintendence of Mr. Starkie Gardner.

There is no room here for many remarks on the artist's writings. The handbook on "Ironwork," published for the Committee of Council for Education, treats of the subject from the earliest times down to the end of the Middle Ages. It is a most interesting and important work, written in a vigorous style, simple, easy, unpretentious, and swift. Mr. Gardner has contrived to convey a great deal of knowledge in little space, and we never feel that he is labouring and ill at ease. There is a second volume in the press, dealing mainly with the Renaissance abroad, and a third volume will introduce us to the various English schools of iron-smithery, both new and old.



DESIGN FOR A PEWTER ELECTRIC LAMP.

The distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Gardner's ironwork have already been pointed out; and I cannot think that any remarks of mine would either add to the beauty of the gates which are so well illustrated in these pages, or make that beauty clear to anyone who cannot perceive it for himself. It were a pleasant task, no doubt, to describe the various interesting processes by which great masses of rough iron were transformed into a finished work of art. But such matter would be out of place in a biographical study; and so it is in another paper that one must treat of the history of the making of an iron gate.

Some of the other illustrations will, it is to be hoped, serve the useful purpose of causing many to feel dissatisfied with their own ungainly lamps, lanterns, and coronæ for electric light. The lamps now in vogue in most homes in the country may well be hidden from view under shades so enormous that poor vagrant moths lose their way upon them, grow scared, and quite forget that their real adventure was to burn themselves to death. It is a pity this unnatural forgetfulness should be encouraged. The lamp's the thing, not the shade, and we may be sure that a really beautiful lamp, which no one could screen from sight, would be as attractive to moths as to critics of art.

“PERSIMMON.”

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY W. N. P. NICHOLSON.

THERE are many, doubtless, who will regard this study by Mr. W. N. P. Nicholson as a joke. As a matter of fact, it is intended as nothing of the kind. Its archaic simplicity is genuine and sincere, and to artists there is that in it which, for all its primitiveness of wood-cutting, will appeal as a genuine expression. Mr. Nicholson—one of the so-called “Beggartaff Brothers,” whose original and eccentric posters are so well known—one day determined to draw the Prince of Wales's celebrated horse and to engrave the wood-block with his own hand:

his first attempt. The elementary character of the engraving, therefore, may be assumption, but it is certainly not affectation. It is needless to call attention to the fine drawing of the horse, nor to the quaintness of the arrangement; nor even to apologise for the presentation of this impression to the readers of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*. It is included as one form of modern Decadence, highly relished and applauded in some quarters, which, immature though it may be, is interesting for its cleverness in some measure, but most of all as a sign of the times.



PERSIMMON.

(Drawn and Engraved by W. N. P. Nicholson.)



W. H. H. H.



THE AYR ABOVE MUIRKIRK.

THE RIVER AYR.

BY W. MATTHEWS GILBERT. ILLUSTRATED BY S. REID.

AYRSHIRE is a county of renown in Scottish story. Its seaboard, laved by the waters of the Firth of Clyde, was the scene of fierce conflict between the early marauding Danes and its Celtic inhabitants; it was associated with the War of Independence in the fourteenth century, and gave to Scotland its great liberator, Robert Bruce. Later, its mosses and moors were the arena of controversy and death between the Covenanters and the dragoons of Charles II., who sought to force Episcopacy upon a Presbyterian population at the sword's point; while to come down to our own time and to more prosaic affairs, it is the county whose farmers have brought dairy husbandry to its greatest perfection, and whose holms and straths pasture a breed of milch cows of world-wide fame.

But, transcendently, Ayrshire is renowned as the Land of Burns. It was there, in the "auld clay biggin," near Alloway Kirk, that the great Scottish poet first saw the light; his youth and early manhood were passed within its borders; it was at Moss-giel, near the winding Ayr, where the best of his poems and love-songs were written. A hundred years have passed since the death of the poet, and we have celebrated the centenary year of that tragic event. Despite many failings of the flesh due to an ill-balanced artistic temperament, Burns to-day is accorded by his countrymen a heart-whole love which no other Scotsman has ever received. His name is intertwined with the national life in a way

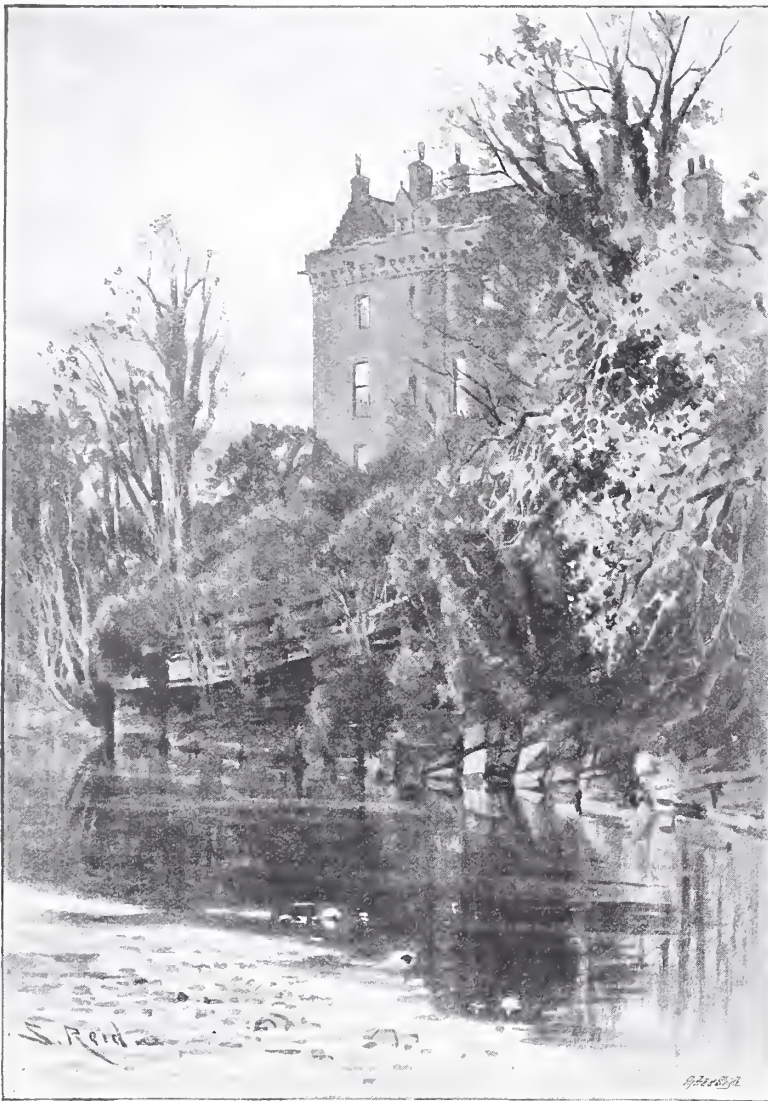
which few strangers can appreciate; and his early homes and haunts have become as sacred shrines.

The rivers Ayr and Doon, which flow through the county, are in themselves objects of much natural beauty. From the hills to the sea they wind through diversified and picturesque scenery. They come from upland moors and solitudes, disturbed only by sheep or grouse; they rush their foaming torrents through deeply-wooded ravines and between tree-clad rocky heights; they water fertile meadows where the milch kine feed, and flow gently to the sea, past smiling homesteads, and ancient castles, whose traditions are of fratricidal feuds between branches of the powerful family of Kennedy, once supreme in the shire. But Burns by the witchery of his art has cast over them a magic spell of a more enduring nature than those associated with the lore of the antiquary.

In an address to a brother rhymester, William Simpson, schoolmaster at Ochiltree, Burns laments that while the Forth and the Tay, the Yarrow and the Tweed, had been praised to many a tune, nobody had sung the rivers of Ayrshire, and he calls upon his poetie friend to help him to remedy this defect—

"Th' Illius, Tiber, Thames an' Seine
Glide sweet in monie a tane fu' line
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best."

And nobly Burns fulfilled his promise. Who has



THE AYR, SORN.

not heard of the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon"? and while its neighbour, the crystal Ayr—which name, by the way, "Ayr" or "Ayi," is Celtic for "clear," as "Doon" or "Dhunn" is "dark"—has not been celebrated in any such quotable line, the poet found among its sylvan shades inspiration for some of his most charming lyrics, and interlaced its name with many a moving song of love and beauty which poured forth from his impressionable heart.

The Ayr takes its rise in the uplands of Muirkirk which march with the hill country of Lanarkshire; it runs through the broadest part of the county, cutting it into two nearly equal halves, and after a westerly course of thirty-three miles it mingles its waters with those of the Firth of Clyde at the town of Ayr. The scenery of the open moorland district through which the infant stream flows is bare and uninteresting. Forests once flourished there, but they have long since disappeared, though vestiges of giant trees are yet found in the peat

mosses by the eottar when he digs his winter fuel. The whole district, however, abounds with legends of the Covenanting times, and by many Scottish Presbyterians these are still regarded as a precious heritage.

Just over the border-line is the battle-field of Drumelg, where Claverhouse and his dragoons were on a Sunday morning in June, 1679, defeated by that determined band of Covenanters, who, with Bible in the one hand and sword in the other, had met together to worship according to the traditions of their race. The encounter took place on the farm of Drumelg, through which a small stream of the same name flows to the stately Avon.

As it nears the village of Sorn the aspect of the Ayr entirely changes. The scenery becomes rich and varied in character. Now a considerable stream, the Ayr runs in sunshine and shade, in its limpid purity, past level holms or between steep and grandly wooded banks where the birds sing their chansonnettes and the Muses love to dwell. Sorn Castle rears its grey walls amid such romantic surroundings. Dating from the fifteenth century, the castle is supposed to have been built by Andrew Hamilton, third son of Sir David Hamilton, of Cadzow, the ancestor of the premier dukes of Scotland. It passed for a

century and a half into the hands of the Earls of Loudon, and after several changes has become the property of Mr. Somervell, of Sorn, who represented the Ayr Burghs in the Parliament of 1890-2.

Approaching Barskimming, the river enters classic ground. The lands and mansion house are romantically situated on the Ayr, between two villages well known to all readers of Burns—Mauchline and Tarbolton. The banks of the stream are here charmingly wooded, and near the mansion house the Ayr has cut its way through the red sandstone rock, and runs at the bottom of a deep ravine with bold and, in some places, almost perpendicular walls, overhung with verdure. This river gorge, spanned by a bridge, and crowned by the mansion house of Barskimming, recalls one of the classic visions of Poussin or Claude. At Barskimming the Ayr is joined by the Lurgar, one of its most important tributaries, upon which is set, also amid a wealth of natural beauty, the mansion house and castle of Auchinleck,

where James Boswell entertained Dr. Johnson on his return from the Western Islands in 1773.

But more interesting still are the Braes of Ballochmyle, on the north side of the Ayr. The scenery here has a perennial charm. The river rushes over a gravelly, boulder-strewn bed, between the bold cliffs and tree-shaded banks and braes which are the favourite resort of the pic-nickers of the town of Ayr. Burns has immortalised the place in his exquisite love lyric, "The Bonnie Lass of Ballochmyle." This young lady was Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, the sister of Mr. Claude Alexander, who had then recently come into the property. The poet, who was at that time farming at Mossiel, had wandered out to the braes, to view, as he says, "Nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year." While musing on the fair scene he suddenly saw passing before him the beautiful face and form of Miss Alexander. Her loveliness stirred his fancy, and during his homeward walk he composed the song in which, with poetic licence, he so happily extols her charms:—

"'Twas even—the dewy fields were
green,
On every blade the pearls hang
The zephyrs wantoned round the
bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets
alang;
In every glen the mavis sang,
All Nature listening seemed the
while,
Except where greenwood echoes
rang
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

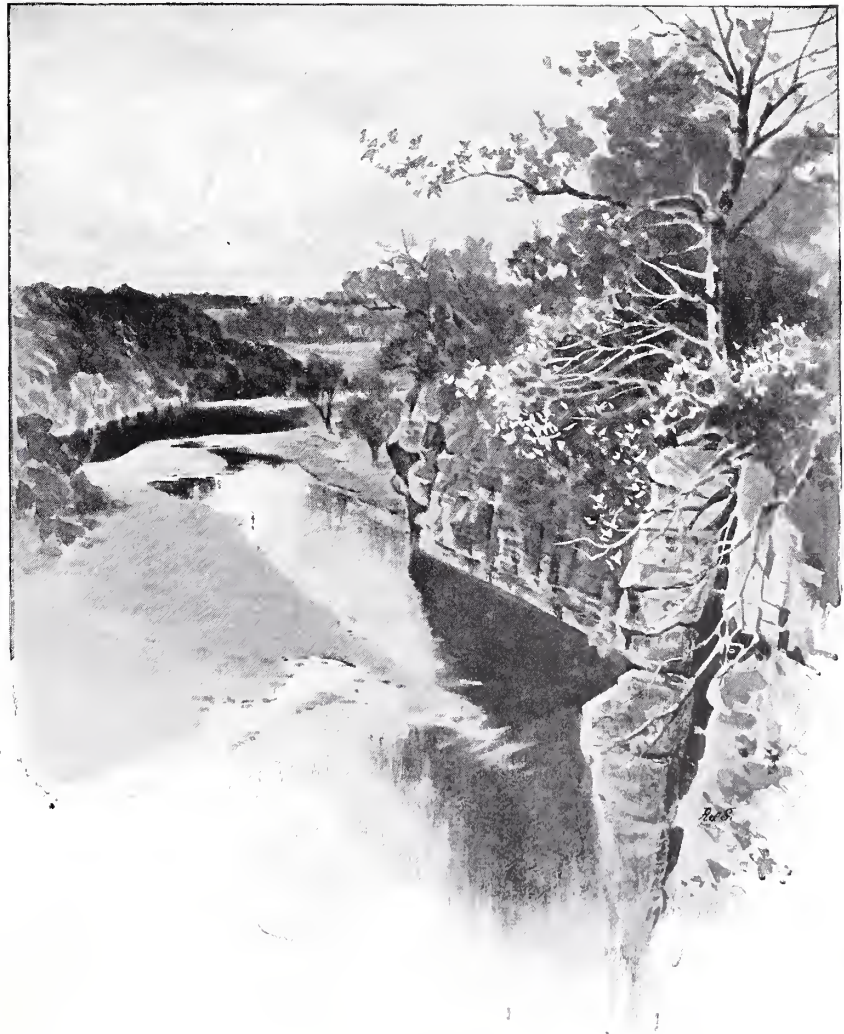
"With careless step I onward
strayed,
My heart rejoiced in Nature's
joy,
When musing in a lovely glade
A maiden fair I chanced to
spy:
Her look was like the morning's
eye
Her air like Nature's vernal
smile
Perfection whispered, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Balloch-
myle!"

And there are other three verses equally delightful. But, alas! for the sensitive poet, the "Bonnie Lass," to whom he sent a copy of his verses, took no notice of him. Burns was only then a country swain; but reparation was done to the poet afterwards, and now a beautiful grotto marks the spot where this

inspiring vision of feminine loveliness met the view of the singer of this sweet song.

Still following the stream, we come to Coilfield, with which is associated Burns' "Highland Mary," there pursuing her humble calling as a dairy-maid. Mary Campbell inspired perhaps the purest passion that ever racked the breast of the poet. Amid classic or modern love lore, where will be found so touching a recital of the parting, which was to be for ever, of these two lovers, when, standing one on each side of a small limpid stream that flowed into the Ayr, they laved their hands in the water, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced vows of eternal constancy? How exquisitely Burns relates the tender episode and describes the river scenery amid which it took place:—

"That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past.



THE AYR, BARSKIMMING.



THE AYR BALLOCHMYLE

Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

“Ayr, gurgling kissed his pebbled shore
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray;
Till, too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.”

As it flows on its way, the Ayr contributes to another scene of enchanting loveliness as it approaches Auchincruive, the seat of Mr. R. A. Oswald. This spot, too, has been rendered interesting by the pen of Burns. Mr. Richard Alexander Oswald was the laird of Auchincruive in the end of the last century. He was married to Miss Lucy Johnstone, a noted beauty of her day, whose charms also set the heart of Burns in a poetic flame. A portrait by Raeburn shows that this lady was gifted with much grace and beauty, and in her praise the poet laid at her feet

a charming poem “As the honest incense of genuine respect.”

As it nears the town of Ayr, through which it flows, the river is for a time retarded by a mill weir, and, assuming a peaceful lake-like aspect, it composes itself to rest awhile before it loses itself in the sea. This tree-fringed expanse of tranquil water is known as the “Dam,” which in winter, when frozen over, is a favourite resort of skaters and curlers.

Ayr itself has long been a royal burgh. Its charter dates from William the Lion, and, as to its people, have we not the word of Burns that it surpasses all other towns

“For honest men and bonnie
lasses”?

The river is here spanned by two bridges, within a hundred yards or so of each other, one of ancient date and the other a product of the end of the last century. They are the “Twa Brigs” of Burns' famous poem, which humorously discourse with one another on the things that they have seen in their time. The “Auld Brig” especially congratulates itself that it has stood for so long the violent winter floods to which the river is subjected, when—

“From Glenbuck down to the Ratton Key
Auld Ayr is just one lengthened, tumbling sea.”

And to such spates the stream is still subject.

The estuary of the Ayr forms the harbour at which a considerable traffic is maintained by passenger and other steamers and sailing vessels. The breakwater is a delightful summer promenade, and the views seaward from it are of a charming description. The coast-line is a crescent, with Ayr in the middle, and bold headlands with ancient castles perched upon them on each side. Westward, over the waters, is the Isle of Arran with its imposing mountain peaks, and beyond the foot of the island is seen the outline of the Mull of Kintyre. The eye,



THE AYR, AUCHINCRAIVE.



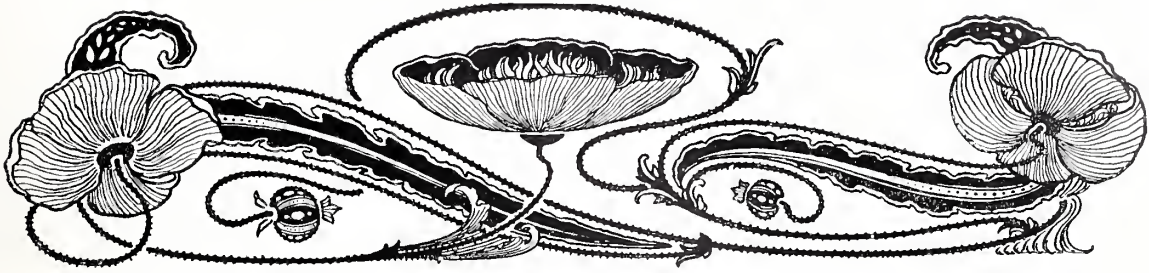
THE AYR: THE DAM.

in sunshine or in storm, can never tire looking upon a scene so picturesque and so strangely enchanting to the beholder—

“When still and dim
The beauty-breathing hues of eve expand;
When day's last roses fade on Ocean's brim,
And Nature veils her brow, and chants her vesper hymn.”



AYR MOUTH.



(Drawn by Bartram Hiles.)

DRAWN WITH THE MOUTH.

MR. BARTRAM HILES.

WE would not feel justified in placing before our readers the accompanying designs for frieze, hammered metal, wall-paper, and head- and tail-pieces, as mere curiosities and nothing more—not



Bartram Hiles
96

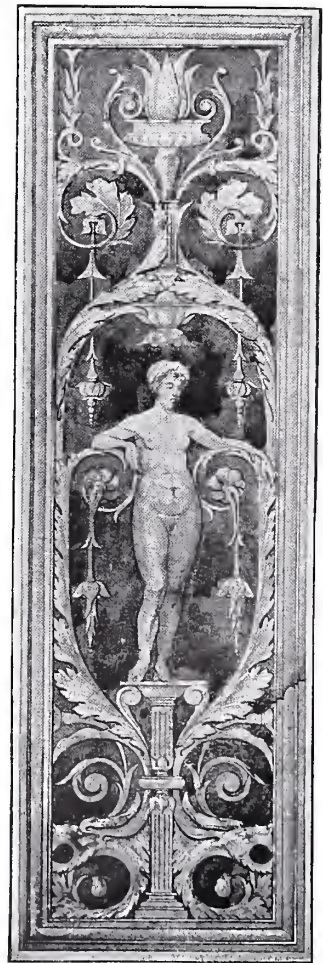
BARTRAM HILES.

(Drawn by Himself.)

even as examples of what may be done in art by pluck and perseverance, but there is in the majority of them an excellent sense of design, of balance, and composition, as well as firmness of drawing and precision of touch, which warrant their inclusion in these pages on their own merits as examples of book-embellishment and other of the decorative arts, quite apart from personal considerations.

The artist, Mr. Bartram Hiles, was born in Bristol. When he was eight years old he was deprived of both his arms through a tramcar accident. Before this terrible event—a catastrophe

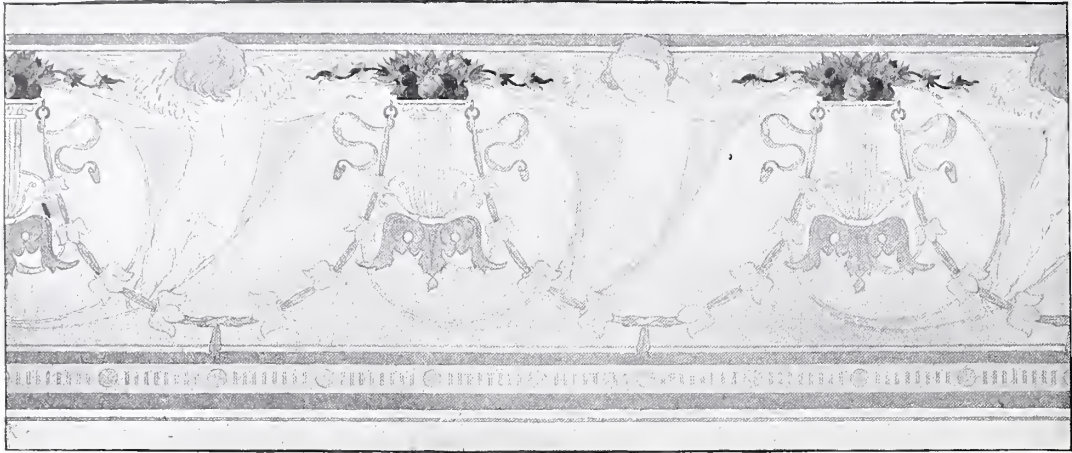
which would have overwhelmed most other persons—he had developed a strong passion for drawing: so strong, that the loss of arms in no way diminished his ambition to become an artist. At first the check to the gratification of his boyish tastes was to the child a cruel blow; but the idea soon occurred to him that the main difficulty would be overcome if he could educate his mouth as a holder for his pencil—for brushes were not yet hoped for. He accordingly set to work with courage and enthusiasm, and in a short time, by dint of persistent practice and perseverance, he found that he could write legibly and draw with firmness of line. Not more than two years after his accident, Mr. Hiles obtained a “first-class excellent” in the second grade for freehand (!) drawing at the school he was attending at Bristol. In due time he was sent to attend the art class, then recently formed, at the Merchant Venturers’ Technical College, Bristol. While there, he made rapid progress, successfully passing numerous



DOOR PLATE.

(Designed by Bartram Hiles.)

art examinations, the subjects *including modelling*, and the young artist's career was fairly begun. His next object was to study applied design with But it took him practically from five to six years



DESIGN FOR FRIEZE. (By Bartram Hiles)

a view to competing for a scholarship later on, and concurrently he practised painting at the studio of to obtain complete mastery over his mouth and the muscles of the neck; yet time and practice



DESIGN FOR WALL PAPER. (By Bartram Hiles)

a lady artist of local repute. At the age of sixteen Mr. Hiles exhibited a study in water-colours at the Bristol Fine Art Academy; it found a purchaser, made him ever more expert in freedom and touch. Eventually he succeeded in winning a National Art Scholarship at the National Art Training



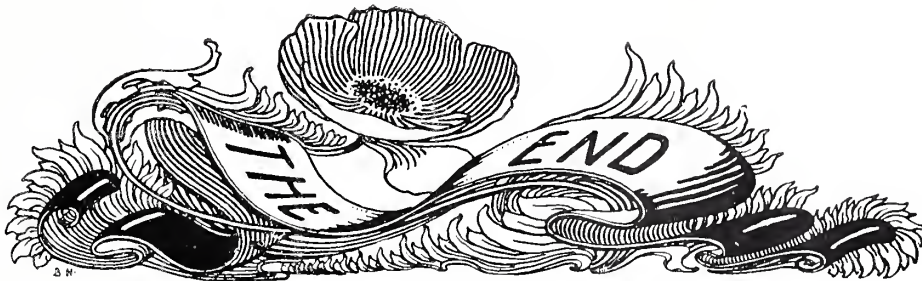
HEADPIECE. (Drawn by Bartram Hiles.)

School, tenable for two years and valued at a hundred guineas. While attending these classes he was awarded in the National Competition one silver and two bronze medals, and a book prize for design as applied to the decorative industries, receiving also excellent reports from the examiners. At the expiration of the scholarship, Mr. Hiles found great benefit from a visit to Paris where he attended the museums and studios, and he then returned to London, on the receipt of a commission to paint pictures for an exhibition in Bristol. Settling down to work for his livelihood, he combined decorative art with pictorial, and worked the two side by side. The struggle was a hard one, and we are not sure that it is yet less arduous than it was; for the physical difficulties standing in the way are not easily surmountable. Nevertheless, Mr. Hiles is an exhibitor at the Royal Society of British Artists, and a worker for prominent firms of decorators. The fame of the young artist's heroism has already spread; and the Queen and the Princess of Wales have been purchasers of his work.

It is not to be pretended that Mr. Hiles is a unique instance of painting without hands. Only last year the Museum of Hyères was enriched by a picture of singular beauty, entitled "Fleurs de Dunes dans les Marais de Saint Griouse (Pas-de-Calais)," representing, in the foreground, flowers which are reflected in the marshy pools, towards which a flock

of sea-gulls take their flight; while in the middle distance is a stretch of grass-covered land; beyond, the sands of the dune, and, finally, the sea. Below the picture is the painter's name—François de Mentholon—and the statement that the artist, remarkable alike for his skill and his physical defect, was born without arms and with but one leg, and had gained the first Raigecourt-Goyou prize in the current Salon. Then Mdlle. Aimée Rapin, also born without arms, paints with her feet, and lately presented to the Duchess of York as a wedding-gift a portrait in chalk of the Duchess herself—a work of distinct artistic merit. Classic instances, of course, are those of M. Noel-Masson, of Paris, and Miss Biffin, the latter of whom died at Liverpool in 1850. But all of these, be it noted, had come into the world without arms or hands; they had been educated to use their feet (or in the case of Miss Biffin, their lips) from birth, and they had never known the use of hands, nor the terrible, stunning loss of arms and fingers. For that reason Mr. Hiles's achievement appears to us to surpass in quiet earnestness and noble perseverance the feats of any of his predecessors. He has known how to meet a cruel fate with ingenuity and courage, and to battle bravely against a lot over which few could have successfully triumphed. For that reason, too, we are glad to bring his work forward in our pages, and to introduce his art and his persistence to the approval and, it is to be hoped, to the encouragement of our readers.

S.



(Drawn by Bartram Hiles.)

ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHY.

THE REVIVAL ON THE CONTINENT.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

EVEN at the period of its greatest decadence, when poor lithographs from bad pictures were discrediting the art as a reproductive pro-

Fantin-Latour, Bracquemond, John Lewis Brown, and François, the landscape painter, were quietly pursuing the practice of it, though the public taste

had turned from the stone and was eagerly coquetting with the etched copper-plate. But it was impossible that a method offering such splendid range to the artist should be entirely neglected; impossible that a process which offered a technique more extensive than that of any other form of black and white art, should be willingly given up. Its infinite capability of varying the grain—which is to the lithographer what the lozenge is to the line-engraver, or what line and burr are to etcher and dry-pointer—was far too precious a possession to be lost. As flexible as etching, its ground could give nearly the whole range, from velvety black to dreamy gray, possessed by mezzotint; it could be a chalk drawing, a wash drawing, a pen drawing, a stump drawing, an aquatint, what you please. The enthusiastic lithographer boasted that there were ten ways of drawing on stone—three to draw with the pencil,

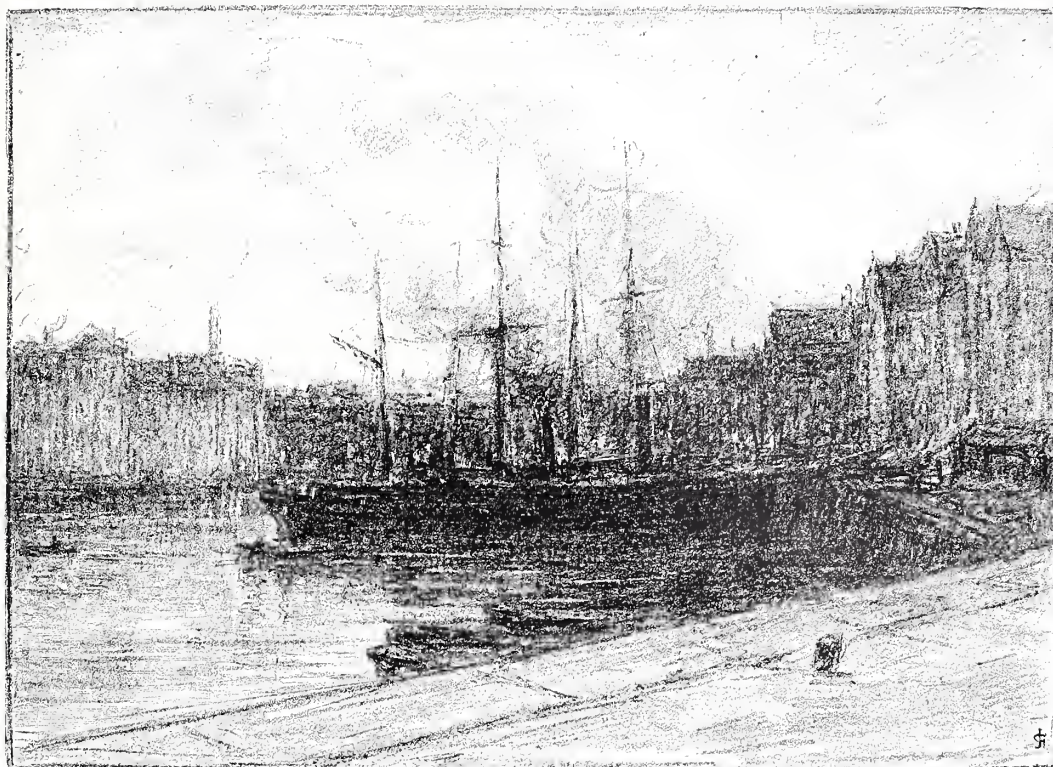


A DUTCHWOMAN,

(By A. Lunois.)

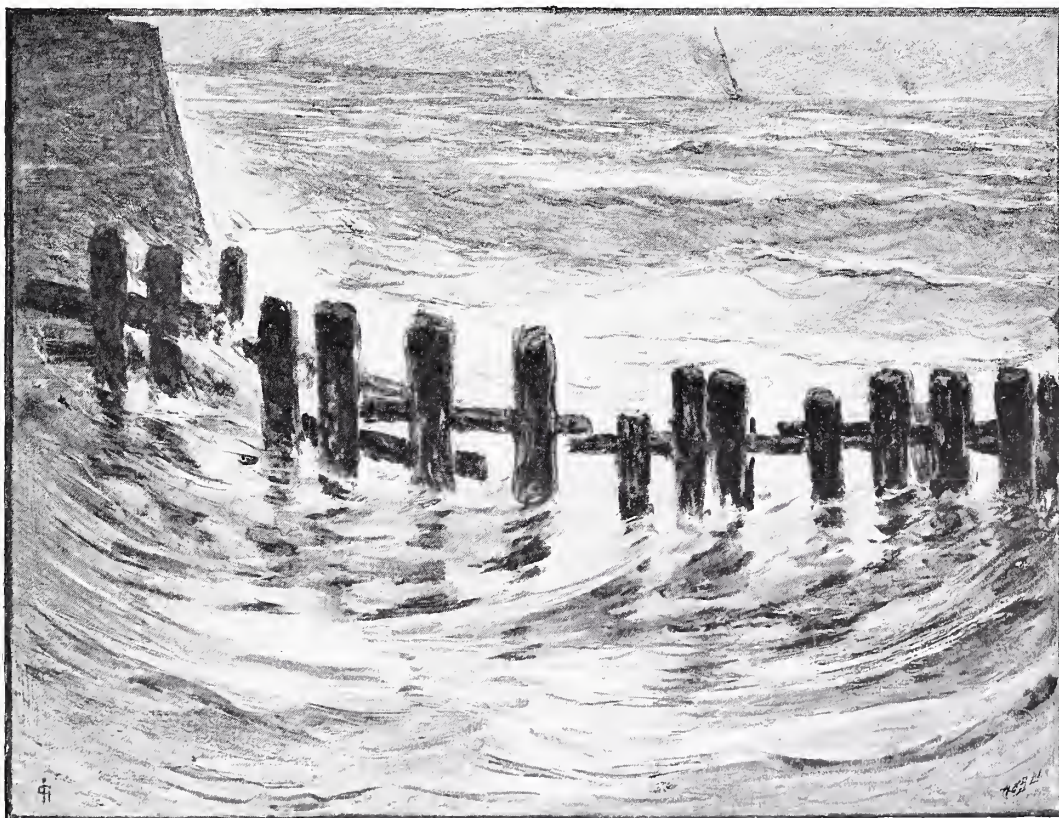
cess in Germany as well as in England, in France such of it as was original was confined chiefly to the production of song-wrappers, show-cards, and posters, and such-like baser uses. But there, at least, lithography was never really dead.

six to draw with ink, and one to engrave; and although every practitioner had his secret process (or rather his methods and recipes), with which on no account whatever would he part and which he usually preferred should die with him, the mere



THE HARBOUR, FLUSHING.

(By Storm van Gravesande.)



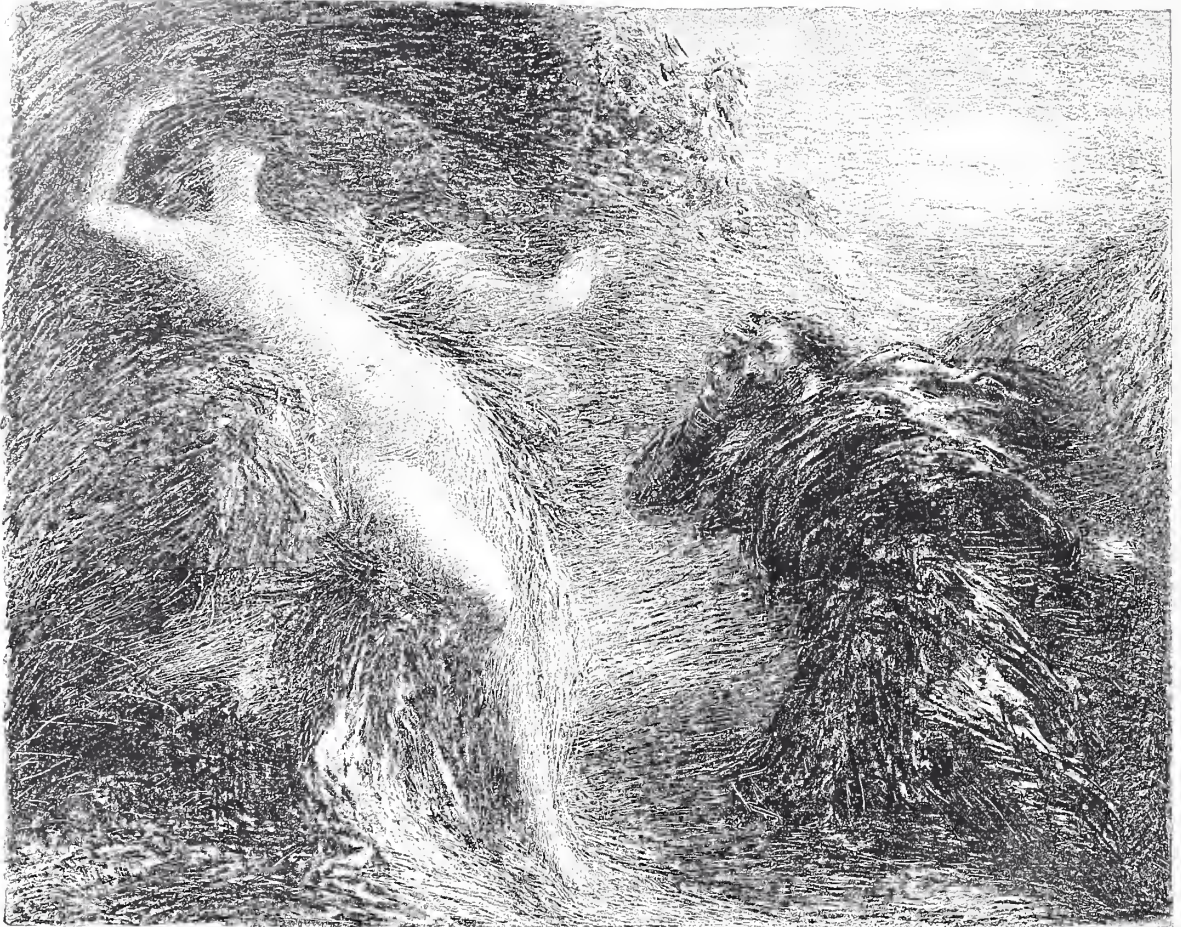
ENTRANCE TO FLUSHING HARBOUR.

(By Storm van Gravesande.)

variety which permitted of this artistic egotism was in itself an added fascination. It was autographic and suggestive of a wonderful range of colour, and even the ordinary drawing with the pencil offered the greatest attraction to the true artist to whom the slightest sketch, if it be artistic, may be worth the biggest picture—and often a good deal more.

has created, silhouettes, vague and indistinct, gradually form themselves upon the surface; their relief is accentuated: light begins to vibrate here and there, and the subject at last emerges.

Thus, although to the common lithographer tender tones and sense of harmony had been lost, a few artists cherished the art jealously, and by dint of



MANFRED

(By Fantin-Latour.)

Not only does lithography charm the artist by reason of its purely æsthetic delights, but also for the particular advantages it offers when the work is in progress. For while it offers a more complete means than etching for recording the artist's ideas, contrary to etching or any other method it allows the whole result to be seen as the work progresses; and, as Mr. Wickenden reminds me in a letter full of enthusiasm, the tone, like the line, is always under the artist's control, as it is under his eye. With his arm resting on a support, or suspended against the stone that may have been set up on an easel, an artist who works in the manner, say, of Monsieur H. P. Dillon, can play about upon it with the *crayon gras* till the white or glossy surface of the stone gradually disappears. Then from the fog and mist which he

their disinterested love and persistence they gradually brought back the public to an appreciation of its beauties. For twenty years, etching had practically reigned supreme, but now once more the subtlety and richness of the stone, the splendour of its blacks, the harmonious depths and vibrating lights, brought back the fickle love of a fashion-governed public, and artist-lithographers—original draughtsmen—are again revelling in the suppleness and facility of a method which for its versatile capabilities is surpassed by no other. It was in 1877 that Mr. Whistler came to the aid of M. Fantin-Latour and the devoted little band; but only in 1844 was the fact of the revival officially proclaimed, so to speak, by the establishment in Paris of the "Société des Artistes Lithographes Français." Then followed, in



THE GATEWAY.
(By H. P. Dillon.)

1891, a more academic *imprimatur*, when an important exhibition was held at the Beaux Arts; and lastly, in 1895, the centenary of the art's birth was celebrated by a great exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie. That this centenary was established a year too soon does not matter: we need take it but as a testimony of the ardent enthusiasm that it inspired, or of an over-zealous haste to be in time.

So Fantin-Latour worked on, not troubling himself to bring about any particular revival, simply in the full glow of his love for lithography, by whose power he could record in black and white his dual love for art and music. He became, half unwittingly, perhaps, the main link of the old practice with the new, and, caring nothing for the rival "schools" of the lithographers, he produced a series of "plates," inspirations, nearly all of them, from the works of the great musicians, from Rossini to Brahms, and from Schumann to Wagner and Berlioz. His romantic creations, female forms suggestive of those that Diaz drew, melting landscapes, vague moonlights, and subdued glow of the sun—these were the subjects which he executed in a method of technique of his own, at which professional lithographers laughed, perhaps, but which by artists were received with rapturous applause. So long as Fantin worked, lithography was kept in mind.

It was mere commercialism which brought Chéret into the field. His lithographs were at first no original artistic expression, but were intended to serve the purpose of the trader. Gradually Chéret's genius elevated the thing itself, and apart from the posters to which his destiny mainly chained him, he produced many lithographs which were as dainty and as tender in their execution as the subjects themselves were gay and joyous. He was more perfect as a technician than Fantin, or perhaps I should say more orthodox, and doubtless attracted as many to the reconsideration of the art as Fantin had captured among the connoisseurs. His exquisite touch in his smaller stones, and his intensely decorative feeling for all its *chic* composition, assure him his position as leader in the renaissance of lithography. M. Grasset is a far greater minded artist, however, and infinitely more versatile, and his quaintness as original and as taking as Chéret's *diablerie*. Then followed a little army of young men whose object was rather to charm with the beauty of lithography than by the subjects they drew with it—with whom the stone was to be not so much a means as an end. But all of them had something to say, and they have said it so freshly and often exquisitely, that the public delight in this new revival is not at all confined to the methods which the new school has developed.



IN AID OF THE CRÈCHE

(Poster by Steinlen.)



GIRL'S HEAD.
(By Roedel.)

In looking along the front rank of the new workers in lithography, we come across a number whose productions merit respectful preservation in the portfolios of the connoisseur, for the sake alike of subject, treatment, and technique; and it is to be observed that there is hardly one amongst them but is unaffectedly original in his style and method.

At the head of these I should perhaps place M. Willette, although his most notable lithographic work has more in common with that of Raffet at his best and other giants of the earlier school. But Willette himself has a mind beyond most artists; he is a *Parisien* of Montmartre with an appreciation of the graceful, the dainty, and delicate, equal to that of Chéret, but strongly modified by his natural taste for the quarter in which he lives. But he is also a thinker; an ardent politician of a pronounced socialistic turn; a patriot never so happy as when glorifying France or railing at her enemies; a philanthropist whose pity for the poor is emphasised by his hatred of the police; a pronounced sensualist, much of whose work not even Rowlandson would have cared to sign; a lover of the army like Vernet and Raffet; and the very humble, obedient servant of Mlle. Nini the Grisetite. With

how much tenderness he plays upon the stone! Whether it is with an allegorical "Moonlight March," or with a poster of "L'Enfant Prodigue," he plays upon our feelings as he does upon the slab, and moves us with his art as much with his tender feeling as with his silver grays.

For a more modern, and therefore perhaps more interesting technique, we may turn to M. Dillon, one of the founders of "Les Peintres Lithographes," and of "L'Estampe Originale," whose work is widely in request. As may be seen in his "Fernando's Circus," or in his "Gateway" ("La Porte Cochère"), he loves black silhouettes set against a graduating background, with night effects or heavy rain; highly finished character studies set into compositions, with every tone from deepest black to dazzling white; with splashes, scratches, and every trick known to the draughtsman on stone, all concentrated into the design, with often enough a dramatic idea running through the whole.

An artist who began a decade earlier is M. Lunois, whose "Dutchwoman" is an example of the use to which he puts lithography when producing his travelling notes. Since 1881, when he first began his art, he has been among the most talented of the leaders, preferring the older method to what is



BRÜNNHILDE.

(By Odilon Redon.)

scoffingly called the *nouveau jeu*, but still employing the whole resources of his art, whether in black and white or colour, in illustration of the many countries through which he has passed, or in the many works he has executed for book illustration.

The decorative muse of M. Rœdel appears graciously and sympathetically upon the stone, as in the charming figure of his "Woman at the Piano," which is almost touching in its simplicity; or in the exquisite sentiment of his famous "Head." This face is far superior in its artistic appeal to the affected form of decoration in which it is set, as seen in the meaningless terminals of the stiffly arranged Egyptian coiffure—suggesting a possible origin of some of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's lineal eccentricities. But the modelling, as frank and nearly as skilful too as Holbein's, is so sweet and delicate that you might almost blow it from the paper. A similar sensitiveness to delicate tones belongs to M. Odilon Redon; but he has command, or at least makes use, of a greater range of colour. He is besides so pronounced a "mystic" that he

often loses his art in extravagant fancies. Less effective than Poe, he is obviously less sincere than Blake, and whether or not he is, as some will have it, but a practical joker after all, he certainly is always straining after an idea which he does not so often succeed in communicating, even if he realises it to himself. In his "Brünnhilde (The Gods' Twilight)" we have at least a reminiscence of Leonardo, excellent in sentiment, but a technique inadequate to the space covered.

Beside these two, M. Luce is robust virility itself. He uses his greasy pencil as he would his chalk, and in a few lines expresses form and substance in a manner at once masterly and striking. A glance at his "Woman Recumbent" is enough to show how admirable in its truth is the finely suggested form in this hasty record of a woman sleeping, who has thrown herself in utter lassitude upon the bed. It must be admitted that in the reduction a good deal of the effect is lost.

Lastly, among the leaders must be accounted M. Tonlouse-Lautrec. For him the stone does not count for very much, but with the pencil he wields with so much facility and power of reproducing concentrated character he seeks to prove himself descendant of Gavarni and Daumier.

Besides these men, each with his own reputation as artist, satirist, or simple technician, others have been working, with every man his admirers, and every man, moreover, distinguished in other artistic labour as well—M. Lepère, M. Raffaëlli, M. Robida, M. Ibels, M. Anquetin, Norbert Goëtte, and M. Forain, the pitiless exponent of the cynical side of French life and wit, and of the ungraceful side of French bearing; with M. Benjamin-Constant and M. Carrière among painters pure and simple—all these distinguished names do not exhaust the list of those, now or in the quite recent past, working in lithography and increasing the popular appreciation.

In countries other than France and England, the lithographie revival has not yet given distinct evidence of serious movement; that, doubtless, is to come. Other countries, indeed, are represented, but for the most part by artists living and practising in France, and generally speaking in Paris. Thus Spain and Italy are represented by the spirited and sensitive work of M. Checa (whose "Rotterdam" is sufficient to assure his place), and M. de la Gandara,



(By R. J. Wickenden.)

who, after all, is practically a Parisian. In M. Steinlen, Switzerland has produced at once an artist,

away from it. Nor is it certain that Mr. Wickenden should be classed, even by courtesy, with the Americans; for he was born in England, and, although educated in the States, since 1883 has made his home in France. There is no one more likely to achieve a great reputation through a fine poetic manipulation of the stone than he, for there is no class of subject broadly considered that he has not undertaken, and all of them he has adorned.

How far the work of these men will set an example to the rest of Europe there is as yet no indication; but the promise is great, for the new lithography now is almost a new method with a new object. Thus it is regarded in England, where the achievements accomplished by its aid

are second only to those in France. What these achievements are, I propose in a final article to set forth.

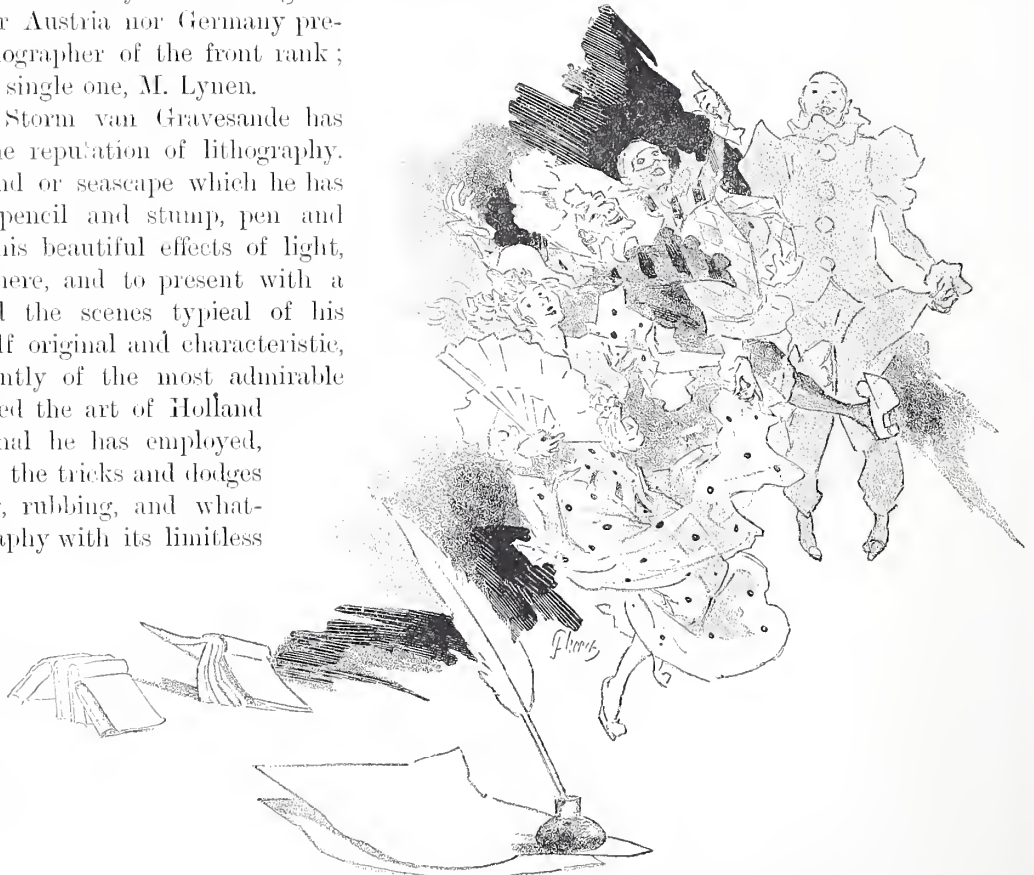
a poet, and a satirist, whose talent wavers between that of Chéret, Forain, and Willette, with an added touch of dreamy, pastoral beauty that belongs to none of these. Neither Austria nor Germany presents to us a single lithographer of the front rank; and Belgium now but a single one, M. Lynen.

In Holland, Heer Storm van Gravesande has maintained worthily the reputation of lithography. There is no form of land or seascape which he has not attempted, using pencil and stump, pen and litho-tint, to produce his beautiful effects of light, and mist, and atmosphere, and to present with a bold and certain hand the scenes typical of his country; always himself original and characteristic, he reminds one constantly of the most admirable artists who have restored the art of Holland to its place; and withal he has employed, simply and directly, all the tricks and dodges of scratching, scraping, rubbing, and what-not that endow lithography with its limitless resource and charm.

The American interest is mainly sustained by Mr. R. J. Wickenden, for Mr. Whistler, in his lithographic work, has so completely identified himself with the English share in the renaissance that he is not to be considered



WOMAN RECUMBENT.
(By Luce.)



LA PLUME
(A Magazine Cover by Chéret.)

FRANZ STUCK.

BY PAUL SCHULTZE-NAUMBURG.

OF all the artists of the younger generation in Germany, Franz Stuck is one of the greatest. We have within the last ten years seen the rise of and unheard-of, and thus become a leading spirit in art and in art-manufacture. And this has not taken long to do; Stuck is but



PROFESSOR FRANZ STUCK.

(By Leo Samberger. By Permission of the Photographic Union, Munich.)

many highly original and individual talents, but their tendency, for the most part, is to an ingenious elaboration of their ideas; and there is scarcely another who can compare with Stuck in power and monumental greatness.

German art, as it now is, would be inconceivable without Franz Stuck; it was he who succeeded in taking the painting of a whole country out of a groove, and starting it in a new path; his influence is to be seen in each single effort of German art. Such a man needs no subtlety of gift, but, on the contrary, the strength of a giant who will unflinchingly oppose all that is familiar with something new

three-and-thirty, and already he is recognised as a leader in Germany. It is, in fact, impossible to resist the fascinating influence of this self-made man, who so early in life has won the nimbus of fame.

Stuck is the son of peasant parents, and was born in 1863 at Tettenweis, in Lower Bavaria. His schooling over, he went to Munich, where he studied first at the School for Industrial Art, and then at the Academy. He was not, however, one of the regular students there; and it is not the Academy that has made him what he is. Being obliged at an early age to work for his living, he first earned it by illustrations by which he laid the foundations of his fame. His

first works appeared in two books on industrial art—"Allegories and Emblems," to which he contributed largely; and "Prints and Vignettes," entirely by his hand (Gerlach and Schenk, publishers, Vienna). He at once showed that he was a draughtsman of genius; and, young though he was, such a peculiar individuality and so strongly marked a character were conspicuously evident that the success of these volumes was quite extraordinary. In a very short time his name was known throughout Germany; every decorative draughtsman began to look on Stuck as more or less his ideal, and to express himself in imitation of him. Before long every diploma-card or title-page betrayed Stuck's direct influence, and he was universally regarded as the coming man.

And no wonder. Real talent had hitherto meddled but little in Germany with decorative design; and what had been done in that branch of art or taught in the schools consisted, for the most part, in clever or stupid imitation of old styles. And here, suddenly, a man of brilliant ability appeared in the field, who with unwonted daring displayed a new type of forms adapted to decorative purposes from an original

study of nature, and who gave expression to his whimsicalities with such masterly draughtsmanship, that he conquered the world with one blow. These inventions were, indeed, novel and naïf rather than elegant, rugged rather than refined; but the great end was attained: they were new, original, and full of modern vitality, and already marked by so much sense of style that there was nothing at all like them to compare them with. The old time-worn patterns of the Renaissance, and the Boucher type of Cupids which had long been a by-word, were gladly set aside in their favour. There is not space enough on these pages to reproduce any of these works. They were in style a good deal like the later work, "In Vino Veritas," though for the most part they were characterised by even greater boldness of treatment. In many, and more particularly in the purely ornamental designs, Stuck betrays a certain leaning towards the baroque style of Munich; but he has by degrees emancipated himself effectually from its trammels, and formed a style of his own. And now, in every corner, on every wall, in every catalogue and advertisement-sheet, we meet with saucy Cupids and

vivacious female figures, such as Stuck was the first to draw, and their bold wit and type of beauty at once took the world by storm. In *Fliegende Blätter* (the well-known illustrated comic paper) and many other publications he has brought out a series of drawings and caricatures among which gems of beauty may be found. Still, he did not come forward as a painter till he could give conclusive proof that he could paint.

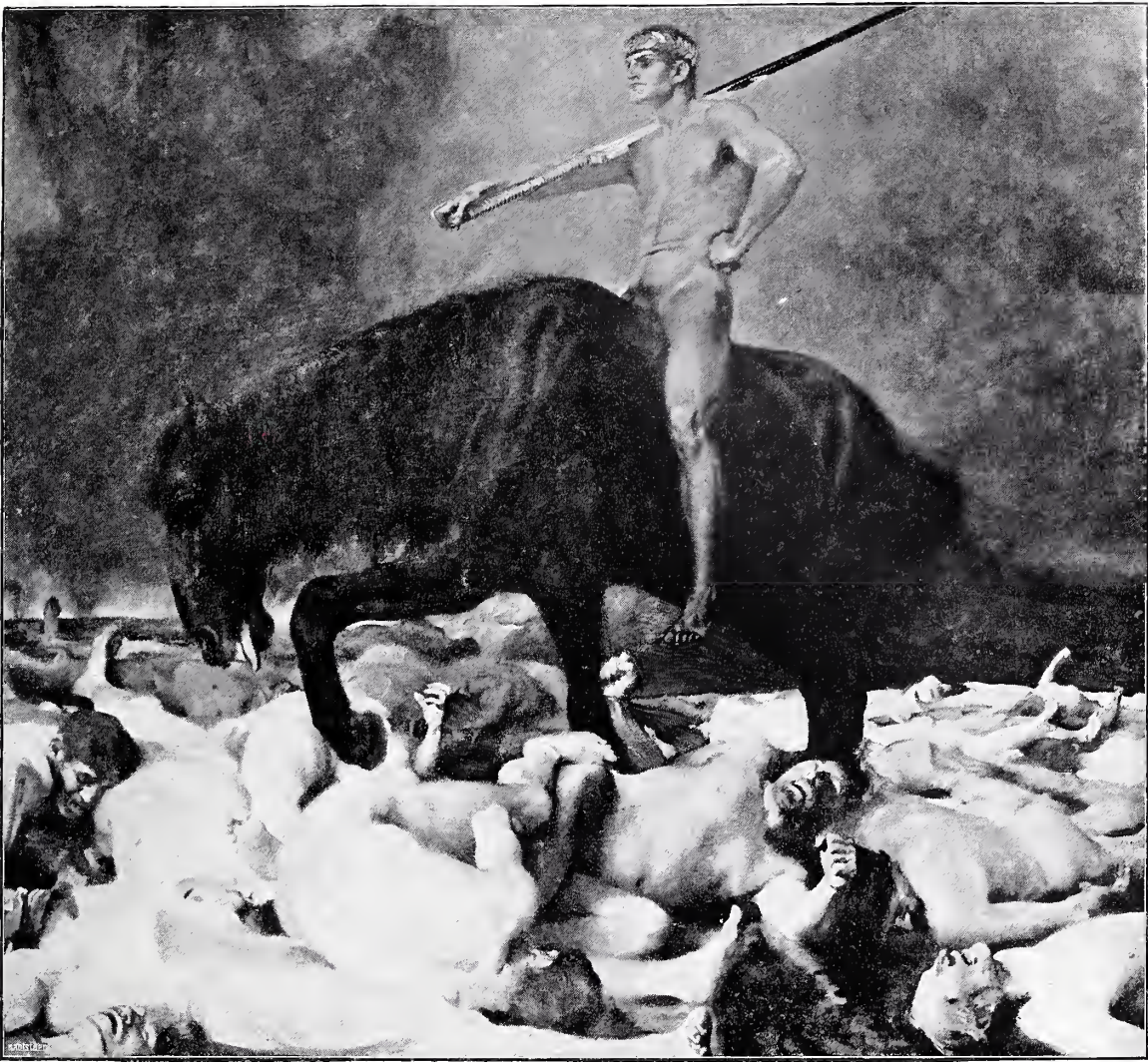
It was in 1889, at the first exhibition in the Crystal Palace at Munich, that the name of Stuck, no longer unknown, was appended to three pictures. This was his *début* as a painter, and decisively stamped his transition from a designer to a painter.

The reader must try to imagine what a picture-show looked like at that time in Germany. It was a period when unqualified naturalism had just claimed strict obedience to its edicts, when fancy and the representations of all that is fair in life was banned,



THE SPHINX.

(By Franz Stuck. By Permission of F. Hanfstaenal, Munich, the Owner of the Copyright.)



WAR

(By Franz Stuck. By Permission of F. Hanfstaengl, Munich, the Owner of the Copyright.)

in favour of a renewed devotion to nature and an avoidance of all affectation. Beauty was no longer to be looked for in the treasury of classical art, but in life itself, even in its simplest expression; and thus, from the very beginning, artists gave themselves up to intense and exclusive study in the open air, determined to form for themselves a store of pictorial power which they could feel was their own and prove to be original. But in these strenuous efforts they overstepped their aim. A reaction was inevitable, and Stuck was one of those who contributed to it, who was and remains wholly modern, and yet succeeded in uniting the new modes of expression and feeling with a sense of beauty, proving in his work that modern art can be applied to deeply conceived symbolism. Side by side with numberless pictures of Dutch washerwomen, of humble rooms full of daylight, with paved floors and straw chairs, hung the child of Stuck's imagination,

"The Guard of Paradise," the angel of the flaming sword driving the sinful pair from the gate of Eden. In it he had applied all that work in the open air had taught him, but it was subordinate to higher aims. The second, "Imoentia," was a symphony in white, an exquisite poem of pure girlhood; the third was a baroque invention of "Fighting Fauns." Their success was immediate. The young painter's works won the gold medal, and were the talk of the day. From this time his triumphant career knew no check. Each year he surprised the public with works that gave fresh hopes for the future. The counterpart of the Angel of Paradise was the "Lucifer," whose fiery gaze comes from green depths pierced by a ray from heaven above. It was not an ordinary personification of the fallen angel, recognisable by commonplace attributes; it was the incorporate idea of Evil such as only a powerful imagination could conceive of. In these years, too, he produced a vast number of smaller works,

of which the subjects are for the most part inspired by the fables of antiquity—fauns, centaurs, nymphs, and nude figures of the Golden Age—in which he

domain. He, like many others, felt that a man by persistently working only in the open-air might assume a sort of straight waistcoat; that these high



LOVE.

(By Franz Stuck.)

embodied, in a wild and often coarsely striking way, a poem of over-exuberant joy in life. The wonderful effects of light he contrived under a green roof of trees afforded him the scene in which he made his idyllic figures lead their Arcadian life; still, he never made a servile copy of nature, nor painted beings elaborated in the brain: he created a new world in which mythical creatures looked possible and actual. Or he would take for his subjects the first personages of the Bible-narrative—Adam and Eve—and how through the woman sin first came into the world, or how the man and woman wandered on the earth when driven from Paradise. Several variations occur: we may mention the figure of "Sin" which has become famous—Eve, with her white body clasped in the folds of an enormous serpent; and others. They all showed a great advance from the mere transcript of nature based on photography, to the free interpretation which simplifies nature, and is the *artist's manuscript*.

This was more manifest in every work he produced till he had achieved his present fine style based on the very essence of things. Whereas he had hitherto relied on unfamiliar aspects of open daylight, he now strove more and more to extend his

notes formed but a small part of the scale of tone which an artist has at his command as a mode of expression; he perceived that the final aim of a painting must depend rather on the harmonious use of colour than on an illusory plastic solidity; and he began, accordingly, to revel in deep heavy tones, but without falling into the murky, brown keys of colour affected by Old Masters.

The Exhibition of 1892 brought to the front one of the most impressive works that the younger German school has produced—the "Crucifixion," by Stuck. Though the careful avoidance of all resemblance to the traditional Church-treatment of the subject makes his picture very startling, or even repellent, it must nevertheless be conceded that its stupendous power and passion at once call up the sense of an event of supreme and universal interest. In this picture was revealed for the first time all the gigantic power peculiar to Stuck's work, which makes him the most famous of our historical painters. The imperfections and ruggedness that mar the work cannot blind us to that. Few men could have sketched these figures in such a powerful mould, or have given them such wonderful symbolic colouring.

Still, I could not at the time wholly enjoy the work. It had a magical attraction, and yet a vein of coarseness repelled me. But it remained so indelibly stamped on my memory that it followed me everywhere, and I was only conscious of the deep impression it had made when I found that I could not forget it.

Since that time Stuck has produced the various works on a large scale, which have made his name famous. The great picture called "War" won him at last the encouragement of the State. It is here reproduced. This was purchased in 1894 for the Pinacothek at Munich, and Stuck was appointed Professor there. We should seek in vain through the whole range of modern German art for an example of pictorial means carried to such absolute mastery as in this picture. The livid bodies on the earth are drawn with a simplicity and breadth worthy of an Old Master, the awful Horseman rides across the night-sky in symbolic hues, and a lurid glow flames on the horizon.

In the following year Stuck did not, as might have been expected, pause for rest; but he exhibited a somewhat smaller work, which, however, again showed marked progress—"The Sphinx." Though compressed on to a small canvas, it has a stamp of force that seems as if it might burst the frame! Stuck's power of expression is greater than ever; and this is no less true of his last picture, the "Evil Conscience," which was exhibited in 1896 in the Salon of the Secession at Munich.

The works here enumerated are, of course, far from being all that Stuck has done; he is enormously industrious, never dull, never meretricious. Deep artistic purpose is the essence of his being; he never trifles with a task, but always tries

to produce a real work of art. And it is this high artistic earnestness which lifts him so far above many others. He does not wastefully consume the store of imagination bestowed on him at birth; but nature is to him always the purest source of revelation, though he never gives a direct transcript from nature in any portion of his work. His studies, particularly his drawing of figures and his charming chalk heads, are greatly esteemed in Germany for their masterly draughtsmanship, firmness, and elegance; he is rapidly advancing to true greatness.

Stuck is a quiet, reserved man, who knows exactly what he aims at, and goes straight to that aim with iron determination and incredible powers of work. We have only to look at his drawings, of which the chalk head here reproduced may be taken as a typical example. There is not a line too many and not a stroke too little; every touch is in its right place, and yet looks as if it had been put in with such playful ease that the unpleasant after-taste left by laboured accuracy in a work of art is entirely absent.

His feeling for colour is not less developed than his sense of form; what he can draw and model, he can also paint. There is hardly any branch of technique that he has not mastered; and whether he wields the pen, the pencil, or the etching-needle, he is not less expert than with the brush in tempera, water-colour, or oils, or with chalks; he knows enough of them all to occupy an artist's whole life. All this talent is enhanced by highly cultivated taste. Though he is modern through thick and thin, he industriously studies the antique, and has learnt of

the Old Masters, training his taste, which in Munich has become paramount in every department.

All this is known and acknowledged throughout



SIN.

(By Franz Stuck. By Permission of F. Hanfstaengl, Munich, the Owner of the Copyright.)

Germany: the only blame attaching to Stuck is, still, that in all his work there is a taint of harshness, a revelling in coarseness. I do not deny the impeachment: still, I may say that in such an individuality as we see in Stuck this is not such a very great defect. His is a powerful nature, so strong that many men cannot bear with him: but it was this very exuberance, this healthy *fleshliness* which appeared like a remedy to the over-refined, nervous, sentimental art of our day. It may be that we can imagine this strength as even more spiritualised; still

we may be glad that art was bestowed on such a man as Stuck, who must always be placed in the front rank of born artists, and of whom it is hard indeed to say what development he yet may reach. For he does not seem to be one of those who begin with great promise and do fine work till, in later life, they are exhausted; on the contrary, if we are not greatly deceived, we may look to see him long maintain the leadership which he has achieved so early, and to write his name with those that are greatest in the history of German art.



SAMSON

(From the Drawing by Franz Stuck)

ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES

FEW artists of the present century have better deserved a tribute such as that which Mr. Hueffer has paid in his well-informed and brightly-written biography of his grandfather.* In spite of faults, patent to all and undoubtedly great, Ford Madox Brown remains one of the geniuses of his day, great in achievement as in mind and soul; yet to many his work was utterly unknown—chiefly, no doubt, through his feud with the Royal Academy, to whose exhibitions he never contributed, nor sought to contribute, since his youth. Moreover, in consequence of his very obvious defects, he was unappreciated at

* "Ford Madox Brown: a Record of his Life and Work." By Ford M. Hueffer. With numerous Reproductions. (Longmans, Green and Co. 1896.)

his just worth by most of those to whom his work was accessible; and it is said that many citizens of Manchester speak apologetically of his mural paintings in their Town Hall, in ignorance of the fact that these constitute one of the city's principal claims to honour by all lovers of art.

The career of Ford Madox Brown has already been set fully and clearly before the readers of this Magazine by his daughter, the late Mrs. Lucy Madox Rossetti, so that little need be said of the story of his life. But witness must be borne to the excellent critical judgment and pleasant humour of the artist's authorised biographer. In this admirable volume the literary and artistic sections are well balanced; and each in its own way could hardly be bettered. The picture

drawn of Madox Brown himself, whether as a man or as an artist, is all but complete, and it is difficult to choose which portrait is the more delightful. Mr. Hueffer tells all that need be known either about his grandsire's life, his character, and his art—the last named section being, as it should be, the fullest and most detailed. The public will at last be able to judge how noble and versatile a designer was Madox Brown, how original—whether in respect to artistic view, method of treatment, or ingenuity and dignity of design; how his poetic sense, invention, and passionate love of colour influenced Dante Rossetti, and constituted himself in some respects the step-father, at least, of the movement that became the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The claim of Madox Brown to exalted rank among the artists of the nineteenth century is established with commendable moderation in Mr. Hueffer's book, which becomes as much a treasure to the art-student as it is a pleasure to the ordinary reader and a commendable memorial to a distinguished man.

THE new edition of Thackeray's "Ballads and Poems," issued by Messrs. Cassell and Co.,



Dear Jack

(By H. M. Brock. From "Thackeray's Ballads.")

daintily and sometimes even exquisitely illustrated by Mr. H. M. Brock, is one of that series of beautiful little books which have worthily followed in the wake of Caldecott's and Mr. Hugh Thomson's graceful appreciation of our English classics. The merit of this delightful little book lies not only in the keen intelligence with which Mr. Brock has illuminated Thackeray's delightful humour and pathos, it lies also in his sense of decoration and in the charming fancy which he has lavished on his head- and tail-pieces. The further credit too belongs to him of being original where so many have worked before.

HAMPTON COURT has so recently been made the subject of exhaustive treatment by Mr. Ernest Law that we were hardly prepared for another work on the same subject—certainly not one on which care and loving pains hardly less earnest have been lavished. The new volume which, under the simple title of "Hampton Court," has been issued by Mr. John Nimmo, is from the pen of the Rev. William Hutton, who writes with all the sympathy though with less historic aim and far less fulness than that

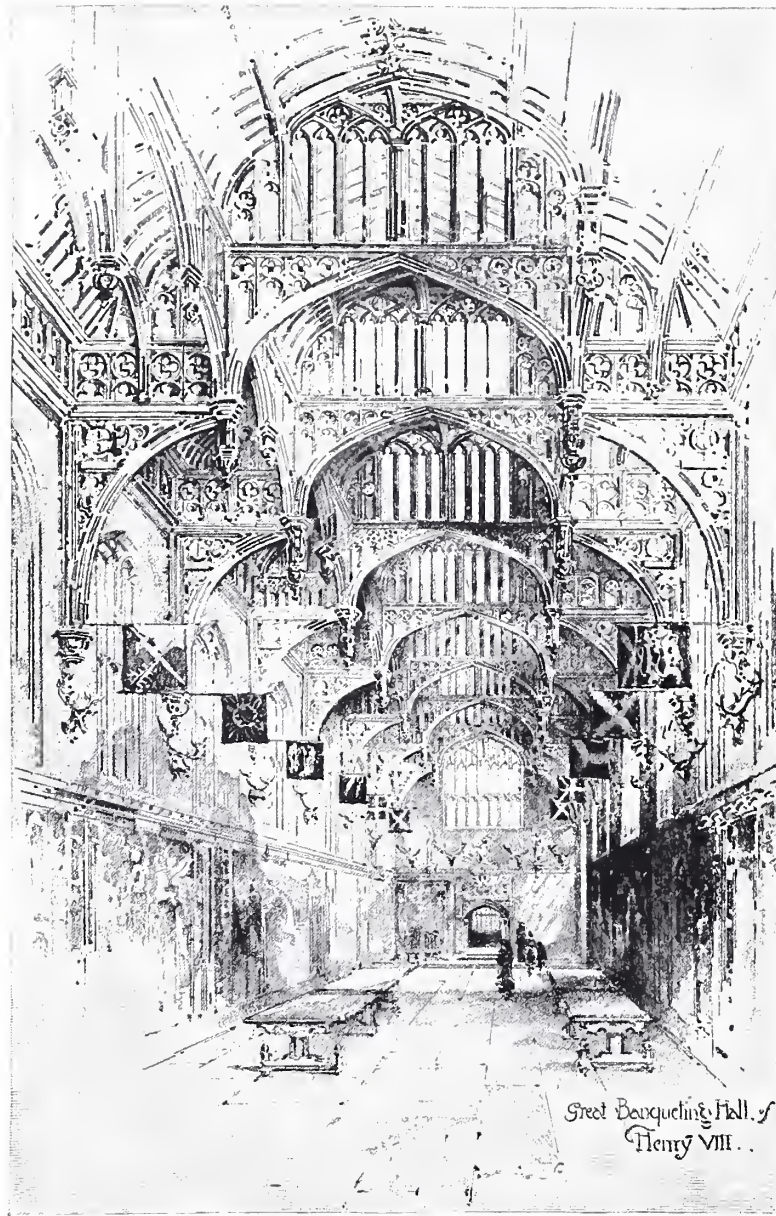


MRS. W. M. ROSSETTI AND DAUGHTER (1876)

(From the Pastel by Ford Madox Brown. From "Ford Madox Brown: a Record of his Life and Works.")

which characterised Mr. Law's admirable work. He saunters through the Palace with less serious purpose, missing, however, little of historical interest, and nothing of the picturesque side, and with Mr. Herbert Railton at his elbow notes down all that he finds most

THE title of this work* might have been "The Influence of Byzantine Art in North Italy and Rome," for that is really the main burden of the profound and erudite researches of the late Professor Cattaneo. Two-thirds of the book are devoted to a



Great Banqueting Hall of
Henry VIII.

(By Herbert Railton. From "Hampton Court.")

charming and most quaint. The chapter on the art collections is carefully done, for the author has had the courage of the convictions of Mr. Claude Phillips—who bids fair to become our English Morrelli—and of "Mary Logan." Mr. Railton's drawings, we need not say, are picturesque and intensely appreciative, but their pleasant mannerism sometimes detracts from the truth of the scene and from the relative importance of the architectural "bits" he has delineated with so much skill and such obvious pleasure.

catalogue raisonné of the artistic treasures of the dark ages as found in out-of-the-way churches and in the lapidary museum. It is followed by a long dissertation on St. Ambrogio at Milan, which Professor Cattaneo proves conclusively to be a work of the eleventh and twelfth centuries instead of the ninth century as contended by de Dartem; and

* "Architecture in Italy from the Sixth to the Eleventh Century." By Raffaello Cattaneo, translated by the Contessa Curtis-Chomeley in Bernano. (Fisher Unwin. 1896.)

concludes with an elaborate description, well illustrated, of the Italo-Byzantine treasures of Venice and Torcello. The translation is put forth in a sumptuous volume, with clear type and illustrations from the



CAPITAL OF THE ANCIENT CIBORIUM.

(From "Architecture in Italy.")

original blocks. Unfortunately the translator has not taken the precaution of submitting the proofs to an expert in English architectural terms. The result is that without the Italian text to refer to the translation is here and there quite unintelligible.

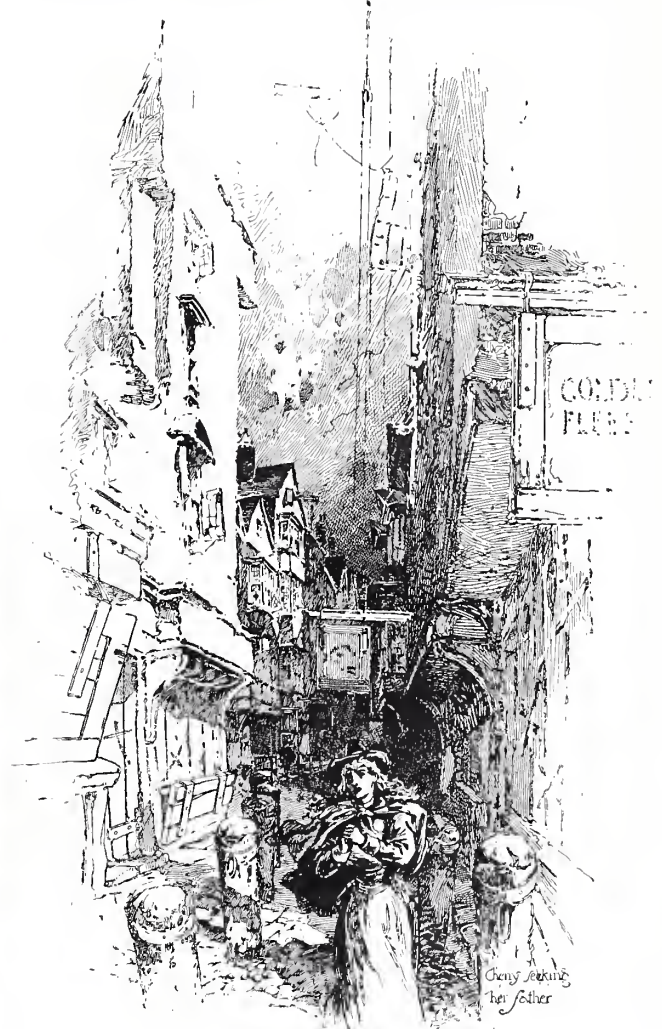


FRAGMENT OF THE ST. AMBO.

(From "Architecture in Italy.")

THE natural beauties of the late Miss Manning's work are receiving full justice from the manner in which they are being republished by Mr. John Nimmo. The delightful "Household of Sir Tho. More," of last year, is followed by "Cherry and Violet: A Tale of the Great Plague," with an

appreciative introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, the writer of "Hampton Court." With such a work of fiction before her as Defoe's "Journal of the Plague," Miss Manning showed not only extraordinary courage, but even a touch of genius, in approaching a similar theme and dealing with it charmingly and successfully. No doubt she has helped herself from Pepys for the background of her picture; but it is her own grace and charm



CHERRY SEEKING HER FATHER.

(By Herbert Railton and J. Jellicoe. From "Cherry and Violet.")

which have rendered this book worth preserving, fit to place with others of our foremost women writers. The dramatic power and the deep sense of religion expressed in its pages have been left by the illustrators, Mr. Herbert Railton and Mr. John Jellicoe, to make their own impression. It is rather the picturesque views of London and its suburbs which have been dealt with by the former, and the less ambitious scenes which have been selected by the latter.



SCENE FROM "MONTE CRISTO."

(By J. Harker.)

THE ART MOVEMENT.

COSTUME DESIGNING FOR THE BALLET.

ILLUSTRATED FROM THE ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY C. WILHELM.



A GRISETTE (Sc. 1).

THE new ballet *Monte Cristo* fully maintains the high level of accomplishment that distinguished its noteworthy predecessor, *Faust*, by the same artists—whether as regards felicitous design, grace, and originality. Mr. Wilhelm has bestowed extraordinary care on the illustration of the romance, and has contrived sundry effects of *misc-en-scène* as well

as of costume that should add substantially to his reputation as a colourist. Loyal assistance has been rendered by Mr. Harker, whose versatile and skilful brush has been happily employed in giving full value to Mr. Wilhelm's schemes of stage decoration. The opening picture of Marseilles is delightful from any point of view, and the panoramic tableaux of the Château d'If are admirably devised and contrasted. A well-observed effect of moonlight breaking through storm-clouds over the sea is followed by a scene on the coast of the Isle of Monte Cristo, a tangled growth of aloes and oleanders obscuring the sun-scorched cliffs that guard the secret of the cave. The "show-scene" of the Vision of Treasure is remarkable for the resource displayed in exploiting a hackneyed theme. Masses of rock-quartz with veins of ruddy gold meandering through its whiteness to develop into fantastic trophies of wealth, crowned by guardian sylphs, melt imperceptibly into a vista

of sapphire that accentuates the gleam of jewelled lamps hanging from the vaulted

Telbin's final "set" of the grounds of Monte Cristo's mansion, near Paris, is a



A GUEST (LAST SCENE).



FERNAND (SC. 1).



MERCÈDÈS (LAST SCENE)

mate and effective use of the electric light, flash into answering fire as the successive groups of gems crowd the stage. The cluster of living pearls deserves all the applause it receives, and amethysts and turquoises prove delightful associates in colour. Quaint conceits abound in the dresses of this

roof. These lamps, which serve for a thoroughly legitimate and effective use of the electric light, flash into answering fire as the successive groups of gems crowd the stage. The cluster of living pearls deserves all the applause it receives, and amethysts and turquoises prove delightful associates in colour. Quaint conceits abound in the dresses of this scene, and they are so Oriental in spirit as to cause regret that

stately composition, marred by a certain timidity and dustiness of colour, which is in turn enhanced by the lavish addition of artificial flowering shrubs. The material in the scene might certainly be more effectively lighted and displayed. Dainty beyond description are the costumes in this picture, obviously suggestive of early summer and the time of rhododendrons and chestnut bloom. Mr. Wilhelm is always



MERCÈDÈS (SC. 1).



AUGUSTE (LAST SCENE).



A GUEST (LAST SCENE).

the actual dances and musical measures fail to rise to the ideal they might well have inspired. Mr.

happy in dealing with subtle harmonies of colour, and here the peach and pansy-purples,

cinnamon and heliotrope, lilac and lavender and cyclamen tones combine to produce an *ensemble* of singular

Dantès deserve more than a passing glance at their pretty nautilus-shell lace caps, and costumes of



HAIDÉE.



MADAME DANGLARS (LAST SCENE).



INCROYABLE (LAST SCENE)

mere mention of other features for special commendation, but we may cite the dresses of Haidée: one in biscuit colour, steel-grey, and nut-brown with lily embroideries; and another symbolising the myrtle blossom, in which she is surrounded by a bevy of rose maidens who supply a charming colour-chord of white flushed with faint pink, deepening into apricot and emerging through Gloire de Dijon tones into delicate primrose and ivory. In the *grisettes* and *poissardes* of old Marseilles periwinkle-blue predominates with black and white, relieved against cigar brown, maize colour, and pale sea green. The bridesmaids, too, in the wedding cortège of

charm and refinement. Space does not permit more than a

muted tricolour, emphasised again in their bouquets of corn-flowers, daisies, and poppies, florally



PEARL (Sc. 1)

reproducing the national cockade. Picturesque to a degree are the Catalan fisher folk, and the ingenious transposition of the colours—black and orange, vivid green and pale straw—appearing in all their dresses, but variously contrasted and arranged, has a capital effect. The *piquante* personality of the Mercédès, the jealous gloom of Fernand, the buoyancy and despair of Dantès are with equal ingenuity suggested in the characteristic sketches for their apparel—as may be judged from the accompanying reproductions of a few of the originals. These, it will be seen, rise considerably above the level of mere dress-diagrams.

A CUP BY M. LUCIEN FALIZE AND COLLEAGUES.

LIKE the greatest artists of the Italian Renaissance—Benvenuto Cellini, Francia of Bologna, Ghirlandajo, Verrocchio, and Ghiberti—M. Lucien Falize seems long since to have understood not merely how important a place goldsmith's work holds among the decorative arts, but what oppor-

tunities it can offer to a sculptor of his scope and talent. M.

of the highest—and it may be added the most successful—efforts, is the Gold Cup acquired from the recent Salon by the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, in Paris, and here represented.

To begin with, in order to appreciate more fully the craftsman's idea, we must say a few words as to the origin and history of this fine piece of work. In 1889 M. Falize



GOLD CUP.

(Designed by Lucien Falize for the Union Central pour l'Encouragement des Arts Décoratifs.)

Falize has from this point of view achieved some work of exceptional interest, both as to purpose and form. Not content with displaying remarkable technical skill with the tool, he has in his jewellery, his vases, enps, and crystals, designed forms of faultless purity, lightness, and grace; nay, he has done more; he has apprehended with intelligent subtlety the symbolical side of his art. In him the artist is seconded by a deeply thoughtful mind, conscientiously learned in the works of his fore-runners, and imbued with all their traditions and ideas. It is this element of deep erudition which gives his work that solidity of purpose which we cannot but admire.

Of all M. Falize's achievements up to the present date, that in which these qualities are most clearly manifested, and which has been to him the outcome

was commissioned by the Central Union for the Encouragement of the Decorative Arts of Paris to produce a piece of goldsmith's work ornamented with enamels on intaglio. He proposed to make a gold cup, out of which the President of the Society should drink on great occasions, thus reviving an old custom of the Middle Ages. It is curious to read the ideas on this subject expressed by M. Falize in a report presented to the Union.

"A cup," says he, "is not a commonplace object of uniform type; it is susceptible of infinite variety.

. . . It has its place in every circumstance and at every age of life, from the cradle-cup of infancy and the baptismal cup on which the child's name is engraved, from the school-boy's silver mug, to the magnificent cup to be presented on a silver wedding-day or that made of gold for the fiftieth anniversary.

There is the cup sacred to the master of the family—a custom surviving in some provinces; he alone drinks from it; and there is the priest's chalice, the prince's gold tankard, the covered cup presented to a conqueror; there are crystal goblets engraved, mounted in gold and enamel, and studded with gems, of which examples are to be seen in the Louvre, each and all an excuse for fine chasing, proud devices, and ingenious ornamentation."

Having decided on the shape of his cup—and

period in which so many and various elements were combined. Thence we pass to the Mediæval vine, with the sincere study and conscientious imitation of nature that we see in our Gothic monuments; followed by the vine of the Renaissance, full of the spirit of the great Italians with their passionate worship of truth and beauty. The vine of the Louis XIV. period is the last of the series; it brings us back to the natural form. All this golden vegetation grows over a dark red enamel background, which



DETAIL OF ENAMEL.

(Drawn by Luc Olivier Merson for the Cup by Lucien Falize.)

observe that the form is at once simple and elegant—he took two leading motives for its decoration: the history of the vine, and the occupations of the several trades which are represented on the surrounding fillet. The vine, represented under various aspects, grows from the bottom upwards. First we have the natural vine, its rather heavy roots and gnarled branches forming the starting point of the scheme of decoration. Then the cycle begins with the Assyrian vine, its thick leaves and graceless form betraying its archaic origin; next we see the Greek vine in its purity of line and pliant grace, a freer growth of leaf and stem. The third in the series is the Roman vine—less graceful than the last, but firm and simple. In the Byzantine vine we come to a more complex treatment and all the eccentricity of a

contributes greatly to throw up the elegant forms of the plant.

The groups representing the trade corporations that have worked on matter are figured on a circular band of gold fifty-five millimetres ($2\frac{5}{8}$ inches) wide, and are eight in number: workers in stone, earth, glass, metal, wood, textiles, paper, and leather; all drawn by M. Luc Olivier Merson. Two masons are carving the stone for a cathedral, while behind them stands the mediæval architect in a gown of moreen, holding a mass of rolls and the plan of the edifice. Next come potters, one "throwing" a clay vase; behind him, another holds up a finished piece to examine. Then we see the workshop of a stained-glass maker with his glowing forge; on an easel is a window begun, representing an artist dressed—as all these figures

are—in the handsome and graceful style of the Renaissance. Next to these comes the smith, bent over the anvil and wearing a thick leathern apron; by his side is a man-at-arms, leaning on his stout long-sword. Working in wood is represented by the carpenter and cabinet maker; and next comes a group of women spinning and working, into which the artist has infused a pleasing domestic feeling. The border ends with a printer, a compositor, and a binder pressing his tool on the side of a book. On the bottom of the cup is another incised border with translucent enamelling. This, also designed by M. Olivier Merson, represents M. Falize himself dressed in a full robe of green, wearing a cap, and by his side Pye, the engraver, to whom he is giving instructions. On his knees lies an open book, and the assistant, in working dress, leans over him to listen. On the gold background we read these words:—

L'AN M.DCCC.XCV. LUC. FALIZE ORF. ET.
EM. PYE GRAV. ONT FAIT CE VASE D'OR À L'EXEMPLE
DES VIEUX MAÎTRES.

The knob of the cover is formed of a sprig of oak,

the badge of the Society, and inside there is a medal with the effigy of M. George Berger, the President, and the names of his predecessors in office, MM. Guichard and Antonin Proust. Though here again the goldsmith's work is admirable, it seems a pity that names so little famous should be perpetuated in such a permanent work; but this was a necessity, since otherwise M. Falize would have missed the definite and express intention of the design.

Inside the bowl M. Falize has engraved with great delicacy and lightness some plants rising from the centre; a lotus, a palm, and a lily symbolise the Art of Egypt, of Greece, and of France, while three Alphas at the bottom, enclosed in triangles, stand as emblematic of all beginnings.

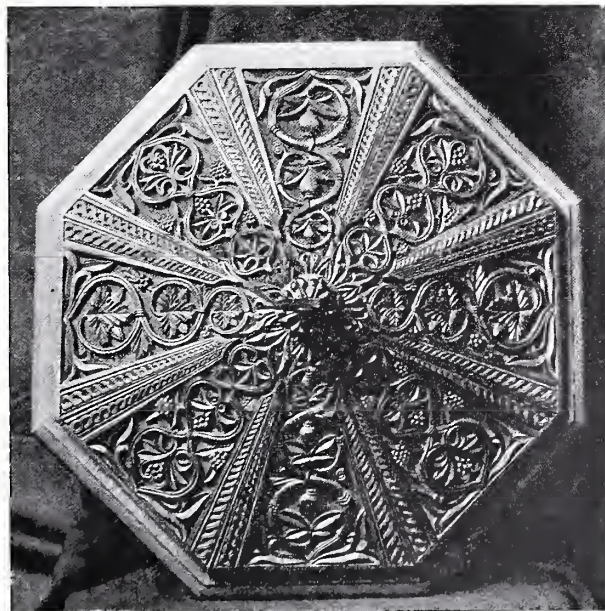
We may note the close affinity of this gold tankard with the cup of Saint Agnes, that marvellous relic of the fourteenth century, purchased of a Spanish priest by Baron Pichon, and now to be seen in the British Museum; at the same time the comparison casts no reflection on the originality of this work, which displays in all the vigour of energy and art the noble gifts of Lucien Falize. H. FRANTZ.



DETAIL OF THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP.

WOOD-CARVINGS AT THE CARPENTERS' HALL.

IT has been remarked by competent judges that the art of wood-carving at the present day is below the standard of many other arts amongst us. With a view of remedying this deficiency the Worshipful Companies of Carpenters and of Joiners have organised periodical exhibitions of wood-carving as well as of wood-construction. At the exhibition which opened at the Carpenters' Hall in the last week of October, to continue until the middle of November, it was intended to make a



FONT COVER.

(By James Angus.)

prominent feature of the competition for a font-cover. Considering that the subject was set and a special prize of £20 offered four years ago, it must be owned that the result is disappointing. Only five exhibitors competed. Workman-like, though not that which won the highest place, was the solid cupola-shaped and carved font-cover by Miss M. Cummings. The work of Mr. James Smith was far more ambitious, containing, in fact, little short of 12,000 pieces. The



CARVED AND INLAIN FONT COVER.

(By James Smith.)

serious point of view a melancholy exhibition of wasted energy and misapplied ingenuity—than which, after all, can anything be more pathetic? An unanswerable testimony—which infallibly rules out of court all compositions of the sort—is their entire want of conformity with architectural surroundings. But apart from the question whether or not productions of this class are legitimate if judged by the canons of art, they are open to the practical objection of being both fragile and perishable; their untidy appearance, once they be broken or clipped, causing them to become nothing less than an eyesore. Neither, again, could anything more satisfactory be expected where one of the subjects for competition was “a panel carved with a trophy symbolical of sculpture.” Such a theme inevitably

minute inlay work of this example unquestionably showed great technical skill in execution, which, had it only been joined to an equal capacity of design, might have secured the palm among hundreds. The central statuette, with all its faults, had a quaint and archaic character well worthy of notice. Beyond the figures by Mr. J. Smith, there were few serious attempts at introducing the human figure in composition, and such as there were lacked the vigour and crispness of old work; as anyone who cared to examine the two or three examples of mediæval figures among the loan collection on view in the same room could not fail to perceive. By comparison, even Mr. Osmund's seated statues were merely neat, spiritless objects; while Mr. Williamson's figures were faulty in drawing. The best were those by Mr. Mark Rogers, whose large carved clock-case won a gold medal—the highest award attainable. In this case, however, a surrounding inscription in Lombardic characters was out of keeping with the late Renaissance details of the rest, while some draperies, hanging below the dial in a sort of bag containing what looked like a half-concealed skull, could not be said to have a pleasing effect. For severity and restraint in design we preferred a humbler work—viz. a carved oak mirror-frame of early Renaissance character, which gained the second prize. It is impossible to commend certain strained attempts to represent, Swiss-like, realistic groups of dead birds or bunches of flowers in a manner to counterfeit nature. That which viewed from one aspect may seem an astounding *tour de force*, is from another and the more



CARVED CLOCK CASE.

(By Mark Rogers, junior.)

results in the display, more or less complete, of the contents of a carver's workshop. But this kind of thing emphatically neither does nor can constitute ornament. Among the loan objects, besides an admirable collection of examples of wood-carving of the fifteenth century and succeeding periods, were to be noted a carved frame of Chinese workmanship, characteristic boxes from New Zealand and Iceland, and a fragment of Persian wall paneling. Mr. Harry Hems, the well-known sculptor of Exeter, lent a large frame filled with a



CARVED OAK MIRROR FRAME.

(By Charles Stephens.)

choice selection of fragments of fifteenth century wood-carvings, gathered mainly from churches in the county of Devon. Valuable as such a collection undoubtedly is, one cannot avoid being filled with regret that gems so precious should have been torn from their original settings, from the places they were fashioned and always meant to adorn, only to

become, as it were, the labelled exhibits in a museum. There was also a pair of bellows (said to have been executed for Marie Antoinette) carved to imitate a lyre! and a Louis XVI jewel casket of elaborate design, with panels of carved pearwood, worked up to such a pitch of over-refinement that they had lost all the character of wood, and might have been mistaken for embossed leather. But surely it is of paramount importance that all work of this craft should bear unequivocal evidence both of its material and of its process. In a word,

it ought to seem to be just what it is—neither more nor less than carved wood. This sounds, perhaps, like a truism, but it is one, nevertheless, on which, judging from the quality of the greater part of the work shown—and that, too, in spite of the valuable object-lesson of many excellent specimens of old work—we esteem it far from superfluous to insist.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[For "Regulations," see THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November.]

[11] **THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD AND THE "MARQUIS OF STEYNE."**—In reply to "Pendennis's" question, it was the fourth, not the third, Marquis of Hertford who was supposed to be the prototype of Thackeray's "Marquis of Steyne"—and of Disraeli's "Marquis of Monmouth" too. He was the Most Noble Richard Seymour Conway who was born 1800 and died 1870. I may add, speaking with knowledge, that no portraits—pictures or prints—of him exist: at least within the ken of his descendants.—NAMPORT KEY.

[12] **WEST AND HAYDON, AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.**—Some years ago I visited the National Gallery expressly to see Haydon's "Raising of Lazarus" (as I was then reading the life of the painter), but was informed by the attendant that the picture had been "lent into the provinces." On my last visit to the Gallery, two or three months back, the picture had not been returned. This was surely not intended by the National Gallery Loan

Act of 1883? I believe that the above is the only picture by Haydon in the Gallery, and whatever may be his defects as a painter, no man had a greater enthusiasm for Art, or endeavoured to do more for its advancement than Haydon, and he is surely entitled to have one at least of his works in the National Gallery. Again, Benjamin West's picture of "Christ Healing the Sick" has been absent from the Gallery for more than ten years, and I cannot find in the catalogue (1886) that there is any picture of this painter's on the walls. In the South Kensington collection there is a small study in oil for the centre group in the above picture, labelled "Raising of Lazarus." It is the fashion of the day to decry West as an artist, but the painter of "The Death of Wolfe," and President of the Royal Academy, ought surely to have a place in our national collection, which, in my view, ought to be representative of all our English painters. West, as an American born, is highly thought of by our

American cousins, but they look in vain for his works in our National Gallery. Will you favour me with your opinion (in the forthcoming Notes and Queries) as to this practice of the Gallery authorities?—"A PROVINCIAL AMATEUR."

* * We doubt if there is much likelihood of the two pictures named being seen again in the National Gallery. Conformably with the National Gallery Loans Act, "The Raising of Lazarus," by Haydon, has been fitly lent to Plymouth—the artist's birthplace—and West's picture of "Christ Healing the Sick" to Nottingham. The pictures, interesting and representative though they are, can hardly be said to be masterpieces on equality with the rest in the National Gallery. They would, in the opinion of many, be eligible for admission to the National Gallery of British Art on historical as well as on artistic grounds; but we think that the National Gallery authorities are faithful to their trust in maintaining a very high standard in their noble institution.

[13] **SAGITTARIUS.**—Is the statement I have occasionally seen made without authorities quoted an established fact, that Sagittarius, a centaur with bow and arrow, was the arms or badge of King Stephen; and if so, does it prove that old churches in England, in



SAGITTARIUS FROM NORMAN DOORWAY
OF LULLINGTON CHURCH, SOMERSET.

which a carving of it occurs, were founded or rebuilt during his reign? On Plate 12, Vol. V. of "The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain," by John Britton, F.S.A., are engravings of two capitals from the Norman church at Hitley, Oxfordshire, one adorned with two centaurs fighting, and the other, holding a bow in his right hand, galloping over a tailless lion. The capital of a column supporting the round, beak-headed arch of the northern porch of Lullington Church, Somersetshire, is sculptured with a centaur shooting with bow and arrow. In the late Byzantine cathedral of St. Martin at Mainz, near the left entrance at the east end, on the column of an archway leading to the vaults, is a capital carved with a large clumsy Sagittarius. This seems to point to the probability that it was merely an adornment common to the different branches of Romanesque architecture, and hence of no value in helping to ascertain the dates of ecclesiastical buildings in England.—L. BEATRICE THOMPSON.

* * Miss Thompson is quite correct in stating that the figure of Sagittarius is considered as the badge of Stephen. There is, however, no evidence even for this statement that will bear investigation, but tradition asserts that the badges used by Stephen on his armour were a star-shaped flower of seven points and a golden sagittary on a red ground. The tradition must not, however, be taken as a guide in determining the age of buildings. As such it is of no value. Neither of the badges mentioned even appears on Stephen's coins nor on his great seal nor in contemporary manuscripts, save in the border of one missal. The figure of the sagittary is of frequent occurrence in architecture. Miss Thompson will find it in buildings differing widely from one another. She will see it on Notre Dame, on St. Troplunie, Arles, on Maria Miracoli, Venice, on the quaint tower of Albi Cathedral at Amiens, Laon, Alençon, Chartres, and Seville.

[14] **A PICTURE BY A CHALON, R.A.**—Could you tell me anything about a picture in my possession? It is a portrait of a lady in early Victorian style, wearing blue bonnet, a white dress with low neck and short sleeves, black mittens, pale blue scarf gracefully encircling the waist and arm, and a handsome pearl necklace. She has a bouquet of flowers, and her right hand rests on a low bank. A sylvan scene is depicted, with a stream and castle in the distance. The figure is that of a brunette with a profusion of curls; she has a very languishing air, the head reclining to the right shoulder. The picture is signed "A. CHALON, 1835." Its size is 31 inches by 25, upright.—J. W. W. (Burton-on-Trent).

* * In the year 1835, A. Chalou, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy the following portraits of ladies, any one of whom this picture might represent:—Mrs. Crawford, Saint Hill (446); Lady Agnes Byng (561); and Lady Augusta Baring. In the following year there were Lady Louisa Cavendish (466); Mrs. Henry Pearse (475); Miss Fitz-Clarence (598); and Mrs. Smith (836). Without seeing the picture, it is impossible to say of whom it may be, but the owner may perhaps more easily establish the identity of the portrait by finding out—no very difficult matter—the name of the castle in the background.

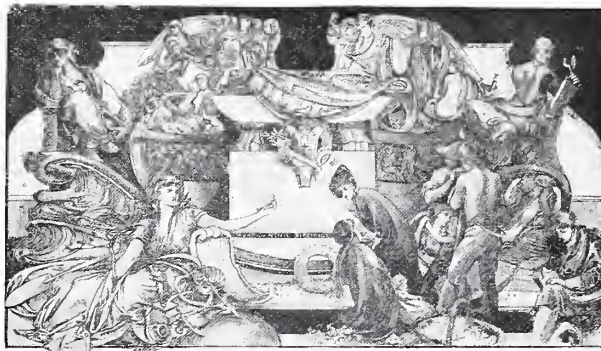
[15] **COPYRIGHT LAW: REGISTRATION.**—Referring to copyright law, may I ask if I am right in my belief that unless a picture is registered on or before its first transfer all copyright is lost in that picture, even supposing an agreement be made between artist and purchaser; and also that it cannot afterwards be registered by any further owner?—C. W. CAREY (Curator, Royal Holloway College, Egham).

* * No—in such a case the copyright is not lost. Registration is necessary to obtain the benefit of the Act; such “benefit” being *not the copyright*, but the right to sue. According to Winslow, the proprietor, before he has registered, is subject only to this disadvantage, that he cannot, until he has done so, become entitled to the benefit of the statute; but he is capable of transferring his copyright as he can transfer any other property (*Tuck v. Priester*, 19 Q.B. Div. 636). Accordingly, if the last assignment of copyright has been duly registered, the assignee may sue for infringement, although the original proprietor was never on the register, and prior assignments have not been registered. In Messrs. Graves’ case (L.R. 4 Q.B. 715, 724; 39 L.J. Q.B. 31), the copyrights of Millais’ “My First Sermon” and “My Second Sermon” were assigned by the painter to Messrs. Agnew and Folds, and by them to Messrs. Moore, MacQueen and Co., by whom they were assigned to Messrs. Graves. The assignment to Messrs. Moore had not been registered, but Messrs. Graves fulfilled the requirement as regards themselves. In another case the copyright of a picture by Landseer had been assigned to Flatow and by that dealer to Messrs. Graves, who alone duly registered. It was held by the Court that *it was unnecessary that all the prior assignments should be registered*, “the object of registration being to enable anyone to trace the proprietorship of the copyright, which was sufficiently done by the registration of the last assignment.”

[16] **BOOK-PLATES.**—Lady Albemarle would be obliged to anyone who would tell her the best place to have a fancy book-plate cut—not like a copper-plate, but more like a wood-engraving of Albert Dürer.—Guidenham, Attleborough.

* * If Lady Albemarle wishes a design already existing to be cut upon wood in the Dürer manner, there are several pupils of the Birmingham School of Art who might be trusted to produce a satisfactory block. But if she requires a design prepared in the “wood-cut” fashion, there are plenty of artists who would be able to execute it. In Mr. Egerton Castle’s “English Book-plates” and Miss Labouchère’s “Ladies’ Book-plates” (both published by Messrs. Bell, 5, York Street, Covent Garden), specimens are to be found of almost every modern designer of *ex libris*. A letter addressed by Lady Albemarle to the Editor of these volumes at the publisher’s address, or to the Editor of this Magazine, would put Lady Albemarle into communication with the artist whose style pleases her most. A design would cost from three to five guineas, or more, according to the standing of the artist.

[17] **PICTURE LOST OR STOLEN.**—The original drawing of “Primrose-Day, by Mr. C. Ricketts, of which we give a small reproduction herewith, has mysteriously disappeared from the owner’s possession. The Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF ART would be glad to hear from anybody who knows of its whereabouts.



PRIMROSE-DAY. (AN ALLEGORICAL CARTOON:
“BEACONSFIELD BORNE UPON THE SHIP OF STATE.”)

NOTE.

SAM BOUGH, BEVERLEY, AND SALA.—With reference to Mr. W. J. Callcott’s note in our November issue, we have received the following interesting communication from Mr. W. J. Lawrence:—“I find from my note-books that Beverley was engaged as principal scenic artist by Knowles, of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in December, 1842, and his name crops up occasionally in connection with the more elaborate productions there until June, 1846, when he provided the magnificent scenery for the revival of the opera of *Acis and Galatea*. But even if he was nominally principal scene-painter at Manchester all that time, I doubt if he was in continual residence there, and must assume, upon other evidence, that during the later years he only worked on the more important productions. Early in 1846 (before June) he was principal artist under Haddon at the Princess’s Theatre, London. I fancy he had little to do with Manchester in 1845, for I find that the principal artists at the Theatre Royal in that city then were Channing, Bough, and Anderson. These would probably be the resident painters, with Beverley as special artist for spectacular productions. His connection with Manchester is accounted for by the fact that Robert Roxby, his brother, was stage-manager there. As for Mr. Sala, he was assistant—not “labourer”—to Beverley in 1850, and described his master and his method of working in the paper “Getting up a Pantomime,” which was reprinted in *Gaslight and Daylight*. The pantomime dealt with was the Christmas annual produced at the Princess’s Theatre on Boxing Night, 1851, entitled *Harlequin Billy Taylor; or, the Flying Dutchman and the King of the Island of Ravitango*, written by Sala himself.



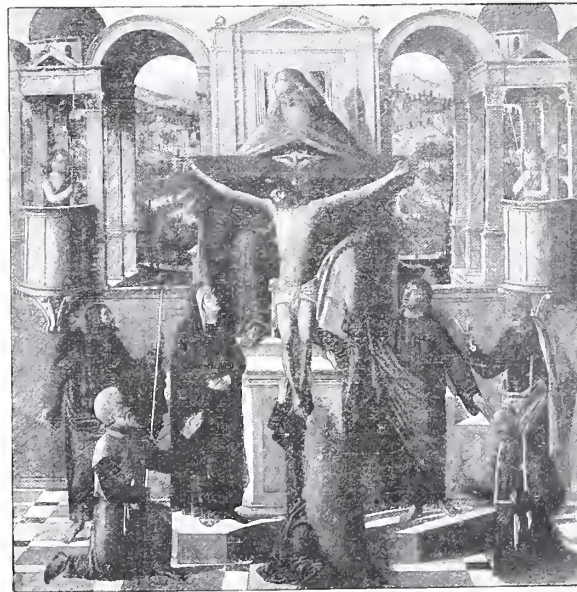
FRONT ELEVATION OF NEW NATIONAL ART GALLERY, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—JANUARY.

Art in Sydney. IN spite of friendly attempts on the part of the two Art Societies of Sydney to amalgamate, they remain separated, owing to a division of opinion as to the question whether artists shall be judged by artists or by laymen. Hence the young Society—the Society of Artists—opened its second annual exhibition in September, and the parent Society a month later. Last year the new Society's exhibition was marked by great virility, and this year that quality is even more in evidence, for the Committee has enlarged its boundaries by inviting exhibitors from all the other Australian colonies. The Hanging Committee was inexorable in maintaining a certain standard. Portraiture is largely represented; of figure-paintings and allegorical subjects there is little or none. Still-life is hardly in evidence. But there is much in land and seascape illustrative of the life of Australia. Altogether the exhibition is distinctly good, and may be regarded as marking a mile-stone in the progress of inter-colonial art. Mr. J. LONGSTAFF, the first Victorian artist to benefit by the Travelling Scholarship open to Victorian artists, has won the coveted distinction of sending in the picture of the year. A "Lady in Black" is a fine, life-like, full-length study, the speaking face and nervous hands being painted with masterly strength. Close by hangs a portrait of the late Edward Ogilvie by Mr. TOM ROBERTS, which is a worthy rival, and quite the best thing this artist has ever done. As this exhibition is essentially representative of young and rising artists, special mention must be made of Mr. F. McCUBBIN, Miss F. A. FULLER, and Miss ALICE MUSKETT, all of whom have sent contributions in oils or pastels from Paris, where they are studying. The trustees of the National Gallery have purchased six pictures, and Mr. ILLINGWORTH'S "Bust of an Aboriginal Female," from the exhibition, at a total cost of a little over £230. They are Mr. LONGSTAFF'S "Lady in Black," Mr. D. DAVIES'S "A Summer Evening," Mr. SID LONG'S "Midday," Mr. G. LAMBERT'S "Bush Idyll," Mr. B. E. MINNS'S "Study of

an Aboriginal Female," and Mr. ARTHUR STREETON'S "Surveyor's Camp"—the two last being water-colours. The Art Society's exhibition lacks any one picture of transcendent merit or interest. At the same time it might also be called the Pignuit exhibition, so much does this artist dominate the whole with his half-dozen pictures, on account of their great merit and exquisite finish. Having no connection with the Impressionist school, he paints our atmosphere by land and sea to the entire satisfaction of all beholders. Next in order come Mr. W. LISTER LISTER, who has painted sea pieces and one landscape, and Mr. GORDON COUTTS, who is as exclusively a portrait-painter. It says much for the freedom of artistic culture that the lesser artists, who are more or less pupils of these men, have been able to think and paint for themselves bits of the everyday life of Australia. The trustees of the National Gallery were some time in making their decision, for while there is no picture which stands out as the picture of the year, there are many

of a high average merit. The choice at last fell on Mr. PIGUENT'S "Southern Headland," Mr. GORDON COUTTS'S "Waiting," Mr. ALBERT J. HANSON'S water-colour, "The Close of Day," "Maiden Meditation Fancy Free;" Miss MARY STODDARD'S "Queenie," a magnificent tigress treated with a fidelity to animal life that is remarkable in a girl not yet out of her teens; and Mr. J. WOLINSKI'S clever charcoal studies. Sculpture is not strong, though Signor SIMONETTI has a speaking likeness of A. B. Paterson ("The Man from Snowy River"); Miss THEO. COWAN, a fine veiled bust of an imaginative subject, "The Veiled Moon like Dian's Kiss," which attains its end without trickery; Mrs. MOORE-JONES, a bronze head of Sir Frederick



SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

(By Giovanni Mansueti. Recently acquired by the National Gallery, No. 1,470, Octagon Hall.)

Darley, which is too severely judicial for the genial Chief Justice, and might pass for a Roman Dictator. Our illustration represents the front elevation of the proposed new National Gallery for Sydney, which is to be built during the next three years at a cost of £12,000. The building is designed by Mr. VERNON, the Government architect.

The Queensland National Gallery.

THE first Report of the Trustees of the Queensland National Art Gallery has reached us. It shows that the collection of works under their control now consists of twenty-four



THE MOORLAND (DEWAR STONE)

(By J. W. Inchbold. Bequeathed to the National Gallery by Sir John Russell Reynolds, Bart. No. 1,477, Room XX)

pictures—mostly works in black and white—one marble bust, twenty-seven pieces of Doulton ware, and numerous engravings and volumes, the property of the gallery. Besides these they have on loan a goodly number of pictures and engravings. The sum of £500 has been placed at the disposal of the trustees for the purchase of works of art, £400 of which was sent to London for acquiring pictures by European artists. It is an encouraging fact that 20,000 persons have visited the gallery in Brisbane since its formation in March, 1895.

Exhibitions. THE Corporation Autumn Exhibition at Liverpool enters on its second quarter-century this year under changed conditions. Alderman Rathbone is dead, and is succeeded by Councillor John Lea as chairman of the Arts Sub-Committee of the Council. This year has not been fertile in great pictures, and it would scarcely have been to Mr. Lea's discredit if the exhibition had been below average: he has scored a triumph by getting together a collection which is generally allowed to be one of the best ever seen in the Walker Art Gallery. The professional hangers were Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., Mr. J. J. Shamon, and Mr. A. E. Brockbank, of the Liverpool Academy. Their work has been very well done, and by boldly abolishing the top row and substituting a frieze of drapery, Mr. Lea has secured a most pleasant general effect. About 2,800 works of art were sent in, of which only 1,238 are exhibited. These include about 500 water-

colours and 77 pieces of sculpture and pottery. The late President's "The Empty Cage" has a place of honour. The water-colour collection is a very strong one, and the sculpture includes such works as Mr. THORNYCROFT'S "Joy of Life," and M. KUNOFF'S "Vivien." Mr. CHAS. J. ALLEN contributes a successful posthumous bust of the late Mr. Rathbone.

The autumn exhibition of the Nottingham Art Museum takes the form of a special loan collection. Mr. G. HARRY WALLIS, F.S.A., has been successful in obtaining many important works by contemporary English painters. In conjunction with this exhibition Sir Charles Seeley, Bart., has placed at the disposal of the Art Museum Committee an important collection of drawings in water-colours, including a large number of beautiful drawings of Venice by Mr. BIRKET FOSTER, R.W.S. To the Corporation of Birmingham the Committee is indebted for the loan of the whole of the collection of water-colour paintings and important works in oils from the City Art Gallery.

In the Victoria Institute, Worcester now possesses a Corporation Art Gallery, and its first exhibition was recently opened. Over two hundred works have been brought together, among the most noteworthy of which are "Jessica," by Mr. LUKE FILDES, R.A.; "Fifty Years After" and "Autumn," by Mr. FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A.; "Season of Mist and Fruitfulness," by Mr. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.; and "Ramilies," by Mr. ERNEST CROFTS, R.A. A view is given on page 175 of the façade of the admirable new building, of which Messrs. J. W. SIMPSON and E. J. MILNER-ALLEN are the architects.

Exeter, too, has a new Art Gallery, in which is housed



INTERIOR OF THE NEW EXETER ART GALLERY

the collection of pictures belonging to the Corporation. Among the most noteworthy of these is a portrait of Napoleon, by DAVID, which we reproduce, and a portrait of "William Warmond, Burgomaster of Leyden," rather doubtfully attributed to FRANZ HALS. Most of the other works are by the late WILLIAM WIDGERY, an artist of

PENNELL. In the third room Mr. A. E. EMSLIE, A.R.W.S., has eighty pretty water-colour drawings of rustic scenes, catalogued under the title "From Youth to Age."

At the Japanese Gallery there is an exhibition of works by WATANABE SEITEI and KWASON. This is the second appearance of the former artist here with his beautiful water-colour drawings of birds, fishes, and flowers. Characteristically decorative in treatment, they are delightful in colour and execution. The "Branch of Persimmon Fruit," which we reproduce, is one of the best of them, both for colouring and decorative arrangement. Kwason's work is equally interesting, except in one or two drawings in which he has attempted realistic representations of animals. There are also in the gallery several cases of Chinese ceramic and enamel work.

Reviews. IT should afford considerable gratification to Professor RUSKIN to contemplate every new edition of his works that is given forth, in unbroken sequence, from the press. The significance of this sign of the artistic times can hardly be over-rated. It means that the crusade that has so long been waged against the great writer, mainly by Mr. Whistler and his disciples, has had little weight with the general public, who care for art as the expression of something more than pleasure sensuous to the eye; it means that the "teaching" of the Master has sunk too deep into the hearts of the people to be easily eradicated by the counter-cry of Art for Art. In the famous series of "*Fors Clavigera*," of which we have received the first two volumes of the excellent reprint, we have Ruskin at his best and in his most characteristic mood. We have him,

primarily, as the art-critic; we have him as the moralist; as the political economist, and as most things besides; and we have him, too, as the humorist—in which character he has, perhaps, acquired more disciples than through any other of his gifts; so true is it, as Carlyle showed, that no great writer ever swayed men's thoughts—Schiller alone excepted—without the saving virtue of humour. Few topics of Ruskin's teachings, few of his more cardinal opinions, but are touched on in these delightful pages. Refreshing, too, and at all times suggestive, and in all respects worthy of the enthusiastic criticism passed on them by the Sage of Chelsea himself, whose approval was not often to be obtained of any contemporary philosopher whatsoever. It is little that need here be said in praise of these extraordinary volumes, which now, for the first time, are placed in a collected form within the reach of the general reader. That this re-issue will be properly appreciated as it deserves it is impossible to doubt. The volumes are worthily produced, and the varied illustrations are adequate, and Mr. COLLINGWOOD may be congratulated on the result of his editorial labours. We



NAPOLEON I.
(From the Painting by David, in the Exeter Art Gallery.)

local repute, but it is hoped that these will serve as a nucleus for a collection of representative works by modern artists, as the trustees have a fund the interest of which is to be devoted every third year to the purchase of a work of art. One of Mr. KENNETH MACKENZIE'S pictures, "Moorland and Meadow," was bought last year.

The Oxford Art Society's annual exhibition is well up to its average, Prof. HERKOMER, R.A., being the most notable contributor; he has, however, only sent one small picture, "The Home Decorator." Mr. GEORGE CARLINE exhibits several of his charming wildflower pieces; and among numerous other contributors are Mr. CARLETON GRANT, R.B.A., Mr. REGINALD CARTER, Mr. E. GOULD SMITH, R.B.A., and Mr. WALTER S. S. TYRRWHITT.

At the City Art Gallery, Leeds, a large collection of engravings of TURNER'S work, with some of his original drawings and pictures, are on view. The former section exhaustively represents the subject, and altogether it has proved an interesting and successful exhibition.

English humorous art is again on exhibition—this time at the Fine Art Society's. Commencing with examples by HOGARTH, the drawings are arranged chronologically, ending with work by Mr. MAX BEERBOHM, the series including specimens of work by nearly all the best humorous artists of the intervening years. A large number of drawings by the late FRED BARNARD share a room with a collection of charming lithographs of the Alhambra by Mr. JOSEPH



MR. GEORGE ALLEN'S IMPRINT.
(Designed by Mr. Walter Crane.)

have pleasure in reproducing the imprint of the publisher, Mr. George Allen, for the sake of its beauty. It represents St. George, England's patron saint, and Mr. Ruskin's, and was designed by Mr. Walter Crane.

Perhaps few men know more about making drawings for "*The Illustration of Books*" (Fisher Unwin) than Mr. PENNELL, and if he could have restricted himself to talking to the students of the Slade School about the things he has experience of, the book containing those talks would have been much more useful than it is likely to be. When Mr. Pennell deals with the practical work of the making of illustrations he gives his students many good useful hints. He is not always accurate in his statements, as we shall presently show, and some of the despised publishers or their editors could tell Mr. Pennell a thing or two which he does not yet know, because they have a much larger experience of the reproduction of drawings than he. But apart from this

it is very much to be regretted that Mr. Pennell should have published a book so much of which is foolish and offensive and in the very worst taste. Mr. Pennell gives his students to understand that the illustrator is a kind of Christian martyr living and working in the midst of enemies. The publisher, the art-editor, the engraver, the process-block maker, the printer, are all combined to rob him, to insult him, to crush out of him all his genius if he has any, to force out of him bad work for little pay, and to ruin even that in its reproduction, and then to fling on his poor head the responsibility for

ignorant and grasping sweaters, that engravers and process-block makers are ignorant and indolent men, neither understanding their business nor taking interest in their work, and who are only concerned in having drawings made in a manner that gives them least trouble to reproduce. At the same time it is evident from other passages in the book that Mr. Pennell knows that not only do they understand and take great interest in their work, but that generally they are men of great ability who are ready and desirous to make the best of every man's work. A reference to one or two details is necessary. Mr. Pennell, in referring to the gelatine process for reproducing line drawings, says (p. 74): "The process is only used, I believe, by one firm. The

results are good, but no better than the others." Now this process is twice as costly at least as the ordinary line process, and yet for certain work publishers—these sweating, grasping creatures who only think of cheapness—will



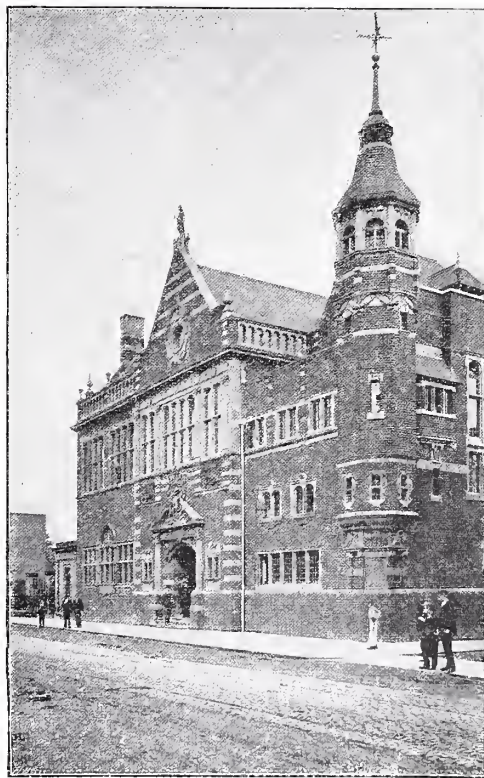
A BRANCH OF PERSIMMON FRUIT.

(From a Water-Colour Drawing by Watanabe Seitei.)



FLIGHT OF A DUCK.

(From a Water-Colour Drawing by Kwason.)



THE VICTORIA INSTITUTE, WORCESTER.

all their failures. And the general impression produced on the reader by the repetition of this kind of talk is that in Mr. Pennell's judgment proprietor and editor are

have their drawings reproduced by the swelled gelatine process and pay for it. Can it be that it is "no better than the others"? Mr. Pennell may think it is ignorance only that leads them to throw away their money, but if he will

take the trouble to carry his investigations a little further than he has yet done he will find that certain things can be done well by Dawson's swelled gelatine process that the



C. WILHELM.

(From a Photograph by A. Deneulin.)

other processes will do but badly or not at all. Mr. Pennell states in his preface that these lectures are a serious essay towards a certain end. There are people both in his own country and here who think that it is a mistake ever to take Mr. Pennell quite seriously, and it is a little difficult to understand how a serious man, addressing students who have to make their living in conjunction with publishers and editors and engravers, should think it a desirable equipment for them to start on their course with such foolish notions of them as he here sets forth. It may be that Mr. Pennell did not intend all he has said to be taken seriously, in which case he would have been wiser to have confined it to the familiarity of the class-room and not to have reproduced it in permanent form.

The "*Index to the Periodicals of 1895*" is worthy of its predecessors. To the merits of this cyclopædia of periodical literature we have before borne cordial witness, so that we have but little to add in praise of this indispensable publication. Never has the art of the indexer been more exhaustively or more intelligently exercised. Every section appears to be the work of an expert; complete yet not overloaded; as necessary to writers and readers as any standard work you may choose to name. The subject of art occupies seven columns, carefully subdivided and cross-indexed, and references made, for example, to not fewer than to some 220 articles on artists alone, without any detectable error. It is an admirable compilation, which should be accorded the support of the public, not only by reason of its intrinsic merits, but because the expense it entails on its publishers renders its issue commercially unprofitable. The discontinuation of such a work we should regard as a catastrophe.

One of the best of the Christmas books is a delightfully written fairy-story by Miss SHEILA E. BRAINE, entitled "*To Tell the King the Sky is Falling*" (Blackie and Sons, Limited, London). Miss ALICE WOODWARD has supplied a large number of clever illustrations which give an additional charm to the volume and should ensure for it a great and well-deserved success.

Such details of art life in Paris as may be necessary to the intending student or to others curious in such matters are presented in the 1896-7 edition of the "*Anglo-American Annual*." Art-student life in Paris, the principal studios and academies receiving pupils, a list of the English

speaking artists and art students in the city, are given at some length. We constantly receive inquiries from correspondents desirous for information on these points; we cannot do better than to refer them generally to this useful compilation.

We have received from the Great Eastern Railway Company a copy of their "*Tourists' Guide to the Continent*," by Mr. PERCY LINDLEY, a little book likely to be useful to intending holiday-takers. Its illustrations are temptingly suggestive to the lover of the picturesque.

Mr. WALTER CRANE has issued through the Twentieth Century Press a small collection of his Socialist cartoons which have been made at intervals during the past ten years. They vary very much in quality, the best of them without doubt being "*The Triumph of Labour*," which was designed to commemorate the International Labour Day, May 1st, 1891.

Miscellaneous. IN connection with our notice of the new ballet on p. 162 we publish a portrait of the designer, Mr. C. WILHELM.

Through a slip of the pen we referred to WILLIAM MORRIS's "*Dream of John Ball*" as a "poetical" work. We thank our correspondents who have called attention to the matter.

The Bohemian artist M. VACLAV BROZIK has been elected foreign member of the Société des Artistes Français in succession to the late Sir John E. Millais.

Mr. F. W. W. TOPHAM has been elected a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and Professor HANS VON BARTELS an honorary member. The following have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists: MESSRS. WRIGHT BARKER, BURLEIGH BRUHL, FRANK DICKSON, J. FITZ-MARSHALL, HAIN-FRISWELL, TREVOR HADDON, PHILIP H. NEWMAN, TOM ROBERTSON, and T. F. M. SHEARD.

Mr. BEAVIS, R.W.S., has died at the age of seventy-two.



A NEW POSTER.

(Designed by Louis J. Rhoad.)

Born at Exeter, he studied at the Academy Schools and became a contributor to the Academy exhibitions. He had several drawings at the Old Water-Colour Society's winter exhibition last year.



THE LOVE TOKEN.
(By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)



THE SCAPEGOAT.

(From the Painting by W. Holman Hunt. By Permission of Messrs. Graves and Co., Limited.)

THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P.

THE MODERN ENGLISH MASTERS.—II.

By F. G. STEPHENS.

IF anything were needed to prove the catholicity of Mr. Cuthbert Quilter's taste in art, and illustrate the comprehensiveness of his sympathies with painters' aims, the reproductions, for liberty to include which in these notes all readers are bound to join their thanks with mine, and the multiform charms of the pictures in question here, are more than sufficient for both these purposes. The six examples before us include three world-renowned masterpieces, as well as Mr. Leader's brilliant and popular *chef-d'œuvre*; one of the most distinguished of John Linnell's masculine and original poems in English landscape, a really noble piece, and such as the most vigorous old masters might be proud of; and, lastly, a large and highly characteristic quasi-Spanish figure picture by John Phillip, the latest of all his more ambitious productions.

If one of the masterpieces thus referred to is more important, fresh, and virile than its companions, that is undoubtedly "The Scapegoat" of Mr. Holman Hunt, a work which I am far from alone in accepting as not only a leading member of the epoch-marking class of paintings this century is likely to boast of, but in some respects the best of the artist's output. The Albert Durer of our age, Mr. Hunt, appeared by means of this extraordinary

work in his truest aspect, and in technical matters more like his illustrious forerunner than the radical differences of their times seemed to allow possible. In whatever way the pathetic, devout, and passionate turn of each artist's mind manifested itself, the likeness between them is strikingly close. This similarity is obvious when we recognise in the modern master's piece the intense realism of Dürer, his indomitable industry, his achievement of the effect of light in the open, the glowing and somewhat isolated local colours of his pictures, as, for example, the stupendous "Adoration of the Trinity," which is among the wonders of Vienna, and—as treating that glory of light which was one of Albert's greatest subjects—quite incomparable. The Englishman's turn for allegorising, using the most obvious of types, is more strongly marked in "The Scapegoat" than in any other of his works, and while Dürer's genius penetrated much deeper into symbolical mysteries than Mr. Hunt (his "Melencolia I." and "Feast of the Rose Garlands," to wit), there is not a little that is Dürer-like in the inspiration as well as in the technique of Mr. Quilter's picture, which I do not hesitate to think worth half-a-dozen "Lights of the World" or "Shadows of the Cross."

"The Scapegoat" was, on the whole, the most

legitimate and complete outcome of these rather stringent and self-compelling principles which induced the artist to "realise" (there is no better term) one of the symbolic sacrifices of the Old

illustrations, fanciful and graceful exceedingly. The stupidity of Bottom is unexceptionable; the robust elves, Moth and Mustard Seed, the fluffy-furred hares as white as snow with rubies for eyes—nay, the



TITANIA AND BOTTOM.

(From the Painting by Sir E. Landseer, R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Graves and Co., Limited.)

Testament. Nothing was to be left to the imagination of the spectators of a picture by Mr. Hunt, who, with all his allegorising, is the most exacting of realisers. The more ancient and gross antetype of the Great Sacrifice must needs be painted not only "to a hair," but in the very uttermost of those desert regions to which the goat of actuality might have wandered when "driven forth into the wilderness," a red fillet being twined with his horns, which, should the poor brute be afterwards discovered, and the fillet found to be bleached white, was considered as a sign that the vicarious atonement was accepted. The landscape, with the mountains of Edom glowing in the sunset's rose and purple, the Dead Sea at Oosdom and its pallid water, were painted on the spot; at Jerusalem, the goat himself was finished from sketches made on the salt-encrusted margin of the lake. Painted in 1854, and brought to England in 1855, "The Scapegoat" was sold to the late Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, for £420, and exhibited at the Academy in 1856, No. 398.

"Titania and Bottom," popularly known as "Midsummer's Night's Dream," one of Landseer's charming pictures, is in some respects among the most beautiful and modern of Shakespearean

fantastically fair Ariel, are all we could desire; exquisite is the painting of Titania's semi-diaphanous robe starred with gold; in her face, however, there is no passion Oberon need have troubled himself about. All the world was young when, in 1850, Sir Edwin painted this work for Sir Isambard Brunel's Shakespeare Gallery: it was at the Academy in 1851, very admirably engraved by S. Cousins, and at the Brunel sale in 1860 was sold for £2,940 (an enormous price for those days) to Earl Brownlow, in whose possession it remained at Ashridge Park till Mr. Agnew bought it: from him it passed to Mr. Quilter. Unlike "Bolton Abbey" and some other Landseers, "Titania and Bottom" is in excellent condition.*

The third of our masterpieces is Millais' "Mirthly Moss," one of the capital landscapes of that most capable of landscape painters. Worthy to be ranked with his "Over the Hills and Far Away," or "Chill October," it represents Carnleth Moss, Birnam, late in a September afternoon, when pale and declining daylight struggles to penetrate the thin grey clouds which almost completely mask the sky: this light is reflected by the pools of the

* Additional interest belongs to this work by the fact that it was while painting it that the balance of the great painter's mind, at that time in jeopardy, was restored.—ED.

foreground, and they are so calm that the images of the rushes and flags do not move at all. A tract of meadow marks the mid-distance, and is shut in by a dark belt of pines, some of whose stems are touched by a pallid golden gleam, the only one in the picture; beyond the pines the grey sides of a range of hills are indistinctly seen in that wannish light, the poetry of which no one appreciated more truly or painted more tenderly than Millais. It may be called a picture of silence and silvery, almost shadowless, light. Painted in 1887, "Murthly Moss" was No. 292 at the Academy in the next year. It is one of the most powerful, soft, and harmonious of modern landscapes; as a Millais quite a masterpiece. Inspired by imagination of a very noble strain, restful, solemn, and serene, the pathos of this example is of the first order, and grows upon us while we look, so that thus profoundly touched, the spectator almost forgets to marvel at the completeness of its every detail, its innumerable minutiae, and their perfect unison. Nor is the coloration of "Murthly Moss" less a work of art than its painting *per se*;

With the utmost virility, rusticity, and veracity, Linnell painted "On Summer Eve by Haunted Stream," in a mood which never fails to remind me of Samuel Palmer's inspired art. It is very happy indeed in that way, and yet it is as true a Linnell as it can be, and fit to hold its own with any modern landscape where the poetry of nature is represented in art and by means of art, and does not appeal to letters—*i.e.*, to a totally different order of culture—for its honours, still less for its interpretation. In an age of scholasticism such as ours, it has almost gone out of mind that art, as a means of culture and power in dealing with beauty, is not less potent than literature, is not a plaything, nor the handmaiden of letters, but exists in its own right. In such pictures as "Murthly Moss," and that which is now before us, we find no "illustrations" of thoughts which could equally well express themselves by literary means. What we find is something more subtle, searching, serious, and true, than letters can attain. Of course, literature is a mode of culture, but it is not the only one: at least the



MURTHLY MOSS.

(From the Painting by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Agnew and Son.)

its simple yet majestic composition conforms to the intense tranquillity of the scene, and the painter's impressive mood is immortalised in the manner before us.

Greeks, whose pedagogues were not supreme, thought so. The autumnal fervours of a Kentish landscape suited the taste of Linnell in his Claude-like mood, which is much the same as that of Samuel Palmer;

accordingly, he depicted with unusual force of tone and wealth of colour the vista of a devious stream in its rocky bed, as it is seen between densely-wooded banks, and from the road which is flanked by groups of oaks and ash-trees. A noble harmony obtains between the motives of the picture, its sentiment of strength seeking repose after the efforts, splendours, and triumphs of the fervid day, and the scene itself, as well as the artistic treatment, and style of the painting.

the levelling nature of engraving, ampler justice is done here to the less noble picture, than to the masterpieces, it is not difficult to allow for the disadvantages of the latter two, which, when the originals are studied, stand apart. "Departing Day" represents, I believe, a very charming reach of the Severn. It is a luminous and effective work, the character of which adapts it for translation into black and white.

The last of the illustrations now in view repre-



"ON SUMMER EVE BY HAUNTED STREAM."

(From the Painting by John Linnell.)

The extreme obviousness of every element constituting Mr. Leader's attractive and ambitious landscape of "Departing Day" qualify that by no means unjustly admired work for its important function; that is, as I take it, these easily read features are fitted to evoke for nature and the higher art (which after all is a sort of nature worship) certain emotions and thoughts in usually insusceptible minds, and to make the dull observant, susceptible, and sympathetic, and thus lead them, so to say, towards the levels of Millais and Linnell. It is not an ignoble function which accomplishes or should accomplish so much as this. Although, owing to

sents John Phillip's thoroughly characteristic and large painting of "Relie Sellers," a scene at the door of the Cathedral of Seville. It is the latest of the works of that artist—one, indeed, which he left partly unfinished (like that at the Scottish National Gallery), although it is among those to which he devoted much study since 1861, when he began it at Seville. It comprises some of his astonishingly facile workmanship: thus the figure of the blind beggar's dog, conspicuous in the foreground of the illustration, is as expressive, faithful, and energetic as Landseer himself could have made a dog's portrait to be, and yet it is the outcome of a



DEPARTING DAY.
(From the Painting by B. W. Leader, A.R.A. Engraved by J. M. Johnston.)

few forthright and swift touches with a sweeping brush, and was not worked out when Fate stayed for ever the accomplished hand to whose skill we owe the picture before us, "La Gloria," "A Chat round the Braserero," and a dozen excellent pieces of diverse aims and sympathies. Dying February 27, 1867, the artist left a name which no one would willingly let die, and, as an eminent Academician, his career

mantle is looking at so intently. Mr. Cuthbert Quilter exhibited "Relic Sellers" as No. 1 in the Academy in the winter of 1895. The picture is full of power, and is painted with a firmer and more massive touch than is usual with Phillip; his invention was never stronger, nor his insight into character more keen and sympathetic, than when he began this large picture more than thirty years ago.



THE RELIC SELLERS.

(From the Painting by John Phillip, R.A.)

ended very differently from that of his beginning as a house-painter's apprentice and colour-grinder of Aberdeen, who, in 1834, failing other means of reaching London, became a stowaway on board *The Mauly*, a trading brig, and, in peril of the rope's end, was set to re-paint the vessel's figure-head. After which, when in the Thames, the lad was kept two whole days at the occupation of ballast-lifting, ere the skipper would allow him to go ashore. The influence of Velazquez, with a dash of Titian, manifesting itself in painting from such models as Murillo loved, is distinct in "Relic Sellers." The theme of this work reminds us of a tradition to the effect that the last-named Sevillian master himself was wont to make for sale to the peasants who thronged to the city's markets votive pictures such as the stalwart herdsman before us in the striped

Having already discussed F. Walker's capital achievement, "The Bathers," it is right to mention in this place that Mr. Cuthbert Quilter has a small sketch or version of this artist's less happy effort called "Wayfarers," two figures traversing a road by the side of a thicket. On a similar account, having put before the reader some notes on Mr. Briton Riviere's very fine and telling, romantic and suggestive piece, "The Magician's Doorway," I ought to add that among our collector's choicest acquisitions is a cartoon of the design of "Acteon and his Dogs" by the same painter. With the last-named scholarly and energetic example is Sir Edward Poynter's small, solid, and classical picture, the coloration of which is an exercise in rose and white, "Under the Sea-Wall," which was before the public a few years ago.

GOLDSMITHERY.

BY ALEX. FISHER. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

OF the ancient history of the goldsmith's art, from Bezaleel and Aholiab who made the golden vessels of the Tabernacle under the Divine direction of Moses, the ark, the mercy-seat, the altar of incense, and the seven-branched candlestick; of the goldsmiths who worked for Solomon in all his glory, and of the fabulous amount of gold at his or their disposal: of the Egyptian workers in the precious metal: how these were conversant with almost every method known to the modern

and as everyone knows this is the reason that it is used so largely to protect other metals, such as silver and copper, from oxidation. Again, it is extremely malleable and ductile, so that it can be hammered or rolled to an incredible degree of thinness—it being possible to reduce it to the $\frac{1}{200,000}$ th part of an inch, or beaten into any shape. It may be drawn into wire as fine as a hair. It may be soldered, as witness the marvellous productions by the Greek and Etruscan workman,



GOLD CLASP.

goldsmith: how with far surpassing skill the Greeks still remain the best goldsmiths in many respects that have ever lived; how they, in the very highest period of Grecian art, with Phidias at its head, could with the greatest beauty of design and perfect manipulation produce works worthy of such an age as the few small pieces that remain to us testify—of all this has not much been well and worthily written? But rather let us study for a few moments what is to be done, and what can be done, in the most beautiful metal that is found in the world.

To do this we must first consider the properties of gold and its fitness as a metal to be used in art. Above all other qualities it possesses is its colour. The poets of all time have sung its praises, referring to the light of the morning and evening as golden. Angels in pictorial art have nimbi of gold. The very word "gold" at once suggests the most gorgeous thing in nature, and by analogy the happiest period of man's existence is spoken of as "the golden age." The next high quality it possesses is that it does not tarnish in either air or water;

who could cover a surface with such minute grains of gold as to be almost beyond the power of ordinary vision. It may be cast and riveted and any kind of surface, from the rough to highest possible polish, given to it. It can also be hardened and toughened by alloys; and although it loses somewhat its absolutely supreme colour, yet in such slight degree, where little alloy is used, that what it gains in hardness and therefore in utility both to the goldsmith and the wearer more than compensates for this very slight loss. Then last, but not least by any means, it is the best of all metals upon which to enamel—of which I shall have somewhat to say on a future occasion in this Magazine. So that here we have a metal which, with a knowledge and practice necessary to use it, lends itself in the hands of an artist to the expression of all the beauty he may desire.

Goldsmithery is, above all, the art which should have its own design. And yet a great number of pieces of goldsmith's work in the Renaissance—French and German—and this century particularly, are nothing more than minute reproductions

of architecture and woodwork. The moulding, columns, pilasters, the tracery, and carvings were originally either designed for stone or wood—and

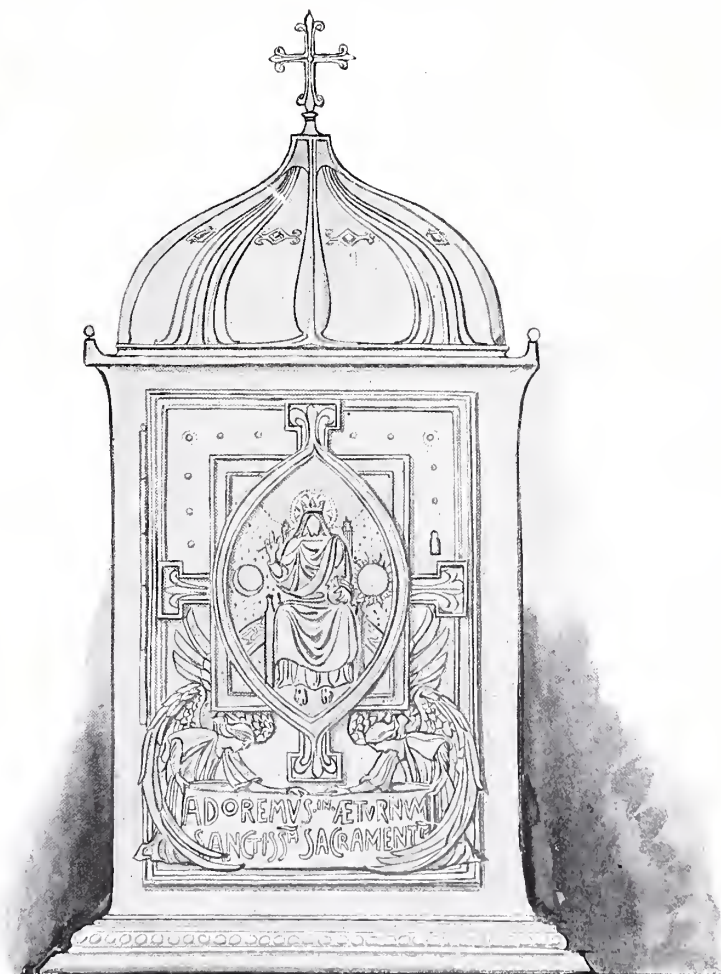


GOLD CHALICE AND PATEN.

probably the designer was either a person who knew nothing about the material, or a goldsmith who knew nothing about design. The real goldsmith, to my mind, is an artist who is most intimately acquainted with the methods of working gold, so that the properties of the metal may govern as well as help his design. For it is not a matter whether a design can or cannot be executed in gold, but whether it is most suitable to its manipulation, and shall be the one which will display the material in all its loveliness. In return it is bound to show the design at its best. And here, before I go further, perhaps it would be of interest to the general reader and of some use to the student were I to describe some of the processes which are employed in the making of gold objects.

Pure gold, or, as it is termed amongst goldsmiths, "fine gold," is too soft for general use, and therefore an addition of copper or silver or both—which is called alloy when used for this purpose—is made to strengthen it. The amount of alloy employed has given rise to the practice of stamping all gold articles with the number of the carat. The carat

means the twenty-fourth part of a unit, whether the unit consist of an ounce, pound, or any other weight, so that when we say twenty-two carat we mean twenty-two parts of fine gold and two parts of alloy. The alloy of copper makes gold redder, and that of silver yellower. The difference is very obvious between our coinage and that of Australia. At one time the gold coinage of this country—in the reign of Henry III.—was of fine gold. In Henry VIII's time it was made twenty-two. There have been several changes in the proportions since that time, but we have come back to that standard; and all English gold coins are twenty-two carat. When they leave the mint they are intrinsically worth the exact sum they represent, and are frequently melted down for use in goldsmithery. Gold-beating and rolling are done in the following manner. The gold and alloy are melted in a crucible, and cast into small ingots weighing about 2 oz., which are rolled between steel rollers, annealing repeatedly, in order to keep it soft, and reducing it in thickness very gradually, until it is about $\frac{1}{800}$ th part of an inch. This is then cut into squares, which are rolled again and beaten, cut and beaten



TABERNACLE (DOOR IN GOLD REPOUSCÉ, OTHER PARTS IN SILVER).

again until of the requisite thickness. In this way we obtain gold of any degree of thickness or thinness, from the gold leaf which is used for our

is termed "binding wire," or in larger pieces by clamps. The solder is then put along the line where the parts touch in small pieces called "paillons,"



PENDANT IN GOLD AND ENAMEL WITH PEARLS.



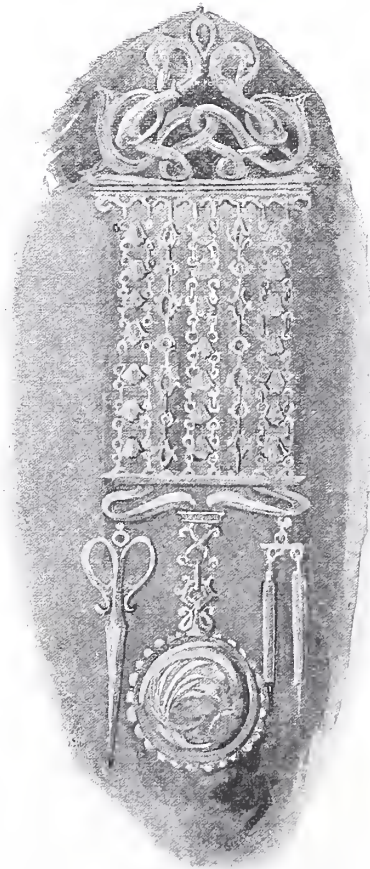
GOLD AND ENAMEL BROOCH.

picture frames to that size which is required for beating a vase or cup into shape from the flat.

Wire-drawing is done by passing square strips between steel rollers which have a groove in the upper and lower rollers. When these become very hard they are annealed. When fine enough, the wire is pointed and drawn through a steel draw plate, which is about 10 inches long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ broad and half an inch thick, which has holes of different sizes diminishing very gradually. The wire having been drawn through, it is annealed again and again whenever the metal becomes too hard to work. All kinds of sections of wire can be drawn in this way. The ancients knew nothing whatever about this method, their wire being made by the hammer and anvil, which must have been a great labour. The manner of hammering a shape up from a flat piece of metal must be seen, so too the casting, to be understood. Soldering is done by placing the parts together, after very careful cleaning and exact fitting, and then bound by iron wire which

which have been dipped into a saturated solution of borax, and the flame from the blow-pipe is directed along these, which quickly melt and run swiftly along the joint. Gold-plating is done in much the same way. The two metals, gold and copper, or more properly speaking, gilding metal, are taken and made flat, which are cleaned and filed on the two surfaces which are to come into contact, and these are rubbed over with borax; they are then firmly bound together, and the paillons of solder placed along the edges at the junction of the metals, after which they are placed in a muffle made red-hot, where they become thoroughly amalgamated, and they are then withdrawn.

The process of chasing and engraving cannot be sufficiently described; they must be demonstrated. Indeed, they are generally well understood, being exactly the same as in any other metal. There is one great limitation of the use of gold, which is its costliness. And except in the somewhat rare cases of pieces for some national or civic ceremony, or objects devoted to the service



GOLD CHATELAINE.

of religion (to which sacred cause have more and larger pieces been made than to any other, as being the best that man could offer in worship and praise to his Maker), or again,

in objects made for occasion of royal ceremony, articles for personal adornment, jewellery, and minor pieces for decoration and use at table have almost monopolised the use of gold in art. The Egyptian bracelet, the Greek earrings and pendants in the British Museum, the Etrusean armlet and bowl and necklaces at the South Kensington Museum, and the Celtic brooches in the Dublin Museum are all

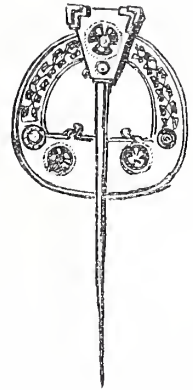
attempt at what is termed "finish" to-day, and which generally means destruction of all feeling), the earrings, bracelets, rings, pendants with lion's heads, serpents, fishes, leopards, birds, swans, owls, hawks, doves, are examples of this, and were forms continually used. There have been of late years very careful and exact copies of many pieces of this jewellery. And here let me say that although these are most interesting as copies, and most useful to the student, they do not represent the feeling, the aspirations, or joys, or sorrows, in fact the life of to-day, and that they should never be repeated



GOLD EARRING.



GOLD EARRING.

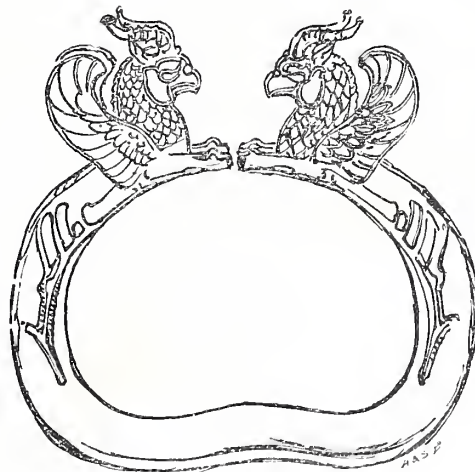


GOLD CELTIC BROOCH.

beautiful examples of work of this kind. The character of the design in the Celtic work is well worthy of close attention and study, and is chiefly remarkable for the extreme simplicity of the shapes with intricate and elaborate interlacing of wire soldered to the ground, or patterns cut out of the solid, or beaten up from the back in finely traced lines. The accuracy of the drawing, the powerful character of the line, and the excellent workmanship make this period one of the finest. The strength and simplicity of the design were further enhanced by stones being fixed in circular raised settings, which helped to protect the fine delicate work from wear and accident. It differs in a very marked degree from Greek and Etruscan work in one respect, although in many others singularly alike in treatment, and that is in the almost total absence of the human figure, which, if used, was made severely ornamental, and which in Greek art is the chief beauty. The little pendants with the winged Hermes, or Aphrodite (the figures being cast or stamped quite simply without any



GOLD CUP.



GOLD GRÆCO-BACTRIAN ARMLET.

save as copies, therefore should be studied only in order to assist in the expression of our own feeling and individuality. Some of the larger pieces that have been made, and which are well worthy of our careful attention, are the altar front now in the Musée de Cluny, originally from Basle, which is of Byzantine character; the high altar at the cathedral of Genoa, in Spain, with plates of gold and figures in relief fixed on to alabaster; the Spanish crosses of the eleventh century, and caskets for relics; the shrine at Cologne of the three wise kings; the votive crown of King Swinthila; the gold cup called the St. Agnes cup at the British Museum, which everyone ought to see for himself; the beautiful crosses, cups, nefes, dishes of the Italian, French, German, and English Renaissance, each having a very marked and definite character of its own. Of these there are specimens in our museums. To summarise briefly, there was one period of very perfect work, that of the Greek and Etruscan, after which came that of the lascivious and ignoble Roman. This ended in the dark gulf

into which all society was plunged by the struggle of creed and race. The first awakening from the long night which followed commenced feebly and in a grotesque and rude remembrance of Grecian art, and generally as men's minds became less troubled the art grew until it flourished in all its splendour during the Renaissance, yet still inspired by the art of that golden age long past in Greece. Then again it sank slowly down till it was revived by Cellini, a vastly overrated artist, yet marvellous craftsman, who was in a large measure responsible for one of the worst developments of the art. Yet technically speaking he was one of the most extraordinary workers in gold that have ever lived. And this leads one to make the observation that when men were not so



A GOLD CHALICE.

clever with their hands they thought more and had something to say, and the feeling and expression were everything. But when men became adepts, the execution almost entirely engrossed their efforts. Witness the inane Louis Quinze period, compared with the earlier work of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, very often full of profound and beautiful feeling, although of grotesque and awkward workmanship.

And now that many artists have turned their serious attention to various crafts, and painting, modelling, and architecture are recognised as being not the only means of expression for them, the goldsmith's craft may once more flourish and become precious, having a character of its own, rivalling and perhaps exceeding aught that has hitherto been done.

REMBRANDT IN THE BERLIN GALLERY.

IT is a trite remark that the world knows little of its greatest men, but it is remarkably exemplified by the great Flemish painter and etcher. His paintings and etchings have come down to us, and the two centuries and a half since he produced them have served to increase his fame, but have disclosed not overmuch of his history. Of his daily life we know little, and his reputation, which is so great to-day, rests for the most part upon the works which are in existence in the various galleries in Europe. These works lend themselves in a remarkable way to reproduction in black and white. A year or two ago a folio of the works of Rembrandt in the Cassel Gallery was issued by the Berlin Photographie Company in photogravure. They were quite the best mechanical reproductions of the kind which had up to that time been published, but the English edition was dressed in English garb and issued by an English publisher, and the reviewers for the most part ignored the fact that it was the Berlin house

to whom the credit of the production was due. The same house has recently issued under its own name a similar folio of reproductions of the works of Rembrandt in the gallery at Berlin, and it would be difficult to speak too highly of its qualities. Mr. Ruskin once said of Rembrandt that "he painted all the foul things he could see, by rushlight," the elegance of the Italians, doubtless, blinding him to the artistic beauties of the painter of Flemish life. It is this very "rushlight" mode of lighting—intense gloom lit up here and there by a strong illumination concentrating itself on one point or passage of the picture—which gives the works their chief charm. This folio consists of eighteen reproductions, of which two or three are portraits of the painter's self, and one of his first wife. Scriptural subjects, of course, preponderate; but whatever they may be, the prints are very even in quality and very rich in their tones of deep velvety black, and delicate and beautiful in their representation of Rembrandt's golden lights. E. B.

THE RENAISSANCE OF MINIATURE PAINTING.

BY DR. J. LUMSDEN PROPERT.

AN article by Mr. Alfred Praga under the above title appeared in the December number (page 87) of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, in which he alluded to what I have written at various times on the subject of Miniature Art, and he ended the article by a quotation from the preface which I wrote to the Catalogue of Portrait Miniatures exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1889, and which he thinks was in some way prophetic of the present revival of interest in this lovely art.

Had he not thus pointedly alluded to me, I should not have ventured to intrude upon your readers with any remarks upon a subject with which I have no "practical" acquaintance, for I think, as a rule, that no one should attempt to speak dogmatically on any art topic unless he has himself, as it were, been through the mill, and has experienced the difficulties and obstacles which surround the path to success.

But there is an old saying that oftentimes the outsider sees most of the game; and during the long years I have studied the art of portrait miniature I suppose I have seen more specimens of all ages and artists—good, bad, and indifferent—than it falls to the lot of most men to see, and, in consequence, I have formed opinions as to methods and styles, and as to what a miniature should or should not be, which I trust may have some influence on the present revival. Quite surely, if the miniature painters of the present day have the slightest hope that their work will live and at some future time be regarded with the same affection as is felt for the masters of a bygone period, they will have to cut themselves adrift from their present methods,

and take to heart a little more the lessons of the past.

Undoubtedly, somewhere about the 'Forties the advent of photography gave the death-blow to the portrait miniature, though for some years previously the day of the giants was over. I used to think that Ross might have done well had he lived at the time of costume and coiffure, which enabled Cosway and the rest to give us such dreams of beauty; but the more I see of his work the more I think that, after all, the *feu sacré* was not in him. He was a correct draughtsman and vigorous colourist, but I fear he must be regarded as the first monarch of that terrible realm of conventionalism which, from his day to the present, has been and still is the curse of miniature art.

Supposing that all our friends and acquaintances wrote in precisely the same hand—the sort of machine stuff that adorns

the envelope of a Christmas bill or a lawyer's letter—how horribly monotonous and uninteresting would be the pile of letters on our breakfast table! whereas now, as we turn them over one by one, the sight of the varied handwritings, as we recognise instinctively whence they come, evokes in us all sorts of feelings connected with the writers. I really fail to understand why all this individuality and personal character is utterly to disappear because one writes with a paint-brush on ivory instead of with a pen on paper. Take as an instance the artist who wrote the previous article, Mr. Praga—his handwriting has plenty of character, and I have seen some small heads by him which, for breadth of touch and refreshing individuality, are quite admirable. Yet



GEORGE IV. WHEN PRINCE OF WALES.

(From an Unfinished Miniature by J. Russell, R.A. Same size as Original.)

when he touches ivory, he, like others, seems afraid to let himself go. The handwriting disappears, the style becomes cramped, and in the result he does not do himself justice. It is a pity, for I think he has the necessary quality in him, if he will only allow it fair play. I asked him why he could not impart to his ivory miniatures some of the life and vigour he showed in his drawings on paper—put into them, in fact, some of his own handwriting. His reply was terribly suggestive of the art ideas still prevalent in the great nation of sitters. He said that, though he longed to do so, tyrannical sitters would have none of it. They seem to love the pretty, finikin, characterless inanities which now pass current as miniatures, conventional as the Egyptian hieroglyph or Byzantine saint. And yet there is plenty of technical excellence in the market just now in the way of miniature painting, though, alas! employed for a fraudulent purpose. Naturally, the moment an object of art rises in value, the forger at once steps in. I have known forgeries ever since I knew miniatures, but as a rule the cloven foot was clearly discernible; but lately I have seen copies of old work so abominably successful as to make the possessors of the genuine thing very uncomfortable. If only the individual would turn his talent to a legitimate purpose, even though he might not succeed with a likeness *ad vivum*, we should at least get work at once fresh and characteristic, and in good drawing. Why is it that so many people will attempt to paint miniatures without the slightest knowledge of drawing, as though they had only to get a slip of ivory and a paint-brush before them, and airily conclude that the necessary knowledge of what the human face is like will come to them by inspiration? or do they imagine that, on so small a scale, bad drawing will not be detected? And yet, probably, the exact reverse is the fact, for surely when the whole face can be taken in at the first *coup d'œil* a faulty relation of parts will be more apparent than in a larger portrait where each feature is examined separately.

I am not sure that the introduction of ivory was an unmixed blessing. A few great artists of the last century successfully overcame its deficiencies, but the fatal facility of producing effects, beautiful up to a certain point, by the use of transparent colour, has certainly led to a deterioration of power and intensity of expression, as compared with the vellum or card of the sixteenth or seventeenth century: and when the strong man of the nineteenth century really does arise, he may be advised to make a trial of vellum or fine card. It is perfectly well known what was the exact nature of the vellum used, for instance, by Cooper, and, if the demand for it arose, it could be as easily procured now as in the

seventeenth century. Its use would perhaps entail more knowledge of painting and conscientious labour, but that very fact would be a gain, for it would weed out the weaklings of miniature art, and the sooner they disappear the better.

At present, artists appear to me to allow ivory to dictate to them, instead of forcing (as good workmen should) the material to lend itself to the free expression of their thoughts. Hence the timid, half-hearted appearance of these watery productions. I have selected two specimens to illustrate what noble, grand work has been done on ivory. One is the sketch by Russell I mention further on, the other is a portrait of Sheridan, by J. D. Engleheart, from my own collection; so that if present-day artists fail to reach this standard, the fault is not in the material but in the painter. Still I wish some really good man would try his hand on vellum.

If ever socialism or collectivism becomes an accepted part of political economy, and we poor units are reduced by law to the one dead level of mediocrity, life will be terribly uninteresting. If it is uninviting in the body politic, surely in art it will be still more deplorable; and yet just this socialistic dead level of mediocrity is the one real danger of modern miniature work. Being as I am much interested in the subject, I generally manage to see the specimens exhibited at the Royal Academy and elsewhere. Now suppose a work by any of these artists were placed haphazard in the hands of an expert, could he honestly say he could at once ascribe it to A., B., C., or D., as he would with one of the old masters? I doubt it—at least, I am quite sure I should fail; indeed, there is only one artist whose work “in little” I could recognise anywhere. And he is not a miniaturist; yet he contrives to put into a tiny head on ivory the same handwriting, the same strength and individuality, as characterise his larger canvases, and what he can do, surely others could do also. Even in the small loan collection recently in the Grafton Galleries there were plenty of lessons to be learned by those who will lay them to heart. No. 158, George IV., an unfinished work by John Russell, R.A., ought to be an object lesson for all miniature painters. It is really a magnificent performance, strength and handwriting enough for a life-size portrait. Take that from the case and place it beside the specimens of modern work, as I have! Oh, ye gods! if the shades of the great men of the past can take cognisance of what is now supposed to be a continuance or renaissance of their work, they must have indeed many a *mauvais quart d'heure*. I only regret that the time limit of that exhibition excluded the work of Samuel Cooper, without doubt the finest miniature painter of all time, for nowhere as in his portraits can the building

up of the human face be so profitably studied. The careful but fearless modelling, the bold lines, the decided touches, each exactly where it should be, and left to tell its own tale, neither whittled down nor covered up with senseless stippling past recognition, as though it had been ashamed to find itself there: the masses of hair floated on to the vellum, in mysterious suggestiveness, the portrait filling the whole space of the vellum, the background merely serving as a setting to the face, not as too often seen now, one-quarter of the ivory occupied by the head, and three-quarters by the background. But perhaps it is waste of time to suggest the lessons taught by Samuel Cooper, for the reason mentioned, though I hope some future exhibition may pay special attention to his portraits, for certainly they are the grandest that human hand has ever traced. It has often struck me that one of the very best trainings for intending miniature painters would be to take one of Rembrandt's etched portraits, and endeavour to build up and reproduce on ivory, line by line and touch by touch, his method of shading and giving roundness to the features. It would not be difficult, substituting the fine paint-brush for the etching-needle, and once mastered, the student would never again fail to substitute life, roundness, and reality for the flat, stale, and unprofitable prettiness of the modern miniature. As photography killed the miniature portrait in the past, so its baneful influence still seems to clog the steps of this attempted renaissance, and unless the professors of miniature art can speedily free themselves from its deadening shackles, small progress will be made.

I fear I have written strongly, and perhaps little to the taste of those who whisper to themselves and to each other that all is well, but if it be true that just now there is an increased demand for this charming art, it is perhaps kinder to utter a word of

warning ere it be too late. The Society of Miniaturists was instituted, I believe, to raise the standard to a higher level of excellence than, alas! it now attains, and I can only trust the artists concerned will take in good part what I have felt it my duty to point out.

I am often asked by friends something of this sort: "So-and-so is very anxious to learn miniature painting. Whom would you recommend to teach them?" I reply, "So-and-so, I suppose, has studied painting, and especially portraiture." The response always comes in the same jaunty words, "Oh, no; but they would soon learn!" Soon learn, indeed: as though the human face were a lay figure! They do not know, these would-be dabblers, that that same human face, the most subtle and perfect piece of mechanism that has passed from the hands of the Creator, is not thus lightly to be dealt with. If they must paint, let them paint stocks and stones, but leave portraiture alone until, by patient study and persevering labour, they have attained to some conception of the difficulties of the task and

the nobility of the subject, and not degrade that which has been cast in form divine, down to the level of their present ignorance.

In the thirteenth century Cimabue delivered us once and for all from the thralldom of Byzantium, and will not some great soul now ride forth as a new St. George, and rid us for ever of this dragon of conventionality? A little courage, and the fight would soon be over. It is a very poor tame dragon, and will soon succumb. A few well-directed strokes from a paint-brush will suffice, and when its wretched body no longer taints the atmosphere, then, but not until then, may we hope that the renaissance of miniature painting may produce work worthy to live by the side of the genius of the past, and awaken public taste to an appreciation of their beauty.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

(From the Miniature by J. D. Engleheart.)

METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS OF ART.

THE GOLDSMITHS' INSTITUTE.

ONE of the most extraordinary developments of recent years consequent upon the popularisation of education is the demand which has been made for



DESIGN FOR ROSE-WATER DISH.

(By Fred Tayler.)

increased facilities for the study of art: not so much for the Fine Arts—in which the last generation loved to dabble and never excelled—but for all that pertains to the crafts for the beautifying of objects of domestic and everyday existence. This demand is an eloquent testimony to the life-work of the late William Morris, and constitutes the most material and lasting evidence of the wide-spreading influence of his teaching and example. The demand has been met in a manner equally democratic. Upon the same principle as the Regent Street Polytechnic there have been established in various parts of London similar institutions which, as Mr. Augustine Birrell recently said, can only be compared to concentrated popular universities, in which every possible subject is taught for the lowest possible fees. Of all the subjects none has proved more popular than that of applied art. The classes are always filled up, and the high character of the work accomplished testifies to the earnestness and enthusiasm of the students.

Founded about six years ago by the City Company whose name it bears, the Technical Institute at New Cross has proved itself both useful and successful, especially as to its art classes. Fully

equipped with well-arranged studios and class-rooms, it offers every facility for the study of art in all its branches. The principal object of the teaching is, of course, to foster and encourage the application of art to the crafts; and although the great hope of the founders of the institute—the establishment of a large class for silversmiths and goldsmiths—has not been realised, the general scheme has been well supported and efficiently carried out. Design and applied ornament are presented in an attractive manner to the students almost as soon as these have mastered the rudiments of drawing; interest being roused by demonstrations by the master and fostered by easy exercises. Under the direction of the Head Master, Mr. F. Marriott, assisted by Mr. W. Amor Fenn (in the designing classes), Mr. S. G. Enderby, Mr. Alfred Drury (in the modelling classes), Miss F. I. Morley (art needlework), and Miss H. M. Pemberton, the



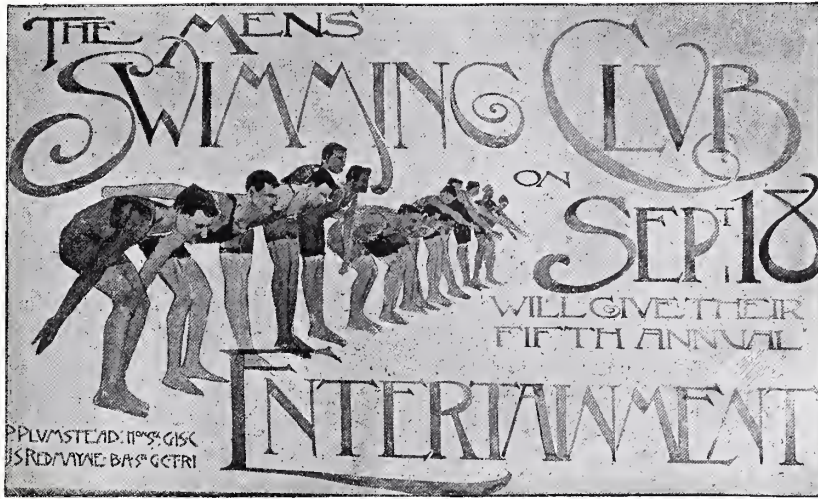
(Drawn by Fred Tayler.)

pupils are taken through their studies in a manner designed to give them a thorough knowledge of their art. They are offered every inducement

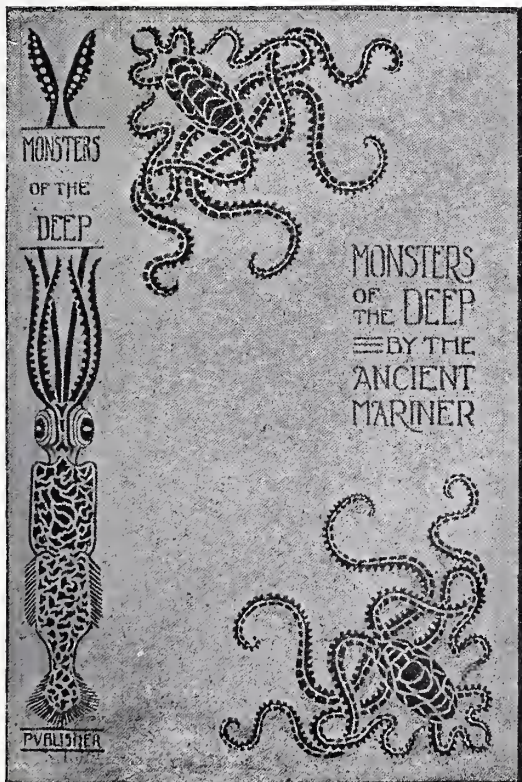
to study the arts and artistic crafts which are closely allied to their principal subject. Wood-carvers are thus encouraged to study modelling and design; designers, modelling and life-drawing, *repoussé* and earving, so that they may obtain a knowledge of their material, with its advantages and limitations, in which their designs are to be executed. Still further to enforce this upon their minds, periodic visits are arranged to leading manufactories, so that designers may know exactly how their designs are carried out practically, what should be avoided and what insisted upon to ensure successful reproduction of their work.

school, and the students work alternately at drawing from the antique—all overwrought, stippling, and stump-work being discountenanced, and insistence being made upon a workmanlike basis of construction rather than upon high academic finish. Book illustration and black-and-white work for the press receive their proper share of attention. Students in these classes are induced to draw direct from the life in pen-and-ink, and the success of the result is estimated by the considerable amount of work by Goldsmith students accepted for publication.

By the bounty of the Company the *repoussé* classes are supplied with tools and material gratuitously, in order that craftsmen in metal-work

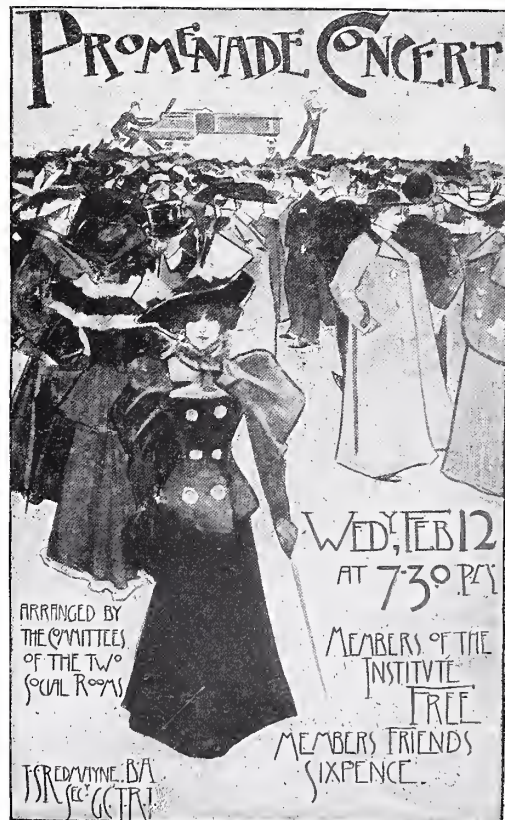


(Drawn by Fred Tayler.)

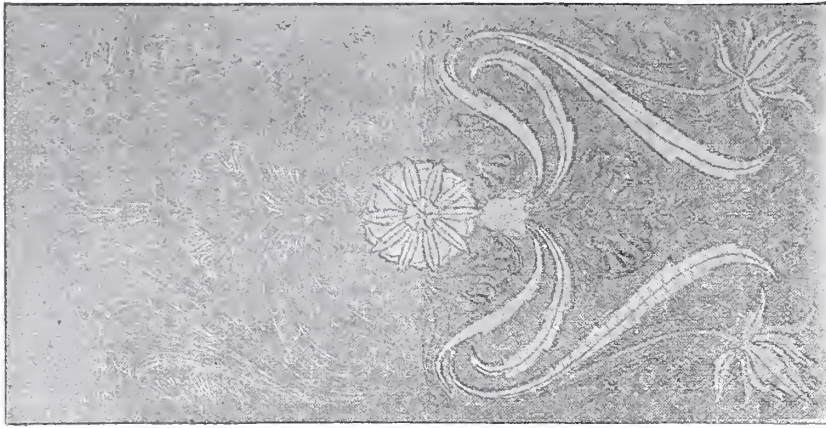


DESIGN FOR BOOK-COVER.

(By Julia Eustace.)



(Drawn by Fred Tayler.)



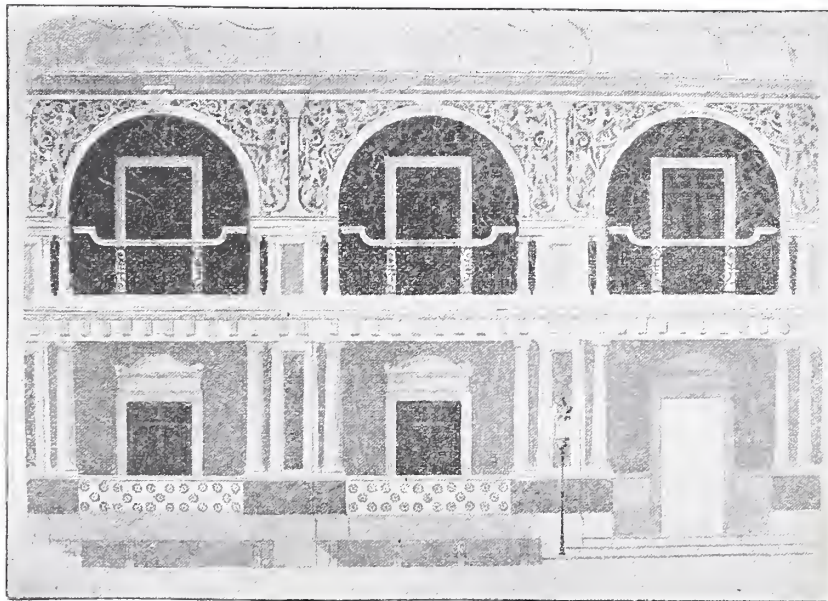
NEEDLEWORK (HALF-FINISHED)

(Designed and executed by Hilda M. Pemberton.)

may be attracted. Art-needlework has here, as elsewhere, been a source of anxiety to the authorities. For some time the students merely worked over stamped designs supplied by the ordinary Berlin-wool shops. In order to put an end to such an anomaly the governors transferred the class to the Art section. This had the effect of reducing the attendance to a minimum; but the remaining students were put through a course of design and shown the advisableness of each making her own working drawings, laying them down and executing them in manner and material suitable to the design. It was slow and arduous work, but the action is being justified by results of a more genuinely satisfactory nature to students and teachers alike. We reproduce a piece of work executed under these conditions by Miss Hilda M. Pemberton, which, though not wholly successful from the point



DESIGN FOR WALL-PAPER.

(By Carrie Thornhill.)

DESIGN FOR ARCHITECTURAL DECORATION.

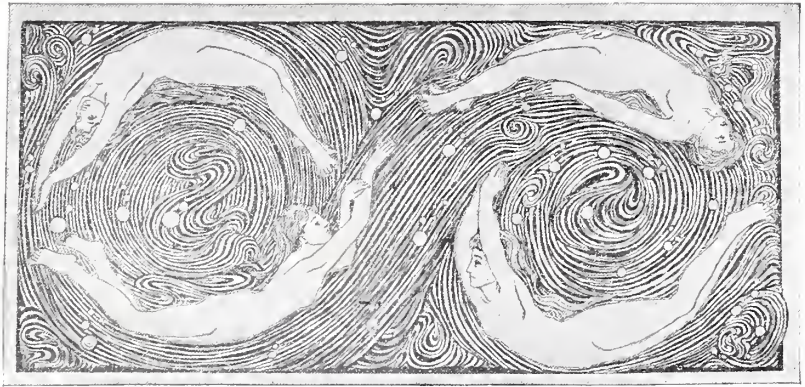
(By W. Amor Fenn.)

of view of design, is a distinct advance upon the ordinary "art needlework" of the average lady amateur.

We reproduce also several examples of work of a varied nature by the most promising of the Goldsmith pupils, Mr. Fred Tayler. The versatility of his talent is well exhibited in each, and were his record of achievements at South Kensington a safe criterion, it is easy to prophesy

for him a career of unusual success. This year, indeed, he was awarded the bronze medal for applied design; an "advanced excellent certificate" for design (being placed first in this stage in the United Kingdom); the Queen's prize for design; an "excellent certificate" for advanced modeling design; a book prize for drapery study, and two book prizes for applied design. Mr. Tayler has been attending the classes for two years only, being up to that time entirely self-taught. Always fond of sketching, he was especially attracted by the sight of crowds, and Hyde Park with its motley assemblages

was the favourite exercise ground for his pencil. Coming under the notice of Mr. Redmayne, the secretary of the Goldsmiths' Institute, he was encouraged to enter the art classes. At that time he was employed in an office in work of an entirely uncongenial nature, and when after a short course of study he succeeded in winning in open competition a County Council scholarship



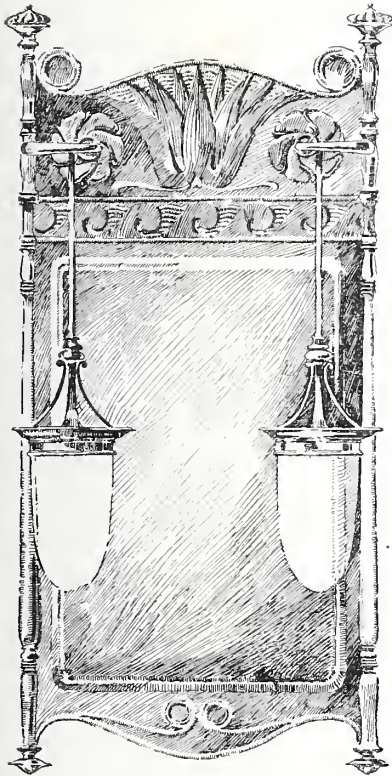
TAILPIECE

(Drawn by Emily K. Reader.)

in this direction, exhibits equal promise. We have had the opportunity of examining a large number of sketches and studies by Mr. Tayler, which conclusively prove that his talent is of no superficial character, but grounded deeply upon a broad and enthusiastic love of art.

The design by Miss Coggin for a carved panel, unconventional and unfinished as it is, shows undoubted skill. It may be observed in connection with this design that Miss Coggin was engaged in modelling it for a wall-paper—her speciality—when Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., passing through the room, suggested it would come well as a wood-carving. The idea was acted upon, and the work when finished is to be acquired by the County Council. Wall-paper designing receives special attention, and the specimens of such work given here are evidence of the capability of both teachers and students. Altogether the work accomplished at this school may be commended. Not only does the institution take the highest number of awards, next to the Royal College of Art, of the art schools of the metropolis in the National Competitions, but general results attest that the tuition is based upon sound and efficient principles.

A. E.

DESIGN FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT
WALL-BRACKET (METAL).

(By W. A. Baskerfield.)

he abandoned his commercial pursuit. He afterwards gained a Goldsmiths' scholarship, and is now a student in all the art classes; he designs all the posters for the Institute, and exhibits special aptitude for dealing with designs of this character. Those which we reproduce show a facility of drawing and an appreciation of colour that are extraordinary in one so young, while his design for a rose-water dish, his first effort



WOOD-CARVING (UNFINISHED)

(By Miss K. Coggin.)

THE ANCIENT FIRE TEMPLE AT SURAKHANI, NEAR BAKU,

By WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., Etc. Etc. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

THE town of Baku is situated on the western coast of the Caspian. The former importance of this place is indicated by the extent of its walls

is said to be almost the only good harbour in the Caspian Sea. This may account for its wealth—which is always a condition necessary to produce good architecture and art—and may also explain the former greatness of the place. It must have been at one time the Tyre or the Sidon of the Caspian Sea; and this will account for such remains of art and architecture as are to be seen, which, I must confess, gave me a most agreeable surprise.

How far the supply of naphtha in the neighbourhood of Baku may have in the past added to the prosperity of the town cannot be estimated; we know that centuries ago it was collected and sent to Persia and some of the regions round about; but the cost of transport must have been great, and the trade therefore limited, for it is only comparatively within recent years that, by the aid of steamboats and railways, there has been a great extension of it through the whole of Russia. Resulting from this extension there has been a rapid increase in the size of Baku.

El Mas'udi, a celebrated Arabic author of the tenth century, is perhaps the earliest authority who mentions Baku and its naphtha. His work is called "Mines of Gold and Meadows of Gems," and is intended to give an account of all the known countries of the world. In one place he calls the town "Babikah," "on the coast of the naphtha country." Again he refers to it as Bâkah, and says that it "yields white and other naphtha. White naphtha is found nowhere on earth but there. Baku lies on the south of the kingdom of Sharwan. In this naphtha country is a crater (chimney) from which fire issues, perpetually

throwing up a high flame. Opposite this coast are several islands; one of them is three days distant, in which there is a great volcano, which often throws out fire at all seasons of the year. The fire rises like a high mountain in the air, and its light spreads over the greater part of the sea, so that it is seen at a distance of one hundred earsangs." (Sprenger's translation.) The island with the volcano is, in all probability, Cheleken, or Naphtha Island, which is on the eastern coast of the Caspian, not far distant from Krasnovodsk; the crater, or chimney, might refer to the Temple at Surakhani, for the gas from



THE FIRE TEMPLE AT SURAKHANI.

and the solidity of their construction; the character of the mosques, which have disappeared, can be estimated now only by their minarets yet standing, which are of stone, decorated with sculptured ornament and Kufic inscriptions of great beauty. Beside the palace of the Khans, who were the Persian governors, there yet stands one building, probably a tomb, which, for beauty of its lines and the perfection of its rich ornament, it would be difficult to find equalled out of India, and even in that country but few of its monuments could pretend to rank with the one at Baku. The Bay of Baku

the oil comes up through the ground at that place, and the temple was constructed over a spot where it issued. On my visit to it I had to pass through Messrs. Karkaroff's petroleum works alongside, and saw a pipe projecting from the ground, and at its upper end there was a large flame which was fed by the subterranean gas. The petroleum works were erected there in order to utilise the gas coming up to the surface, in the process of purifying. This statement will convey some idea of the ample supply of it there must have been at all times for the Sacred Fire of the Temple.

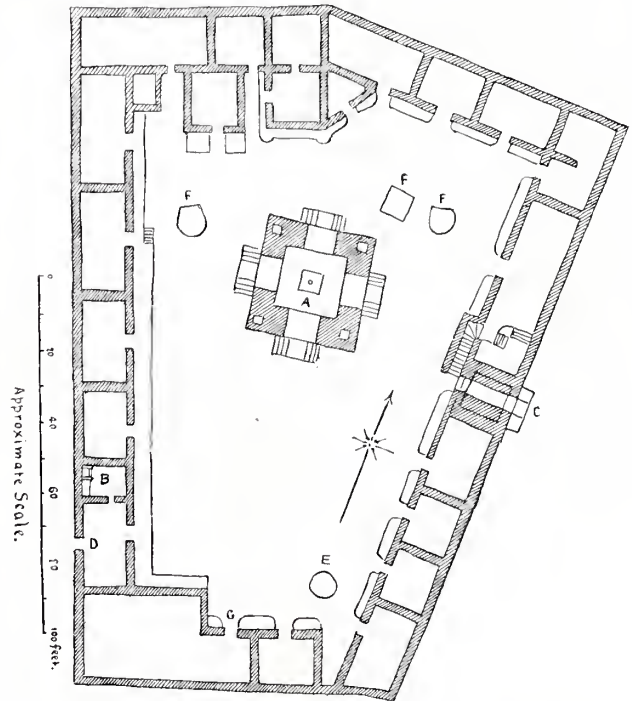
Marco Polo calls the Caspian the "Sea of Abakù," thus indicating the importance of the town in his time. He mentions the naphtha supply, and says:—"To the north lies Zorzania—'Georgia'—near the confines of which there is a fountain of oil, which discharges so great a quantity as to furnish loading for many camels. The use of it is not for the purpose of food, but as an unguent for the cure of cutaneous distempers in men and cattle, as well as other complaints; it is also used for burning. In the neighbouring country no other is used in the lamps, and people come from distant parts to procure it." (Chapter IV.)

There are numerous references to Baku and its oil wells to be found in later writers, beginning with Jonas Hanway, in the middle of last century, but it is not necessary here to quote from these, as hardly any of them give original information regarding the temple. In the absence of knowledge, some have accepted a date for Zoroaster and then assumed that the worship of the Sacred Fire would begin at that time. This is of course only theoretical, still it is probable enough. It is also within the limits of what we know of primitive times, when all peculiar phenomena were looked upon as being somehow connected with the Deity, that such a wonderful appearance of flame coming spontaneously into existence would have attracted worshippers before the time of Zoroaster.

The earliest allusion I have as yet been able to find dates from the seventh century, and this, it must be confessed, is not quite certain. During the war against Persia the Emperor Heraclius wintered his army on the shores of the Caspian. The place is described as the Plains of Mogan, between the Rivers Cyrus (now the Kura) and the Araxes, called to-day the Arras. This was only a short distance from the present Baku, and according to Gibbon, at the command of the Emperor, "the soldiers extinguished the fire, and destroyed the temples of the Mayi." Although the certainty is not complete, yet it may be taken for granted that the Fire Shrine of Surakhani is that which is principally referred to.

This may be said to exhaust the ancient history of the spot so far as it is as yet known. It may be that other references exist, and now that an interest has been excited regarding this remarkable place of worship, they will no doubt be noted and brought forward, and any light which can be found bearing on it in the past will be of very great value.

On the north of Baku the Apsheron peninsula



SKETCH PLAN OF THE TEMPLE.

A, THE FIRE TEMPLE. B, THE SMALL FIRE TEMPLE OR ALTAR. C, PRINCIPAL GATEWAY.
D, SMALL ENTRANCE FROM KARKAROFF'S REFINERY. E, PETROLEUM WELL. F, F, F,
SMALL PLATFORMS WITH HOLLOW PLACES FROM BENEATH WHICH GAS ESCAPES.

projects into the Caspian, and on this are the oil wells at Balakhani and Surakhani, where the temple stands about three or four miles to the east, and about eight miles from Baku. The naphtha or petroleum is found in various places round the Caspian, and the supply seems to be great. This may be understood when it is stated that one of the wells at Balakhani sent up as much oil in one day as all the wells in America could do in the same space of time. At Surakhani there are wells, but where the temple stands it is only gas which comes up from the oil, which is supposed to be somewhere underneath.

The deserted temple, I understood, is the property of Messrs. Karkaroff, whose refinery is now on one side of it. Those wishing to visit the place have to pass through the works, and permission of the manager has to be procured.

For a long time it was believed that this temple belonged to the Guebres, who are well known to be fire worshippers; pilgrims, it was known, came to

the shrine all the way from India, but it was supposed that they were Parsees, the name by which the followers of Zoroaster are so well known in that country. This turns out to have been altogether a mistaken view of the case. For at least a century or two back the Guebres have had nothing to do with the worship of this igneous shrine; the origin of the *culte* may have been due to the Zoroastrians; but we now know that the temple has been for a long period of time a Hindu one; that the priests who officiated were Hindus from India, and that the pilgrims were votaries of the same faith, who risked all the difficulties and dangers of a long journey to perform *pūja* before "Jowalla Jee," which was the name they gave to the Sacred Fire at Surakhani. One is familiar with the devotion to pilgrimages which the Hindus manifest within the limits of their own country and the great distances they travel over to visit the many shrines of sanctified repute within the limits of Hindostan, but it excites a feeling of wonder to find them crossing the supposed forbidden boundary of the Indus, and passing through such wild and unsettled regions as Afghanistan and Khorassan to reach the western shore of the Caspian Sea. The mediæval pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre, difficult and dangerous as they were, could not compare to this. It will give a good notion of the distance if it is stated that a man starting from Paris to Baku, and another starting from Calcutta, would each have very nearly the same amount of space to get over.

I have to acknowledge my indebtedness for the first reliable details regarding the Temple of Surakhani and the Indus to Colonel C. E. Stewart, C.B., one of the Afghan Boundary Commissioners. He very kindly gave me some notes on the subject, which I here insert, as they have a great value from the length of time he has known the place, and his experiences during many visits. Colonel Stewart writes:—"The Hindu Fire Temple at Baku was first visited by me in July, 1866. I then found there a Hindu priest, who was a native of Delhi, in India, and who had previously been a priest at the celebrated Hindu Fire Temple known as Jowalla Mukhi, in the Punjab. He told me that the temple had, until a few years previously, been served by a number of Hindu priests from India, but that by death and other causes the number had been reduced to three. One of these, the chief priest, having amassed considerable wealth, the temple was attacked by a party of Tartars, the chief priest was murdered, and his money carried off. One of the remaining priests was so frightened that he fled, and my informant was the sole remaining priest. The same day that I visited the temple a rich Hindu Baniah, from Hyderabad, in Seinde, visited it; and

Hindu pilgrims did occasionally come from India, and made presents to the shrine. I have visited the temple many times since my first visit, nineteen years ago. On my second visit, in 1881, I found the temple deserted, and was told by the servants of Messrs. Karkaroff, who have a petroleum refinery there, that my friend the old priest had died, and had been succeeded by a young priest, who had left in 1880. In 1883 I met, in Persia, two Hindu pilgrims from the Punjab, on their way from the Fire Temple at Jowalla Mukhi, in the Punjab, to the greater Jowalla Jee, as they call this temple at Baku. I gave them a letter to the British Consul at Asterabad, but I heard they never reached Baku, having been frightened, and turned back. Over each cell door in the temple there is a small inscription, in a character which is either Sanscrit or some nearly allied character. There is nothing Parsi or Zoroastrian about the temple, which is, I believe, not very ancient. It is an ordinary Hindu temple, of a slightly Buddhist form, such as we see in Kashmir. I was informed that there was another Hindu Fire Temple in the Bokhara country, making, with the better known Hindu Temple at Jowalla Mukhi, three Hindu Fire Temples. In the Baku Temple, on my last visit, I found a small copper slab, with a picture of a Hindu goddess, probably Bowani, or Parbutti, inscribed on it. Hindus worship all natural phenomena, so it is not extraordinary they should worship this natural fire. The natural gas which used to keep up the flame is now used in Messrs. Karkaroff's factory. If there ever was a Zoroastrian temple here there are at present no signs of it. Indian Baniahs in Persia whom I have met have begged to be permitted to accompany me to the Hindu Fire Temple at Baku, it being well known to them as a place of Hindu pilgrimage, but they were afraid to visit now, in consequence, probably, of the killing of the chief priest."

I visited the temple in April, 1885, and I found ample confirmation of what Colonel Stewart has written. Having had some experience of temples in India, I noticed some peculiar evidences of Hindu faith which Colonel Stewart has not alluded to. The most prominent of these was a *trisala*, or trident of iron, projecting from the *sikra*, or steeple of the temple. This symbol is to be found on almost every temple of Siva in India, and it may be taken as showing that the shrine was dedicated to that god. This goes far to confirm Colonel Stewart's suggestion that the figure on the plate of copper was that of Parbutty, the wife of Siva. In one of the cells which form the enclosure there is a small fire altar, and hanging from the roof in front of it there is a bell. This is an arrangement so peculiar and common in Hindu temples that even if I had had no previous

information it would have suggested to my mind some link of connection with India. Equally significant was another feature which caught my eye as I first walked round the place. On the eastern side of the temple there is an inscription, surmounted by some objects rudely sculptured; what these represented I could not tell, with the exception of one symbol, which is a *swastika*. This had the four dots, one between each limb, which is, I believe, peculiar to the Indian *swastika*.

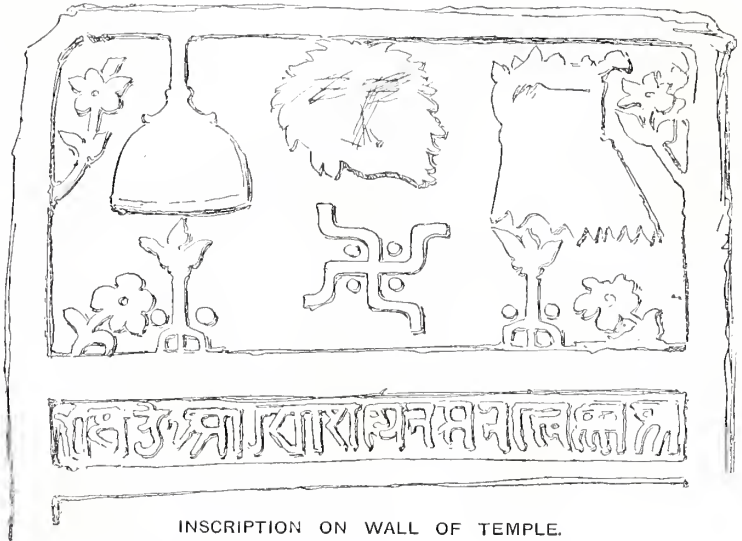
The Hindu character of the temple, it will be seen from the evidence given, is not a matter of theory; the proof is complete in every way. The question at once presents itself, how long has it been so? To this may be added the further inquiry as to what circumstances led the Hindus to make this a place of pilgrimage, so very far away from their own country?

Colonel Stewart told me of the inscriptions, and I hoped to bring home squeezes of them, but the day of my visit turned out to be windy. That, with other circumstances, prevented the results from being a success, and they cannot be properly deciphered, a failure which I very much regret. It may be mentioned, as some excuse, that they are very rudely cut, and from the action of time the characters are not free from encrustation.

Professor Max Müller has seen the squeezes, also Dr. Rost and Dr. Burgess. These high authorities all agreed that they are in the Devanagari character, and they were able to make out some of the words, such as "Sri Ganassâya namah," "Sri Ramaji..." Dr. Rost was inclined to date the form of the letters to the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Dr. Burgess, whose experience in India gives his judgment a claim to our trust, thought the forms of the characters would point to a date of about two centuries back. It should be here stated I brought home only about half-a-dozen of these rude squeezes, and there are, perhaps, about a dozen more; the probability is that they are not all of the same date, so until all these inscriptions have been studied the furthest back date which they can supply will remain an open question. Still, in spite of failure, something has been done; for even if we only take the date suggested by Dr. Burgess, which is the most modern, the temple has been Hindu for at least two centuries. Jonas Hanway, who visited Baku about 130 years ago, says:—"Amongst others is a little temple, at which the Indians now worship. Here are generally forty or fifty of these poor creatures, who come on a pilgrimage from their own country." That is all I chance to know that can be said as to

date. Here it may be worth recalling the fact that there are Buddhists to the north of Baku, on the same side of the Caspian. They are on the low ground north of the Caucæsus. This is rather singular, but they are Tartars, Kalmucks of the Don. Being nomadic, they probably moved to this part from some more eastern region of Central Asia, and brought their religion along with them.

As to what brought the Hindus to Baku at first very little can be said. On the journey to and from the Afghan frontier we saw large and well-



INSCRIPTION ON WALL OF TEMPLE.

built caravanserais in ruins, and what had been substantial bridges crumbling to decay. These were in regions which are now depopulated—devastated by the Turkoman raids. They are monuments of the commerce of the past. The people of India have always shown great commercial enterprise, and this no doubt brought many of them to Central Asia and the Caspian. In addition to these means of knowledge and connection, I may here repeat what Colonel Yule told me in relation to this subject, that there were in Marco Polo's time Kashmir fakirs about some of the Mongol Courts. In the ninth chapter of Marco Polo it is stated that Tauris (now Tabriz), in Aderbijan, was a "noble city," with a large commerce, which brought merchants from distant places, and among those mentioned is India. We have thus a possible clue as to how the Hindus may have become acquainted with the Sacred Fire at Baku. Still, this leaves us quite in the dark as to how they managed to displace the Guebres, who are generally supposed to have been the original possessors of the temple.

It seems to me that the Temple of Jowalla Mukhi, in the Kangra Valley, which is a sacred place of pilgrimage to the Hindus, must have had something to do with the occupation of the Surakhani

Temple. When the Hindus learned that there was a temple of the same kind, although far away, they would look upon it as being identical with the one they knew. Colonel Stewart mentions that the priest he saw had been a priest at Jowalla Mukhi, and the Hindus applied the same name to both, only that they looked upon the Surakhani Temple



THE SMALL ALTAR.

as being the greater, which they expressed by calling it "Jowalla Jee."

The temple at Baku is square in form, and open on each side. In this it is unlike the usual Hindu temple, which is a cell, with an opening only on one of its sides. The openings were evidently intended for the purpose of letting the fire be seen all round. These openings are arched, and the whole is surmounted by what may be described as a slightly pointed square dome. This is the only feature

which has any resemblance to Hindu architecture in the structure; the object in this case having been to reproduce the form of a *sikra*, or square steeple of the Hindu temple, but it is so low that it fails in its suggestion, and it is more like a dome than a spire. The workmen of the locality must have been employed, and they have constructed the arch as well as the other details, with the exception of the dome, as they were in the custom of doing. It is a very rude, plain building, with no architectural pretensions. There is over the arch, on the eastern side, one stone with an inscription of about ten lines. This is surmounted by some rude figures, among which is the *swastika*, already mentioned. What some of these objects are I could not determine; one may perhaps be a bell. The central object, over the *swastika*, I took at first to be a representation of the sun, but having procured a ladder to make a close inspection, I have doubts on this head. It might be a vine leaf; but the sun is a more likely symbol to find on Hindu sculptures. Among the figures are some flowers, evidently given by way of ornament. On the floor of the temple is a square depression, and by means of a pipe in the centre the gas was led to the surface. In each of the four corners of the temple there is a small chimney; pipes conveyed the gas up to them, and when they were lighted along with the principal jet in the centre, the whole would produce the "Panch-Agni," or Five Fires, an arrangement which the Hindus are familiar with.

The temple is within an enclosure, formed of small cells, of which there are twenty-two: these were for the accommodation of the pilgrims. Over the doors of these are the Devanagari inscriptions, already referred to. In one case there is a Persian inscription under the Devanagari one, and it occurred to me it might be a translation of the other. The principal entrance through the enclosure was from the east. There is a kind of tower over the gate, with a room in it, and there are four chimneys on the top, similar to those on the temple, which were probably lighted on grand occasions. The whole structure has equal interest for artist and archæologist.



DIANA AND ENDYMION. (Engraved by M. Klinkicht.)

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

I WAS a constant visitor at the Grosvenor Gallery when, in 1882, the first collected exhibition of Mr. G. F. Watts's works was held. Three years later, at the Birmingham Museum, I saw the pictures all—or many of them—once more, as well as packed crowds would permit. In the artist's own gallery I have studied them again and again, and have met many of them in local exhibitions, and examined them in reproduction times out of number. I have often talked of them and of art with the master, and have watched him paint, and have, I believe, for some years past seen the majority of his pictures in progress of execution. I have read nearly all that has been said of them, critical, rhapsodical, and descriptive, and have myself often contributed to the public consideration of them and of the artist. And yet, I confess, not until I walked through the rooms of the New Gallery and stood

before this noble selection of the painter's work, did I quite realise, for all my previous knowledge, how great a man is this noble artist, how superb a painter; how lofty his sense of style, and how majestic, in many instances, his conception. Of the greatness of his art there can be no doubt, nor of his true position; nor to any of his generation is it likelier that posterity will pronounce the words reserved only for the worthy: "Friend, go up higher!"

It is not on the works of his later day that his reputation as a painter, pure and simple, will rest. For during his second period he has advisedly laid aside that form of technical excellence which dazzles and delights in the guise of "dexterity," and adopted a broader manner, in which handling and manipulation—in so far as they are the manifestation of the consciously skilful craftsman—are

subordinated to the subject on which the artist would insist. Mr. Watts, indeed, stands alone in his generation. Nature intended him intellectually for a poet, as well as artistically as a painter, whose bard-like utterances are sometimes perhaps fitter for words than for pigment. But this development had not reached its irresistible point before the master had produced such canvases that, like it or not, have

acquired, to be used for the expression of the conceptions which arise in the thinking painter, as well as in the thinking writer, whether poet or philosopher. For that reason, then—in the conviction that painting may be used for the satisfaction of cravings higher than the merely sensuous—he determined to eschew that accomplishment which, whether the manifestation of real talent, and even genius of a kind, or else of unfeigned vanity, attracts overmuch the admiration of the public, and diverts attention from the more elevated intellectual qualities of the work.

But when we regard the productions of his brush which were executed before the full force of his mature convictions moved him, not only as artist but as a citizen, to the noble line to which he has so valiantly and so generously adhered, we are struck with astonishment that no greater recognition has been accorded to his purely technical triumphs. Mr. Watts may regard these achievements with equanimity, and with but modified satisfaction if he will; but technical accomplishment in the world of art will always maintain its premier place when the rank of a painter is to be accorded. In some of these compositions, hung in the West Gallery, the artist has touched, perhaps, the highest point of technical accomplishment, and has triumphed in the painting of flesh—as in the Leicester “Fata Morgana,” and in “Life’s Illusions”—as no other English painter I know of, save Reynolds and, in small works, Etty, has triumphed before.

In addition, we have in these canvases that *grande allure*, that sense of style, colour, composition, and line, that go to make a masterpiece; and to each of these, moreover, there is added that definite purpose of subject—that spiritual quality—on which the painter already insisted half a century ago, at the time he painted them. The first-named bears finishing touches that were applied as late as 1888, and the latter, belonging to 1849, is threatened with destruction, in consequence, perhaps, of the Italian ground on which it was painted, and perhaps not a little to subsequent



PAOLA AND FRANCESCA.

(From a Photograph by F. Hollger.)

set up his name among the highest, and placed him beside the great masters of execution and colour. In this respect he is not to be judged by those works of thought and ethical aim by which he is, perhaps, best known to the present generation, who, for many years, have watched his artistico-intellectual pictures as they issued from his hand in which the painter-like quality in its appearance of mere high finish is sacrificed to the main intention of the picture. Mr. Watts's view is obvious—he regards painting not as an end but a means; “the language of all the world,” no doubt, but a language, when



ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

(Engraved by O. Lucotir.)

damp. These two works, as showing Mr. Watts's supremacy in flesh-painting, deserve a pilgrimage



LOVE AND DEATH.

all to themselves, and must be seen by those who would form a just opinion of what has been done in English art.

It must not be supposed, however, that they comprise all or even the highest qualities of this painter's art. For even greater subtlety in the flesh-tones we may look to "Bianca"—a picture which was painted from Rossetti's model, and which from the collection of the late Mr. C. H. Rickards passed into that of Mr. Ruston. This brilliant bust, only less lovely than "Choosing" (which, curiously enough, is not included in this exhibition), was painted in 1863; but for excellence of painting we may even go back a quarter of a century earlier—to the artist's work when he was yet a youth.

Indeed, in the South Gallery we find several pictures executed before "The Wounded Heron," the picture with which Mr. Watts made his *début* at the Academy in 1837—not less than sixty years ago!—and which may here be found and admired

for its modest conscientiousness, absence of display or sensational handling, and excellent tone. There is a little portrait of Mr. James Weale (1835) and another of a child ("Little Miss Hopkins," 1836), which, but for a certain lack of confidence, might for masterly handling and purity of colour be compared with some of the smaller portraits by Hogarth. Between these small examples of boyish genius and the unfinished symbolic picture of "Peace and Goodwill" of the present year, an extraordinary panorama of the artist's manipulative skill and imaginative power is presented to the eye. It cannot be doubted that the highest attainment of the painter's hand—that hand which,



HON. MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM.

not even in his most precise and daintiest work, from his earliest efforts to the present time when his



LORD TENNYSON.
(Engraved by W. Biscombe-Gardner.)

eightieth year is past, never condescended to the help of a maulstick—is to be found in the West Gallery; but the South Room contains not a few of his notable triumphs. Besides the Hawking pictures there, and the quaint portraits of "Lady Holland" (1843) and Miss Cassavetti, the superbly dignified "Gladstone" (1865), which I believe I am right in saying was the earliest executed portrait of first-class importance of that statesman, there are the



LIFE, DEATH, AND JUDGMENT. (LATER VERSION)

magnificent early "Tennyson" (1859) and the later one executed in 1890 in the broader manner of recent years. There are the "Millais" (1871) and the opulent, though not quite so successful, "Leighton" (1890), the brilliant "Joachim," executed at a time when the violinist wore no beard, now thirty years ago, and the "Marquis of Salisbury" of 1884. We have the beautifully-drawn and exquisitely-felt picture of "Prayer" (1878), now the property of Manchester; and the imaginative and romantic "Ophelia." This has been worked upon since it was first exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878, the year it was painted. Besides these

there is the superb "Una and the Red Cross Knight" (1869)—a work to me as touching, for all its reticence, as Millais' "Vale of Rest"—and the sad and reproachful picture of London misery called "Under a Dry Arch." Of far later date is the beautiful half-length nude of "Uldra" (1884), one of the artist's most brilliant exercises in prismatic colour, for which the Scandinavian waterfall sprite gives him the motive. The sketch and the finished picture of "The Rider on the White Horse" may profitably be studied together; the impressive vigour and massiveness of the large work with its masterly drawing and brilliant handling, and the smaller one superior in the purity of its colour and in the rarer poetic expression on the "Rider's" face. With the mention of the "View of the Carrara Mountains from Pisa" (1881), which displays not less knowledge of rock formation than of atmospheric effect and exquisite variety of colour, we may pass to the West Gallery, prepared for a still finer presentment of the painter's art—an expectation which will not be disappointed.

Occupying the centre of the great wall, the celebrated picture of "Paola and Francesca" asserts itself magnificently. It is a splendid specimen of Mr. Watts's art of fifty years ago, perhaps even finer now than when it was painted, gaining nothing in its rare impressiveness and dignity from the help of time. The subject has been handled many a time before, from Delaroche and Scheffer to Doré, but not one treatment of it that I have seen comes within measurable distance of this great work, either for imagination, pathos, or poetry, composition, or even technique. Its destination, the reader will be glad to learn, is the National Gallery, to which the present owner purposes to bequeath it. It may not combine in itself all of its painter's highest qualities, but there can be no doubt that it will maintain its position as one of the finest and most elevated works of the English school. Hard by hangs "Britomart and her Nurse before the Magic Mirror" (1878), interesting as proving the artist's independence and originality, for, although he has executed some half-dozen pictures inspired by poets' works, he has never, except perhaps in the ease of the "Paola and Francesca," sought merely to illustrate poets' words. In this instance, indeed, the picture is in reality a continuation, or, so to speak, a collateral

development, of the story in Spenser's "Faerie Queen," where it stops short in its recital of the nurse's vision. Much the same may be said of the

also here, to demonstrate Mr. Watts's masterly power of composition as well as the ulterior motive of an emblematic sort which may be read in these beautiful



BIANCA.

(In the Collection of Joseph Ruston, Esq. Engraved by Jonnard.)

"Fata Morgana." Both Mr. Watts's versions of Bojardo's creation in "Orlando Innamorato" are here, the former of the two, in my opinion—that which the artist presented to the town of Leicester—being in all respects the finer composition and the finer painting. The two pictures of "Orpheus and Eurydice" are

canvases. Then the silent peak of "Mount Ararat" (1885), rising in solemn dignity against the blue of an Eastern night, while one star shines through the solitude, reveals his deep imaginative sense of the majesty of nature, while another note not wholly dissimilar, though much more fanciful, is to be seen

in his "Neptune's Horses"—an upright picture of the deep blue sea flecked with the foam of the breaking waves, which need but a moment's contemplation to realise in them the forms of prancing horses: an idea which has since been carried out

artist's finest representations of the nude—not only those to which reference has already been made, but also "The Three Goddesses" (of which the sculpturesque treatment, the supreme representation of the ideal nude, and exquisite quality are beyond praise), and the more human figures of "Daphne" (1872) and "Psyche" (1880); and it is interesting to observe the emphasis with which Mr. Watts seems to have differentiated the human figure in the two classes of picture—the symbolic and the typical. With these the "Ariadne," a modern "old master," may profitably be compared.

Among the works of graceful fancy is the daintily-conceived picture entitled "Good Luck to Your Fishing" (1889)—inspired, probably, by the little rogue in "Arion" (No. 117). The merry little sprite hovering blithely over the waves into which he has cast his line reminds the spectator of the *amorini* of Rubens or of Titian, and, painted in a rich and robust scheme of colour, possesses an interest of surface more often avoided by other painters than sought.

The portraiture in the same room is on a level with the subjects. The full-length of "Lord Campbell" in his chancellor's robes and full-bottomed wig is a work to be remembered, a complete picture of senility with its air of ancient dignity and diminishing intellectual force than any I could quote; nearest to it is Hondon's "Voltaire" at the Comédie Française, yet not so subtle in character as this interesting work. Not less character and more "actuality" are to be found in



HOPE.

by Mr. Walter Crane and certain painters abroad, though it is no disparagement for them to say, neither with the same subtle beauty nor with equal poetic touch. Opposite hangs the "Diana and Endymion," in whose sleep the hunter-goddess—otherwise Selene, the Moon—descended to embrace him, a composition which for grace of line, classic beauty of form, and charm of mystery, Mr. Watts has rarely surpassed. Beside it is the fine "Venetian Nobleman," who is, in truth, none other than Mr. Watts himself. In this room, too, are some of the

character and more "actuality" are to be found in "Sir William Bowman" (1865); and in "The Rt. Hon. Russell Gurney, Q.C.," we see the transition to the artist's later practice in portrait-painting. The portraits of Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1870), Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Calderon (1872), Mr. Walter Crane, and Lady Garvagh and Lady Somers, and other portraits of ladies—whom none in England in this latter century has painted with so much grace and beauty—are too well known to need further reference. But the attention of the visitor



THE HABIT DOES NOT MAKE THE MONK.

(Engraved by Jonnard.)

may be called to the portrait of the late Earl of Airlie, and, for the purpose of comparison, to the exquisite "Ganymede," which hangs in the South Gallery, and which was employed, as may here be seen, for the face of the boy in "The Childhood of Jupiter," or, as it was first named, "The Infant Hercules tended by Nymphs." Reference should also be made to the portraits of Mr. Constantine Ionides, of his wife and his two daughters, if only to mention a circumstance the like of which must be rare enough in the annals of art: Mr. Watts has painted no fewer than *five generations* of the Ionides family.

In the North Gallery are gathered together the seventeen canvases which it is the intention of the artist to present to the Nation—pictures of thought and ethics, and, so to speak, of elementary metaphysics. These nobly-designed pictures include those in which he has striven, to use his own words, "to divest the inevitable of its terrors," and to show the Great Power "rather as a friend than as an enemy." These are the "Court of Death," with the attendant ministers, "Silence and Mystery;" "The Messenger," who summons the aged to their rest; "Death Crowning Innocence;" "Time, Death, and Judgment;" the well-known and oft-repeated (but always with variations) "Love and Death," and its tender companion "Love and Life." Then "Faith"—the militant Faith of the Church, awakening to the folly of the persecution she has practised; "Peace and Goodwill," "For He had Great Possessions," "The Dweller in the Innermost"—otherwise Conscience, or rather *Geist*—"The Spirit of Christianity," a somewhat sarcastic commentary on schismatic discord; "Jonah" preaching ruin to the ungodly; "The Minotaur," the sensualist, and "Mammon," the god of vulgar avarice and insolent cruelty; "Hope," the sanguine

dweller in perpetual dawn; "Sic Transit," the end of human life, considered apart from the immortality life may make for itself; and the fine "Chaos," a picture which exhibits, perhaps better than any other, the monumental character of the artist's conception, while the forms obviously recall his study of the Elgin marbles.

All these pictures, painted with a view not purely artistic, are reinforced by many others which show the artist in his strength—"The Rev. James Martineau," one of the finest of his portraits executed during the 'seventies; "Sir Richard Burton," a most valuable sketch; "Love Triumphant," notable for its beauty of line as well as of thought; "Sunset in the Alps," a fine example of colour, painted, if I mistake not, on a ground of gold; "After the Deluge," a brilliant study of colour and light; and the trilogy of "Eve": her creation and nobility, her temptation and frailty, her fall and repentance.

The direction of modern art criticism would leave few painters unscathed, either from the philosophical or technical points of view; and the works of Mr. Watts, as here shown, present many opportunities, not of carping but of conscientious disagreement here and there. But a collection such as this silences ordinary criticism, not only in admiration of the master, but from the sympathy he evokes. The man who produced these works is a king among painters; and if he has deliberately used his art for the expression of didactic ideas, it is ungrateful, and foolish, moreover, to shut our eyes to the genius that would paint virtues as well as trees and dissections, and would rather delight our intellects and stir our consciences than confine his message to sensuous enjoyment.



PEACE AND GOODWILL.

(From a Photograph by F. Hollyer.)

ANATOMY IN ART.

BY DR. WILLIAM ANDERSON, F.R.C.S. PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

TWO important works upon artistic anatomy have appeared almost simultaneously—one by Professor Arthur Thomson,* of Oxford, the lecturer upon Art Anatomy at South Kensington; the other by an American artist, Mr. Ernest E. Thompson.† Professor Thomson, a master of science, has brought to bear upon his subject artistic instincts and accomplishments of a high order, and Mr. Thompson, primarily an artist, has subordinated his art to an eminently scientific spirit, preparing his own dissections and executing his drawings with a care that will give his work a value beyond the circle for which it is especially designed.

Until now the English or American art student who wished to attack human anatomy seriously was almost compelled to seek his guidance in French or German books. The labours of Gerdy,‡ the father of what we may call the Science of Surface Anatomy, and those of Richer, the author of the most complete treatise upon Artistic Anatomy in its wider sense,§ have left little for their followers to do. The admirable lithographic plates by Leveillé illustrating Fau's anatomy|| have never been equalled, and are scarcely to be excelled, in their combination of accuracy and pictorial beauty; and in Germany the writings of Froriep,¶ Harless,** and Kollmann,†† as well as the valuable essay of Brücke‡‡ on the beauties and defects of the human form, serve as an admirable basis for study. In England, on the other hand, save for the learned handbook of Professor Marshall,§§ we have hitherto had little that could help the painter or sculptor. Professor Thomson, however, now gives us a volume that, for the English reading student, will take the place held by that of Professor Richer in France. Like Richer he has grasped the importance of explaining each characteristic feature on the surface contours of the body by its relation to the structures beneath, and to make the lessons more clear he has illustrated his description by a series of photographs from well-

selected living models, showing the trunks and limbs in all their principal motions, each picture being analysed in an adjoining diagram which displays in outline the muscular anatomy of the part. He has not gone quite so far as Richer, who attaches also a drawing of the skeleton form to each representation of the muscles and surface markings, but the result is little inferior. The descriptive text is admirably lucid, and especially adapted for the artistic reader by the careful avoidance of all unnecessary technicalities. The arrangement of the facts conveyed is simple and practical; the different portions of the frame are discussed regionally, the superficial appearances of each part are described and explained, the movements are figured, and their limits indicated by photographs and diagrams, and short essays are appended upon facial expression and proportion. The artist who seeks further detail may, of course, refer to purely scientific treatises, but he has here all that is essential for him to know. With such a guide the unsavoury work of dissection is a superfluous part of the artist's training; indeed, a clear description, aided by an atlas such as that of Leveillé or Richer, will teach the forms of muscle and tendon far more clearly than any ordinary dissection of an average "subject" if the learner will take the trouble to study at the same time his own surface forms or those of a suitable living model. He may then, in fact, comprehend the meaning of surface anatomy far better than he would be likely to acquire it from the long course of practical training of anatomical exercise which forms a large part of the medical curriculum.

Mr. Ernest Thompson's book is one of a different character. It is essentially an atlas of plates, drawn with a fidelity of detail that will gladden the heart of the anatomist pure and simple. The first sketch, a vigorous and original delineation of the arrangement of the fur on the wolf, is of especial interest, and this is followed by some other drawings of like object. The skeleton and muscular forms of the greyhound are next shown in various positions, then the muscles of the cat, the proportions and skeleton of the lion, the bones and muscles of the horse, with an excellent series of sections of trunk and limbs to show the relation of the deeper structures to the surface; the muscles of the ox, the proportions of the sheep and camel, and finally a series of illustrations of the anatomy and plumage of birds, concluding with a wonderful geometrical plan of the expanded tail of the peacock. It should be particularly noted that the indications to the complex

* "Anatomy for Artists," by Arthur Thomson. Oxford Press.

† "Art Anatomy of Animals," by Ernest E. Thompson. Macmillan and Co.

‡ Gerdy, "Anatomie des Formes Extérieures." 1829.

§ Richer, "Anatomie Artistique," with illustrations by the author. 1890.

|| Fau, "Anatomie des Formes Extérieures du Corps Humain," with atlas of plates drawn from nature by J. B. Leveillé.

¶ Froriep, "Anatomie für Künstler." 1880.

** Harless, "Plastische Anatomie." 2nd edition. 1876.

†† Kollmann, "Plastische Anatomie." 1886.

‡‡ Brücke, "Schönheit und Fehler der menschlichen Gestalt." Vienna: 1891. English translation published by Grevel, London.

§§ Marshall, "Anatomy for Artists," with wood-cut illustrations after J. S. Cuthbert. 1883.

muscular forms represented are printed upon the plate itself, a concession for which the hard-worked student will be especially grateful, and that the anatomical nomenclature is made to coincide as far as possible with that adopted in the leading textbooks of human anatomy. Thanks to the latter precaution, the learner who has acquired some knowledge of the skeleton and myology of man will find but few difficulties in mastering the closely analogous arrangement of structures in the lower animals.

The text is rich in material valuable to the artist, and especially to the sculptor, such as tables of size and proportion, careful admeasurements of distance from one salient point on the surface to another, and a descriptive account of the principal muscular attachments in the animal selected as a type. It concludes with a bibliography of the subjects treated and a good index.

The book is essentially original, although its

plan was to some extent anticipated in the scarce and uncompleted work of Goiffon and Vincent ("Mémoire Artificielle des principes relatifs à la fidelle représentation des Animaux, tant en peinture qu'en sculpture." Alfort, 1779). Its plates are excellent, but their artistic value is injured to some extent by a process of reproduction which destroys the sharpness and decision of the fine lines of the original drawing. In a subsequent edition the author may be persuaded to include a few more skeleton forms and to add some outline plates showing the areas of attachments of the principal muscles upon the bones of the horse and the dog.

The artistic student may be congratulated upon the appearance of these two works, for they have made it possible for him to acquire in a few months more of the essential facts of surface anatomy than his predecessors in the Medicean age could gather in years of original research.

“HADRIAN’S VILLA.”

BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A.

IN the accompanying reproduction of a small but well-known picture by Richard Wilson in the National Gallery, the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART have the opportunity of seeing the results obtainable by a new and most interesting process of reproduction in colour. It is a process that has for some time occupied the attention of scientific and artistic minds, but it must be called new, for it is still in the experimental stage, although most extraordinary results have been and are being obtained in Germany, America, and in this country. In the limited space at our disposal it is impossible to go into the history of the process, but some little account of the method of it is necessary to the understanding of its interest and value. It is the nearest approach to photography in colours that has yet been obtained.

Simply stated, the method is this. The picture—or it may be any coloured object or scene—is exposed to the camera and three negatives are taken, one records the yellow, one the red, and one the blue rays reflected by the picture or object. This separation of the values of the three primary colours is effected by the interposition of colour screens which prevent the passage to the recording negative of any but the one colour. From these negatives blocks are made, one for each primary colour, and by printing these blocks one over the other the three primary colours, which were separated by the process of photography, are brought together again and the final effect produced.

Reproductions of works of art by chromo-litho-

graphy, good as the best may have been, have always been open to the objection that they lose the artist's drawing and colour, and fail to render the quality of the original work. The large number of printings necessary, sometimes more than twenty, tend to overload the subject with ink, and give to reproductions even of a water-colour drawing an over-coloured, heavy appearance, as of a thickly painted oil picture. By this new photographic method the character of every work is retained. A water-colour looks like a water-colour, while, as may be seen in this reproduction of Wilson's picture, the fat oily nature of the painting is well suggested, while even such detail as the cracks in the surface are faithfully rendered, and the well-known grey-green tones of the painter will be easily recognised by everybody who is acquainted with his work. In justice to Messrs. André and Sleight, who produced and printed the blocks for this picture, it should be stated that the blocks were made under exceptional difficulties. The picture had to be photographed at the National Gallery where they could not have the assistance of the electric light, and of course they could not have it away from the gallery for purposes of comparison. In spite of these and other difficulties, it will be seen that a very near approach has been made to a facsimile reproduction not only of the drawing, but of the colour and the quality of the picture, even to the discoloration in the sky.

We shall show on a future occasion what is possible in reproducing an object direct from nature.





THE BLIND HOUSE.

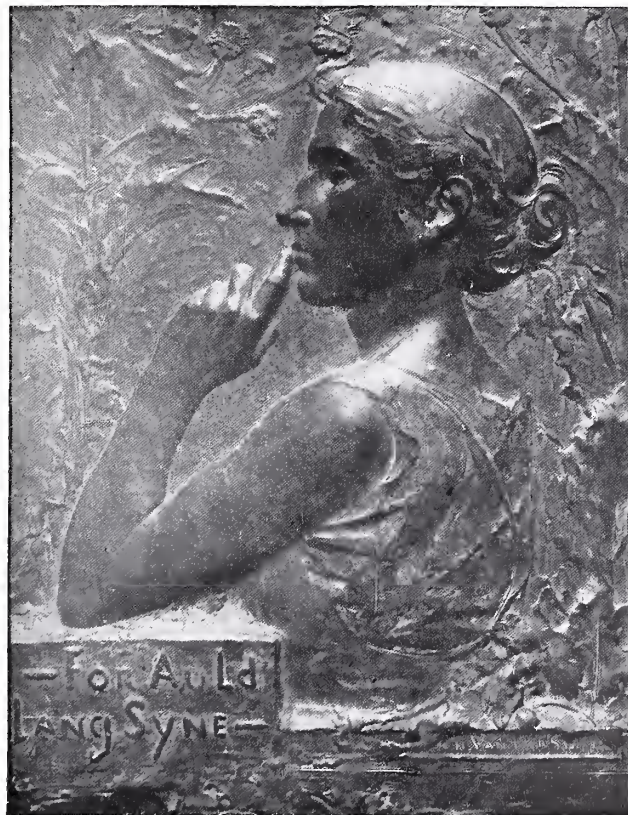
(From the Painting by William de Gouve de Nunques.)

THE ART MOVEMENT IN BELGIUM.

THE usual annual Exhibition of Fine Arts in September was not held last year. It has in former years been held in turn at Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp, and it was called the Triennial Exhibition in each of these cities. Last spring a Salon of Sculpture and Painting was opened at Liège, which in future will be the fourth of the Belgian centres that have the honour of giving a home to the newer works of the Flemish masters. The exhibition henceforth will be quadrennial, since every four years one of these towns will boast of being the metropolis of Belgian art. This change was not effected without some difficulty. There was some talk of striking Brussels off the list, and holding these official shows only in the provinces, since the capital is crowded during the winter with the club and society exhibitions which make Brussels a focus of æstheticism. But this suggestion, though eagerly discussed, came to nothing, and the old system survives, with the added strength that will

be afforded by the admission of Liège to the roll of towns entitled to hold Government exhibitions of art.

At the present moment, Brussels is very busy about the Universal Exhibition of Fine Arts to be held there this year. The decoration of the town is under consideration, and the artists commissioned to carry it out are already on their mettle. It is proposed to adorn the Botanical Garden, which skirts one of the boulevards, with about fifty statues entrusted to a score of sculptors all working to a definite scheme. Then the decoration of the Park (du Cinquantenaire) where the exhibition is to be held will include the construction of a monumental fountain in its midst, an important work placed in the hands of the sculptor, M. Charles van der Stappen. The scheme



"FOR AULD LANG SYNE."

(Panel for the Art Union of Glasgow. By Charles van der Stappen.)

—of which I have seen the model as a personal favour —promises grandly. The artist represents what may be called the History of Human Chimæras. It consists of five groups. In each is seen an enormous

Chimæra rearing, as it were, its front feet in the air: its neck proudly stretched, and its head raised: its wings spread boldly to the sky. From each mouth rushes a torrent of water.

By the side of the first Chimæra a child is sleeping: by the second dreams a maiden: sheltered by the third we see a mother with an infant on her knees: the fourth protects an old man lying near it. These four groups stand round the fifth, which occupies the centre—a young man in the strength and prime of life is holding in the Chimæra, his hands clutching its wings, one arm round its neck, in the attitude and act of victoriously



THE CHIMÆRA AND THE MAIDEN.
(By Charles van der Stappen.)

restraining it. This group and those of the mother and of the dreaming girl are especially striking for the noble sense of the sculptor's art. The fountain is to be raised on a base of rocks, with no architectural ornamentation. The mass will, however, be symmetrical, the angles and arches of rough stone composing with the sculpture, in lines radiating from the central group to the four others at their extremities. The reproductions given with this article are from sketches. By the same artist we

have also a bas-relief for the Art Union of Glasgow, on the subject of "For Auld Lang Syne."



THE CHIMÆRA AND THE MOTHER.

(By Charles van der Stappen.)



THE CHIMÆRA AND THE YOUTH.

In the new Central Post Office two frescoes by the painter Van den Bussche have been unveiled. One represents the reception given at Antwerp to

to the interests of the Worshipful Company of Postmen and Telegraph boys. It would have been better to have had the walls bare.



ANGELS OF THE NIGHT.

(From the Painting by William de Gouve de Nunques.)

Major Dhanis on his return from the Congo; the other is an allegory symbolising Posts and Telegraphs. There is absolutely no sense of decorative

The Club known as "*Le Sillon*" has been holding an exhibition of its members' work. This society consists of a group of young painters, the best



PEACOCKS.

(From the Painting by William de Gouve de Nunques.)

fitness in these two works; one looks like an illustration borrowed from some magazine, the other like an ornate heading for a weekly paper devoted

of whom show their adhesion to our native masters by the brilliancy and harmony of their colouring. One name is worthy of remark: that of Monsieur

A. Bastien. We look for good work from him, and he certainly deserves mention in a foreign review.

Among the new men who during the last few years have attracted the attention of art-critics in Belgium, two may be named as noteworthy: Georges Minne, a sculptor, and William de Gouve de Nunèques, a painter. These two artists are

disciples of our Gothic school. The sculptor's work is full of emotion, of deep, human sentiment, and sympathy. The painter chooses sometimes domestic and sometimes ideal subjects. As yet they both remain unknown outside the limits of their own country; but there is some talk of exhibiting the works of Minne and of de Gouve together in Paris.

EMILE VERHAEREN.

THE DECORATION OF ST. JAMES'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

SOME interesting mural decoration has recently been done in Edinburgh—in the Song School of St. Mary's Cathedral; in the Catholic Apostolic Church; and, on a large scale, in the MacEwan University Hall. The latest scheme is that for the decoration of the chancel of St. James's Episcopal Church by Mr. W. Hole, R.S.A., whose fame as an etcher, and especially as an interpreter of Constable, Millet, and Velasquez, has extended beyond the Northern half of the kingdom. Asked to advise the managers of the church, of which he is a member, concerning the adornment of the chancel, he generously offered to undertake this work himself; and for three years the time that would otherwise have been employed in reading and recreation has been devotedly given to this labour of love. The part now completed is the north wall of the chancel and the spaces over the chancel arch and east window. The subject of the painting, the "Te Deum," is executed in the process known as "spirit fresco," and, to my mind, a more beautiful and joyous example of modern ecclesiastical decoration it would be difficult to find in any church in the land. Like the best of the old Italian work, this of Mr. Hole's is a piece of flat decoration. The design is admirable, the ability displayed in

its execution is that of a master, and, with his heart in his work, Mr. Hole has imbued it with a fine devotional feeling. The architecture of the chancel determined the leading lines of the composition, which shows on the upper portion of the wall the points of two Gothic arches with tracery. Winged figures of dignified aspect at the junctions of the arches represent the four great archangels—Gabriel of the Annunciation, the Angel of the Agony bearing a chalice, the Resurrection Angel with a trumpet,

and the Angel of Death, whose sickle has gathered not only the "bearded grain" but the flowerets of youth. On each side of the points of the arches are praising Seraphim, those above the organ chamber having musical instruments. The motto over this arch is, "To Thee all Angels cry aloud." In the circular tracery are heads of Cherubim, suggestive of the contemplative side of Christian worship; while in the lunettes below are representations of the Gates of the New Jerusalem in the four orders of Christian architecture. Below the spring of the arches is a spacious oblong panel, extending the whole length of the wall, in which an important part of the composition has been executed. In it pictorial embodiment has been given to "The glorious company



PENANCE.

(From the Statue by Georges Minne. See "Art Movement in Belgium.")



FRESCO AT ST. JAMES'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

(By W. Hole, R.S.A.)

of the Apostles," "The noble army of martyrs," and "The Holy Church throughout all the world," which, in the words of the hymn, praise and acknowledge the Triune God. Of these figures, all over life-size, there are between thirty and forty with their faces set towards the altar. They are notable for graceful draughtsmanship and individuality of expression. The Apostles are recognisable by their emblems; the group of martyrs, headed by two of the Holy Innocents, contains several notable personages; while the "Holy Church" is represented by bishops, deacons, and other orders of the Eastern, Western, and African Churches, to symbolise its catholicity. The heads of several of the ecclesiastics are those of contemporary Edinburgh clergymen. The dado has a fine design of vines and peacocks, which in paintings in the catacombs symbolised immortality. Over the chancel arch appear an open tomb and figures

illustrative of the verse, "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers." The colour scheme is harmonious and beautiful, and a telling effect has been secured by the lavish but skilful use of gold, so that when the full light is on the picture it presents the appearance of a lovely piece of mosaic. In the gilding the artist acknowledges the assistance he has received from the verger, Mr. Dall, a house painter, who asked to have the honour of being associated, in however humble a capacity, with a work designed to "make glorious" the sanctuary of this church. On the south wall of the chancel the "Te Deum" will be still further illustrated. The design for this part will include figures of the Evangelists, one of whom, St. James, is the patron saint of the church.

W. M. GILBERT.



EMBROIDERIES AND DAMASK SILKS.

THERE has recently been opened a competitive exhibition of embroidery for ecclesiastical and



EMBROIDERED BURSE.
(By Annie Walker.)

domestic uses. The exhibition is held under the auspices of the English Silk Weaving Company and



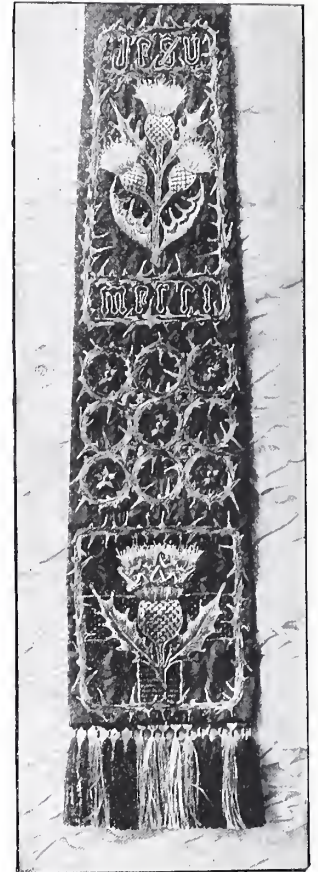
EMBROIDERED PANEL.
(By Trixie G. Symington.)

the Spitalfields Silk Association, the main objects being to show the excellence in quality of pure,

unweighted silks of home manufacture and their suitability as grounds for all kinds of embroidery. The competition was divided into four classes and judged by Mr. Lewis Day, who determined the awards and embodied his criticisms in a short report prefixed to the catalogue. In Class A, for design and work, with the only restriction that both must be by the competitor, Mr. Day did not feel justified in granting the first prize. Nevertheless a panel by Miss Gibbons, showing most artistic treat-

ment of what, strange to say, in the experience of practical designers is found to be an exceedingly difficult flower to render decoratively in ornament, the lily, seems worthy of recognition as an achievement. Another panel contains by far the most satisfactory treatment of the human figure in the exhibition. For the most part the figures are stiff and commonplace, without having any of the conventional character that should belong to them. Miss Symington's Mermaid has decided style—the face surrounded by and silhouetted against locks of ruddy hair in a striking manner. An unfinished specimen of work by Miss Spenser with a teazle, presages well, for the colour is delicate and harmonious: but the shield of pale rose, charged with a spread-eagle of gold and white plumage, draws too much upon heraldry.

Class B, "for ecclesiastical embroidery," contains the greatest number of entries, stoles being the objects chiefly chosen. Miss Gearing's stole, which won the first honourable mention, contains a well-designed shield with monogram, but for the rest is somewhat thin in design, notwithstanding that the effect is heightened by plentiful use of seed pearls. Miss Studley gains the first prize with a stole the execution of which deserves a better design. The groups



EMBROIDERED STOLE.
(By S. K. Yarnall.)

of figures at either end are distinctly weak in drawing. For decoration pure and simple we should have preferred Mrs. Yarnall's far less ambitious stole on dark-blue ground, with thistles, thorns, and other symbolical ornaments. Miss A. Walker's burse in pale rose-colour and gold on a white ground is a harmonious and pleasing specimen of design and workmanship. Another burse, with veil, on red, by Miss Copp, shows considerable dignity and reserve in its simple yet bold and powerful design, with a large gold cross dividing it into four spaces and gold rays converging from the outer corners. A chalice veil by Miss M. Villiers is excellent both in design and execution. Miss Alice Curtis's stole of intersecting gold circles is carried out on an ingenious plan, the quatrefoils within the circles gradating

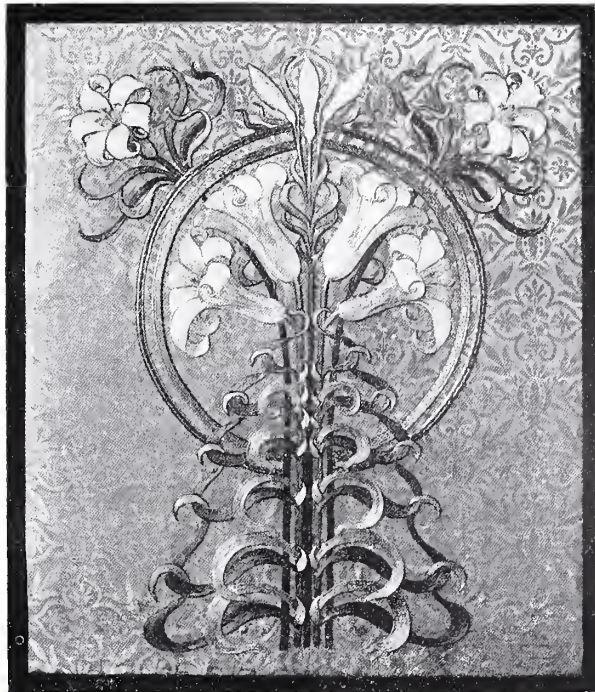
from orange at the extremities of the stole to light yellow at the back of the neck.

In Class C, a damask silk panel was provided, to be worked as a test for excellence in embroidery. The ingenuity displayed by some workers in twisting incongruous forms into the beautiful damask outline is perhaps worthy of a better cause.

The class for embroidery by girls under the age of seventeen is certainly interesting as showing promise, in some cases, not only of execution, but of design as well. Among the objects not sent in for competition a set of vestments on English damask silk, by Sister Grace of Malvern, displays a particularly original and decorative treatment of

the orphrey in plush appliqué. Altogether the loan collection of ancient and modern examples of embroidery forms a valuable supplement to the exhibition.

A. V.



LILY PANEL.
(By Emily C. Gibbons.)

A NEW DECORATIVE MATERIAL.

THE fire-resisting nature of the salamander is one of the commonplaces of mythological zoology:

"United Asbestos Company" will have rendered signal service in introducing them to the public.



"OLD FLORENTINE" FRIEZE.

and if the embossed wall- and ceiling-decorations called after it be indeed true to the name, then the

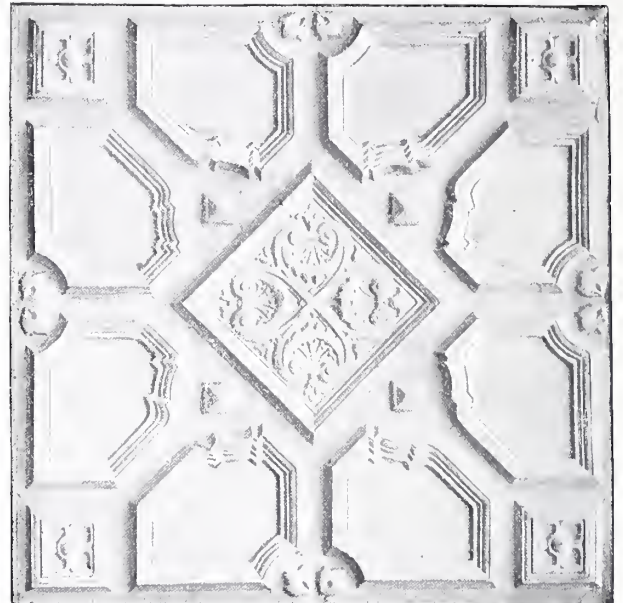
As the "Salamander" material is composed of the mineral fibre of asbestos, its inventors claim that

it is sanitary and at the same time absolutely proof against fire. So far so good. But the quality of undistinguishableness in appearance from perishable

apart from the printed description of advertisements, if his endeavour be to make them present to the eye the semblance of an inferior article, and if he suffers



"FLORAL" FRIEZE.



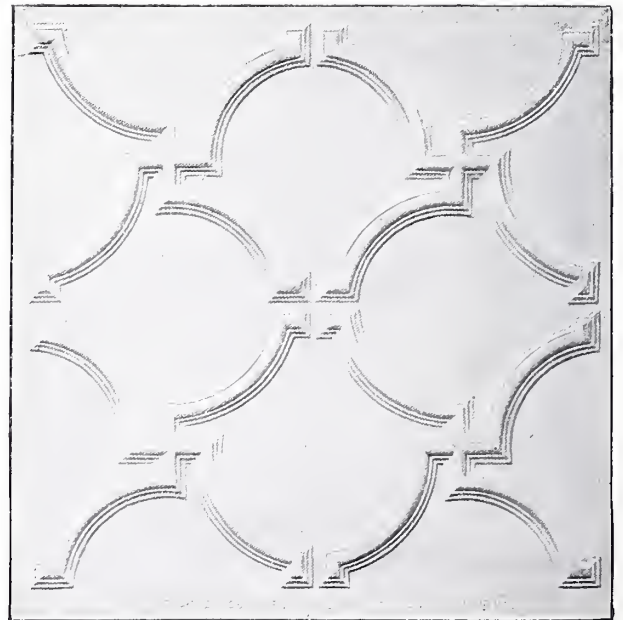
"ITALIAN RENAISSANCE" CEILING.

plaster moulding is less likely to commend it, one would suppose, to common-sense. Doubtless the manufacturer knows his own business better than the

the virtues of his material to lie unrecognised until the melancholy event of a fire shall chance to reveal them? Granted that asbestos is not wanting in the



"HENRI II." CEILING.

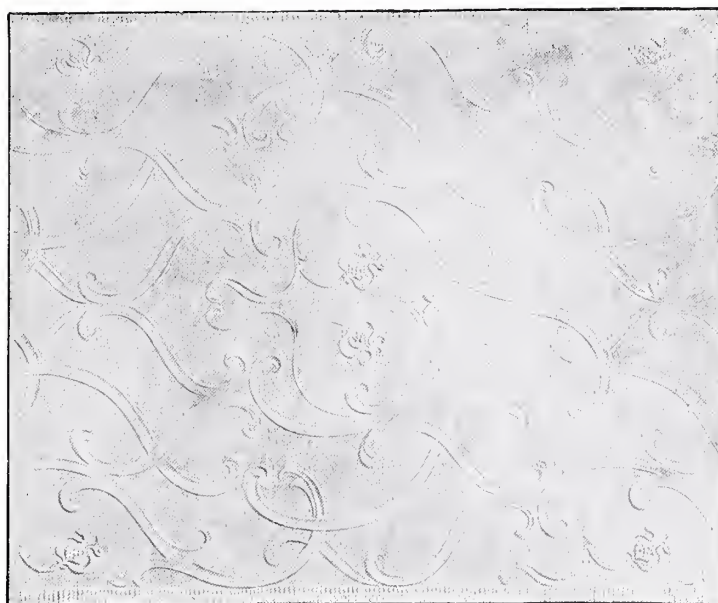


"ELIZABETHAN" CEILING.

artist can pretend to know it: but the latter is not for ever dreaming, and in his matter-of-fact mood he may venture to inquire how the manufacturer expects to make known his wares in everyday practice,

capability of being employed to artistic purpose, surely the object of the manufacturer should be to discover what the artistic properties are that belong peculiarly to his material, and, having discovered,

to develop those properties in such a way as to preserve its unique character. Let the material not only be, but look, distinct from every other, and so add the comfortable assurance of security from fire to the sense of outward beauty. The designs are said to be the productions of leading artists, but do not, however, afford evidence of anything beyond average origin. They consist, for the most part, of combinations of well-worn details of Renaissance and later



"VENETIAN GOTHIC" FILLING.

ornament. Among the ceiling-patterns those entitled "Elizabethan" and "Strapwork" seem the most effective and architectural in character; while the friezes "Floral" and "Old Florentine," the latter a graceful treatment of natural forms, are deserving of mention. The wall-filling "Venetian Gothic"—though, by the way, it is neither Venetian nor Gothic, but rather bold and original nineteenth century work—may be singled out for commendation. A. V.

ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

THE most striking feature of modern art is its attempt to rid itself of old forms and traditions and to get at new sources of inspiration. In one thing the painter has found freedom. He has discovered the *plein air* method of lighting his picture which is the great invention of modern art, and was never dreamed of by the mediævalists, who always used a studio light for outdoor as for indoor subjects. It is but a few years since the classic statues of Greek and Rome were still the *ne plus ultra* of the modern sculptor. He admires them to-day, but no longer makes them his ideal. He seeks his inspiration direct from nature instead of from the antique. In the same way the decorator has found that in natural forms he has a mine of suggestiveness full of freshness, of novelty, and beauty, and he no longer falls back upon the antique items of decoration, the classic fret, the scroll, the anthemion. The "Grammar of Ornament" to-day has another basis than even in the recent time of Owen Jones. Not that the principles of decoration have changed: they are unchangeable. Temporary moods of taste and fashion may obscure them, but they cannot change them.

Good decoration must always add to the bald constructive form the interest of beautiful lines, forms, and colours, and of the individuality of the

decorator. The mere application of natural forms as a photographer would give them does not produce decoration. Natural forms must be adapted to the purpose for which they are intended by an artist who feels their harmonies, who realises how certain lines and forms and colours can be applied to certain surfaces without interfering with, while enhancing, the beauty of the original construction. The gift of seizing the spirit of natural form and adapting it to a given end is the genius of the decorator. It is the mind of the artist that constructs the decoration.

The decorator must, therefore, be able to make good, spirited drawings direct from nature, and to put them to a good use when he has made them. The latter task is by far the more difficult of the two. Hundreds of students can make a good drawing from nature for one who can use the drawing when made.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are in the course of a serial publication of a work, "Plants and their Application to Ornament," edited by M. Eugène Grasset, which has for its object the bridging over of this difficulty. M. Grasset is a designer of great reputation, who has had years of experience in teaching his subject. His book, which is a very admirable one, consists of reproductions of drawings from nature of plant forms, which are accompanied by designs made by his students showing

the application of these natural forms to decoration of various kinds. We had occasion to notice last year a very good handbook on the same subject

THE chief matter for marvel on examination of the splendid memorial to Meissonnier* issued by Mr. Heinemann is the good fortune and good management whereby he has been enabled to bring together reproductions of so many of the painter's principal works and most notable studies—in these days of jealously guarded copyright a feat of which any publisher may justifiably be proud. These reproductions, moreover, whether in photogravure, in colour (by tone process), or by the ordinary half-tone blocks, whether representing original pictures, sketches, or studies—for composition, figure, horse, or accessories—constitute as an *ensemble* one of the most successful collections of any master's works brought together within recent years. No one can read this book and study its prints without forming a very fairly accurate idea of the painter's character, and of the scope, the merits, and the limitations of his art. For all that the volume is a portly and a noble one, the text cannot claim equal importance with the illustrations. M. Vallery Gréard's essays and reminiscences are excellent so far as they go, eulogistic and appreciative. Perhaps they are a little too appreciative—just as the younger Alexandre Dumas and other friends of the deceased painter were influenced by their admiration of the man, and perhaps a little blinded by the very familiarity with him which they enjoyed. What we miss in the book is that



APPLICATION OF THE LILY OF THE VALLEY IN ORNAMENT.

(From "Plants and Their Application to Ornament.")

by Messrs. Lilley and Midgley, issued by the same publisher; but the present work is of a sumptuous character in folio form and printed in colours throughout. Many of the designs are very beautiful, but their use to the student is in seeing the material from which the designs have been evolved. It is a work that should be in every art school, and its drawings from nature, apart from the designs, should be of great service to every decorator. E. B.

marshalling of fact and detail of the artist's life without which no biography can give the reader all he wants to know. M. Gréard, through his clever translators, succeeds nevertheless in drawing for us an accurate enough portrait of him who was for many years the official head of art in

* "Meissonnier: His Life and His Art," by Vallery C. O. Gréard. With extracts from his note-books, etc. With 38 plates and 236 text illustrations. (London: Heinemann, 1897.)



J. L. E. MEISSONIER.

(By Himself. From "Meissonier: His Life and Art.")

France. His weakness and his foibles—notwithstanding that the author seems not to realise them—become in a great measure apparent to the reader: the matter-of-factness of his art, the pathetic yearning after that creative imagination which he never quite succeeded in evolving, the simple philosophy he thought so profound, the genre painting he mistook for "history," the vanity that was to him but self-appreciation, and the amazing universal popularity he translated into the acclaim of real greatness.

We do not intend to under-rate Meissonier, although we are convinced that his true place in art is far below the estimation which has hitherto been formed of him. On the contrary, we are strongly of opinion that he is and ever will be a great figure in the

world of art, a wholesome influence especially in these days of transition, experiment, and love of novelty. For such a reason this volume has a value so much greater than the vast majority of books published upon art that it should be placed within reach of every student and every man of taste, for it is a life's protest against that neglect of drawing which is the curse of modern practice.

To the minor errors of the book we need not refer. Although the list of engravings from Meissonier's works is singularly incomplete and in some cases incorrect, the elaborate classified list of his pictures, water-colours, drawings, etchings, and book illustrations is by itself a notable

and valuable achievement, and the volume is well worthy of a success commensurate with the great care which has been taken in its production.



THE SPY.

(From "Meissonier: His Life and Art.")

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[For "Regulations," see THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November.]

[18] ZINGG'S "PORT OF NAPLES."—I have an engraving of the "Port of Naples." I am not sure whether it is from a painting, but it is signed Mettay—and A. Zingg. I should be greatly obliged if you could give information about it.—JAMES MACADAM.

* * * The print in question is one of a pair, of which the "Gulf of Naples" is the other. They were executed after the pictures of Pierre Mettaye, who, born in Normandy, became the pupil of Boucher in Paris, before he proceeded to Rome. From the latter city Mettaye returned to Paris, where he became a member of the Academy. He was an extremely versatile artist, gaining special favour by his sea-views, executed in the style of Vernet. He died in 1750. A. Zingg was born at St. Gall in 1734, and was pupil of Johann Rudolf Holzbach, in Zurich, and of Aberli in Paris, and for seven years of Wille. The Elector of Saxony called him to Dresden, where he was created Engraver to the Court. He died as late as 1816.

[19] QUESTIONS AS TO OLD MASTERS.—Will you inform me (1) How does Paul Potter sign his pictures? (2) Did he paint a landscape with cows called "Farm—Antwerp"? (3) How does Salvator Rosa sign his pictures? (4) If behind a picture is found in paint "Farm—Antwerp

P. Potter 1671" what may we conclude? (5) What is the value of a moonlight by Pether? (6) Did Voltaire paint an "Eruption of Etna"?—J. WALMSLEY.

* * * (1) Potter usually signed—"Paulus Potter f. 1652"—or whatever the date of picture might be. Less often "P. Potter."

(2) He painted several pictures which might fairly be fitted with Mr. Walmsley's suggested title.

(3) Salvator Rosa's monogram was an R with an S across it; but the S was not written backwards as our correspondent suggests in the monogram he sends.

(4) With such an inscription we should certainly conclude that the picture is a forgery; for Potter died in 1654.

(5) It is against our rule to give information as to the present value of pictures, but we may say that moonlight pictures by Pether (who was famous for his renderings of this particular subject) were knocked down in 1802 for two guineas and seven guineas, and in 1819 for eleven guineas.

(6) We are not aware that Voltaire ever

Painted an "Eruption of Etna." On the other hand, his "Eruptions of Vesuvius" are fairly common; one of them may be seen in Vienna in the rather strange collection known as the "K. K. Akademie der bildenden Künste." It represented the eruption of the 14th May, 1771. The two Volaires, father and son, rejoiced in painting conflagrations of all sorts.

[20] A PICTURE OF ALBERT MOORE.—I should be glad to know if Albert Moore's water-colour at South Kensington Museum, entitled "An Open Book," has been reproduced either in a magazine, a book, or by photography. Any other information in respect to it would be welcome.—A French Artist, Paris.

* * * The drawing in question—"The Open Book"—is reproduced as a full-page in Mr. A. L. Baldry's "Albert Moore: His Life and Work" (G. Bell and Sons). It was exhibited at the Royal Water-Colour Society's Gallery in 1884, and measures 11½ inches by 9¼ inches. This beautiful drawing will be recognised as a repetition of, or study for, the leaning figure on the right in the well-known picture "Reading Aloud," shown at the Royal Academy in the same year. There are considerable differences in details of colour and pattern.

[21] MR. WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF SARASATE.—Mr. Walter Sarel would be very much obliged if he could be informed where he can obtain an engraving or full-length print of Sarasate from the painting by Mr. Whistler.

* * * The portrait, we believe, has never been engraved for separate publication, but a wood engraving was issued in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for 1885 (p. 469).

[22] GUIDO'S "PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA" AND "VENUS ATTIRED BY THE GRACES."—Can any of your contributors inform me what has become of two pictures by Guido, formerly in the National Gallery, entitled "Perseus and Andromeda" and "Venus attired by the Graces"? They were presented to the Gallery in 1836 by King William IV. The dimensions of each, according to a catalogue in my possession, were 9 feet 3 inches by 6 feet 9 inches. The "Venus" was engraved by Sir R. Strange.—J. CRISPIN, 12, Celia Road, Tufnell Park.

* * * These two pictures have been on loan for many years past—since 1862 in fact—to the National Gallery of Ireland and National Gallery of Scotland respectively.

[23] **WHAT ARE THE CORRECT DATES OF GIOVANNI MANSUETI?**—The new picture by Giovanni Mansueti—a “Symbolic Representation of the Crucifixion”—has been hung in the Octagon Hall of the National Gallery, and is inscribed “B. 14..? D. 15..?” Are this painter’s dates so much a matter of conjecture that the authorities can give no information more precise?—J. HORSACK.

* * The details of Mansueti’s life are little known. The dates 1450–1500 are usually accepted as the approximate years of the painter’s birth and death. His pupilage, his principal work, and similar facts are duly to be found recorded; but so much uncertainty exists that the National Gallery authorities are very properly unwilling to commit themselves to anything more precise than the vague label referred to.

[24] **HAYDON’S “JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.”**—Can any of your readers inform me who now possesses the picture named “The Judgment of Solomon,” painted by Benjamin Robert Haydon, and I believe made a present of to Sir Edwin Landseer?—R. E. L.

REPLY.

[13] **SAGITTARIUS.**—The reply to Miss Beatrice Thompson’s question does not appear quite complete. It certainly settles the question of the archer being King Stephen’s badge—by proving it undeterminable; and it gives us information as to other examples than those she quotes. But it appears to me that the main point has been missed—that is, the reason for the carving of the Sagittarius upon ecclesiastical buildings. This is simply that the archer is symbolical in Christian art of Divine vengeance—of punishment belated perhaps, but certain in its advent and sudden in its effect. For that reason it was placed never near the ground, but high up where the ranging eyes of the worshippers might see it—such as on the capitals of columns, or in the keystone of arches. Indeed, it is to be noted that the keystone of an arch has, in architecture, borne the name of “sagitta;” but I am not prepared to affirm that there is necessarily any absolute connection in the circumstance besides coincidence.—N. K.

NOTES.

BOOK-PLATES.—The Query and Answer [16] give point to the following note:—Since the time of the earlier William Sharp, the English school has produced many able exponents of the art of Line Engraving upon copper-plate. The work of such men as G. T. Doo, Vernon, Graves,

and Lumb Stocks, has never been equalled for vigour and solidity by that of any Continental school. Although the burial service has been read over this art by a prominent journal quite recently, the function was premature. The art has met many competitors of late, but signs are not wanting that it will survive the contest. The virile sweep of the graver line—with its sparkling lights in the midst of shadows—appeals too strongly to the refined sense

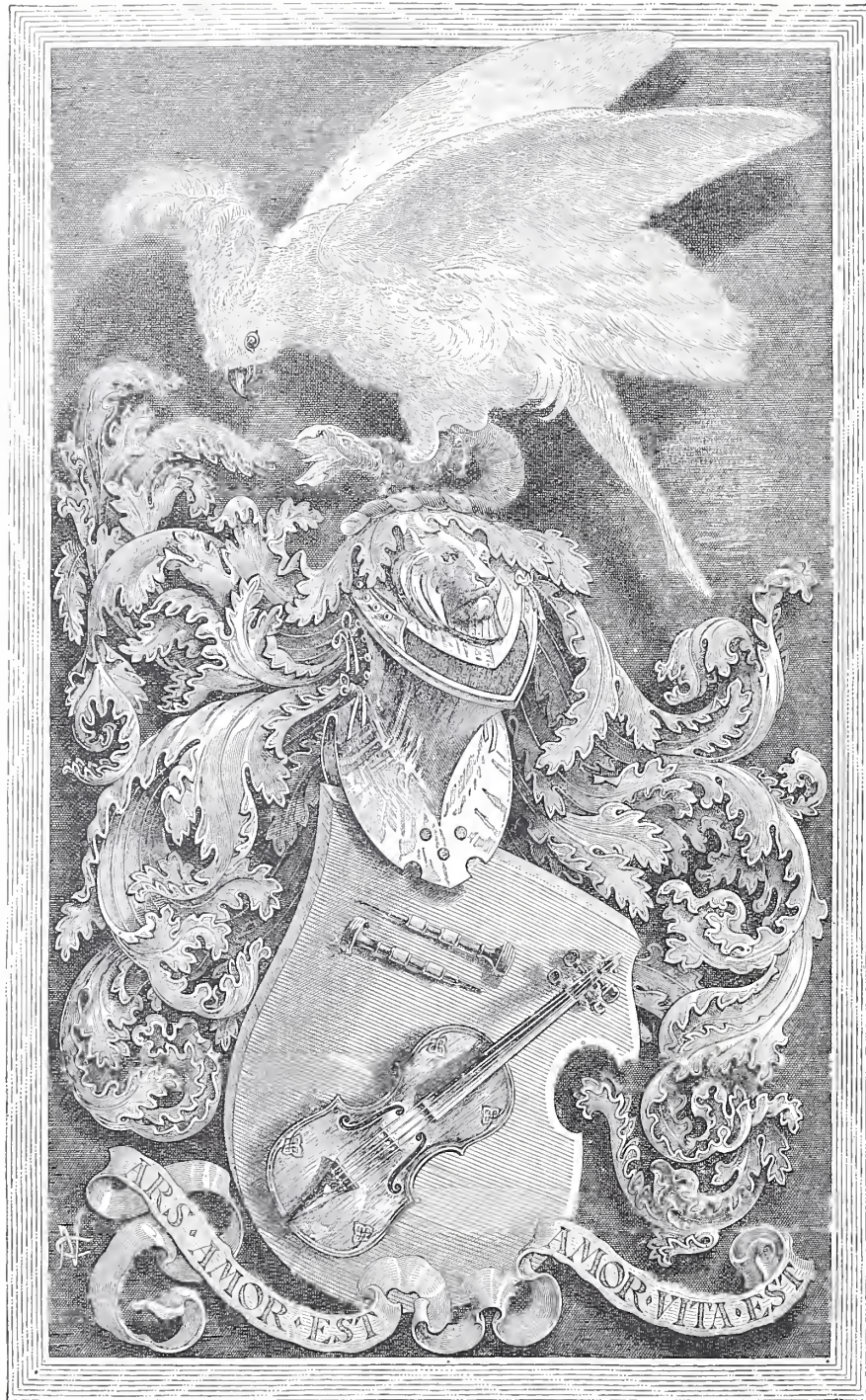


DESIGN FOR A BOOK-PLATE.

(By C. Naish.)

of the artist to allow of its extinction. The two book-plates reproduced in connection with these notes are designed and engraved by Mr. Charles Naish, and are earnest attempts to carry along the good traditions of English line engraving. The design, having upon a ribbon the legend, “Ars amor est,” etc., is the book-plate of the artist, and is already engraved. The other reproduction—the book-plate of the artist’s brother—is copied from the design, the copper-plate of which is now in progress. Both plates consist of suggestions of phases and incidents in the lives of the owners, and, although it is not needful that we should supply the key, we take the opportunity

of commending this motive in the designing of his brains for a leading motive, nor—what is far worse—to hunt through a heap of “specimens” in order to find the materials for a second-hand design; for, by virtue of his artistic sense, there arises before his mental vision a suggestion which his special training and accumulated studies enable him to embody in the form of a fitting and harmonious design. All the details contained in the two designs immediately before us are taken from pen-and-ink studies from nature and still-life. So long as our designers work in so conscientious a spirit, and due appreciation is accorded, the future of the art is assured.



BOOK-PLATE.

(Designed and Engraved by C. Naish.)

of travel, of favourite recreations, authors, artists, and composers, are as fragrantly reminiscent as the odour of spring flowers. The artist, taken thus far into the confidence of his client, needs not to cudgel

all branches of art should be considered equally? It seems to me that the giving of the lion's share of the highest awards to one subject must necessarily work to the detriment of other important studies."

NATIONAL GOLD MEDALS.—

"A BRADFORD ART STUDENT," referring to the article in our October number, "What South Kensington is Doing," and remarking on the fact that nine of the twelve gold medals awarded were given for modelling, writes:—"Hundreds of art students must feel that this is unfair, for there are many who never touch a piece of modelling clay, merely because they wish to specialise some other branch of art. If the department examiners are going to award nine of a maximum twelve gold medals for modelling, our art must develop a very one-sided aspect. The reason for this preponderance of awards for one subject is doubtless from a desire to encourage what is considered a neglected branch of art, and also to influence the metal workers. But should it not be borne in mind, by those who make the awards, that

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—FEBRUARY.

The Royal Academy Prize-Giving.

IT is long since the Creswick competition has produced so high an average of work; in fact, we have never before seen such promising effort in connection with this prize. Naturally, there was a great deal that was poor—some that appears almost hopeless—but at least three canvases displayed

tectural competitions seemed to awaken little enthusiasm among the students. The Landseer Scholarship in Painting was won by Mr. MORRIS BERNSTEIN. SIR EDWARD POYNTER'S address to the students—introductory of himself, laudatory of his immediate predecessors, and generally exhortatory—was an admirable performance, full of spirit, good sense, and good feeling, and created the best impression.

Acquisitions at the National Gallery. THE following seven pictures have been presented to the nation by the Misses Lane: "Portrait of Miss Gainsborough" (No. 1,482), "Two Dogs, Tristram and Fox" (No. 1,483); "Study of an Old Horse" (No. 1,484); "Two Landscapes" (Nos. 1,485 and 1,486), all by GAINSBOROUGH, have been hung in Room XVI, forming a valuable addition to the works of the Early English School. A sketch in monochrome, also by Gainsborough, "Rustics with Donkey," has been hung in the East Octagon Room (No. 1,485). The other picture in this important gift is a "Portrait of Gainsborough," by ZOFFANY (No. 1,487, Room XVI). Two examples of the Venetian School—portraits of senators—have been lent by the South Kensington

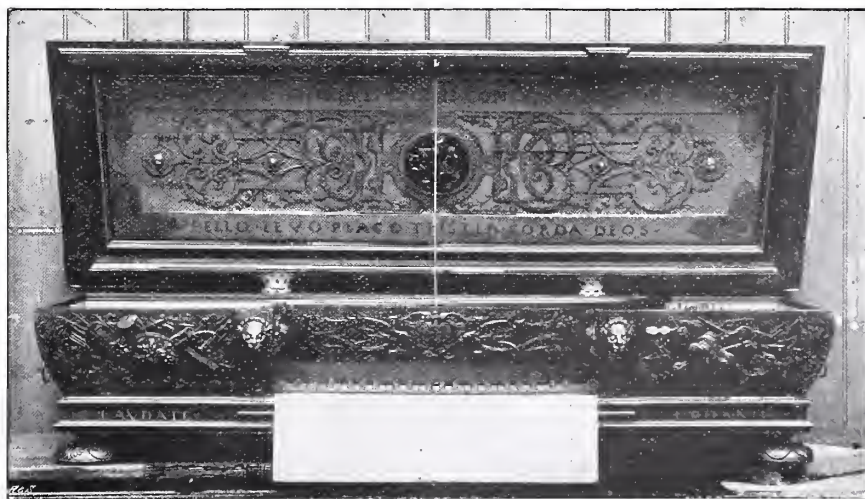
authorities in exchange for a collection of water-colour drawings lent by the Gallery in 1895. "A Winter Scene," by HENDRICK AVERCAMP (No. 1,479, Room XI.), and "A Portrait of Gilbert Stuart," by himself (No. 1,480, Room XIX.), have both been purchased from the Lewis Fund. Mr. Martin Colnaghi has presented "The Philosopher," by CORNELIUS P. BEGA (No. 1,481, Room XI). "The Wind on the Wold," by GEORGE MASON, and "The Last Day in the Old Home," by ROBERT B. MARTINEAU, have been accepted for the Tate Gallery.



DREDGING ON THE MEDWAY.

(By W. J. Muller. Recently acquired by the National Gallery, No. 1,474, Room XXI.)

a skill and knowledge of picture-making beyond what experience led us to expect. Mr. FRANCIS WELLS'S rendering of the subject, "A Farm," is just what such a school piece should be: frank, solidly painted, realistic, with no attempt at effect and no effort to do aught but to show the examiners how much he knows and what he can do. The sky is not only very tender: it is a truthful transcript of nature and thoroughly in keeping. Mr. J. Y. HUNTER'S "Painting of a Figure from the Life" easily won the medal, and Mr. ELAND'S painting of a head showed equal excellence in drawing and brush-work. Mr. A. D. DAVIDSON won the Armitage prize and bronze medal with a very fair design, not without a genuine dramatic sense of the subject, "Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise;" but the competition was otherwise considerably below the average. Miss ROSE LIVESAY'S "Design for the Decoration of a Portion of a Public Building"—to wit, an unoccupied lunette in the refreshment-room of the Royal Academy—was by far the best in a rather poor year. The subject was "Winter," and was handled by Miss Livesay not only with intelligence but with distinct originality and ingenuity, though not with sufficient ability, apparently, to secure the commission to carry it into execution. Mr. CHARLES BEACON'S set of three models of a figure from the life were admirable, especially the draped female figure; and it is matter for regret that the rules of the Academy prevent us from placing a reproduction of it before our readers. The archi-



FLEMISH VIRGINAL.

(Recently Purchased for South Kensington Museum. See p. 228.)

The National Portrait Gallery.

THE principal recent acquisition to the collection of National Portraits is LORD LEIGHTON'S admirable "Sir Richard F. Burton," the gift of the artist's sisters. The Trustees have

purchased the following portraits: "Dr. James Bradley, Astronomer-Royal," "David Cox" (pencil, dated 1855), "Sir Samuel Garth" (physician and poet), attributed to KNELLER, and a large drawing of a group of eminent men of science in 1807-8. The idea of this group originated with WILLIAM WALKER, the engraver, the arrangement of the figures was due to SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and the actual drawing was the work of J. F. SKILL; the finishing touches were given by Walker and his wife, the latter of whom was a miniature painter. Other additions to the Gallery are a marble bust of "Sir Henry Holland, M.D.," by W. THEED; and portraits of "Chief Justice Sir John Banes," "Sir Henry Halford, M.D.," by Sir WILLIAM BEECHY, R.A.; "John Curwen," by W. GUSH; "Field-Marshal Sir William Maynard Gomm, G.C.B." as Con-

during the past ten years brought to the hammer, but the biddings did not reach the limit of the reserved price, which is believed to have been 30,000 francs, or £1,200 of our money. By judicious management, the South Kensington authorities have completed their purchase for 20,000 francs, or actually for a little under £800; and the interesting work is now to be seen prominently placed in the Museum collection; and not far away from it is another handsome instrument, the virginal which was played upon by Queen Elizabeth, who is known to have been a skilful performer.

National Gallery, etc., Scotland. THE Report of the Commissioners and Trustees of the Board of Manufacturers concerning the Institutions for which they are responsible does not contain very much of interest. The only addition to the National Gallery reported during

1895 is the painting of "The Abbotsford Family," by Sir DAVID WILKIE, R.A., purchased at the cost of £840. The number of visitors shows a considerable increase over the previous year, the number recorded being 87,788. The National Portrait Gallery received under the will of its lately-deceased curator, Mr. J. M. GRAY, the sum of £2,000, being the residue of his estate, the interest of which is to be applied for the purchase of portraits of eminent deceased men and women of Scottish birth. Curiously enough the curators of both

galleries died during the year; Mr. GOURLAY STEELL, R.S.A., of the former gallery, being replaced by Mr. ROBERT GIBB, R.S.A., and Mr. GRAY by Mr. JAMES L. CAW. For the Museum of Antiquities application was made to the Treasury for an annual grant for the purchase of objects, which was replied to by placing the sum of £200 in the Estimates for five years, commencing with 1895-6.

Exhibitions. THE exhibition of the collected works of Lord LEIGHTON at the Royal Academy is as complete as need be, in order to judge of and appreciate the wonderful result of his life's work—wonderful alike in quantity, in quality, in elevation of aim, and in brilliancy of achievement. It must be said at once that from this trying ordeal—the most searching to which any artist can be subjected—Leighton emerges if not with triumph, certainly with honourable credit. So far from the parallel exhibition now being held at the New Gallery militating against him, as some men feared, it enables us the better to judge of him. It confirms the verdict that he was not so great an artist as Mr. Watts, nor imposes so great a personality upon the spectator. The pictures of Mr. Watts come out to you and pervade the very atmosphere of the rooms they hang in. Such spirit as there is in Leighton's works requires the spectator to go to them and seek it out. But in truth of spirit there is not very much; the work is essentially decorative, and for that reason maintains its place upon the walls, as well as its rank in the art achievement of the country. Leighton, whose catholicity in art, like his sympathies and his knowledge,



DESIGN FOR DECORATION OF A PUBLIC BUILDING: "WINTER."

(By Ro e Livesay. Prize Design at Royal Academy Schools. See p. 227.)

stable of the Tower, by JAMES BOWLES; and a miniature of Dean Stanley.

South Kensington Museum.

AN important addition has been made to the collection of ancient musical instruments at South Kensington. The Flemish virginal, of which an illustration is given on p. 227, is regarded as the finest example of such instruments in existence. Hitherto it has been in the possession of M. Terme, the Director of the Lyons Museum. It is in excellent condition for a delicate object more than three hundred years old—as shown by the date, 1568, carved upon it. It is of finely grained walnut wood, beautifully carved on the front with warriors, masks, and trophies of arms. The sides have cartouches, in the centre of which are large masks. At the back or top of the cover is the shield of arms of William, Duke of Guelderland, Cleves, Berg, and Jüliek, and Count of Mereke and Ravensberg, with interlacing bands on either side. The interior is similarly carved with interlacing bands and floral ornamentation; there being a central raised boss carved with the subject of Orpheus charming the wild beasts. This remarkable instrument was exhibited at the Brussels Exhibition in 1880, where it excited great interest, and was illustrated in "L'Art Ancien à l'Exposition Nationale Belge." Illustrations of the instrument are also to be found in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, in the *Revue des Arts Decoratifs* for 1882-83, and in Havard's "Dictionnaire de l'Ameublement." It has been open to purchase for some time, and was once



THE WATTEAU MEMORIAL.

(Recently erected in the Luxembourg Gardens, Paris. From a Photograph by Barrier, Paris. See p. 232.)

was extremely wide, set down for himself rules formulated by that very width of knowledge which became to him limits and restrictions. These were not so much bonds about his hands as laws cheerfully to be obeyed. He was probably the most learned painter this country has produced in the century, and his work became in one sense rather a scientific display of art than art itself. This view must have been taken by the Germans when in their Universal Art Exhibition they awarded to Millais the gold medal for art, and to Leighton the gold medal for science; indeed, if we were to look for an analogy among men of letters, we might compare Millais to Hooker, and Leighton to Addison. As we walk round the galleries, therefore, we clearly see the



A FARM.

(By E. Francis Wells. Creswick Prize Painting at Royal Academy Schools. See p. 227.)

restrictions of Leighton's art, but, it is to be observed, think none the less of the artist for having set up for himself these limitations. Here, indeed, is one source of his strength. Self-control, self-restraint, acquaintance with all the rules of the game, and working strictly in accordance with them; reverence for tradition, with independence enough to allow himself just so much play as he considered strictly legitimate—these are qualities which proclaim themselves, and which must be taken into full consideration in estimating the fruits of his career. If the spectator is surprised—as he assuredly will be—at the high average of Leighton's work, it is that within later years at least, a certain mannerism of waxy sweetness and grace, and at times a certain diminution of vigour and virility, prepare him for an aggregation rather of the weaker than of the stronger pictures. But Leighton's highest note is so repeatedly struck that the average elevation of excellence, coming as a surprise, will silence many of those critics who carped at him when he died.

The Millais wall at the Portrait Painters' Show was quite enough to render a visit to the Grafton Gallery imperative, but beyond that and the Watts portrait there were many fine pictures well worth seeing. Mr. GUTHRIE'S portrait of "Alexander Sinclair, Esq.," is a noble, dignified picture, and there have been few sweeter groups exhibited for many years than Mr. JACOB HOOD'S portrait of "Mrs. Fox and her Children." The lady's face is most beautifully painted, and the whole composition admirably balanced and charmingly carried out. Mr. SYMONDS' "Stafford Allen" is

a very plucky picture, the contrasts between the colour of the rabbit and the boy's dress and flesh being admirably rendered. Of the President's work we like best the lady with the china bowl. The lighting is remarkably good, quite an inspiration, and the absence of the usual deep shadow on the cheek a very happy result. Mr. JOHN COLLIER'S work is always conscientious, full of pains, and possesses a bold freshness all its own. Mr. LORIMER'S portrait of Lord Lindsay is undoubtedly strong, and we were glad to renew our acquaintance with the rich colour-scheme in the portrait of the Bishop of London. Mr. LLEWELLYN'S "Master Merton," Mrs. WALLER'S "Lady Marjorie," and Mr. WALTON'S "Master Mylne" are all excellent pictures. The pastel portrait of M. HELLEU helped to make the name of the exhibition. We all knew M. Helleu as an etcher, but many did not know that he understands all the value of pastel, and appreciates its beauty and its limits.

We congratulate the Society of Miniaturists on their pluck in contrasting their own work with that of the great masters at the show at the Grafton. The old ones are superb, and as they represent not only the great masters but many of the lesser men, such as Wood, Sullivan, Collins, Spencer, Hare, Grimaldi, and Smart, there is ample scope for excellent teaching. Our modern miniaturists have one great lesson yet to learn, and that is how little to delineate and how much to suggest. They have, many of them, quite evidently been trained by colouring photographs, and all the bad habits so induced must be broken off. The exhibition is a creditable one but monotonous. Mr. LLOYD seems to us to produce the best work at present. He has evidently taken Engleheart as his model rather than Cosway, and two of his latest miniatures are really lovely. One or two of Mr. PRAGA'S are excellent, specially that of Lady Glenesk, but he must learn not to over-elaborate. Miss MERRYLEES, Miss ROSENBERG, Mr. SAINTON have, all of them, sound work. There is a lavender-coloured miniature in the corner, in a frame too large for it, by a Miss G. BURRELL, that is pleasing and full of merit. One of Mr. SARGENT'S and two of Mr. CARY-ELWES' are worth notice. Many of the frames used by modern artists are vulgar and unpleasant, and yet there is an original one of Cosway's to be seen in the room which is a model of good taste, and almost all the old miniatures, notably Lady Henester's, are appropriately framed. As an educational exhibition for artists in miniature nothing can exceed the value of the room.

The exhibition of the "Old" Water-Colour Society, though purposely not of equal importance with the summer show, yet maintained its usual average of executive excellence, for but few of the members adhere to the notion that the winter display should be restricted to sketches and studies. It is unnecessary at this inevitably late date to enter into particulars of the exhibition; but it may be said that the traditions of the art as practised by the old masters of the craft are religiously carried on, as may be seen in no other gallery in London, for, being a "close society," the admixture of the "newest"



ADAM AND EVE DRIVEN OUT OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

(Drawn by A. D. Davidson. Awarded First Armitage Prize and Bronze Medal at Royal Academy Schools. See p. 227.)

methods and the levelling down by outsiders is little to be appreciated here. The new school, however, was powerfully represented by Mr. ROBERT ALLAN and others, and fine exercises in colour as well as in manipulation were to be enjoyed. That some works that were shown were better away is an inevitable consequence of the rights of membership.

The seventeenth exhibition of the New English Art Club does not present much that is violently opposed to the recognised canons of art; indeed, some of the works are distinctly academic in character. The contributions of M. ALPHONSE LEGROS are naturally of great interest, a frame of eight drawings from his pencil exceptionally so. Mr. P. WILSON STEER contributes the sensational work of the exhibition, "A Nude"—the figure of a girl sitting on a bed is a remarkable piece of technique, but is utterly devoid of beauty. It is a nude figure, and simply that. The setting is the best part of the picture, the dark green hangings of the bed serving as an admirable foil to the white figure of the girl. Mr. ANNING BELL'S portrait of "Mrs. Walter Raleigh" and "Battledore and Shuttlecock" must be counted among the best of the work; Mr. WILL ROTHENSTEIN'S portraits are very clever as records of character, with an added touch of caricature. But why should Messrs. FRY and WILSON STEER endeavour to make their pictures like old masters, affecting even the tarnished frames? And why should Mr. HARTWICK devote his talent to the delineation of a most brutal phase of a brutal prize fight?

Mr. SUTTON PALMER'S water-colour drawings of "The Highlands and Lowlands" are in his well-known painstaking style, but we are glad to notice that he at last recognises a variation in atmospheric and climatic effects. "The Falls of the Orchy" and "The Summer Moon" are among the best of the drawings.

Messrs. SHEPHERD BROTHERS have an interesting ex-

hibition of works of British artists early and modern. Among the best are several CONSTABLES: "Ophelia," by ROMNEY; "Elaine," by P. F. POOLE, R.A.; and one or two typical examples by the late HENRY MOORE, R.A. At the FRENCH GALLERY may be seen a most comprehensive exhibition of work of the modern Dutch school. The names include ISRAELS, JAMES and WILLIAM MARIS, H. MESDAG, A. NEUHUYS, ANTON MAUVE, and ADOLPHE ARTZ.

Review. For the benefit of photographers who, although accomplished in the manipulation of the camera, are not artists, Mr. A. H. WALL has written a treatise on "Artistic Landscape Photography" (Percy Lund and Co., Limited, Bradford). It is a useful book to all art-students, whether photographers or not, for the author, although one of our oldest writers on photography, is more of an artist than a photographer. His statement of claim on behalf of the artistic possibilities of camera work is the most reasonable of all that have been published; and he does not hesitate to confess—although at the same time deprecating the habit—that photographers themselves, when they see a specially good print, always ask first, "What lens did you use?" showing plainly that they themselves look to the apparatus rather than to "artistic feeling" for successful results. It would have been well to have put the titles and artists' names under the numerous engravings of pictures with which the book is illustrated.

Miscellanea. Mr. PHIL MAY and Mr. HUGH THOMSON have been elected Members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

We have been asked to announce that the Annual Conversazione of the South Kensington students will take place at the Museum on February 17.

In Mr. CRANE'S article on William Morris, in our December number, the opening line of the quotation from "The Earthly Paradise" should have been printed:

"Forget six counties overhung with smoke."

Mr. E. A. ABBEY, A.R.A., has been commissioned by the Merchant Taylors' and Skinners' Companies to paint



HEAD FROM LIFE.

(By J. S. Eländ. Awarded First Silver Medal at Royal Academy Schools.)

the panels which they have undertaken to contribute to the decoration of the Royal Exchange.

We reproduce on this page a photograph of the medallion which carried off the *Prix de Rome*. The competitors in this section numbered barely half a dozen, and the successful work was incomparably the best.

We have to note the retirement from the Headmastership of the Liverpool School of Art of Mr. JOHN FINNIE, R.P.E., who has held that position for more than forty years. He is succeeded by Mr. FREDERICK V. BURRIDGE.

The Leeds Art Gallery have acquired the series of panels executed for the judges' lodgings in that city by the late Sir J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A. The paintings were done in the

gilt moulding ornament based upon empire designs which bestow a pleasing effect without detracting from the charm of the picture. Another advantage possessed by these frames is that the mitring of the corners as in ordinary frames is skilfully avoided, and the joins in most cases are quite unnoticeable. Messrs. Graves and Co. are preparing a series of photogravures of the English cathedrals and abbeys, which they offer to frame in sets to suit any particular room that the subscribers may wish.

Mr. W. B. RICHMOND's work in the choir of St. Paul's has been completed, and the whole scheme can now be realised. The effect is very rich and harmonious. The artist's attention will next be directed to the four quarter domes. The windows in the north and south transepts have been designed and are now being executed by Messrs. Powell, the cost being defrayed by the Duke of Westminster. They are to commemorate the conversion of England to Christianity, with figures representing the first bishop and the corresponding monarchs of each of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy. Mr. Richmond has also undertaken the designing of a sculptural monument to the memory of Lord Leighton, which is to be placed at the eastern end of the south side of the nave of the cathedral. We have made arrangements for a fully illustrated article on the mosaics and general decorations by Mr. Richmond.

Obituary. WE regret to record the death of Mr. EDWARD SAMUELSON, J.P., who was one of the founders of the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition, and for many years as chairman of the Arts Committee took a leading part in its management. Mr. Samuelson was born in February, 1823, in Hamburg, was brought to England in 1828, and in 1836 to Liverpool. His successful commercial career and mayoralty in 1872 did not prevent his taking a most active interest in the arts. He was a distinguished musical executant and connoisseur, and, except his colleague and friend the late Alderman Rathbone, no amateur held so prominent a position locally in connection with art matters. Mr. Samuelson was a collector of excellent judgment, and

formed the charming gallery of pictures which was dispersed a few years ago on his retirement and removal to Wales. There he interested himself with characteristic zeal in bardic matters, and directed his attention specially to promoting the study of instrumental music by the Cymry.

The death has occurred of M. EMILE CHATROUSSE, the French sculptor, at the age of eighty-seven. He was a pupil of Rudi's, but also studied painting under Pujol. In 1863 he obtained a medal for his "Vendangeuse," now in the museum at Grenoble; a second-class medal in 1864 for the "Renaissance," now at Fontainebleau Palace; and in 1865 a medal for the "Madeleine Repentante," afterwards bought for the Dunkirk Museum. Other works of note are the "Madame Roland" at the Hôtel de Ville, "Liseuse" at the Luxembourg, and the "Jeanne d'Arc" in the *Place* of the same name in Paris.

Mr. LUIS FALERO, the painter, recently died at University College Hospital at the age of forty-five.



ORESTES

(By G. Dupré. Grand Prix de Rome Medallion, 1896. Photograph by Barrier, Paris.)

days of the artist's apprenticeship. We hope shortly to place reproductions of them before our readers.

The monument to Watteau, which is illustrated on p. 229, has recently been erected in the gardens of the Luxembourg, the cost being defrayed by public subscription. The bust of the artist is executed in pewter, and together with the figure of the woman in Louis XV. costume, is the work of M. HENRI GAUQUIÉ. As will be seen from the illustration, the pedestal takes the form of a painter's palette, appearing, on elevation, as a semicircle, to which steps are attached. It is in white stone, and was designed and carried out under the direction of M. HENRI GUILLAUME, architect. It is a beautiful addition to the decorative sculpture of Paris, already so abundant.

MESSRS. GRAVES and Co. have introduced some daintily-designed frames for prints and water-colour drawings which should meet with great success. With a groundwork of oak—in some cases plain, and in others stained a rich olive green—the picture is surrounded with a narrow

OUR RISING ARTISTS: MR. GEORGE HARCOURT.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

MR. GEORGE HARCOURT is a typical example of what good teaching may effect. By good teaching I mean not the drilling which in past days was employed with a view of forming an acknowledged "school," by making each pupil an imitation of the master and by multiplying the number of persons using the same methods; I mean the instruction by which each competent student becomes a painter on his own account, his own individuality respected, fostered, and developed, and his art free from the master's impress and suggestive of no one's work but his own. This merit is the leading feature of the Herkomer Schools at Bushey, and it is the true secret of their success. With a chief of such strong personality as Professor Herkomer, with a method so marked, with sympathies so characteristic, the schools, it might well be supposed, might strike some dominant note, might have established some sort of tradition, if not indeed convention—some common denominator so to say—that might be recognised in the work of every student. The absolute contrary is the case. There are usually, I believe, some three score pictures in every exhibition of the Royal Academy contributed by past or present pupils of the Bushey Schools; but I would defy the visitor, the critic, or the connoisseur to point to more than three or four as the obvious outcome of Bushey teaching—unless it were by virtue of careful drawing, dramatic composition, or graceful fancy. The fact is that imitation, however sincere the flattery may be, is not permitted; every pupil must think and paint for himself, and the warmest praise is reserved for the most freshly independent and the most unaffectedly original.

It was Mr. Harcourt's good fortune to fall within the Bushey influence at the proper time. There his talent was nurtured while his individuality was respected; and now, when he is advancing rapidly in public recognition, it is impossible to aver that he is a Herkomer student or that there is any resemblance between his method or cast of thought and those of any other pupil from the same studios.

He was already a draughtsman and designer of some ability before he went to Bushey. He had attended the evening classes of the school of art in his native town of Dumbarton, and in 1889 had obtained a scholarship, with which he came up to town. His hand and eye had been well practised in the decorative work he had executed for Messrs. Denny Brothers, of Dumbarton, the great ship-builders, for whom he had



GEORGE HARCOURT.
(From a Pencil Drawing by Himself.)

decorated the first-class saloons of the Union Steamship Company's New Zealand liners, as well as of the Channel steamers. This work—not altogether dissimilar from that to which his subsequent master, Professor Herkomer, in the early days of his career, was happy to execute—consisted not only of general designing and architectural drawing, but glass-painting and panel-painting as well: an excellent training for a youth whose ideas ran to poetry of colour and subject, and whose imagination was probably in need of the control and self-restraint imposed by the conditions of naval decoration. Not that his work was altogether confined to the embellishment of ships, neither. As early as 1888, when a student of but nineteen years of age, he had been called upon to design the medal for the athletic competitions in connection with Glasgow Industrial Exhibition; and

gave rein to his fancy by the introduction as the *motif* the figures of Mercury and Hercules, personifying swiftness and strength.

Mr. Harcourt was twenty years old when, in 1889, he entered the Herkomer School and took advantage of the prevailing principle, already alluded to, by which each pupil is given margin in which to work out his artistic salvation, and is only checked when it is found that he is falling into mannerism. I am well aware that this system might be challenged, and that it might be doubted whether the older plan is not the more merciful, whereby the majority fall victims to the *atelier* method, and only the very strong come unscathed from the ideal, and are no longer troubled by their weaker brethren who have fallen in the struggle: just as the ancients were wont to expose their babes to the rigours of the weather, so that the weaklings should die off and only the hardy survive. To the many, however, the

modern system is the more satisfactory, as well as the more logical; but I should hasten to add, that so strong is the individuality of Mr. Harcourt that I believe he would have survived the hardships and surmounted the difficulties of any method of training. After three years his course was done, and since that time the young artist has remained an assistant teacher in the schools where he received his final education.

Mr. Harcourt's first appearance in a London gallery I clearly remember. It took place at the Fine Art Society's rooms, where a collection of the pictures of Professor Herkomer and of his pupils was brought together—an exhibition of surprising interest. His chief contribution was a landscape, a large canvas called "Evening Time," painted close by Bushey, rhythmic with undulating land and varied with well-drawn trees; a few figures people the foreground, and boys round a fire are busy burning weeds.

There was also a subject picture called "The Heir," a motive more suggestive perhaps of the melodrama of Mr. Waller than of the transparent sincerity of the somewhat sentimental young Scotsman. But it is not so much the young man who returns to his old home and finds it deserted and overgrown with weeds, nor the children who have been gathering flowers and now watch the stranger with curiosity, that attract the spectator's attention; it is rather the genuine feeling infused into the work. Indeed, the subject and its working out were "younger" than the spirit that inspired it.

In 1893 the artist was first seen in the Royal Academy, when in Room V. there hung a picture so original in thought and treatment, so free from appearance of effort, and yet so innocent of all display of dexterity, that it attracted wide attention; and the fact that the painter's name was unknown rather increased than lessened the interest with which it was regarded.



A PORTRAIT.

This picture, which was called "At the Window," was intended to illustrate—if such a word be not misapplied to the unfettered character of the subject—Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale," beginning:

"The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;"

but it has since been more conveniently entitled "A Portrait." The figure of the girl standing by the window in a lamp-lit room—with the reflection of her face east upon the pane—is relieved against the deep blue of the night; and foliage and distant landscape are dimly seen beyond. She is clad in lettuce green silk covered with black lace, making it appear darker in colour, and the sash is black. A vase of pale pink anemones is on the table near her, and some of the flowers she wears in her dress. The arrangement was simple and harmonious, and was well dominated by the strongly-lighted face.

A more striking success attended the picture of the following year, 1894. This was the "Psyche:" a figure, I think—all technical merits apart—that so haunts the memory of all who saw it as it hung beside the doorway in Room X., that it may fairly lay claim to higher considerations than what may be accorded to the mere craftsman's painting, and may assert itself as a work of real art. The picture, eight feet in height, is manifestly painted under the influence of Mr. Watts, inspired by an almost passionate desire to paint a nude figure, treated ideally, almost monumentally, but with such poetry as the artist might command. The figure was to be symbolie of some human emotion, and with it to combine a decorative aspect. From this aim arose "Psyche"—much less, it may be observed, like Mr. Watts's "Psyche" than like his "Creation of Eve." The quotation that accompanied it was from Morris's "Earthly Paradise":

"Farewell,
O fairest lord; and since I cannot dwell
With thee in heaven, let me now hide my head
In whatsoever dark place dwell the dead!"

The figure of the unhappy nymph is seen in the full sunlight against flowering meadows bounded by trees and blue hills beyond, and above, a blue sky flecked with rosy clouds, which are reflected in the water at her feet. The blaze of light and colour is startling at first, and the attempt to harmonise the rosy hues of the clouds with the red of the girl's hair justified in its daring only by its success. But the grace and elegance of the figure and the true sense of poetic passion expressed in the face are rare achievements; and even though the expression is not of the most elevated kind of all—which is necessary for the triumphant treatment of such a mythic theme—the picture is a charming one, and not less charming for the rather obvious lines of the decorative treatment.



PSYCHE; "FAREWELL!"

There are drawing, colour, and sentiment here in a degree which, displayed by so young a painter, prophesy, as clear as paint can speak, a striking career in achievement and success.

"Thought Reading," a picture of a very different sort, was the exhibit of 1895. No emotion is attempted, and although a sense of mystery and uncanniness pervades the canvas, it does so in virtue rather of the subject than of the treatment. The aim has been to give an aspect of modern life treated as a decorative colour scheme—an aim not entirely new to the Royal Academy exhibition in these later days, even with the same daring introduction of the primary colours. In this large canvas, some ten feet long, we have a drawing-room scene lit by diffused cross-lights from coloured lanterns. The women are dressed in deep-toned colours; the figure leaning over the piano and holding a flower is in deep yellow, while she on the right is in green. The central female figure who with so much dignity of pose is "willing" the medium is attired in red; in the pane of the French window are reflected the colours from the lanterns, and through it glows the deep blue of the night. On the table in the foreground red flowers

are in a vase of blue and white, which affords relief to the eye and keeps the other colours in place. The actuality of the subject may be unsympathetic to some, but the success of the scheme is not less marked than that of the composition: indeed it struck the jury of the Salon so, and they awarded to the picture a third-class medal on the merits to which I have drawn attention.

and pity. She is draped in deep crimson and the man in low-toned grey. They are lit by the warm light that suffuses the evening sky just after sundown, and rosy clouds in the background are seen shining through the trees. The main point of the spiritual or intellectual element of the picture lies in the fact that here—as in the symbolic works of Mr. Watts—the group is symbolic and not individual. Human



THOUGHT READING.

In "The Leper's Wife" Mr. Harcourt has reached the greatest artistic height to which he has yet attained, for he has succeeded in bringing together in his canvas nobility of thought and expression and deep emotion, and in his realisation of true sentiment of an elevated kind has combined good drawing and fine quality of colour with impressive composition. The idea is of course based on Tennyson's "Happy, or the Leper's Bride," the motive of which is quoted by the poet from Boucher James; but the figures are not intended as Tennyson's individual man and woman—but, as may be seen from the large allegorical treatment adopted by the artist—are intended rather as types of suffering and devotion: the unhappy outcast who starts back in generous horror, unwilling to accept so great a sacrifice, into the gloom of the dark forest; and the wife, at whose feet the flowers spring, throws herself forward in the pure spirit of self-immolation upon the altar of love

emotion is common to all time, and awakens the passion and emotion of the artist not less than other men's; and in the art which would seek to embody them in pigment upon canvas, date and surroundings and costume are of importance only according as they lend themselves to the better expression and interpretation of the idea. Mr. Harcourt has shown that he well understands this principle, and, moreover, that he is master of it; and it is not surprising that in him Mr. Watts has seen the most notable of all the younger men who are not content with the narrow application of the motto of "Art for Art."

Indeed, I do not hesitate to place Mr. Harcourt intellectually in the train of Mr. Watts. Like him he often finds it necessary to relieve his feelings on a large scale; like him, he cares little whether a picture sells or not, so long as he can commit to canvas the conceptions that fill his mind; like him, he is a stalwart—or is fast becoming so—with ideas which,



THE LEPER'S WIFE.

[*"The leprosy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was supposed to be a legacy of the Crusades. . . . At first there was a doubt whether wives should follow their husbands who had been leprous, or remain in the world and marry again. The Church decided that the marriage tie was indissoluble, and so bestowed on these unhappy beings this immense source of consolation. With a love stronger than this living death, lepers were followed into banishment from the haunts of men by their faithful wives."*—BOUCHER-JAMES.]

while lending themselves to artistic treatment, are worth painting for themselves. Even in his landscapes, such as "The Dinglass, Cockburnspath," shown at the gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists, there is something more than the mere desire to hold the mirror up to nature. Equally with the subject he studies the design; but while the former may be as passionate or as dramatic as he knows how to render it, he paints no picture for the mere sake of decoration on the one hand, nor, on the

artist seeks to combine strong decorative quality with a subject worthy of it.

It is evident that what appeals most strongly to Mr. Harcourt's imagination are the ideas that lend themselves to the fulness of colour and amplitude of line. Indeed, without injustice I may express my belief that where he fails to accept in the fullest sense the example of Mr. Watts is his preference for silhouette over pure form and statueness. For him painting is essentially a colour medium, the greatest



MRS. FAIRFAX-LUCY AND HER SON.

other, does he allow the subject to dominate. With this young painter subject and painting are combined, as thought and language must be, and thoughts may be expressed in paint as legitimately as things. In a master's hands the finest pictorial qualities can exist in a work that has subject—even in such that is story-telling, as, for example, in the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian. The same great quality of repose that is felt in the sculpture of the Parthenon is to be found in this great masterpiece; yet the idea dominates the medium, and at the same time possesses that reserve—or, so to say, remoteness—which gives the enduring quality to the work. So while repudiating the idea of painted anecdote, our young

of all the charms of pictorial art. Therefore in all his pictures he insists upon colour combined with that tone—that subtle something—which is the binding quality in nature, without which colour is not colour, but mere pigment; not colour in the fullest sense, without that vibrating quality or "brokenness"—the brokenness and vibration that belong to light itself.

This quality Mr. Harcourt has equally tried to import into his out-of-door portraits, of which one—that of "Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy and Son"—is here reproduced. The design is not, I am assured, suggested—as at first sight would appear likely—by "The Duchess of Devonshire and Daughter" of Sir Joshua Reynolds;

it was simply an arrangement resulting from accident of pose, and seized upon by the painter as a happy one. The same quality, too, may be seen in his water-colour of boys bathing, in which the elegance of the principal disrobed figure has a good deal of what we admire in Fred Walker's "Bathers;" and similarly do we see it in the oil-sketch of "The Little Foster-Father" trudging along beneath the blossoming hedgerow; and even in some degree in the simple study from nature the artist calls "Head of a Rustie Girl"—different as this frank sketching is from the more set business of picture-making.

As might be imagined from his training under Professor Herkomer, Mr. Harcourt is no adherent of the Academic school—the school of Lord Leighton and Sir Edward Poynter—which demands the making of many preparatory studies and sketches before the canvas itself is attacked. As a matter of fact he

designs on the canvas, finding it easier to evolve his idea and give it shape, than by the more deliberate method. In this manner, like Mr. Watts, he feels his way to his picture, and while observing no particular style of handling save such as appears to grow out of the subject, he aims steadily at Titian's fulness of colour. If methods are to be adapted to temperaments, and not temperaments to methods, there can be no doubt that Mr. Harcourt has marked out his path straight towards his appointed goal. He is no vacillator: he measures his own powers with the same self-confidence as that which has evolved his view of art. This vigour of character is too well marked in his pictures to be doubted; and it is a quality which will carry him over many obstacles and will land him, if fortune favour him, not only high in his profession, but in the front rank of his country's painters—and that in a future neither doubtful nor remote.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.*



WE have always held Leslie's Life of Constable a masterpiece in its quaint, old-fashioned way—as broad, simple, and refreshing as one of Constable's own landscapes; and the reading of it as part of every

artistic education. Its publishers, therefore, have conferred a boon upon the student by issuing a new edition of this interesting work—an edition beautiful in itself—with its value further enhanced by the judicious yet sparing notes and comments provided by the editor, Mr. Robert C. Leslie.

It is fifty-three years since Leslie's work was first put forth, and the skill with which, through the free use of Constable's correspondence, he made it almost into an autobiography has been ever since admitted. Hamerton, it is true, objected that it remained for that reason "in the raw state," merely as material for a biography, and therefore proceeded to tell the simple, pleasing story of Constable's life in his own way, for the benefit of the readers of his "Portfolio Papers." No doubt a few of the letters might have been better omitted and the whole more

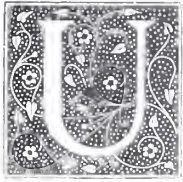
completely digested; but that is a view suggested only by the latter-day desire for conciseness. The correspondence serves more thoroughly to portray the character of the man—to accentuate his gentleness, his originality, and his lofty artistic spirit. We might have wished to find in this new edition some definite reply from Mr. Robert C. Leslie to John Linnell's charge, recently made public in the biography of that artist, that it was owing to Constable's jealousy and influence that he was not elected into the Royal Academy. Perhaps it was considered, not without reason, that the book as it stands and the life it records are themselves sufficient answer to the statement.

It is hardly necessary to criticise a work so long and so favourably known as one of the classics of artistic biography. This handsome volume, handsome alike in paper and typography, is a good substitute for that so long out of print; but we are bound to add that the illustrations, collotypes for the most part from Lucas's mezzotints of Constable's principal pictures, are not of equal merit. Those from other works in the South Kensington Museum and in private hands are of better quality. The present issue is apparently intended for persons of means; but until the publishers place an edition within the reach of the art-student they will not have completed the work they have so well begun.

* "Life and Letters of John Constable, R.A." By R. C. Leslie, R.A. With three portraits of Constable and forty-two illustrations. (Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 1896.)

FASHION IN ART.

BY FERNAND KHNOFF.



UNDER the title of "Unprejudiced" that admirable artist Charles Keene once produced a drawing representing a "swell" at the Royal Academy Exhibition, his catalogue in one hand and his eyeglass in the other, saying, "Haw! 've you any ideaw what fellow's pictchuars we've to admi-ar this ye-ar?"

Herein we have the whole history of fashion—or rather of the fashions—in art.

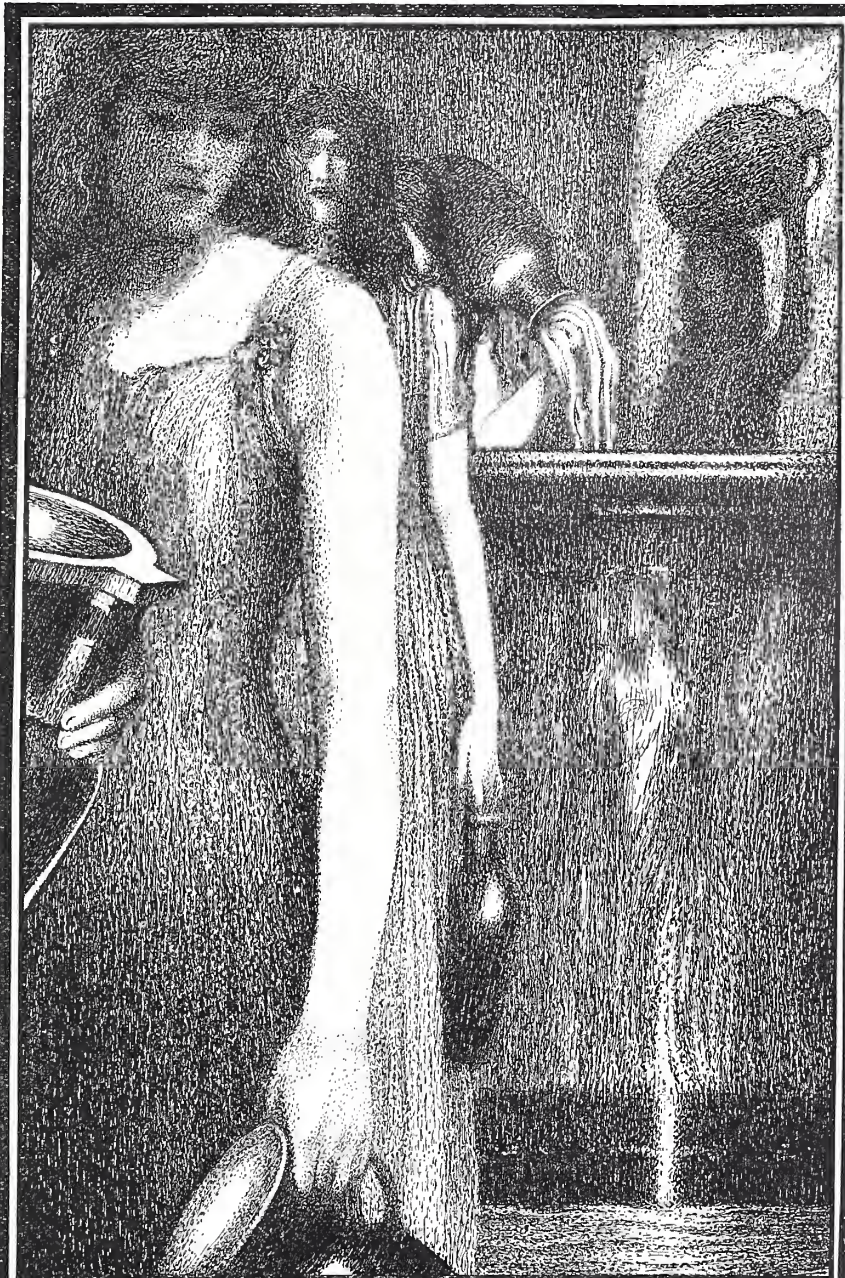
The superfluous and useless man of fashion who is dressed, shod, and shaved by the most eminent specialists, wishes also to apply to a thorough connoisseur for his artistic opinions. But it then inevitably happens that if a real *amateur* of art tells him his sincere opinion, the "swell," in trying to adopt it, makes it appear perfectly ridiculous to his unfortunate instructor, who, to escape the nuisance, finds but one alternative: that of changing his opinion each time they meet. The result is an interminable hide-and-seek of which the result will be the changes of fashion in the narrowest and most superficial sense of the word. This is, no doubt, vexatious, but by way of consolation they both might remind themselves that, to put an end to it, they have only to wait and give themselves time to be sincere and just. Nothing more than that, if only that were possible! For as Eugène Delacroix wrote in his article entitled "Questions sur le Beau," published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1854: "In the presence of a really beautiful object a secret instinct tells us of its merit, and compels us to admire it in spite of our prejudices and antipathies. This agreement between persons of honest purpose shows that while all men feel love, hatred, and the other passions in the same way, while they are intoxicated by the same pleasures and racked by the same pains, they are moved in the same way in the presence of beauty, and offended by the sight of ugliness, that is to say, imperfection." But he immediately adds, "It nevertheless happens that when they have had time to reconsider and to get over the first emotion, by discussing it pen in hand, these admirers, for a moment so unanimous, no longer are of one mind, even on the chief points of their admiration. School tradition, educational or national prejudice, rise to the top, and then it would almost seem that the most competent judges are the most contentious; for unpretentious folks are either less easily impressed, or remain faithful to their first enthusiasm."

Under these different categories, Delacroix again says, we must not count what he calls the "cohort" of the envious, who are always in despair over the beautiful; and he does not even mention that other "cohort" who are never in despair over the beautiful, and among whom may be specially noted certain critics whose whole effort has been an attempt to recognise the ideal of beauty, to pursue it everywhere, to study it persistently, and to formulate it in such a way as to render it transmissible from generation to generation like a volume of recipes.

It would be easy to mention a great number of these indefatigable theorists: but the most perfect example of the species was, beyond doubt, a French diplomatist—a painter, too, and a writer—Roger de Piles, who, in 1708, published an octavo volume under the title "A Course of Painting on Principles, with a Dissertation on the Painters' Scale." By this "Scale" he calculates with great gravity the various proportions of colour, of chiaroscuro, and of draughtsmanship, of which the genius of each famous artist is compounded. Indeed, our diplomatist is very severe: for having taken twenty as a maximum, he decides that no one ever reached that pitch of perfection; Michelangelo, for instance, getting only nineteen good marks for drawing, and Raphael no more than eighteen. All this cyphering is most precise, all this chemistry very minute; and it is much to be regretted that after the amusing analysis, which weighs so scrupulously the gifts of genius, the critic cannot recompound them to his mind. Thus, if we could borrow from Michelangelo some of the draughtsmanship of which he has a superabundance, to give it to Rubens, whose qualities as a colourist are really in excess! Or Rembrandt again, often too wholly devoted to problems of light and shade; if only his attention could have been directed to Raphael's purity of outline, for instance, and if he could have benefited by it!

This, on the whole, is the impression left by this elaborate work. The worthy Roger de Piles seems firmly convinced that with a little determination and serious endeavour, each of these great artists would have succeeded in establishing an equilibrium of qualities all equally commendable, and by this means would certainly have attained more nearly what he regards as final and genuine beauty.

But is not the idea of beauty itself liable to many transformations? Have critics, or artists, ever agreed among themselves as to the essential characteristics which constitute it? To go no further



FL

DANAIDES

(Drawn by Fernand Lévy.)

back than 1721, in a discussion held at the Royal Academy of Painting in France, Coypel stated that within his own time he had seen everything condemned which was not Poussin: then the Bolognese school had supplanted Poussin in the estimation of painters, Rubens had succeeded to the Bolognese, and Rembrandt, in his turn, after Rubens.

Quite recently the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* published some notes of a tour in Italy by Montesquieu (the author of "L'Esprit des Lois"). The notes were written day by day without any view to publication, and it is interesting to compare them with the letters written ten years later by another statesman on his travels, the *Président des Brosses*, penned each evening on the corner of an inn-table, and sent to his friends at Dijon.

We find in both certain ideas which to us seem strange enough. On the subject of Gothic architecture Montesquieu expresses himself as follows: "A Gothic building is a sort of riddle to the eye that beholds it; the soul is puzzled as when it is offered an obscure poem." The *Président des Brosses*, on the other hand, writes: "I know not whether I am in error, but to say Gothic is almost infallibly to say bad work." They regard the Pre-Raphaelite painters merely as relics, so to speak, of no artistic value, but interesting from their antiquity alone. This simple and dignified art is to them a sealed book, those faces full of concentrated expression to them seem dead, and what they prefer above all else is "the fire of passion."

So long live the Bolognese! With what enthusiasm do they expatiate on the huge canvases of the Carracci, of Guido, of Domenichino, of Guercino; they at any rate could feel and express the "fire of passion." To des Brosses Bologna is the capital of art. He places it far above Florence; and after a visit to the Uffizi Gallery, he tells his friends that they are "not to be misled by what Vasari says in honour of his Florentine school, the least important of all—at any rate, to his taste."

In the Campo Santo at Pisa, again, he condemns everything without exception. "There," writes Montesquieu, "we find a fine collection of ancient paintings, because the walls of the galleries are painted in fresco, and we see fully displayed all the bad taste of the time."

But then the question occurs, "What is bad taste?"

To this Flaubert replies: "Bad taste? It is invariably the taste of the last past age. In Ronsard's time bad taste meant Marot; in Boileau's it meant Ronsard; in Voltaire's it was Corneille; and it was Voltaire in Chateaubriand's day; while now (in 1847) a good many people are beginning to think him rather poor. O, men of taste of ages to come,

I commend to you the men of taste of our time! You will laugh not a little at their jokes, at their lordly disdain, at their preference for veal and milk puddings, at the grimaces they make over underdone meat and over perfervid verse!"

Can it be true, as sceptics say, that in any work of art there is nothing but what we ourselves find in it; that we admire it, not for its intrinsic merit, but because it answers to certain feelings of our own, and that we seek in it only a reflection of our soul? After all it is quite possible. But this, at any rate, is certain: the study of masterpieces proves that the greatest artists of all ages have expressed themselves simply, deriving inspiration from a deep feeling for all that surrounds them; this inspiration no erudition can ever counterfeit.

Those who have survived took no thought of the taste of the day, of fashionable preferences in colour or drawing; they never stopped to consider these vain distinctions. Colour and drawing were indispensable elements which they had to make use of; they made no effort to give prominence to either. It was their own natural bent which guided them inevitably, and prompted them to emphasize certain peculiar qualities.

It would be impossible to find a masterpiece of painting which does not show in certain proportions a combination of the qualities proper to the art. Every great painter has adopted the colouring and the style of drawing which belonged to his temperament, and by this means gave his work the supreme charm of which schools can tell us nothing, and which they can never teach—the poetry of form and of colour. On this common ground all great painters have met, in spite of systems, and from every school.

In his notes of a journey in Scotland, Paul Bourget has complained more than ever of the odious presence of the swarms of tourists: the ugliness, the commonness of men and women, which struck him more forcibly against those horizons of tranquil waters and green woods; it was a painful effort to appreciate the exquisite beauty of the scenery beyond the travelling-caps, waterproofs, and knickerbockers of his travelling companions. But in spite of all, the visible poetry of those mountains triumphed over the exasperating sense of his immediate surroundings, and mind, as usual, rose superior to nerves. Though there, as everywhere, the tide of modern civilisation effaced almost all else, the bare line of the glorious mountains will still survive and dominate over every civilisation present or to come.

So we, too, may comfort ourselves by reflecting that beyond the empty verbiage of certain too assertive critics, artistic and literary, and the repeated vagaries of too ignorant innovators, the inaccessible "absolute" of art will ever soar supreme.



HORIZONTAL BORDER. GROUPS OF FLOWERS EMBROIDERED IN CREWEL AND SILK ON LINEN
(Designed by Leslie)

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK.

BY AYMER VALLANCE.

IT is not proposed to recapitulate here the history of the Royal School of Art Needlework; how, by whom, and for what objects it was founded in 1872; how it moved, two years later, from Sloane Street to its present quarters in the Exhibition Road, and so on. These facts have ere now become matters of common knowledge, and the public scarcely want reminding of what they have been told over and over again. That which is really to the purpose at this juncture is to consider the present position of the school, and what are its future prospects. The promoters of the Royal School of Art Needlework may with justice claim to have led the van of a much-needed and very admirable reformation, and that, too, by means of their unique organisation, in a systematic manner never before attempted. A certain sum was

existence, circumstances have been undergoing a complete change. On all sides there have arisen technical institutes, polytechnics, and class meetings. There, practical instruction is being supplied in the same subjects, and that too in numberless instances by the very persons who have qualified in the Royal School itself. It is estimated that since its foundation upwards of twenty thousand lessons have been given to private individuals and to classes under its auspices; and now it has come to pass that many of these former pupils are entering into rivalry with it and imparting in Government-aided institutions the knowledge they themselves owe in the first instance to the School of Art Needlework. Herein lies a sufficiently grave disability—one that handicaps heavily the unaided Royal School. Newer classes may spring up, and by the nature of their



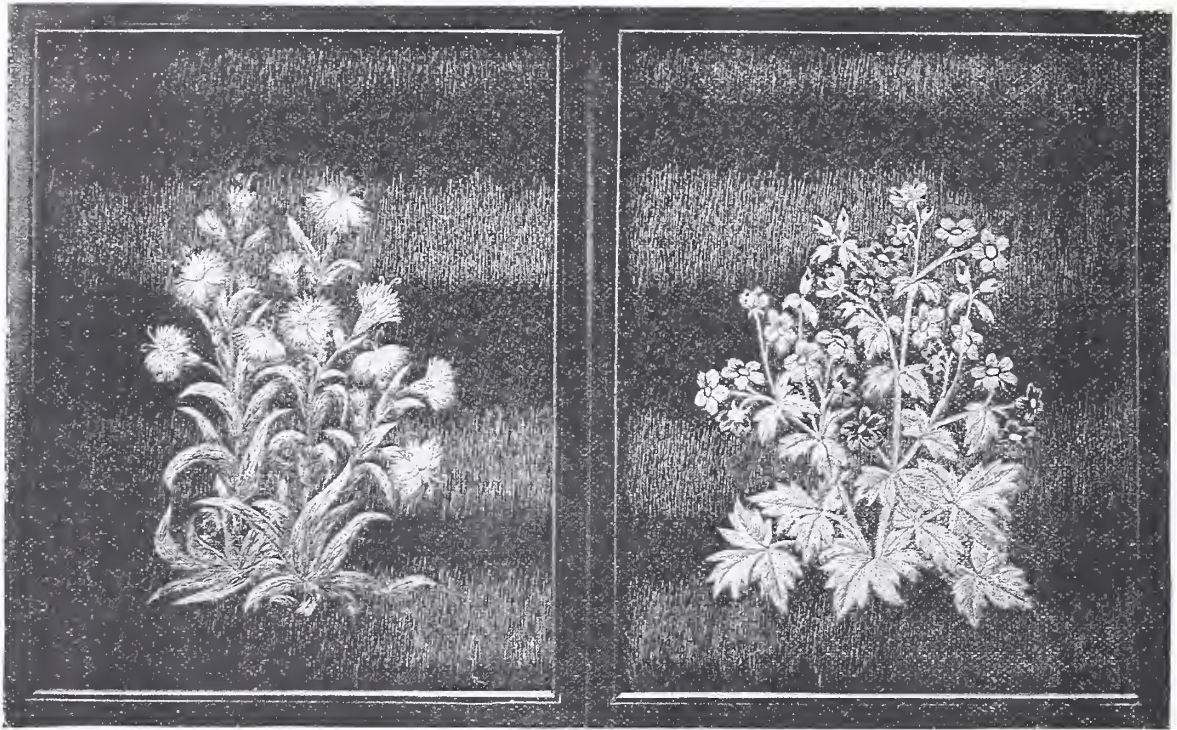
HORIZONTAL BORDER. LAID SILK EMBROIDERY ON VELVET.
(Ancient Design.)

advanced to start the school and provide it with the necessary plant and material. Apart from this it has no sort of endowment, nor has it ever had any. It is in no sense a Government institution; it continues self-supporting to this day. And yet this very fact, which should redound greatly to its credit and honour, is also the cause of the detriment it suffers. So long as the school held, so to speak, a monopoly, it prospered. But during the five-and-twenty years that have passed since it began its

constitution be entitled to apply—do, in fact, apply—for and obtain grants from the public funds to enable them to carry on their work; while the one school which has been the pioneer of the movement, at least as far as concerns the art of needlework, is debarred from seeking the like assistance, because of the mere fact that it does carry on a business and does offer its products for sale. But to what end are the receipts thus accruing employed? Not for the benefit of a commercial firm or capitalist partnership,

but in support of the ladies who form the working body attached to the school, and who are enabled by this agency to turn their talents to account in earning a livelihood. According to the letter of the rules and regulations applicable to such cases it must be admitted frankly that the school has no right to expect pecuniary support from the official purse. But that such a restriction should exist seems in the highest degree anomalous. It is a hard case if the popularity and wide-spread success of the methods of the school are to hinder it from reaping

that the status of the school was quite different from what it is: *e.g.*, that it had the use of its premises rent free, that it had immunity from financial responsibilities, or that in some other ways it enjoyed unfair advantages denied to other institutions. It would not be possible to make a greater mistake than to suppose any such thing. Generous commissions from high quarters have indeed been entrusted to and executed by the school from time to time; but this is very far from its being in a position to draw upon unlimited million-



PANELS OF SCREEN. EMBROIDERED IN CREWELS ON LINEN.

(Designed from Old Tapestry by N. Whicheo.)

the fruits of its labours; if, seeing that it was the body that initiated the reform and has provided the model for like institutions to imitate all the world over, and teachers moreover to put the system into practice, it is now to be supplanted. It is impossible to believe that the provisions of the law were meant to be enforced in a case like this; that no exception can be made in acknowledgment of the great power for good that the school has proved itself to be in the past.

There is another circumstance which has without doubt placed the school at a certain disadvantage in the eyes of the public, *viz.*, that because from the outset it has had an influential roll of names on its committee, and has been favoured with yet more illustrious patronage (in token, whereof, it has been permitted to prefix to its title the distinguishing note of "Royal"), it has been commonly assumed

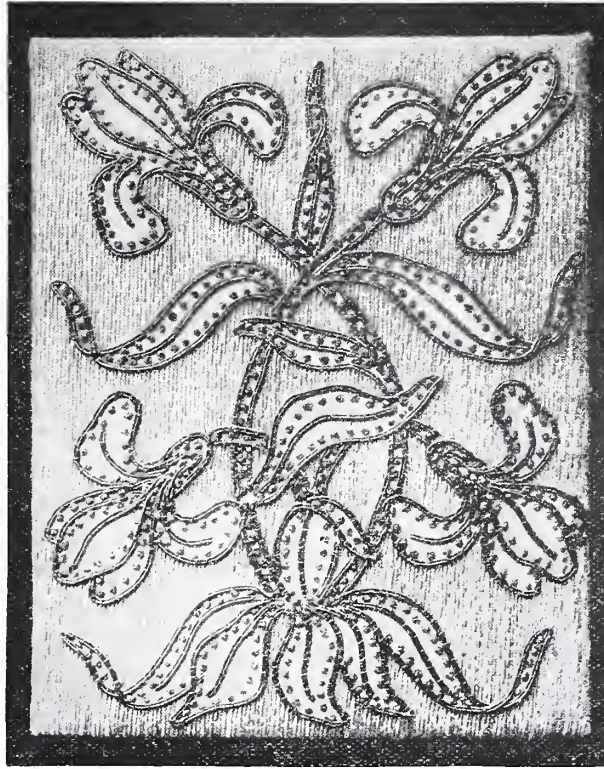
airé resources for permanent support. As stated before, the school lives by its own earnings alone.

Again, if perhaps it may have been the case that the novelty of its work at the beginning created an exceptional demand for its productions, or if people were induced to patronise the school because they imagined themselves to be thereby acquiring duplicates of embroideries to be found in the Royal palaces, it is quite certain that such custom is no longer available in aid of the school. For it must be borne in mind that the days are over—and none of us, it is to be hoped, would wish them recalled—when the fact of any particular article having won the approbation of royalty weighed with the average purchaser as a more powerful incentive to buy than its own intrinsic merit could afford. On the contrary, at the present time, so fast are we moving in the other direction that it would seem almost as

though we were inclined to make royal favour a criterion of inferiority. The danger lest we should fall into the habit of being influenced by this prejudice is not wholly, perhaps, an imaginary one after all.

Again, exception has been taken to the so-called Wardour Street transactions of the school. Now this matter is one which admits of the simplest explanation. This department formed certainly no part of the original programme, nor was its adoption brought about directly or indirectly at the instance of the committee. But when the school came to establish itself in its present temporary premises, which occupy the site of the Australian annex of the Exhibition of 1862, it was obliged to take over more buildings than were required by it for immediate use. Consequently when

proposal was accepted by the school. This was the beginning. After his occupancy terminated, certain other firms, Messrs. Liberty, Messrs. Cooper, and others, offered examples of their furniture as loan exhibits, until, in course of time, the governing body were led to assume this branch of business on their own account. The advantages gained by their so doing are patent, and cannot be set forth more concisely than in the words of the latest annual report by the Executive Committee of the Associates' work. From this document we learn that the "sale of the furniture and *bric-à-brac* enables the authorities to offer the work of the members to the public at a much lower price than formerly, as the profit of the school in that department pays the rent, taxes, etc., instead of these items being a charge on the work;" a charge which, in these



BOOK COVER. GOLD OUTLINE AND DARNED GROUND IN SILK ON LINEN.
(Designed by N. Whichelo.)



ALTAR CLOTH. EMBROIDERED IN SILK, CREWELS AND GOLD ON WHITE CLOTH GROUND.
(Designed by Selwyn Image.)

some of the vacant out-houses as show-rooms for a city firm who carried out his furniture designs, his

days of keen competition and of cheap machine-made imitations, the hand-work of the school could

scarcely meet without raising its prices to a prohibitive tariff. The governing body has wisely declined to do this, preferring to supplement its resources in the manner described. Few, under the circumstances, will blame them for so doing: it being always understood that this department forms no integral part of the scheme, and is one that will be abandoned as soon as the exigencies of the situation permit. But as to closing its embroidery supply department, even the casual observer must be struck, on a moment's reflection, with the injustice of such a proceeding. To demand this sacrifice as the price of its obtaining a Government grant means nothing less than requiring it to cast adrift the numbers of ladies who, as qualified workers, are kept by the school in regular employment, and are dependent upon it for their very subsistence. Nevertheless, considerations such as these ought on no account to be urged did the work turned out by the school fall short of the highest standard of excellence. Nowhere else, it is claimed, is the training required to be submitted to of so thorough and systematic a character as at the Royal School of Art Needlework. There the whole grammar of embroidery is taught from the very rudiments upwards, as an inspection of the syllabus, which shows the complete course of the two years' instruction necessary to obtain the certificate of professional embroiderers, and of the further year to obtain the diploma of qualified teacher, should convince even the most sceptical.

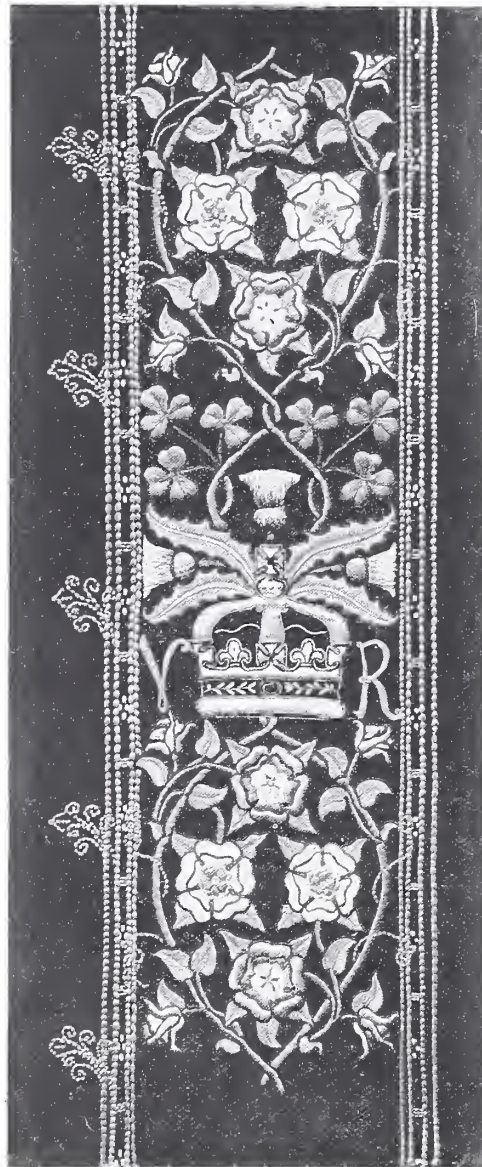
The first year's training begins with stitches, crewel on linen, to be worked in the hand; shading in the same materials, to be worked in the frame; drawn-work, linen on linen; appliqué linen on linen, showing various methods of applying and fixing with couching, outlining with cord, etc.;

laid work, crewel on linen, and lastly smocking. The second year comprises shading in crewels on linen, showing the blending of colours in carrying out four distinct types of Early English embroidery. This kind of work, it may be observed, is the same

which prevailed in our country through various phases from the time of Queen Elizabeth well into the last century. One of these varieties, of which the school makes a speciality, is named Schneider, after the lady who first brought the work to the notice of the school. It differs from the other kinds in that it employs blocking in separate shades in the working of leaves and other forms, as distinct from shading, where one colour or tone is made to graduate into the adjacent one. The Schneider embroidery also admits of a greater variety of stitches, the centres of flowers being sometimes stuffed and raised convexly, and the scheme of colour, to speak generally, presenting a more variegated effect than in other types of old English work.

The second year's course continues with the embroidering a group of natural flowers in silk upon silk, and of conventional design in the same material, showing the forms of shading applicable to this class of design; drawn-work, silk on linen, to be worked in the frame; appliqué, fine linen on velvet, showing various methods of fixing, with gold, and decorating with fancy

stitches, an exceedingly beautiful and effective treatment; ecclesiastical embroidery; and lastly, tapestry embroidery on canvas. Pupils are required to produce samples of each of these kinds of work to entitle them to the certificate. The additional year for the teacher's diploma commences with a sampler in crewel on linen, to be designed and carried out by the pupil alone, with a view of showing the result of the teaching in the first subject



PERPENDICULAR BORDER DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ORDER OF H.M. THE QUEEN, FOR THE TAPESTRY ROOM AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

(Designed by F. B. Wade.)

in each of the foregoing years; and proceeds with conventional design in silk on silk, introducing fine shading and gold work, flat and raised; initials, monograms, and other devices, badges, etc., in white on white, and in coloured silks, raised and flat in both cases; appliqué, of an advanced standard with greater variations than in the preceding instances; ecclesiastical embroidery, methods of treating gold bullion and purl, together with figure work, drapery, faces, hands, etc.; and, in conclusion, conventional design on velvet, introducing raised embroidery in silk and raised gold work. This twofold course, as now systematised, forms the latest development of the operations of the school. The classes began on 1st October, 1895, and are carried on side by side with, and yet wholly apart from, the supply department, where designs and materials, prepared and finished work are to be obtained. They are, in fact,

Imperial Institute. Under the same *régime* are announced to be given, once a week, lessons suited to every taste and requirement for school girls under the age of sixteen. The following subjects among others may there be learnt: plain work, beginning with hemming, patching, darning, button-hole making, plain marking, embroidering letters on handkerchiefs, cutting out and marking garments, as well as the first course of embroidery in crewel, thread, and filcette. In addition to the above it is proposed this year to start popular evening classes at a nominal fee. In short, the idea is to establish a great training school of embroidery, upon a national basis. But if these projects are to be carried out a suitable building becomes of the first necessity. The site is already secured—a piece of land on which stood the French Court in the 1862 Exhibition—the architect's design accepted, and it only remains



EMBROIDERIES. IN SILK AND GOLD ON SILK.

(Designed by M. F. W.)

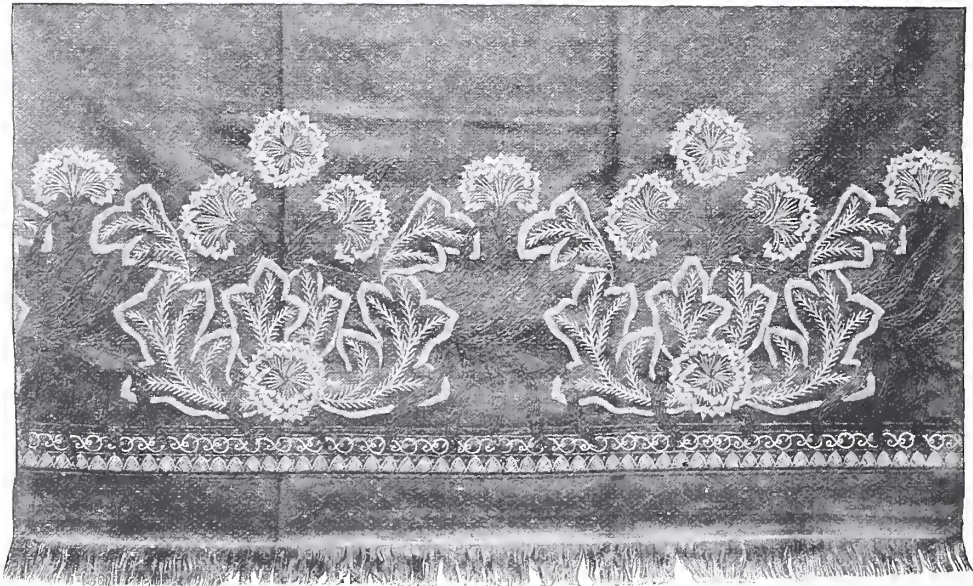
conducted under a different roof, rooms having been secured for the purpose, pending the school being able to provide its own accommodation, in the

now to erect the permanent building as headquarters of the school, which will be commenced as soon as the requisite funds are forthcoming to justify the

committee in taking the initial step, with the prospect also of having some endowment secured for the subsequent maintenance of the school. Yet another scheme, dependent of course on the providing of the afore-mentioned building, is the formation of a women's school of design where they shall be taught by practical teachers to design for various branches of decorative art. It is planned that the course shall begin with good draughtsmanship, in which every student shall pass before proceeding to further studies, and shall include instruction in the various styles of historic ornament. It is intended ultimately to form the nucleus of a library and museum in connection with the school, although, with the South Kensington Museum so close at hand, with its magnificent collection of art objects and its Art Library as well, this seems almost unnecessary.

The School of Art Needlework must be thanked for two contributions to the literature of the art of the needle. In 1880, by authority of the school, was published a "Handbook of Embroidery," by L. Higgin, a work containing not only a summary of technical hints of the utmost value, but also some reproductions of designs of great beauty. Out of this book grew, some years after, the larger and more elaborate volume, "Needlework as Art," by Lady

Marian Alford. The school, it should be remarked, has spared no expense to obtain a collection of excellent examples of old work in addition to working designs by the best contemporary masters, including Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Messrs. William Morris, Walter Crane, Selwyn Image, George Aitchison, Fairfax Wade, and other well-known artists. Of the materials used in the school it is enough to say that they are worthy of the designs in the execution of which they are used. In a word, that which the school proposed at the beginning to do, it has accomplished; and more than that. At a time when the arts had barely begun to rise from the depths of degraded ugliness into which, soon after the opening of the present century, they had fallen—embroidery with the rest—it was no light matter to set up and to persevere in maintaining a high standard of artistic merit in their work. And now the school is called upon to enter upon a sphere of usefulness to an extent not dreamed of by its original promoters when they started it. But that it is in a position, both from its prestige, its long experience, and matured organisation, to fulfil all that may be demanded of it, if only the requisite funds be forthcoming, may be asserted with perfect confidence in view of its magnificent achievements in the past.



HORIZONTAL BORDER. EMBROIDERED IN SILK ON SILK.

(Designed by F. B. Wade.)

ART AT NANCY.

ÉMILE GALLÉ.

BY HENRI FRANTZ.

I AM hardly exaggerating when I say that Monsieur Emile Gallé is at this moment, and by every right, the most conspicuous figure in the French world of art, for he is unanimously recognised as a master, and he alone in our day can now elaim the honour of having formed a school, of having influenced a whole generation of younger artists, and given rise to a genuine revival of industrial art. But, strange to say, this artist, who has, it cannot be denied, trained many clever men, has voluntarily kept far from Paris, and spent his life at Nancy. This is partly the reason—added to his strong natural individuality—why he has remained untouched by influence, and has worked independently towards the ideal he has himself set up. Monsieur Gallé, alone perhaps among acknowledged artists in France, excels in various branches. We have seen him by turns a fashioner of furniture, a potter, and a glass-worker. To be thus a master in several lines, to stamp on each a distinct and vivid individuality, and thus to revive and reanimate several kinds of art, is not the lot of many artists; it has, however, been that of Monsieur Gallé, so much so that he has come to be thought of as the French William Morris, though his popularity has never equalled that of the great English craftsman.

It is indeed a great revolution that Monsieur Émile Gallé has achieved in the decoration of furniture, by reverting to the plain and simple forms of nature, and entirely discarding the taste of the past. I emphasise this because he here differs widely from many Parisian artists, who insensibly evolve new forms while still adhering to earlier formulæ. He, like the great English innovators,

threw them off with one effort. It was from Japanese art that he derived the general scheme, the fundamental principle of his style; but we must not infer that he imitates it in any servile manner. Nothing



ÉMILE GALLÉ.

(From the Portrait by Victor Prouvé.)

can be more unlike Japanese art than Monsieur Gallé's work, though his critics often blame him on this ground. Only the idea of the Japanese style is also



THE HOLY GRAIL: BLOOD-RED JASPER CRYSTAL, WITH CABINETWORK CENSER AND BRONZE MOUNTINGS.

his; and given that principle he has worked it out by the light of his own instinct and taste. He finds constant inspiration, nay, even collaboration, in nature. When Monsieur Émile Gallé reproduces plant form he extracts from it its decorative lines and colouring with the most artistic sense. He seems to condense the whole motive of a plant, to give it an attitude, a movement, to draw out its individuality in a very living way, and yet never to lose sight of the use and end of the object he is designing. It seems to the point here that I should give some extracts from a description written by Monsieur Émile Gallé in the form of an open letter to Monsieur Lucien Falize, which was published in the *Revue des Arts Décoratifs*, June, 1892. In speaking of a piece of furniture, "*La table aux herbes potagères*" (a table decorated with edible vegetables), Monsieur Gallé set forth his ideas and principles, and his characteristic

description is a sort of manifesto in defence of his style:—"It is unnecessary to tell you, my worthy correspondent, that the very simple form of this table was adapted to its purpose, which also suggested the decorative treatment borrowed from garden produce. Though, on the one hand, I intentionally abandoned every time-honoured style, on the other hand I make no claim to having discovered a new one. To me, ye dewy and marrowy cabbages! the temptation was too great to record some fine articulation or happy splash of colour, your noble growth and characteristic expression: to borrow the essence of your unsuspected poetry, ye endive blossoms of heavenly blue! And was it not well, on the other hand, to shake off the bondage of realism as much as possible in drawing and in colour, so as to give an image, more suggestive than any servile imitation, of vegetable types as phantoms floating in flat tints, undefined lines and dreamy, unreal shading? As much as possible! For



INLAID CABINET: "FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT."

the use of woody materials, which once lived the vegetable life, will always give enough decorative quality to inlaid wood representing living forms.

"Do you think it a fault in this green-wood inlay that I have substituted a glimpse of the outer air for the old sober and monotonous tones of ebony and ivory?"



CHAIR.

But is not the art of inlay an art of colour, as much as mosaic or painting? The natural colours of wood are more various than is generally supposed. Wonderful boldness of effect may be found in them. They lack, however, some of the sharp tones, the high lights and brilliancy which

tendrils of cucumber clinging to it with thin, greedy clutch. But the real thing to hit upon would be



DETAIL OF A MARQUETRY CABINET: "PERFUMES OF OTHER DAYS."

now fulfil the painter's dream. But how illogical it is to prohibit dyes to wood when they are used in thread, silk, worsted, and ivory!

"One of the most obvious difficulties in my attempt was that of producing in vegetable forms the

plastic types of great simplicity and rapid execution if we are not to defy every rational rule of economy.

"To turn to the decorative use of drawing and colour. The top of the table is made of the purple black wood known as labaka, inlaid with vegetable



MOSAIC IN WOOD: "THE FLORA OF LORRAINE"

lines of mouldings in cabinet work. Here, as you see, we have a columnar treatment of the stems of the leguminous plants and the runners of the gourd tribe—the natural creepers of the kitchen garden—twining and overgrowing the rim of the table, the

emblems seen against the twilight background in alternate groups in which the rhythm of the plant faints and sinks in the avenue of line and colour. Parsley, with its jetty seeds and livid lilac leaves, spreading into the suspicious-looking foliage of the

hemlock; panicles of the solanum tribe falling in natural and graceful bunches. . . . The idea of the purpose of the table reappears in vague suggestive shapes on a narrow border of grey bird's-eye maple from Switzerland, blossoming with nasturtium and capers; among them little garden gold-beetles and the ichneumon fly that haunts the kitchen garden. In the centre, a dimly-tinted mosaic forms a waving phylactery lined with plain wood tinted heliotrope, harmonising with the colouring of the room. This lilac hue, shaded down to that of a purple stock, is sprinkled with the corollas of cruciferae. In places we have the fading tints of chervil in the later year.

"I would I could have shown this dream of a kitchen garden through the misty veil of morning, with hills dimly seen and a horizon of watery sheen, long streaks of haze made of veined wood defining or clouding the objects in the picture. But you will find here the whole blue clan of winter cabbages, the plummy shoots of asparagus with its berries, the household party of the male and female blossoms of the pumpkin."

In glass vessels especially Monsieur Gallé has made his mark. In that branch of art he has become a classic, a pride to our nation to compare with the great glass-blowers of old in Bohemia or Hungary. For some years Gallé's glass has held a place in the collection at the Luxembourg, and with justice. The decorator's fancy is endless as well as the chemist's science; he

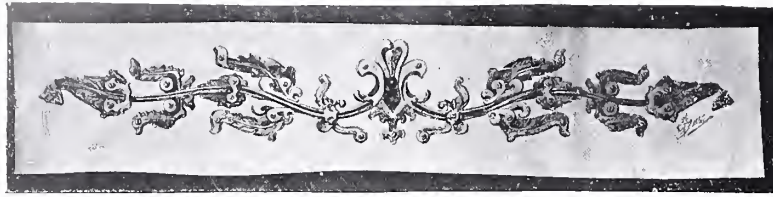
gives his vases, amphora, and drinking-glasses the most various and graceful forms, reminding us by turns of some plant, some flower-cup or leaf. He excels in producing colours of which none before him had the secret, and which it had seemed impos-

sible to give to glass. From an oxide of cobalt he derives a moonlight sheen, imitating the effects of agates, of rust, and of the iridescent lights on water and mist alternately in the most mysterious combinations.

Monsieur Émile Gallé is not merely an artist, but a poet who aims at amalgamating poetry and art in an intimate fusion. This was Baudelaire's idea, too, as to the mutual correlation of the arts, and I need not here discuss how far it is to be accepted or rejected. But I may be allowed to say that in Monsieur Gallé it gives rise to the most curious and subtle impressions, as in the fine vase he made for Princess Marguerite d'Orléans, a vase of virgin whiteness decorated with daisies, and wreathed, as it were, with the lines of a poet in praise of the marguerite.

Monsieur Gallé has, however, amused himself by composing the mottoes and emblematic meaning of several of his vases, and often reveals himself as a genuine poet, giving his ideas some original turn or a quite individual wit. He usually works out the notion suggested by lines he quotes.

This is the case with one of the two vases in cameo glass, mounted by Falize, representing gold and silver



KEYHOLE ORNAMENT.



CAMEO VASE: "THE BEAUTY OF THINGS THAT MUST DIE."
(From a Sketch by É. Gallé.)



KEYHOLE ORNAMENT, IN BRASS AND COPPER, PIERCED AND CHASED.

lizards twining among creeping plants, of which Monsieur Gallé has courteously given the first publication to *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*. The leading



A DESIGN IN WATER-COLOUR FOR A BLACK AND GREY AGATE-CRYSTAL CAMEO VASE.

idea was borrowed from a line of poetry by Emile Hinzelin: "The beauty of things that must die," and these are the words in which he describes his development of this idea: "Mists and dews half shroud and half reveal the fine veining and splashing on a grey jade-crystal vase. A thick flushing of rose-tinted glass is carved into a chimera-like flower, half-inflorescent, half-smiling, half-weary, half-orchid half-pansy. A beetle drags its slow length over the rust of the lichens. Side by side with flesh tints and carnations we see bold touches of coral pink. A pale gleam steals through the dull maze of iridium. Vegetable shadows grin at us. Phantoms of bloom are dimly seen. A fossil shell engraved beneath the fragile work contains the glass-worker's signature, with the sad utterance of the Latin poet '*Habitaculum vetus et fragile quam fragilioris animalæ*' (The old and frail abode of a yet more frail little soul). And melancholy, too, in the shadow of the dream of dream-flowers, we read these lines by the poet of Lorraine—

'O beauté des choses qui meurent !
Les grandes ailes de la mort
Qui, sans les blesser, les effleurent
Leur donnent un charme plus fort.'

Other passages from Monsieur Gallé's pen, such as his description of his "Wreck"—the "Missive void of a message, full of mystery, inflated with shadow and silence"—or those of the "Hazel" and the "Balm," are full of searching and subtle charm. The poet has also at various times published interesting pamphlets on the secrets of the art of glass-making, and this is certainly a rare instance of devotion to art, since he thus of his own free will facilitates its ways to others.

It is an exception indeed to see an innovator like Monsieur Gallé so readily recognised by the nation for his brilliant genius, as he has long been; and, judged by the throng round his glass work at the Luxembourg, he is popular too. He was awarded two gold medals at the Palais de L'Industrie—one for glass work and one for pottery: at the Exhibition of 1889 his glass took a first prize and a medal. Since 1892 Monsieur Gallé has kept away from our annual exhibitions, for his great ambition is to produce an impression of unity, to show real progress in his art. We must hope,



CAMEO VASE.

however, to see him again before long at the Salon. Men of his calibre are scarce in our day, and it would not be fair that we should be deprived, except at wide intervals, of seeing such work as his.



THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST.
 (From the Painting by David Cox.)

THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P. THE MODERN ENGLISH MASTERS.—III.

By F. G. STEPHENS,

BEFORE us, in a very clear and satisfactory engraving, is a capital example of what composition can do in making a design acceptable, without being in the least able to conceal itself, as, in a masterpiece, it ought to do. This much is distinct in the late Mr. Pinwell's *chef-d'œuvre*, "The Village Cross," every element of which is as manifestly "composed" with regard to its neighbours as any of the statues in a pediment. It is a charming picture, quite a triumph of a sort, and lacks not the dignity and harmonised masses of a sculptor's design. We see without difficulty that the spindling tree on our right was put there to balance the shattered stem of the ancient memorial, and we must needs notice something of the same sort in the but too obvious balancing of the figures, and even in the introduction of the iron rod surmounting the shaft and cutting sharply against the glowing sky. It is easy to see, too, that the graceful and expressive design which gives so much value to this important

example may have been, and probably was, suggested to the painter—his artistic sense being stirred by the charm of the landscape and its accessories—by the sufficiently obvious facilities which the steps of the cross offered to him for posing the figures as we see them. It has always appeared to me that just what F. Walker owed to Millais, Pinwell was indebted for to Walker and Millais combined. Having already, and at some length, commented on the technical qualities and choice art of Walker's "Bathers" as an epoch-marking picture in the career of that charming member of the English school, and having selected it as one of a triad of "foundation" pictures in Mr. Quilter's collection, I may now refer to the illustration which distinguishes p. 128 of this volume, and regret that black and white fail to render the fulness of the beauty of this delightful work's almost Titianesque coloration; to the justness of grading of water and air. A great artist of Venice might, so to say, have painted flesh better than that of this picture,

but none of her masters treated with more delicacy and subtlety the vanishing levels of the water or the light-saturated expanse of the atmosphere. This is, in my opinion, the truth, notwithstanding the fact that Titian was not only the greatest Venetian artist, but the first to paint a landscape in the modern manner. Besides "Bathers," Mr. Quilter possesses a small version of Walker's picture of "The Wayfarers."

To no one of the modern school of landscape painters here referred to does the art of their order owe so much as to David Cox, who to great brilliancy of colour and light added admirable draughtsmanship, a rare sense of the gradations of the atmosphere, consummate knowledge of the influence of that atmosphere upon the tints and tones of nature, and almost incomparable power in dealing with the masses of his subjects. Accordingly—while they are perfectly composed—in none of his pictures that I have seen is it easy to detect those almost sculpturesque artifices too artificial to which the above paragraph refers in dealing with Pinwell's really excellent *chef-d'œuvre*, the only work of his which seems to me to approach the standard of F. Walker at his best (which, by the way, Walker himself did not attain in "The Wayfarers"). To the last-named work I may refer with some regret, because to its rare merits and happy veracities—combined as are these fine qualities with considerable weaknesses and inanities such as Walker, till he painted it, had not committed himself—seem to be due the excessive flimsiness, feeble drawing, and want of solidity which degrade the more pretentious and "flashy" productions of some of those followers. Such they dare to call themselves, who seem bent on suicide in those deadly bathotic pools, where solid and learned art is unknown; for their pictures are transparencies in comparison with Cox's standard.

David Cox (1783—1859) himself, a masterpiece of whose making is before us in the extremely fine "Skirts of the Forest," a renowned work of 1840, was already nearly sixty years old when he painted this "English" and sincere example. Its brightness, sweetness, and veracity surpass anything Hobbema, Ruysdael, Waterloo, or the Norwich School, John Crome

included, ever produced. It is one of Cox's best works, and, by artists, greatly preferred to the finest of his "blots," which picture-dealers greatly delight in. These so-called "blots" are really productions of the age of the powerful, faithful, and nature-loving master, due, in fact, as it seems to me, to the partial failure of his sight, and the decreasing firmness of his original exquisitely firm touch. It is so hard to think that the sincere, wholesome, and stalwart artist of Birmingham cared much for the money the swifter "blot-painting" secured to him on comparatively easy terms, that I prefer to accept those late pieces as indications of decline, rather than as proofs of mastery and attainment which, according to the picture-doctrines, they are. In the composition of the work before us the finest art conceals its exquisite fulness of art, and nothing is more truly "rustic" and simple. In the picture the

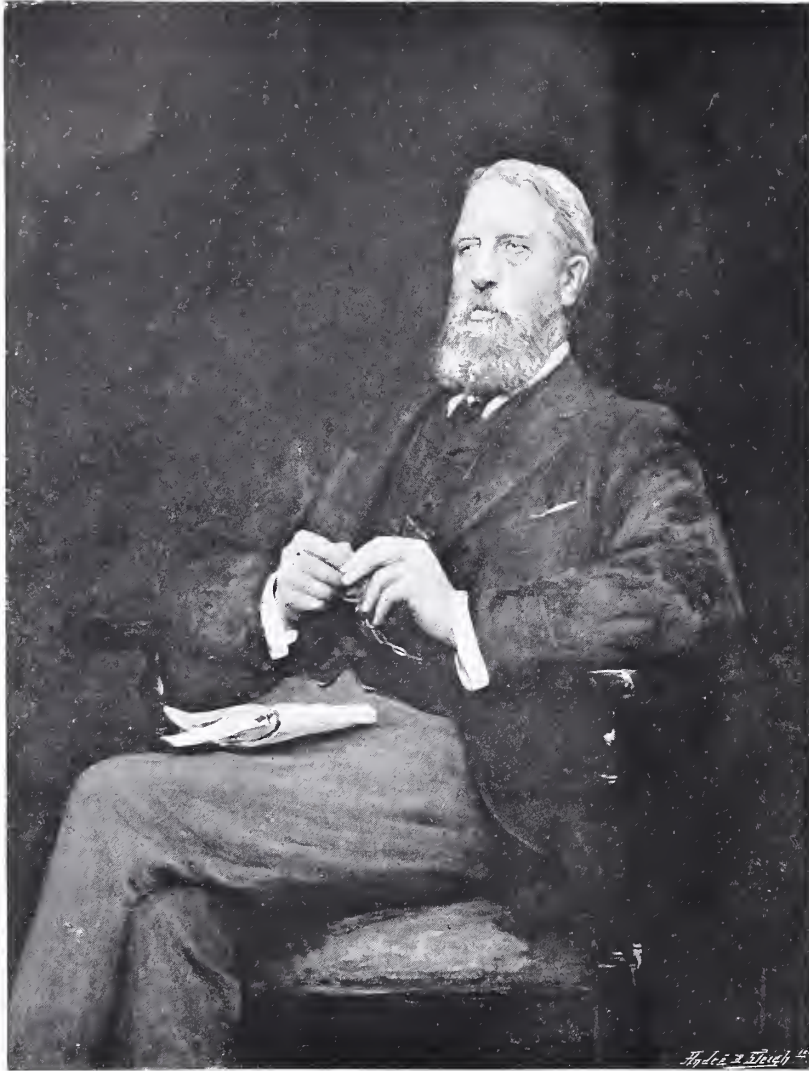


DEVOTION.

(From the Drawing by William Hunt.)

unengravable colour is of nature, natural, and in these respects it may be compared with Linnell's most poetic "Summer Eve by Haunted Stream," and Millais' most pathetic "Mirthly Moss," which have been already noticed as in Mr. Quilter's gallery. But, as was mostly the case in Cox's work, it has

A.D. 1865, when the work was at the Academy with the future President's "Romans leaving Britain." We are not called on to inquire too closely as to the date of the costume of the figures whose passionate energy gives a potency to the design of Madox Brown's "Jacopô Foscarei visited by his Wife in the Dungeon of the Council of Ten," a work which owes its existence to a commission given in 1869 by Mr. Moxon to the artist to illustrate a then contemplated edition of Byron's poems—an edition which, considering the genius of the men who were to have taken part in it, would have been most truly "adorned with cuts." The instance here in question, touching and sincere as it is, is a better example of Brown's power as a colourist than as a specimen of his prodigious merit as a designer of passionate and pathetic themes. Of these the best are "Romeo taking leave of Juliet in her Balcony," "The Last of England," which is at Birmingham, and "Christ washing Peter's Feet," now in the National Gallery. Brown had a way of telling his stories, that is of illustrating the motives of his subjects, in a very direct and positive manner, as is shown in the design before us. Here the stalwart lady draws her somewhat less vigorous husband to her breast and kisses him with an energy which his reduced condition and enfeebled state more than justify. We notice, too, the spirited design of her moving draperies, without caring, as in Millais' ease, to inquire closely into the chronology of the costumes of the figures.

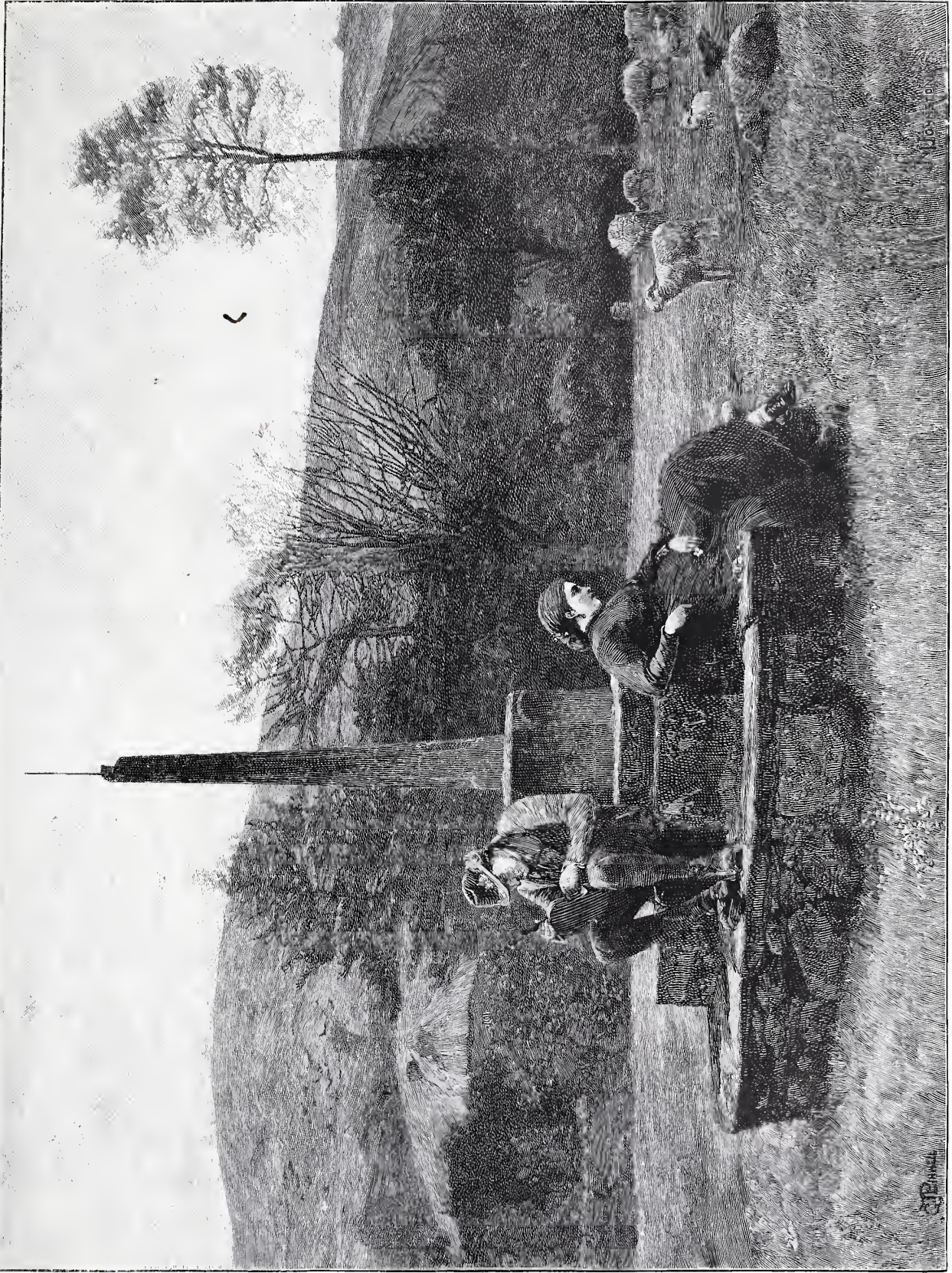


THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
(From the Painting by H. Herkomer, R.A.)

but little of the poetry or the pathos with which those great gems of art enchant us.

We come to the figure pictures proper when Millais' "Joan of Arc" is, as is here shown, seen kneeling before the shrine at which she is said to have vowed herself to France, clad in armour, and in a patriotic rapture looking up. The beauty of the picture is, of course, discoverable in the painting of the flesh, not in the expression of the face, and in the wonderfully happy and powerful treatment of the armour. Of course the armour, as costume, is as much an anachronism as the face, which is of

sure the dresses in Brown's picture approximate correctness, while we know Joan of Arc was dead long before the suit of fluted armour which encloses her was "made in Germany." Good as is "The Young Foscarei," it is, as a design, by no means the best of his works in that respect, and must be ranked with such specimens of his art as a designer with "The Prisoner of Chillon," though much finer than the unlucky "Haidee and Don Juan," a large version of which, unfortunately for Brown's fame in France, has found, it is said, a place in the Luxembourg of all galleries in



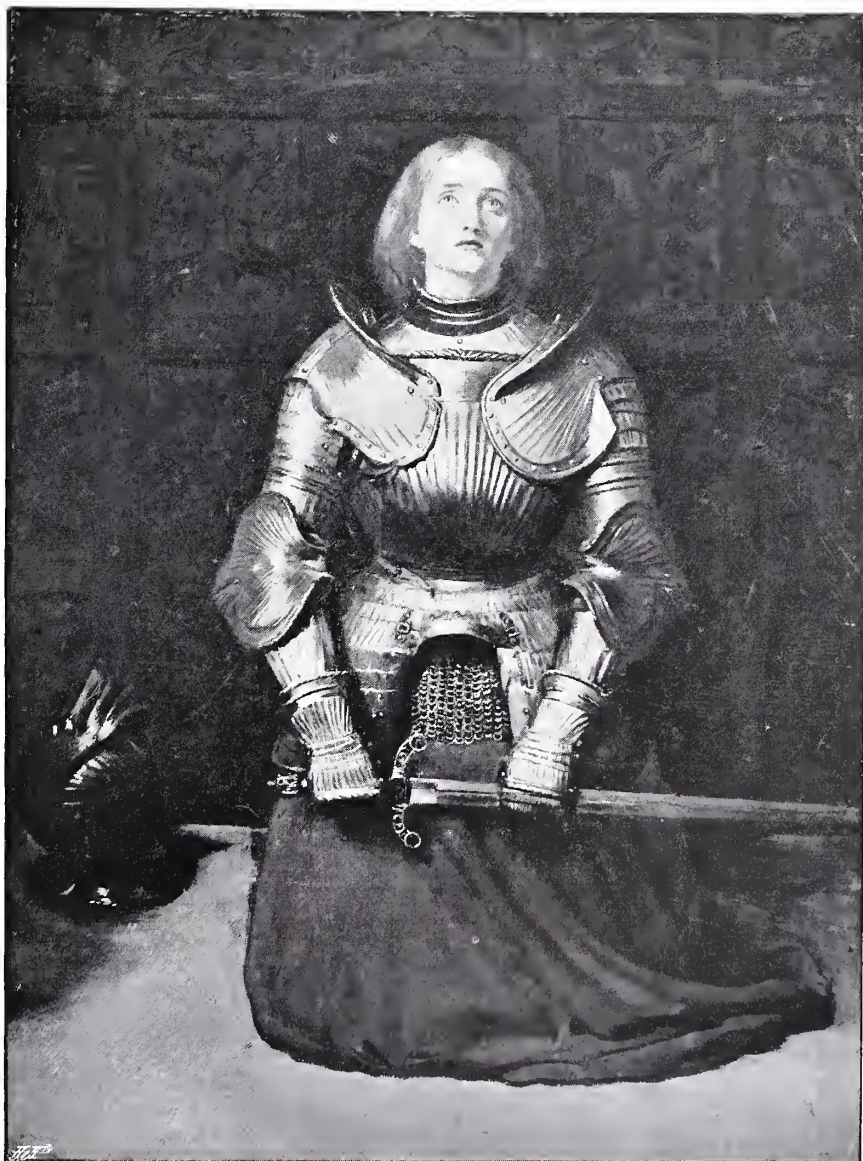
THE VILLAGE CROSS.
(From the Printing by George Pinwell. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

the world, and where, his above-named masterpieces not being available, we should have been content to see, not this feeble thing, but his stupendous "Entombment of Christ," his masculine "Sardanapalus," or that transcendent "Elijah and the Widow's Son" which is now at South Kensington. If not by these examples, Brown would be well seen in Paris by means of his "Death of Lear," his "King René's Honeymoon," one of the most delightful of love-making romances, or that noble cartoon of his (one of the few relics of the great gathering in Westminster Hall in 1844, and now in the South London Gallery, the gift of the painter's admirers, among whom Leighton, Millais, and Armitage must be numbered), representing "The Body of Harold brought to the Conqueror."

Tardy as are the honours that, after his death, have been paid to the genius, resources, and skill of this great, though unequal master, at least those honours are not unworthy of him which include the admission of his productions to the National Gallery, the Luxembourg, Manchester—where he painted in the Town Hall, and where his most ambitious "Work" has found a home—South London, and Birmingham.

More truly representative of its author than "Jacopô Foscarei" is "Devotion" (see p. 255) by that "great master in small, William Hunt," who has depicted a comely country lad, one of those who passed their lives in the neighbourhood of Bramley, near Basingstoke—where the artist often sojourned at a farmhouse, and where, apart from Cassiobury and Hastings, haunts of his earlier years, he lived when "out of town." At one time Hunt painted many works of this class, single and homely figures of old men, girls, boys (such as this one), and negro-lads, such as we saw in Mr. Humphrey Roberts's collection. No master delineated them with more tenderness, humour, and veracity,

nor with greater and more consummate skill, than Hunt, John Varley's and Mulready's pupil, the little and sickly japanner's son, who was born in what is now Endell Street, Long Acre. By the same hand Mr. Quilter possesses an admirable and earlier example of what may be called still-life, the soft and faithful drawing of "A Dead Snipe." Both these specimens are in water-colours, and both excel in the beauty, finish, and delicacy of their execution. Their technique is exactly what is now associated with the works of such masters as Millais, who alone of modern artists combined the richness of tone, brilliance of lighting, and wealth of colour which charm us in pictures with themes so humble and so entirely void of hysteria as are those of "Devotion" and "A Dead Snipe." As it is they



JOAN OF ARC

(From the Painting by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.)

are, like that to which we now come, anything but "impressions" in the current sense of that ridiculous term. It must not be supposed that Hunt, though he painted dead snipe, pigeons, and even a group of mussel-shells, as well as, to please Mr. Ruskin, a smoked herring, a few mushrooms, and a pile of stones, was incapable of subjects such as Titian

age when he produced it, and who was already in declining health. Lewis died four years after he astonished and delighted the world by his achievement of 1872. As with regard to a very large proportion of Lewis's pictures in oil and drawings in water-colour, it illustrates no story and is possessed of no passion: its subject is the beauty and

brilliance of nature set forth by means of the most exquisite execution. Lewis, who lived in Cairo from 1843 till 1851, already a consummate draughtsman and painter, studied the Eastern character, costumes, and climate with all-powerful care, and gave us this garden full of oriental flowers resplendent in light. The lovely girl who bears the vase, itself a rare piece of Persian craftsmanship, is as distinctly of Circassian descent as her darker and very comely attendant is of Moorish blood. The elder damsel is moving gently to our left and carrying the vase of roses and lilies on her way to the harem it is intended to decorate. Nothing could be simpler than the incident, nothing more graceful and undemonstrative than the design of "Lilium Auratum," and yet its charm is irresistible, so that the art-lover returns again and again to look at it, and never lets it pass out of his memory. To me at least, if not to others, "Lilium Auratum" has charms which may compete with those of Lewis's much larger and more ambitious "Frank Encampment in the Desert," which all the world has acknowledged to be his masterpiece. Next to it come Mrs. Woolner's "Interior of the Bezestein Bazaar, Cairo," and its rival, the "Interior of a Harem." The "Bazaar" was painted in the same year as the work before us.

The remaining English works I have to notice of the category now in question are Millais' admirable picture and perfect likeness of "Mr. John Bright," of which the reproduction on p. 122 shows how simple

are the means of Millais' achievement, and how wise he was in refusing to make his subject look like a "hero," although he failed not in depicting all his sterling qualities. In the same group may be placed the capital portrait of our collector's father, seated with a book in his lap, his cheek on one hand, and in the act of speaking. Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Mr. Cuthbert Quilter is good, but hardly "energised" and solid enough. The Duke of Devonshire was, as the illustration shows, more fortunate at Mr. Herkomer's hands, and yet the likeness is not quite satisfactory.



THE YOUNG FOSCARI.

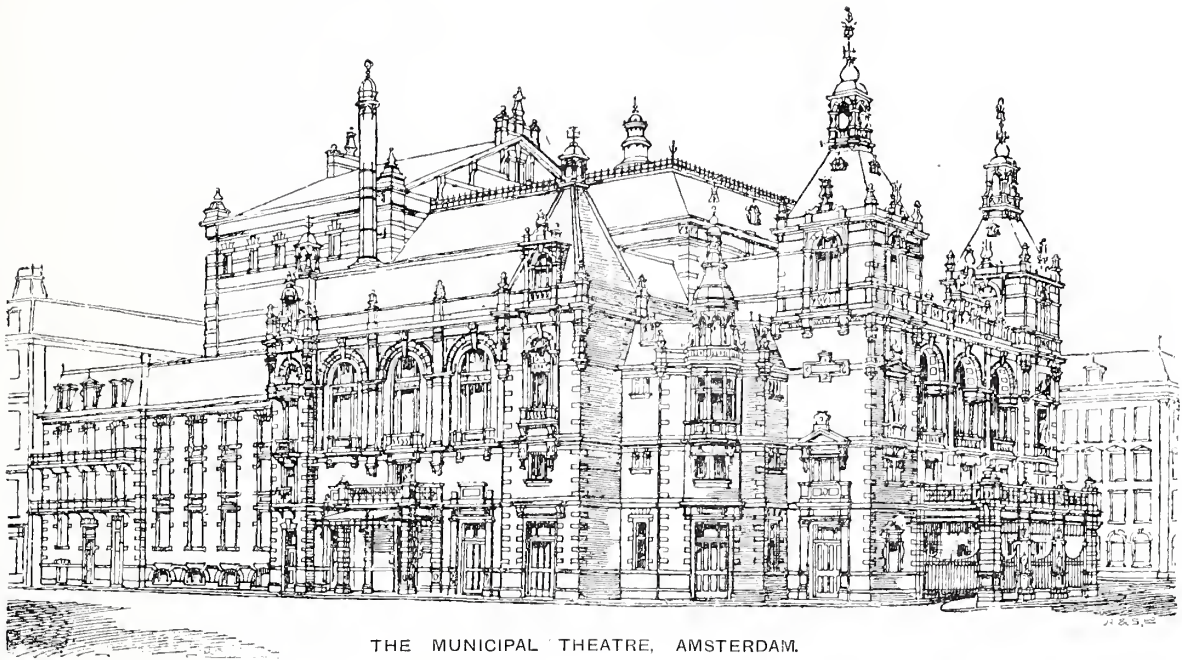
(From the Painting by Ford Madox Brown.)

might have essayed with joy. Hunt painted life-size and full length a peacock in all the glory of his plumage, and he did so in a Titianesque manner, and as splendid as Nature herself.

"Lilium Auratum," one of the masterpieces of John Frederick Lewis, a translation of which forms the frontispiece to these notes, was painted in 1871, and, as No. 645, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1873, about which time it came into the possession of Mr. Quilter's father. It is the latest of Lewis's works of the first class, and shows no sign of failure in the powers of a man who was sixty-six years of



LILIUM AURATUM.



THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE, AMSTERDAM.

(Reduced from "Modern Opera-houses and Theatres.")

ILLUSTRATED REVIEWS.

"**M**ODERN Opera-houses and Theatres" is the title of a comprehensive work by Messrs. E. O. Sachs and E. A. E. Woodrow (published by Mr. Batsford) on play-houses recently erected in Europe, illustrated by plans, sections, elevations, and general views, accompanied by a descriptive text on theatre planning and construction, and supplements on stage machinery, theatre fires, and protective legislation. Only the first of the three folio volumes promised has appeared, illustrating splendidly the principal theatres and opera-houses in Austria and Hungary, Germany, England, Holland and Belgium, Norway and Sweden, and Russia. Those of France, Italy, and Spain are reserved for the second volume; this is unfortunate in one respect, because in any attempt to establish a parallel of the theatres of Europe, and to draw comparisons between them from the art point of view, it would have been of advantage to include, at all events, those of Paris which are the best known, and probably the most remarkable examples.

Mr. Sachs in his introduction divides the theatres into five categories: court, national and government, municipal, subscription, and private theatres; and lays stress on the fact that the last of these, the "private theatre," though common to all countries, is primarily an English and American institution, and is built "to pay" only; that is to say, it is regarded as an investment, and is conducted purely as a business speculation. The other categories originate not with a commercial object, but for the qualification of

luxury and for educational purposes. It follows, therefore, that in the four first classes, and especially in the court theatre, there is virtually no restriction as regards cost, and its design is entrusted as a rule to the most capable architect the country can boast of. It is not only a theatre the architect is called upon to erect, but a national and historical monument, a building which in future years may be looked upon as a gauge of the artistic qualities of the nation at the particular time of its erection. In England, on the contrary, Mr. Sachs suggests that "it is of no importance that the architect should have a true feeling for art if only he can secure the latest trick of the plaster-manufacturer to catch the vulgar taste." This statement is, however, qualified by another which states "the building of English theatres has hitherto been put into the hands of architects who are merely good planners, good constructors, and good business men," with the qualification of being able to provide for a maximum audience at a minimum outlay. The latter concerns the speculation only, but the former requisition probably meets that which, on the whole, the Englishman cares most for. The good construction assures him of the safety of the structure, the good planning enables him to see the stage properly wherever he may be placed, and as this is not always the case even in court theatres, it is possible that the English theatre, inartistic though it may be, has in the eye of the Englishman many great advantages. This is looking

on the worst side so far as the English theatre is concerned, but is it altogether borne out by the facts, and may there not be some shortcomings in the court theatres of the Continent?

Let us take one example, the Court Theatre at Vienna, of which Mr. Sachs says, "as an example of technical skill in theatre building brought to high perfection, it may serve as a model for future enterprise of a similar nature, whilst from the artist's point of view it conclusively proves to what great excellence the much abused German and Austrian architecture of the last decades can attain when full scope and ample time are allowed," and compare it with D'Oyley Carte's Opera-house in Shaftesbury Avenue which Mr. Sachs gives as the frontispiece to his first volume, and of which he says that "it is the

most perfectly equipped building of its class ever seen in England, and in every way architecturally suited for its purposes." If, further, we take into account also the peculiar difficulties with which its architect, Mr. Colcutt, had to contend, a comparison of the two examples suggests that we have in the latter a brilliant design full of character and displaying a progress in style, qualities in which the former is quite devoid. The difficulties referred to in the D'Oyley Carte Opera-house were two-fold: first, that the arrangement and construction were entrusted to one whom Mr. Sachs describes as "a master-builder" in theatre construction, and Mr. Colcutt had to accept the block subject to certain constructional features in the disposal of which an artistic arrangement had never been thought of; and, secondly, the opera-house was greatly handicapped by the shape of the site on which it stands, no boundary being at right angles to any other. Except in the vestibule, the ceiling of which is deplorable owing to its shape and the unsightly irregularly-planned girders which cross it, and in the scheme for the structural design of the interior, in which there are no apparent supports either to the galleries or the ceiling, there can be no doubt that Mr. Colcutt's design is in its artistic conception far ahead of any other theatre, either in England or the Continent.

Returning to the Vienna Court Theatre, it is possible that, from its position and extent, the monumental character of the principal front, and the wealth in material and sculpture, it is an imposing building; but Mr. Sachs goes further than this in his description. He claims that the theatres published in the first volume (referring only probably to the Continental examples) "have been going through an evolutionary process," "until the lines of the Vienna Court Theatre were reached;" in other words, that this structure shows the greatest perfection which has been attained in theatre design. Let us analyse its composition. The centre portion of the main front forms a segment on plan, always a fine feature on account of the play of light and shade it gives; instead, however, of accentuating this feature by wings, the architect destroys it by affixing a frontispiece in the centre. To the right and left of this centre are two enormous wings containing staircases. The principle beauty of a plan is its compactness,

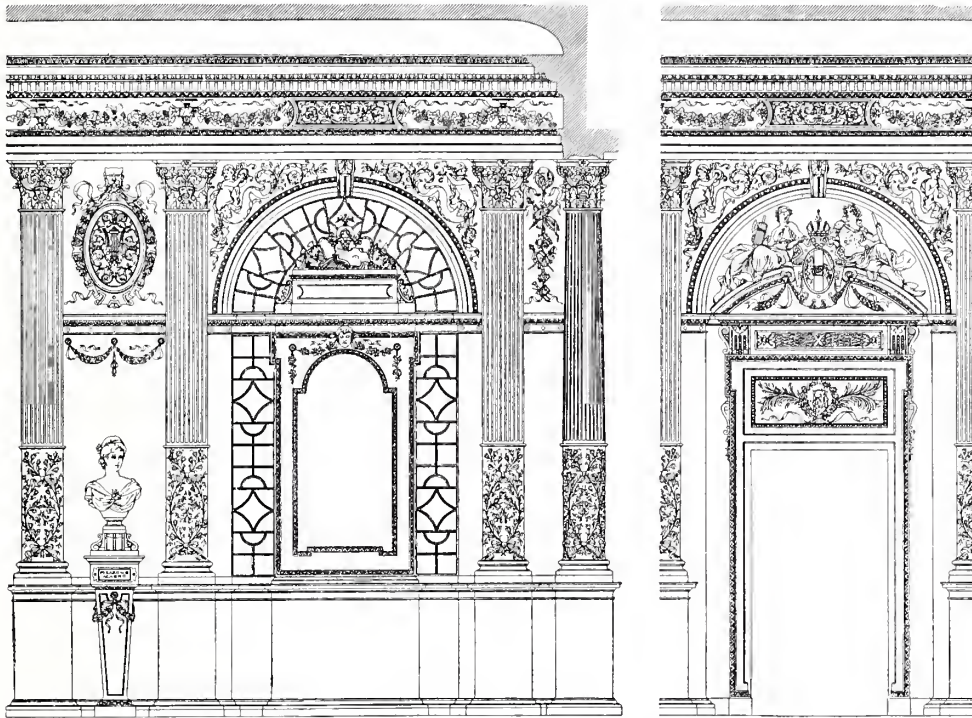


THE STAIRCASE, COURT OPERA-HOUSE, STOCKHOLM

(From "Modern Opera-houses and Theatres.")

and however imposing these projecting wings may be in elevation when viewing the building at a distance, in execution, and when seen *en passant*, they look like excrescences added afterwards. Perhaps, however, they may present some compensation inside. On the contrary, the view of the interior on page 13, apart from the richness of the decoration of painting and sculpture, is about as ugly as it is possible to conceive. Internally the ceiling of the

and to produce a picturesque effect. The architects of the Vienna Court Theatre have elected to go back to the old stock-in-trade in the employment of pilasters, columns, and arcades. It cannot be said that they have improved in any way on the earlier examples of Palladio or Michelangelo. They have lost the simplicity of the one, and the vigorous though sometimes coarse detail of the other. Can this be called progress: to return to the features of a



DETAILS OF LOUNGE AND FOYER, COURT THEATRE, VIENNA

(Reduced from "Modern Opera-houses and Theatres.")

theatre is fine, but it has no apparent support on the side of the proscenium or the gallery. The design of the gallery front is very commonplace, and the decoration of the balcony-front of the second and third tiers is in defiance of the laws which should govern the treatment of curved surfaces.

Coming now to the decorative treatment of the exterior, the comparison which we have instituted between the Vienna Court Theatre and the D'Oyley Carte Opera-house comes to our aid in showing two principles of design absolutely divergent one from the other. The problem in both, however, is the same, viz., the decorative treatment in the breaking up of wall surfaces. Mr. Colcutt flanks his main front with octagonal turrets, doubtless to mark the absence of right angles in the plan, and he continues these features on the winding front facing Shaftesbury Avenue. Smaller octagonal projecting turrets are found on both fronts, the primary object of these features being to break up the main lines of front,

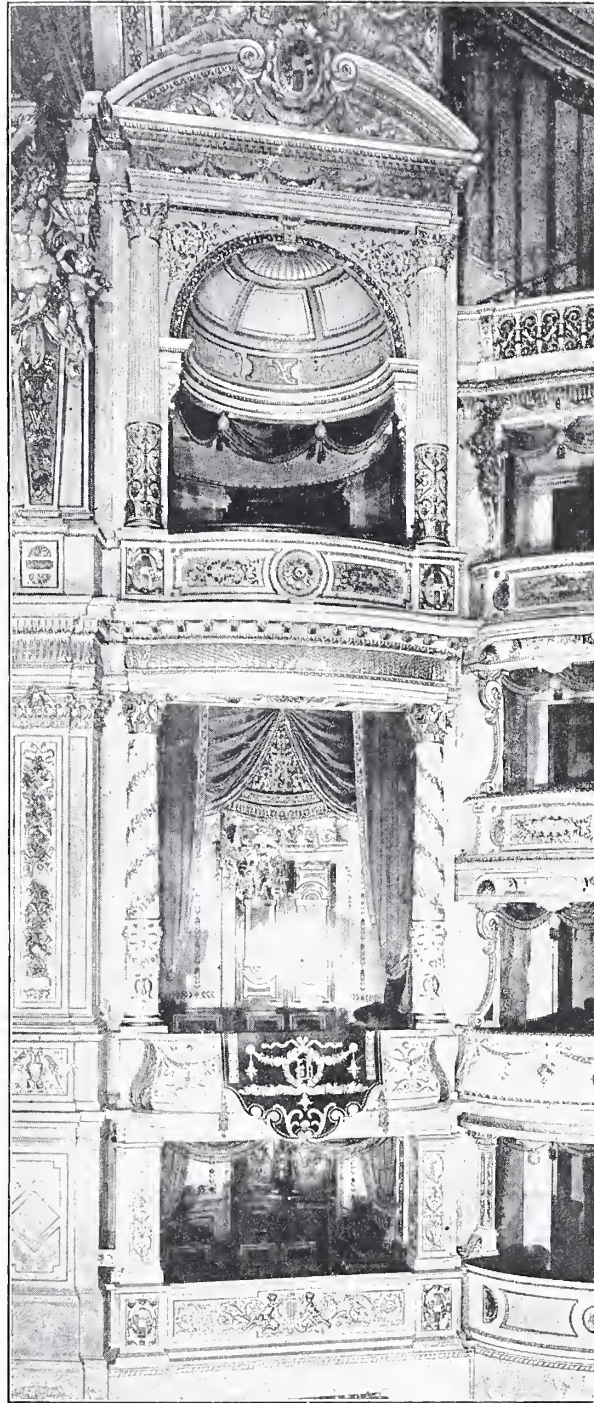
bygone age, and attempt with new combination of large pilasters and small columns with arcades between—all features which have nothing to do with constructional requirements—to evoke something new? There is no doubt the architects were well equipped with all the paraphernalia of Italian architecture, here and there enhanced by the introduction of some of the more elegant forms of the cinque-cento period, but seeing that, as Mr. Sachs says, "they had full scope and ample time," was it worth while trying to bring life again into a skeleton?

The worst features in the Vienna Court Theatre are the huge pilasters running through two floors and stilted on high pedestals; the intrusion of these features is much more objectionable by their being square instead of circular, whilst they throw out of scale the smaller orders of the ground and first floor. In this respect the two opera-houses at Dresden, the Municipal Theatre at Odessa, and the proposed Court

Opera-house at St. Petersburg are all superior in design, and the rusticated ground floor of the latter enhances and gives scale and value to the arcade and column decoration of the first floor. In each of these cases the peculiar value of the curved portion of the front has been destroyed by a central frontispiece, but it is better supported by the wings than in the Vienna Theatre. In the Municipal Theatre at Halle, the superposition of the Ionic order on the first floor with columns half as high again as those of the Doric order on the ground floor is an anachronism in Italian architecture which suggests that its architect was not acquainted with the elementary principles of its design: a plain rusticated treatment on the ground storey would have given value to the order above. The vestibule and staircase of the Linden Variety Theatre in the Louis XIV. style is well designed, judged from the perspective sketch on page 28, and is the most picturesque example in the volume. There is no attempt at architectural propriety either in the Wagner Opera-house at Bayreuth or the People's Palace at Worms. The best feature in the Alhambra in Leicester Square is the satisfactory support of the ceiling on arcades carried by slender shafts to the floor of the hall. The Municipal Theatre at Amsterdam is designed on the same principle as the exterior of the D'Oyley Carte Opera-house. The breaking up of the wall surface is obtained by the

projection of the angle bays, and the orders are only employed as necessary features, and on a small scale, to give a rich, decorative character to the windows. It is unfortunate that Mr. Sachs should have omitted to give plans and elevation of the New Opera-house at Vienna, designed by Siccartsburg and completed about 1866, this building partaking somewhat of the same character as the two theatres just named, and suggesting a real progress in architectural design when compared with the Vienna Court Theatre.

R. PHENÉ SPIERS.



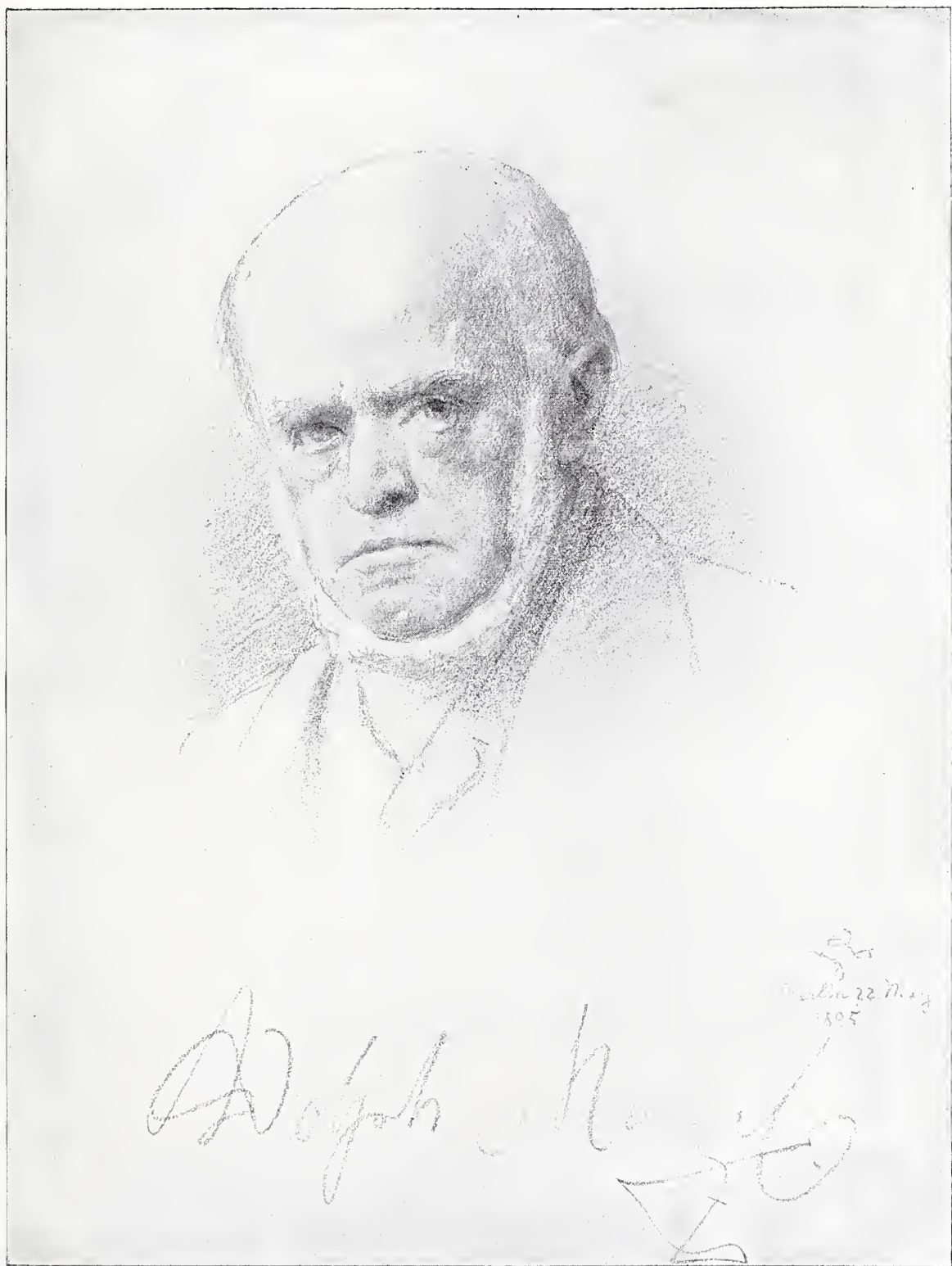
VIEW OF PROSCENIUM BOXES, COURT THEATRE, VIENNA

(From "Modern Opera-houses and Theatres.")

MR. RUDOLF LEHMANN'S happy passion for reproducing from life the features of all the most eminent men and women into contact with whom he has come, has resulted, after a long and fortunate career, in a collection of pencil portraits which for extent and general interest has been surpassed by few artists, if any, who ever lived. Church and State, Literature and Drama, Science and Music, Painting and Sculpture, all have their representatives here, and eminent ones, too—in the remarkable gallery which has been published, with biographical notes, by Messrs. George Bell.* In these four score portraits—reproduced with remarkable success considering the

technical difficulty of the task—we have clever art

* "Men and Women of the Century:" being a Collection of Portraits and Sketches by Mr. Rudolf Lehmann. Edited by H. C. Marillier. (George Bell and Sons, 1896.)



ADOLPH MENZEL.

(Drawn by Rudolph Lehmann. From "Men and Women of the Century.")

allied to skilful portraiture. These are historical documents of real value, present and future, and though at times a little weak in touch, they bear their truth upon their face. In several cases, indeed, they are the only portraits of the sitters we know of, so that the volume makes direct appeal to the general reader, the historian, as well as to the student of physiognomy and the lover of art. Judged as the side occupation, so to say, of an active artistic life, this volume must be pronounced as remarkable for its enterprise as for its interest and success.

HAD we not the assurance of Mr. Felix Moscheles that his subject not only approved of, but actually assisted in, the publication of this book we should have been inclined to deplore, for the sake of the eminent draughtsman's reputation, the publication of the numerous sketches which illustrate "In Bohemia with du Maurier" (T. Fisher Unwin). Mr. Moscheles and du Maurier were chums and studio companions in Antwerp, and continued their bachelor intimacy up to the time of the artist's marriage. During that period du Maurier was a constant correspondent of his friend, and made a host of sketches illustrative of incidents,

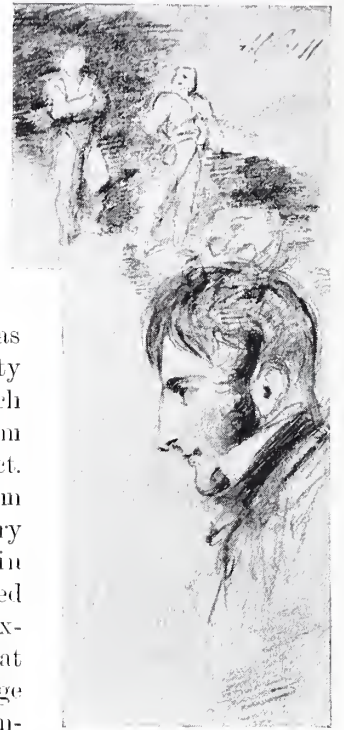


IN THE ATELIER GLEYRE.
(From "In Bohemia with du Maurier.")

real or fancied, in their student life. They are jovial, delightful, and as full of spirits as Mr. Moscheles' text, and contain about an equal amount of artistic excellence. Some very few of these recall the du Maurier we know of *Punch* and the *Cornhill*; but as an illustration of artistic Bohemia the book is so brightly and charmingly irresponsible that we look forward to the further series of Mr. Moscheles'

remembrances which are promised us. The book is one which every reader of *Murger* will rejoice in.

THE amiable weakness of George Cruikshank in introducing his portrait, more or less furtively, into his etched and drawn work has supplied Mr. George S. Layard with the subject for a delightful monograph, which he has treated with a vivacity and charm from which not even the enthusiasm of an expert can detract. We think we may claim familiarity with every autograph portrait in Cruikshank's published work; and we must express our surprise that Mr. Layard's knowledge not only includes them all without omission, but



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
(Drawn by Himself.)

that he has also been able to present to his readers hitherto unknown *remarque* portraits on trial plates—afterwards cleaned off before printing the issue—and many portraits besides not intended for publication. The value and interest of this beautifully produced little volume—"George Cruikshank's Portraits of Himself" (W. T. Spencer)—is not to be gauged by the title. It is full of information, of gossip and solid knowledge, which together form a psychological study of no mean order, and, enabling us to understand better the character, the work, and the associations of the great caricaturist, constitute an important chapter in the artist's life

as valuable as it is pleasing. The illustrative matter is in itself sufficient to show the extreme limitations of the master—the highest point at which his draughtsmanship reached, and the most playful of the liberties which he took with the human figure. The reproductions of the portraits referred to—and all are here—could not be bettered.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTIONS.

IN view of the unusual importance of these elections, we think it of some historic interest to place on record the principal details of the voting.

MR. J. S. SARGENT'S ELECTION. *First "Scratching."* Mr. Sargent, 10; Mr. Leader, 10; Mr. Gregory, 8; Mr. Seymour Lucas, 6; Mr. Colin Hunter, 6; Mr. Waterlow, 5; Mr. Storey, 3; Mr. Stanhope Forbes, 2.

Second "Scratching." Mr. Sargent, 16; Mr. Leader, 14; Mr. Gregory, 9; Mr. Seymour Lucas, 6; Mr. Colin Hunter, 5; Mr. Waterlow, 3.

Final Ballot. Mr. Sargent, 32; Mr. Leader, 20.

MR. ALFRED PARSONS' ELECTION. *First "Scratching."* Mr. Alfred East, 9; Mr. H. H. La Thangue, 8; Mr. Shannon, 7; Mr. Parsons, 5; Mr. A. S. Cope, 5. Mr. Belcher, Mr. M. R. Corbet, Mr. Aston Webb, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. T. C. Gotch, Mr. J. H. Lorimer, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Lionel P. Smythe, Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. Caton Woodville, Mr. Adrian Stokes, and Mr. E. U. Eddis also received support.

Second "Scratching." Mr. Parsons, 14; Mr. La Thangue, 14; Mr. Shannon, 10; Mr. A. East, 10; Mr. Cope, 5.

Final Ballot. Mr. Parsons, 29; Mr. La Thangue, 25.

MR. J. J. SHANNON'S ELECTION. *First "Scratching."* Mr. Shannon, 15; Mr. La Thangue, 13; Mr. East, 7; Mr. Corbet, 4. Mr. Cope, Mr. Belcher, Mr. Aston Webb, Mr. Joseph Farquharson, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Lorimer, Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. Caton Woodville, and Mr. Adrian Stokes also received support.

Second "Scratching." Mr. Shannon, 20; Mr. La Thangue, 19; Mr. East, 10; Mr. Corbet, 5.

Final Ballot. Mr. Shannon, 29; Mr. La Thangue, 25.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the achievements of Mr. Sargent. The innovation, both in subject and treatment, that first marked "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," was quickly appreciated by the Academy, and, under Lord Leighton's influence, this manifesto, so to call it, of the Florentine-born, Paris-taught young American was quickly acquired for the Chantrey Bequest collection. "La Carmencita," not less for its daring and *bravura* than for its accomplished technique and masterly handling, proved that we had amongst us a craftsman of the highest rank, and from that time forward the brilliant series of female portraits presenting the very essence of life, and the forceful portraits of men—such as Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Graham Robertson, and Mr. Chamberlain—showed a continuous increase of power and painter-like knowledge. So dexterous, so brilliant, so facile in effects, so genuinely "impressionist" in the higher sense of the word, were his pictures, that the work of all but the

very strongest paled near his. Nor will he stoop to flattery either of man or woman; his likenesses are remorselessly true, and all that he adds of grace is of his own painter's self. Of sentiment there is not much: of outside thought, less: his art is painter's craftsmanship, and the highest of its kind. In his decoration, however, he has let us see that he has a soul and an intellectual force of an elevated order. Beneath the splendid invention and gorgeous scheme of colour and design in his decoration for the Boston Library, Mr. Sargent showed how lofty a conception he could take of human thought and human aspiration. His first exhibit was in the Academy of 1882, but not for some years did he come to reside in London. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1894, and not more than three years were to pass before the Academy set the final seal of its appreciation upon his genius.

A year before Mr. Sargent introduced his work to the English public, Mr. James Jebusa Shannon sent his first portrait to a London exhibition. Since that time in the exhibitions of the Royal Society of British Artists, of which he was once a member, and at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, to which he still belongs, as well also as of the Society of Portrait Painters, Mr. Shannon has proved in a hundred canvases how excellent a painter of portraits he is. He lacks in fire and brilliancy, as well as in spontaneity, much of what goes to make up the genius of Mr. Sargent; but there is about his work a measure of reticence and grace, and originality as well, that for a long while past have been carrying him steadily into the favour of the appreciative public. Mr. Shannon has a distinct sense of beauty, a daintiness of handling, a subtle charm of colour which are extremely agreeable in themselves to the spectator, and most of all, no doubt, to the sitter, while entirely in accordance with the precepts and traditions of sound art. Mr. Shannon, hardly less than his countryman, Mr. Sargent, is an acquisition of whom the Academy may well be proud.

Mr. Alfred Parsons' green fields, flowering gardens, blossoming orchards, undulating uplands, all brightness and sunshine, have had their admirers for many years past. A lover of robust colour, he is nevertheless supreme in pen-draughtsmanship of flowers and landscape—a master of black-and-white, who is able to show the delicacy and fragility of plants, each in its own degree of intensity, as none before in England has ever done. Mr. Parsons has earned his distinction, and will doubtless justify still further the good opinion of Burlington House.

THE ART MOVEMENT (PARIS).

I.—DOOR FURNITURE. II.—STAINED GLASS.

THE man who shall write the history of the art of the latter part of this century, when the lapse of years enables him to judge of men and things at a distance which sets them in a true light, cannot fail to assign a place of honour to Monsieur S. Bing, who has really been one of

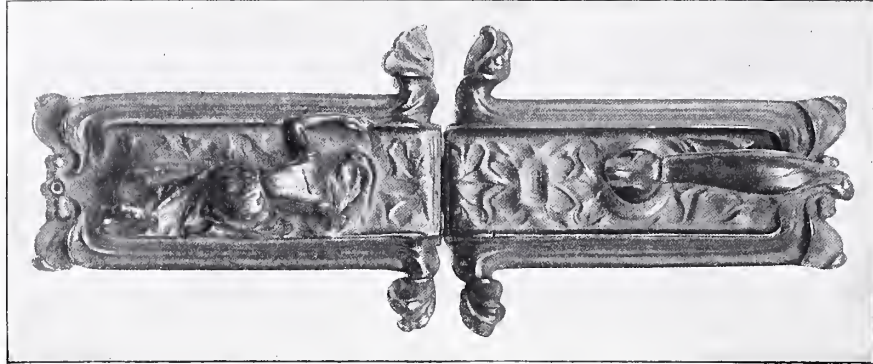
the pioneers of an important movement in art. M. Bing has brought together, in an exhibition called *L'Art Nouveau*, works of great variety in arts and crafts. And by admitting contributions from English decorators and designers, he affords young French artists a wide field for study and observation. He has at the same time invited the best known of the French craftsmen to exhibit, and we here see side by side frescoes by Besnard, glass vessels by Koepping, pictures by Carrière, pottery by Bigot, earthenware by Delaherche, glass by Gallé and Daum, bindings by Vallgren, and furniture by Serrurier.

M. Bing has lately added to his show another class of work which is interesting, and, above all, new to the French public. I speak of fittings for doors, most of them the work of M. Gustave Charpentier, the clever sculptor. To the praise of this young artist it must be said that, not satisfied with his early-won laurels, he perseveringly seeks new ornamental forms with no less skill than virile energy. His four locks are effective and elegant, and very boldly imagined. He has striven to represent Music, Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture, and in the last he displays in the modelling a touch of amazing lightness. His finger-plates are also charming, though less marked with his strong individuality.

Next to his works must also be mentioned a pleasing medallion, extremely Parisian in style, by M. Chéret.

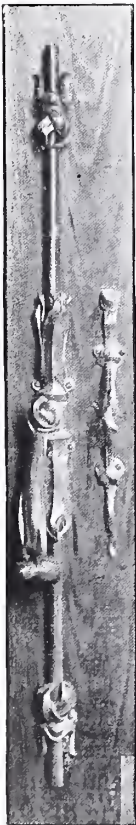
M. Erikson, a Danish sculptor, as yet but little known to the Parisian public, sends some window-fittings of a curious type. The style is somewhat more elaborate and less marked by decorative quality than M. Charpentier's, but M. Erikson has, nevertheless, started in a happy vein

of innovation by trying to replace the commonplace handles, devoid of all style and individuality,



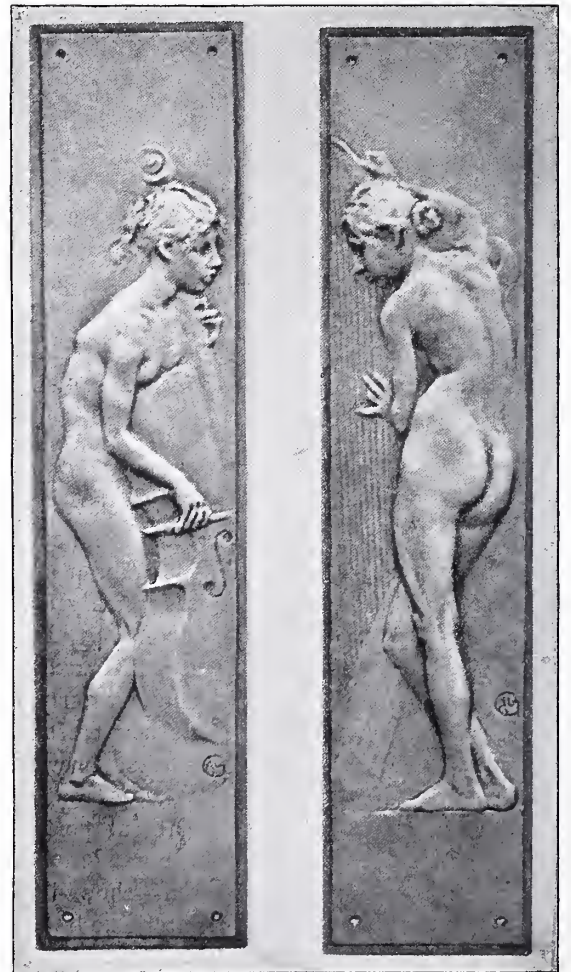
DOOR-PLATE.

(Designed by Erikson. Executed by the Maison Fontaine.)



WINDOW FASTENING.

(Designed by Erikson. Executed by the Maison Fontaine.)



DOOR-PLATES.

(Designed by Gustave Charpentier. Executed by the Maison Fontaine.)

by an elegant and appropriate piece of ornamental design, novel alike in form and treatment.

ages or by trying to follow out a new road. However, a group of painters whose efforts deserve to be

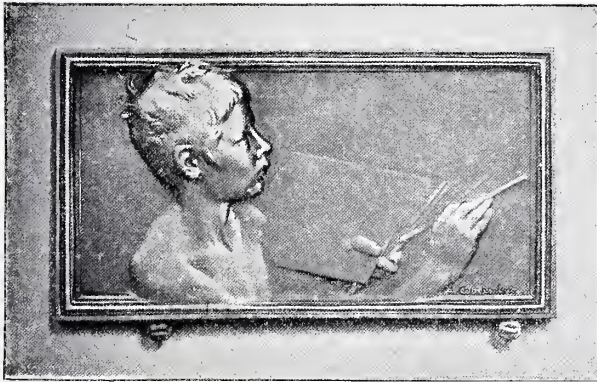


DOOR-PLATE.

(Designed by Gustave Charpentier. Executed by the Maison Fontaine.)

The art of stained or painted glass has for long years ceased to be practised in France. While in

noticed, though their results are not yet perfection, are endeavouring to reinstate the art of glass-



DOOR-PLATES.

(Designed by Gustave Charpentier. Executed by the Maison Fontaine.)

England, under the splendid stimulus given by William Morris, this art has gone through a trium-

phant renaissance, here no one thought of rescuing it from oblivion, either by imitating the work of past painting in its former dignity. The painted glass of M. Ibels, M. Bonnard, M. Roussel, and M. Ranson



DOOR-PLATE.

(Designed by Gustave Charpentier. Executed by the Maison Fontaine.)

phant renaissance, here no one thought of rescuing it from oblivion, either by imitating the work of past

shows very marked advance both in scheme and in drawing. With regard to the execution, these artists



DECORATIVE PLAQUE.
(Designed by Jules Chéret.)

found themselves in serious difficulties, for it would have been almost impossible in France to realise their conceptions with any approach to perfection.

Here it is that M. Bing has been so great a help to these artists. Having been commissioned by the Director of the "Beaux Arts" to report on the position of art in America, M. Bing was enabled to appreciate the perfection attained by certain American craftsmen in the making of glass, and it occurred to him to have recourse to them to lend their aid to the inexperience of French painters such as MM. Bonnard and Ibels. The first point was to shake off the traditional but faulty style still adhered to by some decorators, as, for instance, M. Galland, whose windows show small skill in the use of the material, though the feeling of the composition, and the inventive powers of the artist, are often extremely interesting.

Thus M. Bing has been, in fact, a connecting link between French designers and American manufacturers, bringing them together to supplement each other. For, while MM. Bonnard, Ibels, and Ranson would not have had their works efficiently carried out in France, neither could Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, who has executed these fine windows, have dispensed with the individuality of style which characterises the young Frenchmen.

It is interesting, in this connection, to make some allusion to this class of decorative work in America. John La Farge, after seeing in England certain painted windows from designs by Madox Brown, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones, was the first American to contemplate the possibility of restoring coloured glass to its ancient importance as an element in general decoration; and he perceived that in this direction a line of distinct advance lay open to him.

Louis C. Tiffany, after him, went further on the scientific side, striving to discover the rich-hued glass of the Gothic period. But he was not content



WINDOW.

(Designed by Bonnard. Executed by L. C. Tiffany.)

to tread a beaten path. The first thing to be done was to find the secret of the sumptuous material, the whole diapason of lost harmonies, and the craft

our forefathers. M. Ranson's glass window may be regarded as a typical instance.

At the same time the glass-workers who exhibit at *L'Art Nouveau* are open to one critical remark, namely, that they do not strictly confine themselves to the true character and aim of the material they work in. Glass-painting to us is an essentially sacred form of decoration, and it is a misapprehension—or, at least, a serious modification of its uses—to alter its character to so great an extent. In the writer's opinion it can never have its full significance or produce its full effect elsewhere than in the solemn setting of a church or a cathedral. And certainly it is in no such setting that the painful designs of one young artist can find a place, for they are essentially secular in character. Hence we must pause before passing final judgment on the ultimate outcome of these efforts. We must here rest content with pointing out the glass-work at *L'Art Nouveau* as a



WINDOW.

(Designed by Ibaels. Executed by L. C. Tiffany.)

of pictorial simplicity, without the intervention of the painter. Time, again, has constantly added to the splendour of early coloured glass; those slow effects must be brought about by some new process.

Thus Mr. Louis C. Tiffany's efforts had a double aim, he endeavoured both to produce glass of equal quality with the early manufacture, as we see it softened by time, and to discover new methods, and produce new results such as might satisfy modern requirements, while faithful still to the old strict simplicity of style.

Later still he aimed at increasing the splendid combinations he had hit upon. Not content with having invented the rarest colours in glass itself, he proceeded to introduce fragments of various natural materials, transparent slices of pebbles or precious crystals. These split, cut, and polished, give singular beauty to his work, with effects undreamed of by



WINDOW.

(Designed by Ranson. Executed by L. C. Tiffany.)

highly interesting experiment, justifying us in looking for yet better work from these young decorators.

MR. GRAHAM ROBERTSON'S NEW DRESSING OF "AS YOU LIKE IT."



ORLANDO.

THERE is too much inclination just now on the part of most managers of theatres to aim in their mounting of plays at arresting the public attention by extravagance of outlay and excess of detail rather than by judicious attention to sound artistic principles. The charm of well-designed and properly balanced effect is, more often than not, entirely lost in a mistaken effort to

gain attractiveness by mere glitter and spectacular display. Everything else is usually sacrificed to the desire to satisfy the uneducated craving for profusion and elaboration without regard for the more valuable qualities which come from careful reticence and intelligent use of material. Mr. Alexander's production of *As You Like It* at the end of last year deserves, therefore, to be recorded, and is entitled to sincere praise, because in it the manager steered an excellent middle course between concession to popular lack of taste, and regard for those extreme developments of artistic expression which appeal to the expert few. In the mounting of the play he had left undone nothing which would give to it a real atmosphere of aesthetic intention. He had made it elaborate without profusion, complete without over-insistence upon detail: and he had succeeded throughout in impressing upon it the stamp of consideration and attention to a dominating scheme of arrangement. This is to be reckoned no small achievement, for it



AUDREY.

implies that Mr. Alexander's design was to depend in the production upon something of higher value than the mere convention which habitually influences most of his fellow-managers. He deserves credit for having departed so intelligently from a theatrical tradition which is none the less vicious because it is in most quarters accepted.

Not a little of the credit must, however, be given to Mr. Graham Robertson, who, as designer of the costumes,



CUPIDS IN MASQUE OF HYMEN.

and generally as the artistic adviser throughout the whole production, was able to impart to the mounting of the play the right touch of pictorial effect. His influence made itself felt in the manner in which every opportunity of emphasising the picturesque quality of the scenes and the optical attractiveness of the groups and situations was turned to account. By careful attention to juxtapositions of colour, by judgment in lighting, and by correct observation of the connection between dramatic action and artistic suggestion, he secured that general consistency without which any scheme of treatment would be impossible of realisation. His colour motives nearly all through were expressed undemonstratively, and without the use of vivid combinations. He preferred to use arrangements which were gentle and persuasive rather than loudly insistent; and to gain his effects by quiet harmonies in preference to animated contrasts. With a commendable sense of pictorial climax he reserved his fuller tones for the moment in the play when the clearing away of the complications by which the characters are affected makes possible the happy ending. In the opening scenes there was a well-judged distinction preserved between the glitter of the court and the quieter dress of Rosalind, the daughter of the banished duke.

In the forest, where gay trappings and gorgeous accessories would be incongruous, the exiled lords wore garments that assorted with their surroundings :

Fortunately the period to which, historically, *As You Like It* belongs is one which admits of picturesque treatment, and therefore observance of



CELIA.



HYMEN.



SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS IN MASQUE OF HYMEN.

and Rosalind herself, in her boyish disguise of green and brown, was appropriately in keeping with the landscape in which she takes her place as a fascinating foreground figure. But, at the end, the nuptial festivities which mark the rounding off of the story gave occasion for much more display. Hymen and her train took part in a masque, a pretty piece of symbolism of which the meaning was made not less clear by the colour progression than by the stages of the action. The country youths and maidens in greys and browns, the bridal nymphs in white draperies, the quaint woodland sprites dressed in skins and wreathed with greenery, served as a foil to the imposing figure of Hymen herself in robes of white and orange, and surrounded by attendant cupids, flower-crowned, and gorgeous in tunics of bright rosy red. The whole scene served as an excellent finish to the play, an ending as happy in its appeal to the eye as dramatically it was satisfactory to the emotions.

archaeological exactness did not obviously limit the artistic intention in the St. James's production. The correctness of the costumes was complete enough to satisfy the student of history, and yet the designer was not denied latitude sufficient to enable him to please the eyes of the average inexpert lover of pretty effects. The scenery of the play is subject to even less limitations, for, with the exception of the palace court-yard in the first act, it need only express that air of nature which is not affected by any of the dictates of fashion. Mr. H. P. Hall and Mr. W. Hann, who were responsible for the forest scenes, had

only to paint attractive backgrounds, and did so with excellent discretion, suggesting agreeably the mystery and variety of the woodland subjects. Mr. Ryan treated the architectural setting of the palace scene without exaggeration, and avoided the far too common mistake of over-emphasising details which should be kept in proper artistic subjection.



SKETCH FOR FOREST SCENE.

(By H. P. Hall.)

NEW STENCILLINGS.

WE referred at some length in our November issue to Messrs. Akdam Heaton's stencilled stuffs for wall decoration; we now draw



THE "CALAVAS" PATTERN.

attention to two special designs which have been executed and applied to the adornment of two houses in Collingham Gardens. Excellent in design and rich in colour, the effect is far in advance of anything that can be obtained from ordinary wall-paper.

The "Fisken" stencil is used on the staircase wall, and is designed on the model of an old English tapestry. By a method of underprinting an entirely different degree of absorption is imparted to the rest of the ground, with the result that all that is printed on it becomes light and dark with a considerable tendency

to variations, lending special charm of colour.

The "Calavas" pattern is based upon the design of an old Venetian damask, the stencilling being in oil upon a lacquered and metal ground. Owing to the

moderate gradation of colour it has the rich and sober effect pertaining to an antique velvet on similar woven fabrics, rendering it specially suit-



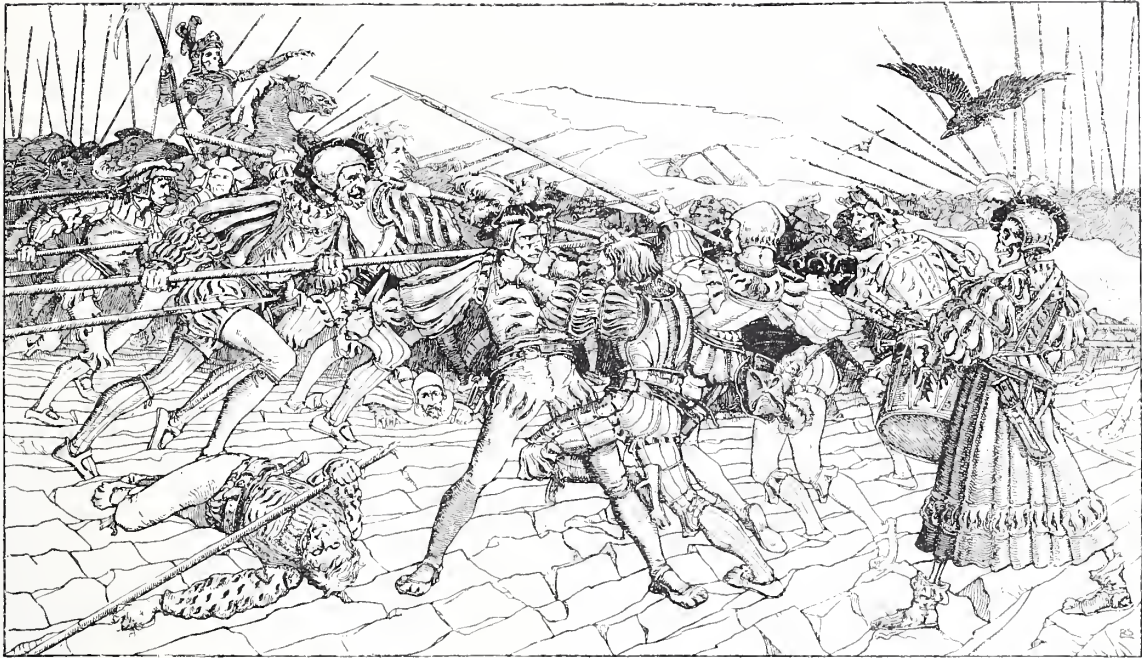
THE "FISKEN" PATTERN.

able for the purpose to which it has been adapted in this case—the decoration of a dining-room. Both designs are on a good scale, being 4 ft. 6 in. or more in length, and of proportionate width.

JOHN LA FARGE.

TO the many-sided genius of "John La Farge" (Seeley and Co.) Mrs. Cecilia Waern has devoted an excellent number of the *Portfolio*. Few artists are more interesting than Mr. La Farge, justly celebrated in America as painter and wood-draughtsman, as decorator and religious designer, as modeller and writer, and, above all, to our mind, as designer in glass. There is not only originality in whatever branch of work he undertakes, but beauty and passion, too. As we have said, it is especially as a designer in glass that he rises to his fullest height. In this realm he is a creator with a high sense of decoration and, perhaps, a still higher sense of colour; rightly preferring the inherent beauties of

glass itself to mere surface-paintings and patterns drawn upon its surface. "Stained glass" to him means something more than pictures of saints and heroes. Flowers, or even mere spots of colour, are sufficient motives for him to build up an exquisite pattern more beautiful to look upon than most of the glass-pictures in our churches and cathedrals. How he obtains his beautiful effects with glass-moulding and "plating," and, indeed, how he has risen to the eminence which undoubtedly is his, should be learnt from this most interesting volume. It is rare to find an artist gifted at once with so poetie a spirit allied to the more vigorous and original power of design.



FROM A PEN DRAWING.
(By R. Spence.)

THE DECORATION OF THE PRINTED BOOK.

THERE would seem to be two notable periods in the history of almost every one of the applied arts: the one when the new method is exploited for the first time and its limitations have not been overcome; the other when craftsmen again recognise, and this time consciously, the importance of those limitations which it had been the object of their immediate predecessors to combat. The results of the first period show a happy instinct due more to lack of technique than to intentional simplicity; the second, when the danger of mere technical extravagance is felt, and when it is recognised that to surmount certain limitations defeats its own end, has conscious simplicity renewed.

Of course such renaissance may, and often does, occur more than once, with broad intervals of time and locality separating each manifestation. But a certain aspect of unconscious rectitude or distinctly

loyal obedience to the conditions of the material mark all such periods. In stained-glass, mosaic, and many other branches of the arts, this theory might be applied successfully, especially so to the art of "book-building" (as modern art-slang has it). For, as we all know, in the very first days of the making of books, in missals, and other illuminated manuscripts, the whole page was a panel of consistent decoration, the letters playing a part no less important than the devices. So in the earlier printed



ITALIAN SCHOOL (FIFTEENTH CENTURY).
"The Discovery of the Indies" (Florence, 1493).

Pomerium de tempore.

fratris Helbarti ordinis
sancti Francisci



GERMAN SCHOOL (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

(*"Pomerium de Tempore."* By Johann Othmar. Augsburg, 1502.)

books, the same principle was obeyed more or less. But from the end of the fifteenth century until the middle of this there seems to have been no important attempt to construct books on these lines. We find, indeed, admirable type, with, at times, admirable decoration and often really fine pictures; but all apparently unrelated to each other, and the result of the page seems to be due to at least two—or possibly three—persons, all holding distinctly divergent ideals. Taste has been bestowed plentifully enough; nor is it by any means "mostly bad;" but the art of producing a consistent entity is usually ignored. We find bound portfolios of engravings, interspersed with pages of text, and still later pages of not particularly elegant type plastered with pictures, wherein by wood-engraving or process the aim has been to imitate a wash-drawing, but a harmonious page rarely, if ever.

The decorative illustration of books has been the subject of many lectures and many occasional articles, and in the history of early-printed books

this aspect of the subject has naturally taken a prominent place. But a volume wholly devoted to it was not in existence until Mr. Walter Crane, an artist peculiarly fitted for the task, remodelled certain "Cantor" lectures delivered before the Society of Arts, and extended them to include the latest recruits to the new school of book-building. This volume in the familiar "Ex Libris" series "Of the Decorative Illustration of Books Old and New" (George Bell and Sons), is itself a fair specimen of the ideal set forth in its argument. As every one of its hundred and fifty illustrations has been reproduced, nearly always in its original size, the book cannot be regarded as an ideally consistent attempt; for it is of the first importance in a really beautiful volume, that every device, picture, or other decoration should have been designed for its particular position, upon a scale planned with close attention to the "face" of the type employed.

This may be regarded as the commonplace of the subject—a statement that the youngest student of Birmingham, or the oldest disciple of Mr. William Morris, has at his fingers' end. But so far, if you wanted to refer to the argument, no convenient book was at hand; and Mr. Crane has done much more than reiterate the bald statement here set down. He has shown his sympathy with very different ideals—with the purely Gothic style of the Kelmscott Press, naturally, but without prejudice to the movement based on the English Renaissance which "the Century Guild" revived, or to the ideal based more directly on the Florentine Renaissance which the Vale Press has re-instituted. Even Mr. Beardsley, of the *Morte d'Arthur* period, and Mr. W. H. Bradley, the young American, both receive appreciation. It is also interesting to note certain early pictures by Charles Keene, Rossetti, Sandys, and Lawless, which deliberately renewed the manner of Dürer or Burgmair. One or two unfamiliar names occur, Calvert and Bateman for instance, which prove that Mr. Crane has not skimmed his subject, but explored it thoroughly. Even Mr. Howard Pyle in America, and certain younger Frenchmen and Belgians, receive a due share of his notice and their rightful appreciation.

But perhaps the most valuable of the illustrations he has included are those which are taken from the late William Morris's unique collection of early printed books and MSS. Many of these have not been reproduced before; and although we may not

discover anything surpassingly above woodcuts of the same period which are familiar enough, yet because they are new they impress one more keenly, and enforce more directly the lesson Mr. Crane has set himself to teach. But it is folly to expect that an ideal which belongs to the far past can ever supply the average wants of the average reader to-day. We do not expect or wish to see every volume that leaves the press made into a work of decorative art. As good furniture or fabrics may exist without ornament, and become beautiful by the simplicity with which the usefulness of the object is achieved, so all we can ask of modern fact or fiction is that it shall not be meanly printed or made hideous by superfluous decoration. Books of real beauty can be found at all periods, which do not contain an atom of decoration. Some may not agree with Mr. Walter Crane's standard in a single particular; but on the other hand every style is liable to be made unattractive by lack of care. For a book is a product of so many hands; the responsibility for its production is, as a rule, divided between three people at least—author, printer, and publisher—and in days when few volumes are not illustrated we must add artist and engraver to the essential trio. Nor does this exhaust the total of those in whose hands the book is shaped. Printers' readers have their ideas of dividing words and breaking up paragraphs. The title page may or may not be left to a compositor of florid taste, whose effort is to include as many varieties of type as its lines permit. So, too, the binder with his "guillotine" may, and unluckily often does, "finish" a book with a vengeance. In fact, the perils which beset a volume from its MS. to the critic's table are more than an outsider dreams of, and the wonder is rather that any books approach an ideal standard of perfection, than that most fall short.

Mr. Walter Crane, starting with early MSS., traces the progress of the book until its decline towards the close of the sixteenth century. This he does with much insight and appreciation, and perhaps from a more purely decorative standpoint than that which any of the many historians of the period have adopted. But it is possibly in the later chapters, where he formulates certain principles, and illustrates his meaning with examples freely borrowed from contemporary work, that he will be found to be most in-

structive. For not merely the proportions of the page and its margin, the face of the type and the various matters which concern the designer and the printer, come under notice, but other items, such as title-pages, and head and tail pieces, are discussed freely. Even end papers do not escape notice. The examples he quotes are not confined to British produce, but range from Japan to San Francisco. In laying stress upon the importance of proportion and upon orthodox well-planned lettering, he advances arguments which seem entirely unassailable, and should have effect upon the vast army of illustrators, some of whom are peculiarly unmindful of these two most important factors. The following passage will show how lightly Mr. Crane has treated the subject, and yet how very seriously he has studied his theme. It is the charm of the book, that although didactic it never preaches, but gives advice and hints of great practical value in a readable and non-controversial manner.



GERMAN SCHOOL (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

"Der Weiss König." By Hans Burgmair (1512—1514).

After discussing the importance of acknowledging frankly the necessarily rectangular character of the type-page, Mr. Crane goes on to say:—

“But first, if one may, paradoxically, begin with ‘end paper’ as it is curiously called, there is the lining of the book. Here the problem is to cover two leaves entirely in a suggestive and

potential book borrower to piously return) may appear hereon—the book-plate.

“If we are to be playful and lavish, if the book is for Christmastide or for children, we may catch a sort of fleeting butterfly idea on the fly-leaves before we are brought with becoming, though dignified curiosity to a short pause at the half-title. Having read this, we are supposed to pass on with somewhat bated breath until we come to the double doors, and the front and full title are disclosed in all their splendour.

“Even here, though, the whole secret of the book should not be let out, but rather played with or suggested in a symbolic way, especially in any ornament on the title-page, in which the lettering should be the chief ornamental feature. A frontispiece may be more pictorial in treatment if desired, and it is reasonable to occupy the whole of the type page both for the lettering of title and the picture in the front; then, if richness of effect is desired, the margin may be covered also almost to the edge of the paper by inclosing borders, the width of these borders varying according to the varying width of the paper margin, and in the same proportions, *recto* and *verso* as the case may be, the broad side turning outwards to the edge of the book each way.”

It seemed best to quote a rather long passage in full, rather than to attempt to condense the argument of the whole book in a few paragraphs.

For if Mr. Crane has no new secrets to divulge and hardly any novel truths to proclaim, he has formulated the theory which both he and Mr. Morris have put in practice in a most intelligent fashion, and shows his loyalty by example and precept on every page of this comely book.

The construction of a really perfect book is far more likely to be achieved by avoiding blemishes than by including merely decorative adjuncts. The creed of splendid simplicity is never a popular one, and in the days of cheap blocks and ambitious young designers, the danger of over-doing ornament is more than ever one which lurks close at hand. But if designers and publishers will study the sound principles here laid down, the result cannot but be good, for herein no eccentricity, no wilful following of exploded theories is advised.

Common sense with good taste sums up nearly all that makes for art, in a book, or any other object of craftsmanship. It is this which the author of “Decorative Illustration” urges and insists upon, directly and indirectly; and because his reasoning is sound the principles he advances can be applied to books treated in quite another fashion than the one which he favours most.

E. B. S.



FROM A PEN DRAWING.

(By Patten Wilson.)

agreeable, but not obtrusive way. One way is to design a repeating pattern much on the principle of a small printed textile, or miniature wall-paper, in one or more colours. Something delicately suggestive of the character and contents of the book is in place here, but nothing that competes with the illustrations proper. It may be considered as a kind of quadrangle, forecourt, or even a garden or grass plot before the door.

“We are not intended to linger long here, but ought to get some hint or encouragement to go on into the book. The arms of the owner (if he is fond of heraldry, and wants to remind the

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[For "Regulations," see THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November.]

[25] **PORTRAITS BY HOLBEIN.**—Among the Holbein portraits in the Imperial Art Museum at Vienna are those of Queen Jane Seymour and of John Chambers, physician to Henry VIII., in his eighty-eighth year. These portraits were painted when Holbein was installed as painter to the Court. Besides these there are five other portraits by this master, painted when he was in England; of these two are round canvases, eleven centimetres in diameter, representing

monogram exactly similar was adopted by Hans Bol, who lived 1534–83. Is it possible that Doyle deliberately copied this mark?—D.

* * * It is not at all probable, inasmuch as "HB" is in reality LD. twice repeated, one beneath the other. As regards the question of originality, the matter would be a difficult one to set at rest, for many artists, painters, and engravers have used this sign-manual, either



PORTRAITS OF—WHOM?

(By Holbein. In the Imperial Art Museum at Vienna.)

a gentleman and a lady—probably his wife—that are evidently companion portraits. These portraits are anonymous, but the initials of Henricus Rex, embroidered upon the scarlet robes of the gentleman, indicate that he was also attached to the Court. The inscription upon the portrait of the gentleman is—"Etatis Suae 30, Anno 1534," and that upon the other canvas is "Etatis Suae 28, Anno 1534." The query is, whom do these portraits represent? The valuable opportunity herewith generously afforded by THE MAGAZINE OF ART inspires the hope that the accompanying reproductions of photographs from the originals may interest some of its readers to institute such comparisons with other portraits of the same individuals, if now extant, as shall lead to their identification.—J. H. D. (Vienna).

[26] **JOHN DOYLE'S MONOGRAM.**—I always understood that the familiar monogram "HB" was peculiarly that of John Doyle, the draughtsman of the numerous political satires. I now find that a

as it stands, or with some slight addition. Of these may be mentioned—J. Behan, H. Bloemart, J. de Bry, Hans Baldung Grun, Jakob Binck, H. van Balen, Horace Borgiam, Jan Boekhorst, Sigismund Holbein, Jan van Hugtenborg, Hans Brosamer, Isaac Brunn, and Leopold Hugo Burekner. This list might possibly be extended.—S.

[27] **EARLIEST TREATISES ON MINIATURE PAINTING.**—We know with fair accuracy the age of the earliest miniatures from those which have come down to us. But was any literary notice given to the art by contemporary writers? What was the first treatise written upon the art?—J. HENRY.

* * * If we exclude as uncertain "The School of Miniatures," published in London in 1733, and said to be printed "from an old MS.," of which a copy is in the British Museum, and if, for the same reason, we also put aside the "Eseole de la Mignature," of which the *second*

edition was published at Lyons in 1679, the earliest treatise I know of is to be found in "The Excellence of the Pen and Pencil" [the latter word being used in the old sense of "brush"] by an anonymous author, and printed by Thomas Ratcliff and Thomas Daniel, and sold by them at the Chyrurgeons Arms and at the Golden Lyon. It is dated 1668. This book, which is based in part upon the writings of Dürer and Holbein, is described as "A Work very useful for all Gentlemen, and other Ingenious Spirits, either Artificers or others;" and it is to be noted—a fact which will be appreciated by all bibliophiles—that it is entirely unknown to Lowndes. Eight pages are devoted to "Miniture," and how to finish a head in three sittings—the first, of two hours; the second, of four or five; and the last, of three hours. The directions are interesting for the indications both for each separate stage in the execution, and for the colours to be used: "lake and white mingled," red-lead for the face, "indico blew," umber, ivory-black, "*English-oker*," with cherry-stone, silver, and "bise." "Landskip" is also dealt with. It is interesting to observe how, while urging high finish, the author insists on the maintaining of breadth throughout the whole operation.—S.

[28] **MILLAIS' "EVE OF ST. AGNES."**—Will you inform me if Sir John Millais ever executed another version of "The Eve of St. Agnes," now in the possession of Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A.?—at least, in black and white.—J. L.

* * * Our correspondent evidently refers to the drawing on wood made by Millais in 1857 to illustrate Tennyson's poem, now the property of Messrs. Macmillan. In this exquisite little work the heroine is standing by the turret window, candle in hand, her breath showing in the cold air, as she looks out over the brilliant moonlit church buildings under snow. There is another version of the same idea—a wood-block, engraved from a pen-and-ink drawing made in 1854 (in the possession of Messrs. Cramer), for Leslie's "Songs for Little Folks," published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. In this block the position is reversed; at least, it is more likely that it was the design in the first engraving that was necessarily reversed through being drawn direct on wood instead of being photographed on to it in a contrary sense, so that it should print the right way.

NOTES.

THE LAYARD COLLECTION.—In accordance with a suggestion received from a correspondent we publish herewith, by the courtesy of Lady Layard,

a complete list of pictures at Ca' Capello, Venice, collected by the late Sir Henry Layard, which will in due course become the property of the nation:—

Montagna, "St. John Baptist and Two Saints."	Gentile Bellini, "Portrait of Mohamet II."
B. Licinio, "Holy Family."	Filippino Lippi, Portrait.
Flemish School, "Christ Nailed to the Cross."	Ercole Grande, "Virgin and Saints."
Buonconsiglio or Montagna, "Head of St. John the Baptist."	Boceacino, "Virgin and Child and Angels."
Girolamo dai Libri (attributed to), "Ascension of the Virgin."	Lorenzo Costa, "Nativity."
G. Bellini, "Virgin and Child."	Bonifazio, Sketch for "Dives and Lazarus" in the Accademia.
Palma Vecchio, "St. George."	Cima, "Virgin and Child and Saints."
Vandyck, Portrait.	Bonifazio, "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba."
Borgognone, "Two Saints."	Masolino, "Nativity."
Sandro Botticelli, School of Lorenzetti, A., "Two Heads" (fresco).	Patenicr, "The Flight into Egypt."
Bissolo, "Virgin and Child, Saints," etc.	Flemish School, "The Magdalen."
Sebastian del Piombo, "Dead Christ."	Cosimo Tura, "Spring."
Bramantino, "Adoration of Magi."	Garofalo, Two Portraits.
Carpaccio, "Landing of St. Ursula."	Ercole Grande, Two Subjects from the History of Moses.
Previtalo, "Head of Christ."	Giulio Clovio, "The Tree of Jesse."
Jacopo de' Barbari, "A Falcon."	Moretto, "St. John the Baptist."
Memmi (attributed to), Initial Letter.	Marco Zoppo, "Christ Bound."
Buonsignori, "Virgin and Child and Four Saints."	Garofalo, "St. Catherine."
G. Ferrai, "Annunciation."	Antonello da Messina, Portrait.
Savoldo, "St. Jerome."	Paris Bordone, "Christ Baptising St. John of Alexandria."
Romanino, "The Muses."	Carpaccio, "Virgin appearing to a Devotee."
Moretto, "Virgin and Child and Saints."	Bonifazio, "A Battle."
Moretto, Portrait.	Morone, "Allegorical Figure of Chastity."
Moroni, Portrait.	Bazzi or Sodoma, "Virgin and Child."
Moroni, Portrait.	Titian (attributed to), A Portrait.
Moroni, Portrait.	Gentile Bellini, (attributed to), "Portrait of Doge Marcello."
Gianpedrino, "Christ Bearing the Cross."	Rosalba, Portrait.
Gentile Bellini, "Adoration of the Magi."	Longhi, "Portrait of Rosalba."

THE MILLAIS PANELS AT LEEDS.—We have received the following interesting communication respecting the monochrome sketches by Millais, recently removed from the house now known as the Judges' Lodgings in Leeds to the City Art Gallery there:—"As a son of Mr. Atkinson, solicitor, for whom they were originally painted, I am perhaps better acquainted with their history than anyone else. It was in 1847 that my father, having recently added a wing to the house, containing a circular hall and staircase, had the hall laid with a tessellated pavement designed by Owen Jones, who also supplied a design for the decoration of the walls and dome, to harmonise in colour with the pavement. Over the doors opening on to the hall below, four in number, were lunettes which were left blank for artistic decoration; and over two other doors on the landing above. Writing to his old friend Charles Cope, R.A., my father asked if



CHILDHOOD. (Panel by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. 1847.)

he could recommend to him a student of the Academy who could design and paint groups of figures for these spaces. Accordingly young Millais, then eighteen years of age, was named and invited to stay at our house for a part of the long vacation—to the best of my belief in July and August, 1847. During the five or six weeks he lived with us as one

with two other children, right and left, playing with lambs.

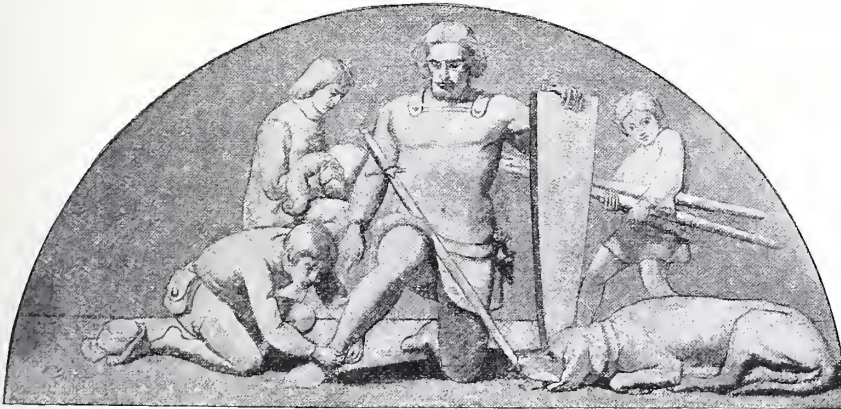
“2. ‘Youth.’ A pair of lovers seated on a flowery bank, and two greyhounds in attendance.

“3. ‘Manhood.’ A warrior, kneeling on one knee, is being armed for battle by three boys, who bear helmet, sword, spear, etc. A bloodhound lies at one side.

“4. ‘Age.’ An old philo-



YOUTH. (Panel by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. 1847.)



MANHOOD. (Panel by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. 1847.)

sopher instructing youth in the sciences.

“The two upstairs were:—

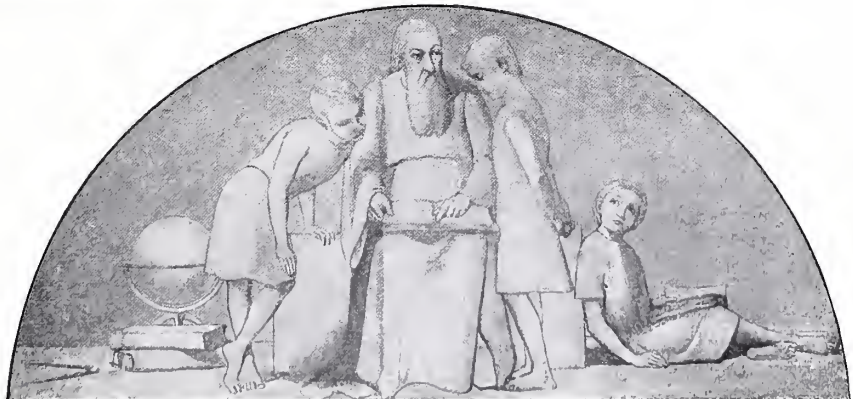
“5. ‘Music.’ Three female figures, one of whom is seated at an organ and attended on one side by a singer and on the other by an angel.

“6. ‘Art.’ Also represented by three female figures—Poetry, Painting, and the Drama.

“The eminence to which

of the family. The six sketches were executed in oils on semi-circular canvases and affixed, without frames, to the plaster in the lunettes. They are drawn in sepia with a blue background, the tones harmonising with the walls and pavement. The subjects of the four pictures in the hall were the following:—

“1. ‘Childhood.’ A female figure seated, holding an infant,



AGE. (Panel by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. 1847.)



MUSIC. (Panel by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. 1847.)

Sir J. E. Millais eventually rose has, of course, greatly enhanced the interest in and value of this early and slight work of his, and it was felt that in their original position they were hidden from all but the favoured few who had access to the Judges' Lodgings.

"It was resolved, therefore, to remove them to the Art Gallery; and though the work



ART. (Panel by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. 1847.)

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—MARCH.

Art in the Theatre. THE Drury Lane pantomime, "*Aladdin*," is a veritable *édition de luxe*, published—to keep up the simile—by Mr. OSCAR BARRETT, and illustrated by Mr. WILHELM in a series of living pictures that display once again his remarkable resource in colour and design. The story unfortunately runs so much in the one groove of Chinese convention throughout that it affords fewer legitimate chances for variety than many other subjects; so much the more creditable is the pictorial success accomplished. After witnessing the Egyptian prologue, with its ingenious animated Sphinx properties, we come to a revel of characteristic colour—heliotrope and chocolate, vermilion, slate grey, indigo, sulphur, and white—in the city of Por-se-lin, the keynote of the scene being a bodyguard of state non-descripts in progressive tones of canary, amber, orange, scarlet, crimson, and mulberry, treated in a bold original fashion that arrests attention. A dainty effect of willow pattern blue and white is cool and restful in the laundry scene, and an interlude of Badroulbador and her ladies in blossom brocades brings us to perhaps the most charming scene in the pantomime. Aladdin, dreaming of his Princess in the grove of the temple adjoining the royal palace, sees her in the magic mirror in a vision of beauty (suggestive of the *cloisonné* enamel colouring), surrounded by groups of dancers whose azure robes are embroidered with purple iris, rose-tinted lotus, and silver cranes; the background a

fantasy of bronze and turquoise framed in delicate gold tracery. The "cave" scene ends with a novel tableau—the Genii of the Sun and Moon—who, as embodied in the Lamp and the Ring of the story respectively, are happily made typical of the powers of Wealth and Love, and shower their gifts on Aladdin in place of the more hackneyed jewel ballet. Down a starry stairway comes a phalanx of priests, warriors, and dancers in a finely contrasted scheme of golden maize and silver grey—an instance of Mr. Wilhelm's success in restrained colour. An excellent idea may be traced in the scene, but the actual set of Mr. EMDEN is conspicuously lacking in the true decorative instinct. An interval gives us welcome pause, and presently in the celebration of Aladdin's wedding we find an orange-flower retinue of green and white and gold in various tones, with a ballet that admirably illustrates a quartette of precious white values—ivory, silver, crystal, and pearl. Groups of pages in costumes based on the *Lilium auratum*, of singers in robes all a-shimmer with meandering silver water lines and ruddy gold carp, and maids of honour in delightfully harmonised chrysanthemum raiment, call for special notice in this scene. Here again unfortunately the opportunities afforded to the scenic artist are frittered away, and it says much for the costumes that they emerge triumphant from the conflict with crudely illumined transparencies and an ill-devised and unsympathetic environment. It is pleasant

to be able to add that with the magical disappearance of the Palace a backcloth of distant country shows Mr. Emden in a much more successful light, but on the whole his work claims notice rather by its quantity than its quality. He is



ALFRED PARSONS, A.R.A.
(From a Photograph by J. H. Roller.)

seen to far greater advantage in landscape "cloths" (the backing of the laundry scene, and the river distance of the market-place, for example), which have a breadth and repose absent from his more ambitious sets already alluded to. Mr. HARKER'S scene of the vision in the Palace garden is admirable in construction and design, but less happily handled than is his wont. Mr. CANEY contributes a capital opening scene, and Mr. TELBIN a refined transformation picture.

A Munificent Gift to Bury.

THE town of Bury has been presented with an important collection of works of art by Miss WRIGLEY and MESSRS. OSWALD and FREDERIC WRIGLEY. The following are the works comprised in the gift :—

OIL PAINTINGS.—"The Infant Samuel" and "The Child Timothy," Mr. J. Sant, R.A.; "Snowballing," Edouard Frère; "The Fall of Clarendon," E. M. Ward, R.A.; "Listeners ne'er hear any good of themselves," Mr. Thomas Faed, R.A.; "The Minnow Catchers" and "The Cherry Sellers," W. Collins, R.A.; "Calais Sands," J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; "Sheep," Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.; "The Old Mill at Bettws-y-Coed" and "A Breezy Day," David Cox; "The Novice," A. Ehnore, R.A.; "Ringwood" and "View on the Forth," Patrick Nasmyth; "Venus and Cupid," W. Hilton, R.A.; "The Slave Market" and "Venice," W. Müller, A.R.A.; "The Boy with many Friends," T. Webster, R.A.; "The Madrigal," Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A.; "The Happier Days of Charles I.," Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A.; "On the Coast of Brittany" and "On the River Texel," Clarkson Stansfield, R.A.; "Dante's Dream," Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A.; "The First Voyage," W. Mulready, R.A.; "Drawing for the Militia," John Phillip, R.A.; "A Landscape," Old Crome; "Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein," J. B. Pyne; "St. Michael's Mount," Geo. Chambers; "The Student," D. Machie, R.A.; "Diana at the Chase," Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A.; "Apollo," Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A.; "The Rising of the River" and "Crossing the Brook," John Linnell; "The Random Shot," Sir E. Landseer, R.A.; "Going to the Spring" and "Crossing the Brook," P. F. Poole, R.A.; "A Showery Day," Thomas Creswick, R.A.; and "The Cruel Sister," John Faed, R.S.A.

The WATER COLOURS consist of drawings by the following artists:

David Cox, George Barret, J. M. W. Turner, Madame Rosa Bonheur, S. Prout, Sir E. Landseer, R.A., Mr. T. S. Cooper, R.A., Fred Tayler, W. Hunt, E. Duncan, George Cattermole, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., D. Roberts, R.A., C. Stansfield, R.A., P. de Wint, Copley Fielding, and F. W. Topham.

STATUARY.—"Hagar and Ishmael," by Marin (Rome), "Egeria," by J. H. Foley, R.A., and "Hebe and Bacchante," by Canova.

The works remain at present at Timberhurst, Bury, the residence of Miss Wrigley, and it is to be hoped that an effort will be made to build a fitting gallery for their permanent housing. An offer of 1,000 guineas has already been made by Mr. JAMES KENYON towards this object.

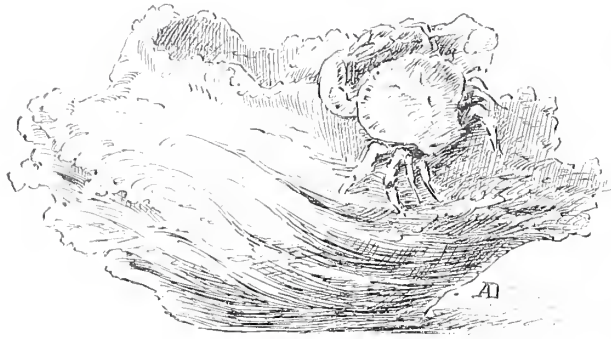
MR. WHITWORTH WALLIS has recently purchased in Berlin for the city of Birmingham Art Gallery some interesting specimens of old German ironwork and modern goldsmithery. We are enabled to publish reproductions of photographs of these. The wrought iron bracket on p. 286 is nearly 7 ft. in length, and 3 ft. 3 in. wide, and, what is rarely seen, is worked on both sides. It dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, and formerly carried the sign of an inn in the Jacobstrasse, Augsburg. The knockers on p. 287 are of chiselled iron, and date from the seventeenth century. There is, in addition, a small circular sign, painted and partially gilt, also of South German origin: and a waterspout, made of bronze, which came from the Bishop's Palace at Augsburg, dating from the eighteenth century. The specimens of jewellery are the work of a Berlin goldsmith, and form beautiful examples of the combination of gold and enamel work. The most important of these purchases is a necklace of gold and a pendant, the latter consisting of an opal heart surrounded with diamonds, and surmounted by a ring, the whole being set in a floriated scroll border of translucent enamels. The chain is also decorated with enamels. The two pendants illustrated on p. 286 are also beautiful specimens of work, one being set with diamonds and pearls, with a rose branch in enamel. The enamels



J. J. SHANNON, A.R.A.
(From a Photograph by J. C. Hughes.)

are of extraordinary delicacy, and the whole of the work exhibits the development of German goldsmithery, and should serve as excellent object-lessons to English craftsmen.

Exhibitions. MORE than a hundred drawings—most of them in water-colour, but a few in sepia—attest, at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, the range of ALFRED HUNT's subjects, and, it may be, the limitations of his method. Those who were familiar chiefly with his later work, or those who in considering his earlier had jumped to the conclusion that he was always painting Whitby when he was not painting Durham, had feared the result of assembling within the four walls of a single gallery the



VASE BY A. DALPAYRAT.
(From a Sketch by the Artist.)

adequate representation of his life-work—or all of his life-work that was not concerned with practice in oils. Their fears have not been justified, or, if justified at all, only by reason of the absence of large decorative effect on walls devoted necessarily to the exhibition of water-colours minutely wrought. Of course there are certain water-colours—water-colours of another school—which would have been far more decorative. Alfred Hunt's work was not massive; and gaining a visible finish, not so much in fashion just now, it lost breadth and an obvious decisiveness. But how subtle it was, and how eminently studious, and how continuously refined! Of pure sketching there is very little to be seen in the gallery of the Burlington Club, whose Committee have obtained for exhibition, with wonderfully few exceptions, the things on which Alfred Hunt, in his modest and reticent way, would most have prided himself. Even the sepias are no exception whatever to the rule of finish. The interior of Durham is, in its illumination, almost as elaborate as a Turnerian water-colour of the middle period; and when we come to colour itself the elaboration shows itself not, fortunately indeed, in the merely patient Pre-Raphaelite imitation of this or that natural object, but rather in the subtlety and complexity of atmospheric effect—the thing to which, more than to problems of colour or problems of draughtsmanship, Alfred Hunt devoted himself during arduous years. If his success was not invariable, think of the difficulties of his attempts! Remember that from the range of his vision he deliberately banished the easy. It is really because of the frequency of the concentration of his attention on atmospheric effect that we can suffer gladly in Alfred Hunt—what we can suffer gladly also

in Albert Goodwin—the repeated dealing with the same place. The same place is not always the same theme. The hour is a different one: the light has changed; another and quite different sky hangs over the town, the harbour, and the hill-side. The result, of course, is a different picture. Besides, Mr. Hunt looks at his Whitby, looks at his Windsor, looks at his Durham from every kind of point of view. What was background in one drawing has become foreground in another; only the arch-Philistine could aver that the artist was painting the same scene. Alfred Hunt laboured for forty years, and the years cannot be divided into "periods." That is to say, his maturity knew no periods; of course, there was a time before he became a master of his method, and a time during which he, in consequence it may be of enfeebled health, worked not quite so successfully as of yore. In our own columns there is the less need to insist at greater length upon the characteristics of his refined and tender art, inasmuch as these have been discussed sympathetically by Mr. Wedmore in an article published in this Magazine but a few years ago.

Latterly, at the Petit Gallery, in Paris, an interesting exhibition of ceramic ware has been held by the sculptor M. DALPAYRAT. The artist excels in his *grès flammés*, in which he has succeeded in obtaining some very fine effects. The forms of his vases are, perhaps, less perfect than the paste itself; nor does the artist succeed in divesting himself altogether of the influence of Jean Carriès, who was the master *par excellence* of this style of art.

At the 25 Gallery, Soho Square, is to be seen a collection of original drawings, lithographs, and etchings by representative artists of the advanced schools of England and the Continent. Among others there are works by MESSRS. EDGAR WILSON, RAVEN-HILL, A. S.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

(By F. D. Millet. See Notice of Royal Institute Art Union, p. 288.)

HARTRICK, MM. WILLETTE, ROPS, C. MAURIN, and LOUIS LEGRAND.

Reviews. TO MRS. HENRY ADY (whom many of our readers will better recognise under her name of "JULIA CARTWRIGHT," a valuable contributor to these pages) we

owe the important volume "*Jean François Millet: His Life and Letters*" (Swan Sonnenschein). For this book we have little but praise. Mrs. Ady in her devout admiration of the great peasant painter, moved by the knowledge that the numerous Lives and Memoirs hitherto published have been incomplete, though inter-complementary, took upon herself the task of bringing them all together, harmonising mis-statements, collating, arranging, and correcting, and in the result has set before us a biography which is in many respects an autobiography and a critical estimate which tell us all we need to know of Millet. It may be thought that the treatment of the book is a little emotional, and that Millet's disappointment at his non-appreciation a little exaggerated. We do not think so. Millet was a man himself so sensitive, and of an artistic temperament so nervous, that the picture strikes us as complete. Certainly the tone of his character, as of his life and work, is skilfully maintained throughout the book; his letters have been well selected, and the whole well edited and compiled. His career naturally fell into three parts—that spent at Gréville from 1814 to 1837, that at Paris from 1837 to 1849, and that at Barbizon from 1849 to 1875. Within these sectional divisions Mrs. Ady has dealt with the artist's life and work, and has added a post-scriptive criticism not only of the artist's work, but of the estimation, artistic and commercial, in which they have since been held. It constitutes a grave indictment against his countrymen, who could no more appreciate his greatness than they could the greatness of more than one of their most masterly musicians, and who as a nation yet pose as the *arbiter elegantiarum* in matters of artistic merit. We are apt to deplore the non-appreciation of our own Alfred Stevens, but his fate was the happier of the two; for if, like Millet, he was to a great extent ignored, he was not attacked and even hounded as Millet was by his critics and his countrymen. On a few minor points we may quarrel with the author. It is hardly possible that Rossetti could come back fired with Millet's example in 1863, and with it influence the Pre-Raphaelite school. We do not see why "*La Nuée de Corbeaux*" should be translated "*The Flight of Birds*;" nor is it correct to suggest that "M." Ionides owns only two of Millet's oil-paintings; as a matter of fact, he has four. These, however, are small points. Acknowledgment should be made of the excellent little photo-gravures which illustrate the book; we only regret that it has been found impossible to add a greater number and a greater variety of reproductions from the master's works.

The volume issued by Messrs. Cassell of "*The Works of Charles Burton Barber*," with an introduction by Mr. HARRY FURNISS, is intended as a tribute to the memory of a most sympathetic animal painter and an amiable man. Mr. Barber was highly esteemed by the Queen, for whom he executed numerous pictures of Her Majesty's

pets, and a certain number as well of the Sovereign herself and of her grandchildren. The animal pictures will doubtless be the most popular—not the portraits alone, but the canvases in which the subject or the story appeals to the public as unerringly as Sir Edwin Landseer's or Mr. Briton Riviere's. Among the forty-one plates are several already in high favour with the public; many others in this admirably-printed book will be hardly less appreciated—especially those in which child-life is happily associated with animal drawing. How well Barber's animals are drawn, and how justly observed, the peruser of this pleasing book will be quick to appreciate.



THE APPROACH TO VENICE.

(By J. M. W. Turner, R.A. See Notice of Royal Institute Art Union, p. 288.)

In "*Modern French Masters*" (T. Fisher Unwin) Mr. JOHN VAN DYKE, the editor, has made a bold and successful experiment. Under the enterprise of the *Century Magazine* he has brought together a series of critical and biographical reviews of a score of the leading painters of France of the present and the immediate past, written by the hand of American artists especially familiar with the masters with whom they deal. We find plenty of minor points on which we might challenge the writers, such as the astonishing statement that Bouguereau will be considered by posterity one of the greatest factors in art which the nineteenth century has produced. But of the intelligence, the originality, and freshness of these essays there can be no doubt, and were the book unillustrated it would still be of unusual interest and value. As a matter of fact, however, the engravings take precedence in point of importance. These are specimens equally divided between wood engraving and half-tone "process," each the finest of its kind that America can produce. Of the blocks by Mr. Timothy Cole, Mr. T. Johnson, and one or two others, we can say no more in praise than we have already expressed on other occasions. The technical excellence of the craftsman can hardly further go; but when (as in the case of Mr. Elbridge Kingsley) methods are adopted which, from the classic point of view, are scarcely legitimate and are certainly tricky, and when others become such slaves of tone as to set up the appearance of a photograph as the end and aim of wood-engraving,

we are bound to deplore the loss of art in the triumph of skill. Among the marvels of purely imitative engraving, that by Mr. Wolf after "The Lovers" of Diaz stands among the first. It is not even surpassed by M. Haider's rendering of the "Study for the Love of Gold" by Couture, and "On Cape Martin near Mentone" by Monet. The tone blocks are just as surely masterpieces in their way of the modern art of retouching them so as to relieve them from what is often their uninterestingness of surface. We would point to the "Friedland — 1807" by Meissonier as being one of the most successful that have been executed. These pages are full of interest, and indeed deserve longer notice at our hands; but we have said enough to claim for the book the attention it merits.

One of the best samples of the work of Mr. AUBREY BEARDSLEY which we have seen is to be found in "*The Rape of the Lock*," a new edition of Pope's poem (Leonard Smithers). There are traces, of course, of the disease under which the imagination of this artist labours, but they are less offensive. We have lived under the impression that embroidery was needlework. We understand that a book may be illustrated or decorated or embellished by drawings; but this book is said to be "embroidered with nine drawings" — an affectation, if not an actual absurdity, but affectation is the keynote to Beardsleyism, and we are not for denying that it may have

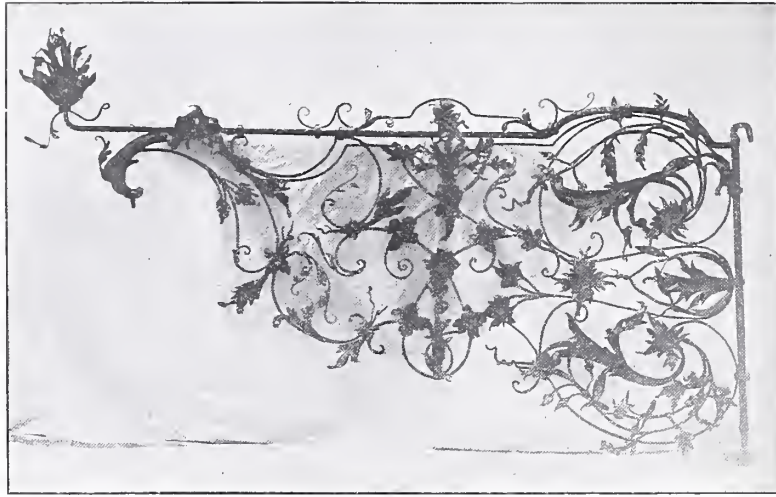
brought forth none more delightful than that edited by Mr. JAMES A. MANSON and published by Clement Wilson, with an excellent arrangement in the classification of the poems, with luminous notes, glossary, index, and biographical sketch. To the scholarship of this edition we bear willing witness, nor do not think the editor's claim over-strong — that it is "produced in a style of supreme typographical excellence," although published at a popular price. Indeed, we know of no edition more likely to please any true lover of Burns. A special word should be said for Mr. Manson's estimate and defence of the poet against hostile critics.

With the "*Winter Book*," the fourth number of "*The Evergreen*"

(T. Fisher Unwin) completes its cycle of "seasonal" volumes. In general aspect it resembles the other three; there is a distinct intention in the volume and not a little bold originality, especially in the text, but we are made to feel that this extremely black-and-white art is being somewhat overdone, and that grace and elegance are too obtrusively flouted. *Three Ladies* are allowed to run riot in head and tail pieces of a more or less elemental character, and there is hardly a picture among them which rises in dignity or artistic excellence to the level of some of the articles. Nevertheless, there is a certain clever power of suggestion here and there, as in the "*Cottage in a Wood*" by Mr. CADENHEAD; and many will be found who will appreciate the delicate feeling

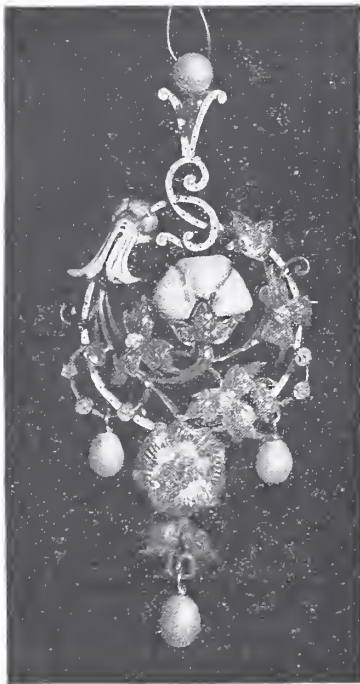
of Miss CATHERINE TYNAN, the charming study by M. ELIE RECLUS, and "*The Megalithic Builders*" (of Edinburgh) by Professor PATRICK GEDDES.

With "*The Parade*" (Henry and Co.), Mr. GLEESON



WROUGHT-IRON BRACKET. (GERMAN, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)

(Recently acquired by the City Art Gallery, Birmingham. See p. 283.)



GOLD AND ENAMEL PENDANT.

(Recently acquired by the City Art Gallery, Birmingham. See p. 283.)



GOLD AND ENAMEL PENDANT.

(Recently acquired by the City Art Gallery, Birmingham. See p. 283.)

its value. The book is beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press, and its whole get-up very tasteful.

The Centenary of ROBERT BURNS, which has been celebrated by more than one new edition of his poems, has

WHITE, as editor, has aimed at producing an illustrated gift-book for boys and girls out of the ordinary style. For persons like ourselves, interested in all modern developments of art, the experiment is a successful one, but it is



CHISELLED IRON KNOCKER. (GERMAN.)

(Recently acquired by the City Art Gallery, Birmingham. See p. 283.)

doubtful whether young people will fully appreciate the beauty of Mr. Laurence Housman's Houghton-like "Noodle and Fire-eaters" or its more original companion picture; or will be more attracted by the severity of Mr. Alfred Jones than by the more realistic treatment to which he has hitherto been accustomed. There is a good deal of artistic originality and interest about the work, and prettiness too in Mr. Yungman's touch and fancy. Mr. Housman alone renders the book worth keeping by grown-up persons, and Mr. Solon's decorations add to its interest. But why "Parade"?

The new number of "*Phil May's Illustrated Winter Annual*" (Neville Beeman) is a masterpiece of art, and hardly less of humour. The printing is not all that could be desired, but Mr. May's work is so admirably adapted to the exigencies of ill-printing that it is pre-insured against failure on this account. The drawings are not all humorous; not a few are studies of very high achievement and interest.

The mystery attaching to the "*hinterland*" of North Western Africa has been largely dispersed in the volume "*Timbuctoo: the Mysterious*," by FELIX DUBOIS (William Heinemann), which has been translated into English by Mrs. DIANA WHITE. While M. Dubois' account of his journeyings through this portion of the Dark Continent annexed by the French, with glimpses into its wonderful history, is fascinating reading matter, the one hundred and fifty-three illustrations are sadly disappointing. Had the photographs been well reproduced just as they were taken they might have been successful as illustrations, but many have been indifferently drawn in pen and ink, and nearly all are poorly reproduced. Many have been reduced by merely chopping away the edges without any effort being made to vignette them properly. The book should

prove of interest to all lovers of travels, and especially to students of African geography and mythology.

The illustrated "*Catalogue of the Loan Collection of Paintings by William J. Müller*" (W. H. Ward and Co., London) reflects great credit on its compilers, Mr. WHITWORTH WALLIS and Mr. A. BENSLEY CHAMBERLAIN. The illustrations consist of twenty-four reproductions of paintings and drawings, well executed. Being printed in the very best manner, the volume forms not only a beautiful record of the exhibition at the Birmingham Art Galleries, but a history, so far as it goes, of the art of Müller. The only matter of regret is that a complete list of the artist's works and their whereabouts was not added, thus making the book an authoritative one on the subject.

The intention of the convenient handbook called "*Figure Drawing and Composition*," by RICHARD G. HATTON (London: Chapman and Hall, Limited), as declared in the prefatory chapter, is "to assist the student and designer in their study of the human figure." The author expressly disclaims any idea of offering a guide to figure drawing which might pretend to enable the student to dispense with a proper course of drawing from the living model. His aim is rather to give in a systematic and comprehensible manner hints and suggestions that would incite the young beginner to observe closely and aid him to assimilate properly whatever knowledge he might acquire by such observation. Judged from this standpoint, the book is undoubtedly a useful one, well arranged and intelligently treated. It contains an indefinite amount of important detail of the type that every would-be artist must study. About two-thirds of its space is occupied with a description of the manner in which the various muscular and bony forms in the human anatomy affect the surfaces of the body and the lines of the figure; and the remainder deals with the drawing and casting of draperies, and with the rudiments of figure composition, decorative and pictorial. Many appropriate illustrations emphasise the points made in the text.

A batch of books for young people comes from Messrs. Blackie and Son—excellent in tone, exciting, instructive, and healthy in character, such as we are used to from Mr. Henty and others. The illustrators are among the best draughtsmen in black-and-white of the day, including Mr. W. H. MARGETSON, Mr. VICTOR PERARD, and Miss G. DEMAINE HAMMOND.



CHISELLED IRON KNOCKER. (GERMAN.)

(Recently acquired by the City Art Gallery, Birmingham. See p. 283.)

A beautiful photograph of the west front of Peterborough Cathedral has just been published by the Autotype

gift includes the services of an attendant. This curious form of prize should be most acceptable to its recipients.

The scheme to purchase HOLBEIN'S picture of Henry VIII. presenting the Charter to the Barber-Surgeons' Company for the Guildhall has fallen through from lack of support. As we understand that an offer was made for the picture by a foreign art gallery, the opportunity is now presented for accepting it. We hope it will be.

In our advertisement pages will be found particulars of an Art Union arranged by the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and we draw attention to it because of the unique value of the prizes. These are to include three drawings by Mr. RUSKIN; fifty by the great masters of the English school of water-colour painting, and many others by present members of the Royal Institute. Subscribers will be entitled to a choice of two presentation plates, of which small reproductions are on pp. 284 and 285; "Between Two Fires," by Mr. F. D. MILLET, is a photogravure of the picture in the Chantry Bequest collection—the trustees having afforded facilities for its reproduction—and is 14½ by 18 in. TURNER'S "Approach to Venice" is a successful line engraving by ROBERT WALLIS (15½ by 23 in.). A special feature of the Art Union is that the number of prizes will not be dependent upon the number of tickets sold, but all will be distributed under any circumstances.

M. PAUL DE KATOW, a water-colour painter

Obituary. of some note, has died at Asnières (Seine).

Born in Strasburg, in 1870 he served as war correspondent of the *Gaulois*. He studied art under Delacroix.



THE HOLL MEMORIAL IN ST. PAUL'S.

(Drawn by E. Evelyn.)

Company, and in view of the discussion concerning the building should prove of great interest. We are enabled to give a small reproduction of the print, the size of which is 17½ by 14¾ in. The negative was taken by Mr. R. G. SCRIVEN, F.S.I.

Miscellanea. MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S well-known picture, "The Hiring Shepherd," has been purchased for the Manchester City Art Gallery.

A new society, of which the programme is not announced, has been formed under the title of THE SOCIETY OF ENGLISH PAINTERS.

The following have been elected Associates of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers:—Messrs. C. COPEMAN, C. E. HAYES, B. SCHUMACHER, and R. SPENCE.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred upon ANTONKOLSKY, the Jewish sculptor, the position of Councillor of State, which gives the right to the title of "Excellency."

MR. WALTER CRANE points out, in connection with the remarks in the article on "Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.," last month, concerning the picture "Neptune's Horses," that his version of the subject was exhibited at the Royal Water Colour Society's Winter Exhibition, 1892-3. It was therefore before the public some months earlier than Mr. Watts's picture.

The memorial to FRANK HOLL, R.A., in the crypt of St. Paul's, has been in position for some little time, but having been unveiled without any public ceremony little attention has been attracted to it. Our illustration of it may therefore prove of interest.

The dispute between Prince Sciarra and the Italian Government has now been settled. Under the agreement the Prince presents certain of the principal paintings to the nation, and is left free to dispose of the others as he pleases.

An anonymous donor has offered to the École des Beaux-Arts, for the use of the three most deserving students without private means, three rooms in a villa at Neuilly. The apartments are suitably furnished, and the



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL

(By permission of the Autotype Company.)

From Naples the death is announced of Signor SAVERIO ALTAMURA, a popular painter in Italy.



The Harvest Moon

George Helander 1896.



ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHY.

THE PRESENT REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

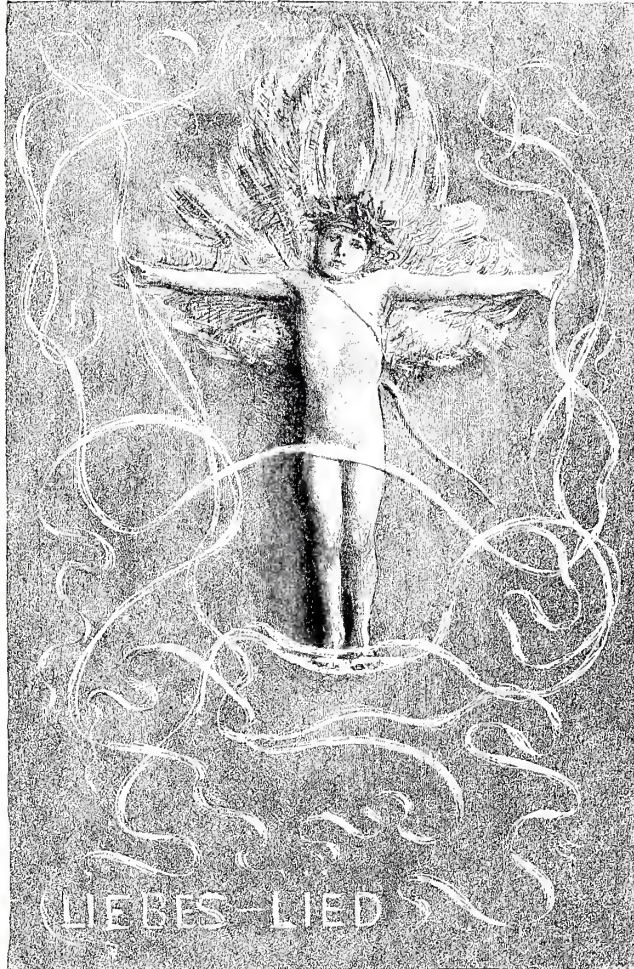
NEARLY half a century went by before lithography was to be regarded in England as an original and spontaneous method for recording artistic impression. Mr. Whistler began in 1877 to work upon the stone, and joined his efforts to those of M. Fantin-Latour and others in Paris to use and awaken interest in lithography for the sake of its own inherent qualities. His "Early Morning" appeared in Mr. Theodore Watts's paper, *Piccadilly*, in 1878, and other drawings such as the "Lime-house" and "Nocturne"—exquisite studies in wash gradation—which, though executed in 1877, were only issued nine years later, in portfolio form. Then came amongst many others the "Little Model Reading," and afterwards the "Brittany" and the Luxembourg series, in all of which the draughtsman's artistic taste as well as his artistic views are daintily and firmly recorded. Generally speaking, Mr. Whistler

prefers to use the chalk for line work only, and wash for tint work, reserving the latter, rather than stumping, for the covering of spaces; while the modern dodges have, so far as I am aware, been entirely neglected by him. It should be observed that all Mr. Whistler's earlier work was executed direct upon the stone, the rest for convenience sake upon transfer-paper; and it may be added that he has attempted in a limited sense chromo-lithography by touches of colour here and there upon the design. Slight though these are,

they of course have necessitated a separate printing for each colour.

In due time Mr. Way—who, with the Messrs. Hanhart, and Vincent Brooks, Day and Sons, had by

his admirable printing rendered artistic lithography possible in this country—persuaded a number of artists to experiment in the method, believing that an acquaintance with its qualities would not only ensure its adoption, but would develop such enthusiasm as would ensure the triumph of the art. Several members of the Hogarth Club willingly responded, and the results were collectively issued. Among the chief of these was an admirable figure by Sir James Linton; and Messrs. C. E. Holloway, E. J. Gregory, Charles Green, Buxton Knight, Thorne Waite, and Edwin Hayes, with a few more, were included in the band. The work was of course experimental, consisting of one-hour sketches; and they were executed at Mr.



LOVE SONG.

(By Professor Herkomer, R.A. By Permission of Novello, Ewer and Co.)

Way's own house; but although twenty years have passed, and though every draughtsman expressed his pleasure in the work and process, none of these artists save Mr. Holloway cared to pursue it. In 1893 a similar effort was made by the Art-Workers' Guild, when Messrs. Frank Short, Lethaby, H. Paget, A. Mackworth, J. Pennell, and G. McCulloch met to produce twenty-minutes' drawings on the stone. The result was in this case more satisfactory, and must be counted for something in the development of the new taste. Then others continued the



BACK COURT, ST. BARTHOLOMEWS.

(By T. R. Way.)

experiment; Mr. Robert Macbeth on a large scale, and Mr. Mortimer Meupes and Mr. Aming Bell more tentatively. But, for the most part, they have left the field free for men more constant and appreciative than themselves; and when considering those who are really identified with the English school, we must eliminate the names of those who have merely coquetted with the art.

Among the earlier men to whom lithography came naturally is Professor Herkomer. When the process was still spurned by those who did not understand it, or whose judgment had been prejudiced by the miserable productions of commercial lithographers—uttered and passed into currency for the most part from abroad—he produced many plates of Bavarian life, of which a few have been made known to the greater public as subjects of several of the most dramatic pictures of his earlier period. For minor purposes too, he made use alike of stone and transfer-paper, employing brush, stump, chalk, and pen; but although, even in these later days, he has produced a series of plates for his “Violin Pieces,” and has shown power and delicacy, and a sympathetic

and dainty touch in these drawings upon the stone, he is one of the few, notwithstanding, who is not enamoured of the process. “However artistic,” he tells me, “however well done, there remains the cheap work.” Not necessarily, I think: as the exquisite results produced by many men have proved—results which not only could not have been better obtained, but could not have been obtained at all, by any other method.

The most prominent of the younger school of lithographers is unquestionably Mr. Charles Shannon. Since 1889 he has with admirable persistence produced some two score lithographs, all, with scarce an exception, drawn direct upon the stone, and printed with his own hand and press. The charm of his work is distinctly that proper to lithography itself, with an added daintiness and delicacy of the artist’s own temperament. He can, as the French say, “make the stone sing.” His work is not without faults, though tenderness is its chief note; his compositions are sometimes detracted from through the proportions, occasionally peccable, of his figures. But with such drawings as his portrait of “Mr. Van Wisselingh,” his “Linen Bleachers,” “The Sisters,” and “Sea and Breeze,” he will always be remembered for



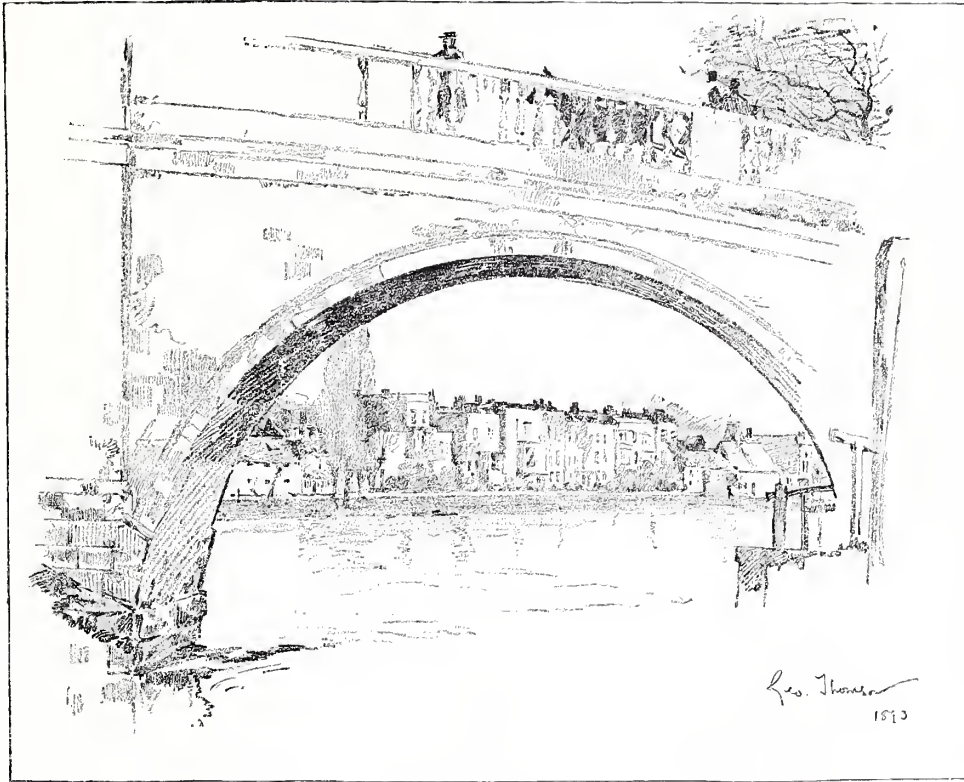
LORD ST. CYRES.

(By Will Rothenstein. By Permission of Mr. John Lane.)

the exquisite and perfect quality of his work. The public, moreover, are beginning to find this out. I am informed that in 1891 the artist issued eight portfolios of his lithographs: of these not one was sold. But when a year later their merit was suddenly discovered, they were bought up within the space of two months. That the purchasers were for the most part artists does not matter; or perhaps,

especially in freedom; but they might well be studied in comparison with them.

Like Mr. Shannon, Mr. George Thomson is a lithographer inspired with sufficient enthusiasm to have a press of his own and to take his own impressions. Delicacy and daintiness of touch are his, whether in head or figure drawing, or in representation of riverside landscape or Thames township. In



UNDER KEW BRIDGE.

(By George Thomson.)

indeed, it matters very much, for it shows a professional appreciation of fine workmanship, as in the plates already mentioned; or of fine design, as in the "Ministrants."

Mr. T. R. Way himself has contributed not a little to the success of his art, less in the direction of portraiture, than in his townscapes drawn with pencil, stump, or brush. "Sea-gulls at Charing Cross" is not less interesting as an example of tint work than of the rare event it records, and his "Disappearing London," of which "Back Court, St. Bartholomew's," is an interesting specimen, shows him in the artistic character peculiarly his own—that of the classicist. In conjunction with him Mr. C. E. Holloway has worked. This draughtsman's contributions to the "Ten Auto-lithographs of the Lower Thames," drawn direct on the stone, for the most part in pure chalk, are achievements not perhaps the equals of those of M. Storm van Gravesande—

the "Strand on the Green," or in "Under Kew Bridge," texture of grain, silveriness of quality, and precision of touch are alike charming; and in his "Brentford Eyot" he renders for us a misty atmospheric effect with a success more often sought by lithographers than obtained.

The spirit of French lithography pervades the work of Mr. Will Rothenstein, whose work, essentially unacademic, successfully aims at being at once artistic in feeling and *amusant* in design. His "Milla-mant" is a skilful rendering of a seventeenth century lady with powdered hair and face, and his portraits of Sir Henry Acland, Mr. Robinson Ellis, Viscount St. Cyres, and other Oxford scholars and athletes, as well as those of De Goncourt and Zola, show a power of rendering character apart from the artist's appreciation of the stone. Mr. Raven-Hill, like Mr. Phil May, on the other hand, prefers to use the surface of the transfer-paper as though it were a surface for

ordinary drawing purposes; and the former, with the studies of his infant daughter, and the latter with



STUDY OF A CHILD.

(By L. Raven-Hill.)

"We're a rare old, fair old, ricketty, racketty crew," present us with lithographs which to all intents and purposes are chalk drawings of well calculated, masterly touch—artists' sketches thrown rapidly but with unerring effect upon the stone. Again, the portrait of Mr. Le Gallienne by Mr. Wilson Steer reveals the hand that may achieve sensitive and notable work in the process here used with some indecision.

The latest movement in lithography—an original movement, too—belongs exclusively to England. If the adherents of the older classic method show some tendency to scoff at innovations of the more modern school as *nouveau jeu*, not for a moment to be tolerated or acknowledged, they combine at least in protesting against, or at least in criticising with some hostility, this heterodox departure, introduced by Mr. Goulding, the celebrated printer of etchings.

This craftsman, hardly less an artist than those to whose works he ministers, has not long since combined with his brother, Mr. Charles Goulding, to introduce a new method of printing lithographs which shall do for the lithographic stone or transfer-paper,

when it leaves the artist's hand, what he does for the etcher's copper-plate. That is to say, by stumping and manipulation to smooth down in the proof what was left bald upon the stone—to impart the tone and quality demanded by the artist: to humour and, in short, *interpret*. To those who applaud lithography as an absolutely autographic method, Mr. Goulding's innovation must appear to some degree revolutionary: but judged by results, the impressions when they leave his hands have qualities and beauties which we might look for in vain elsewhere. The process, indeed, enables even a beginner in lithography, through his printer's assistance, to produce work in which lack of experience is little evident, and for which effects, painter-like and pleasing, need not be wanting. What the result of experience on the part of both artist and printer cannot yet be foretold.

Mr. Goulding has gone further. In the first place he has invented a new transfer-paper which possesses a surface free from the ordinary mechanical grain hitherto identified with lithography. Whether or not this is an improvement as the new



THE WATER SPRITE.

(By C. Sainton.)

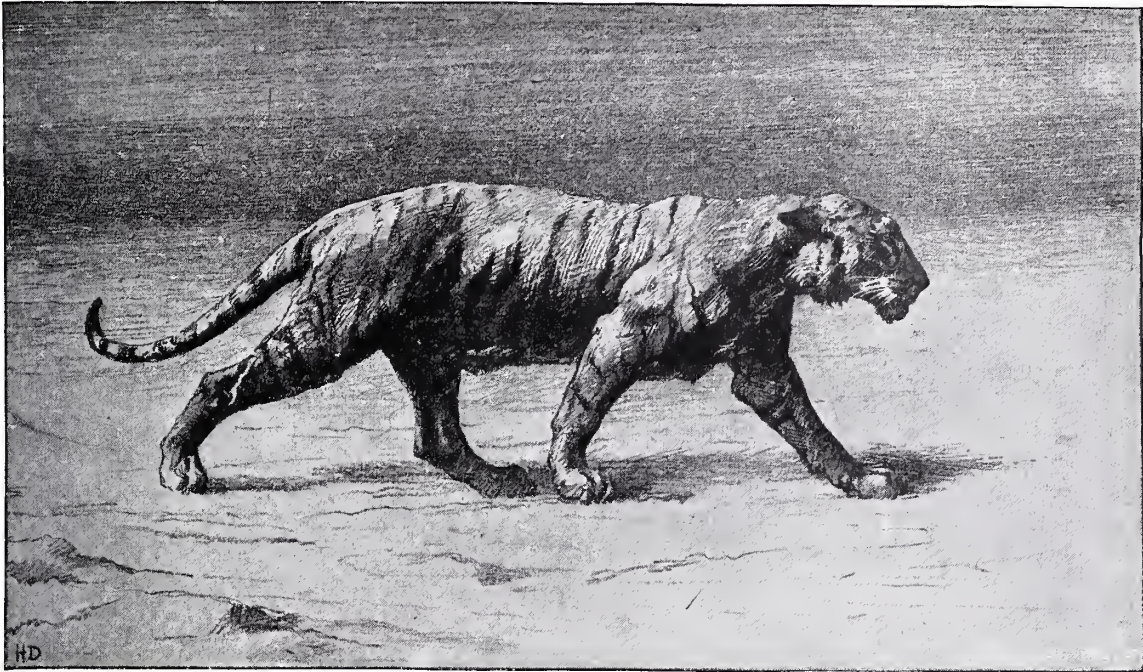


THE SISTERS.
(By Charles Shannon.)

adherents declare, or a sacrilegious innovation robbing the stone of its characteristic quality, as may be maintained by the rival school, I need not stop to discuss. Furthermore, Mr. Goulding obtains extraordinary painterlike effects by a first printing of a tint upon the paper, gradating it with the utmost care and feeling in relation to the subject to be super-printed upon it in black or coloured ink—all the while avoiding the unsympathetic flat “tints” of the school of Haghe and Harding, in which the

among the most charming works ever printed from the stone. I may here remark that between these works and Mr. Watts's previous essay with lithography, more than sixty years had elapsed; for as a boy, he privately practised his hand and made youthful attempts at composition by designing illustrations on a stone of his own to one of the romances of Sir Walter Scott.

So, bitten by Mr. Goulding's mezzotint-ground-transfer-paper and tempted by his delightful print-



TIGER.

(By Herbert Dicksee.)

colours were cold and conventionally used and the lights cut out with sudden and often with jarring effect—generally artificial and wholly out of tone. Not a few of our leading artists have tried the method; and to many of them it has so strongly appealed, that in the near future we may assuredly look forward to the execution by them of numerous works of the highest charm and of great artistic importance.

Among the first to try it was Lord Leighton, who, as late as August 14th, 1895, wrote to me: “I have just lithographed for the forthcoming *Centenaire de la Lithographie* to be held in Paris, a small female head, in order to show my interest in and to help the British section. It is the first time that I have touched lithographic chalk and paper.” About the same time, Mr. Watts executed his beautiful “Study of a Boy's Head,” and followed it up with a similar work which, whether Mr. Goulding's method be heterodox or not, will certainly be remembered as

ing, many of our most reputable artists have produced plates, the beauty and charm of which are indisputable. Those who form the list include Messrs. Frank Dicksee, Frank Short, J. W. North, Oliver Hall, A. Hartley, Herbert Dicksee, F. Strang, C. J. Watson, with Sir James Linton, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. E. A. Abbey, Mr. Herbert Marshall, Mr. Corbet, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Gosecombe John, and Mr. Footitt. In the works of some of these, inexperience and tentativeness are manifest enough to place them in a lower rank than the rest. But taken as a whole, the collection of them, together with the more recent masterly work of Mr. George Clausen and the dainty fancies of Mr. Sainton, is to be regarded as an interesting supplement to the work of artists abroad and a very valuable achievement in the field of English art.

So valuable, so beautiful, and so interesting, indeed, are the results of the new movement, that it is not to be believed that the productions to which I

have referred in these articles on the Revival of Original Lithography will leave the public cold. The merits of the art are not less, in their way, than those of etching: to the vast mass of etchings which for the last score of years have found their way upon the walls and into the portfolios of art-lovers and collectors, it is vastly superior. The public need but assure itself of the truth of this to come to look with unprejudiced and appreciative eye upon these works of the British and foreign schools, and to learn that

taste and knowledge both require that they should support the new manifestation in the future as they supported etching and mezzotint in the past. They need but satisfy themselves that it has nought in common with the machine-printed work that helped so greatly to discredit the older lithography, to see in it the freshest expression of the artist's power—to feel in it the thrill of the painter's emotion—to hear in it the most candid and the sincerest tones of the master's voice.

THE WALLACE COLLECTION.—I.

THE OBJECTS OF ART.

BY THE EDITOR.



THE MUSIC LESSON.

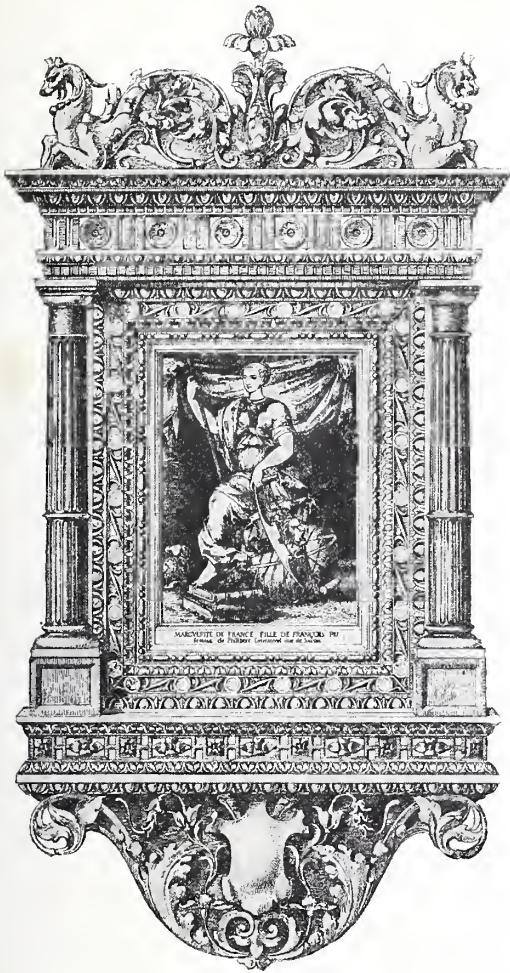
(From Surrugue's Engraving of the Picture by Watteau.)

THE announcement that for the second time the splendid patriotism of the late Sir Richard Wallace has enriched the great art treasure of London, has aroused an enthusiasm commensurate with the importance of the gift. On the first occasion, in 1871, Sir Richard Wallace presented to the National Gallery Terborch's masterpiece of the "Peace of Münster," a picture which had cost him

hardly less than nine thousand pounds. The new gift, actually bequeathed by his wife in accordance with her husband's wish, includes a collection of pictures which in the year of the Commune numbered no fewer than 736. These, indeed, are all which were exhibited at Bethnal Green from 1872 onwards; but a quarter of a century has elapsed since then, during which Sir Richard did not cease

from exercising his taste as a connoisseur. Indeed, he brought at first as many of his treasures to London as were sufficient to stock his house, leaving

go very far back. It was formed by the late Marquess of Hertford, enriched and completed by his presumed kinsman and life-long friend, Sir Richard Wallace. The former, who was a bachelor, resided for the most part in Paris from 1842 onwards, and left his collections as well as all his wealth to the latter, who had assisted him not a little with his taste and diplomacy. After the Franco-Prussian War, the new owner of the collection brought it to England for safety's sake, and for convenience lodged it in Bethnal Green Museum, pending the preparation of his house-museum in Manchester Square. Had his son lived, the country assuredly would to-day be vastly the poorer, for the father had become reconciled, in spite of his refusal to marry—moved partly, perhaps, by a sense of loyalty. The collection had not long been



MARGUERITE DE FRANCE.

(Enamel by Jehan de Court. Fifteenth Century. From M. Lièvre's "Musée Graphique.")

the rest in Paris; and I believe I am right in saying that in a large room in the latter residence pictures were stacked together like packs of cards, reaching from the fireplace to the opposite door, and that along the top of the frames boards were placed to allow of another layer of pictures being similarly ranged. How rich is this superb collection the lines which follow are intended to show; and it may safely be asserted that this bequest is of unprecedented magnificence even in England, which has had the good fortune to possess a Carr, a Sheepshanks, a Wynn Ellis, a John Jones, and a Tate, and which will probably find no rival in any land until the Duc d'Aumale fulfils his intention of acting the Wallace in his own country, and presents Chantilly with all its treasures to the Institut de France.

The genesis of the Wallace collection does not



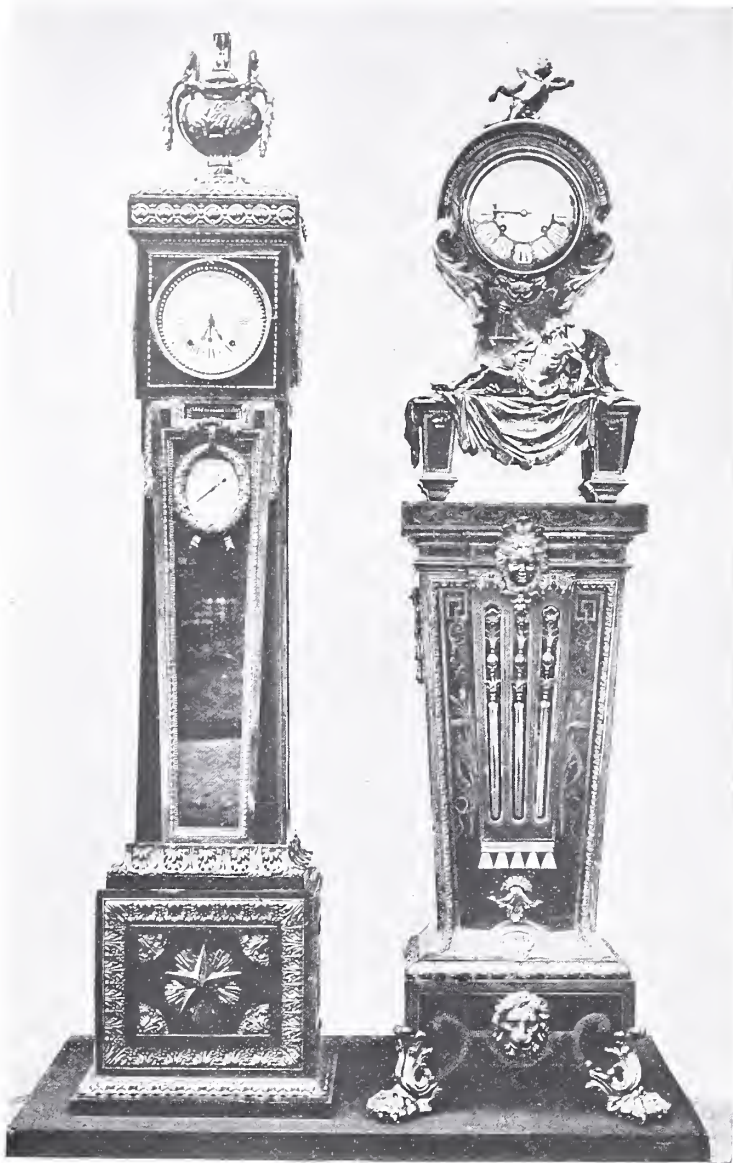
"MORTIER" (? PERFUME BURNER).

(French, Eighteenth Century. From M. Lièvre's "Musée Graphique.")

removed to Hertford House when Sir Richard made overtures to the English government for presenting the collection to his countrymen in the house

which they now occupy; but he was received with the characteristically stupid objection that, inas-

Museum filled with the objects of the Jones Collection. There we have a collection of a kindred nature to that of Sir Richard Wallace.



1.

2.

1. CLOCK AND BAROMETER, IN EBONY AND GILT METAL. (By Ferdinand Berthoud.)
2. CLOCK AND PEDESTAL, BOULLE AND GILT METAL. (Formerly in the Town Hall of Yverdon, Switzerland. French, Eighteenth Century.)

much as his house had but a definite term to run, he had better amend and improve his offer in that direction. It should be understood that Sir Richard had a distinct motive in requesting that the Government should concern themselves with the casket for which he was providing the gems; inasmuch as that casket was specially and carefully devised to receive the treasures. The public does not sufficiently realise that, except in a purely industrial museum, the surroundings of works of art are of the first importance. Anyone can prove this for himself by walking along the gallery at South Kensington

lection. In this condition it has come to us—in many respects the most remarkable incident of this *annus mirabilis*, 1897.

Worthy of entering into rivalry with any gallery of pictures in the world, the Hertford Collection is not less remarkable for its furniture, its decorated arms, and other objects of art. Yet among its masters of painting are many not hitherto represented in our National Gallery, by whom the nation is now to be enriched. Amongst these are Albano, Bourse, Brauwer, Cagnacci, Camphuyzen, Alonzo Cano, Everdingen, Jordaens, Mirevelt, Pynaeker

Cabinets, tables, escritaires, chairs, in glass cases or railed off, display, it is true, the beauty of the piece; but they lack much of the charm that would belong to them if they were placed in still more appropriate surroundings. Sir Richard Wallace had in a great measure adapted his house to its contents. There was the gallery for the pictures, and there were the pictures for the rooms. French furniture was in rooms properly designed in the French style to show them off; and the armour, both Mediaeval and Oriental, was displayed in a manner best suited to its aesthetic needs. For this reason, Sir Richard desired to stipulate that either his own house should be taken over or a similar one built for their reception. As has been said, the Government treated Sir Richard much as they afterwards treated Mr. Henry Tate, doubtless presuming upon that admirable sense of public spirit by which both men could rise above the niggardly trafficking of the Treasury. Although he would give no assurance and withdrew from further correspondence, Sir Richard Wallace patriotically decided not to visit the sins of the Treasury upon the heads of the people, but reserved them for acceptance by a more sensible and more magnanimous Minister. He still hoped that the Government, if it would not secure the present Hertford House, would erect another on the same ideal plan—with a quadrangle, with rooms all round—and he availed himself of Mr. J. H. Fitzhenry's taste and help, and of M. Piolaine's intelligence, as agent, to develop still further his unique collection.

(though South Kensington possesses one example), Vanderwerff, Vanloo, De Voys, Peter Wouvermans, and Zeman. In the great French art of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from extreme and reproachful poverty England passes to enviable wealth. Here we have of Watteau (11 examples), Pater (15), Boucher (11), Oudry, Gudin, Charlet, Corot, Diaz, Delacroix, Delaroche (15 examples), Decamps (16 oils and 15 water-colours), Rousseau, Troyon, Fragonard (5), Isabey (4), Greuze (22, of which the Pourtalès "Innocence" alone cost the Marquess of Hertford £4,000, and the Fesch "Nymph Sacrificing to Cupid," £1,355), Largillière, Le Ducq, Lemoine, Nattier (5), Roqueplan (12), Prud'hon, Raoux, Horace Vernet (41), Géricault, and Claude Vernet, as well as Dupré, Couture, Gérôme, Rosa Bonheur (3, including "The Waggon" and "Highland Sheep"), and Meissonier (15, which include some of the master's most brilliant work, such as "The Sign Painter," "The Dreamer," and "The Print Collectors"). These are but some numbers of the French school, and yet they give little more than an idea of the richness of the collection in other schools—Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and English.

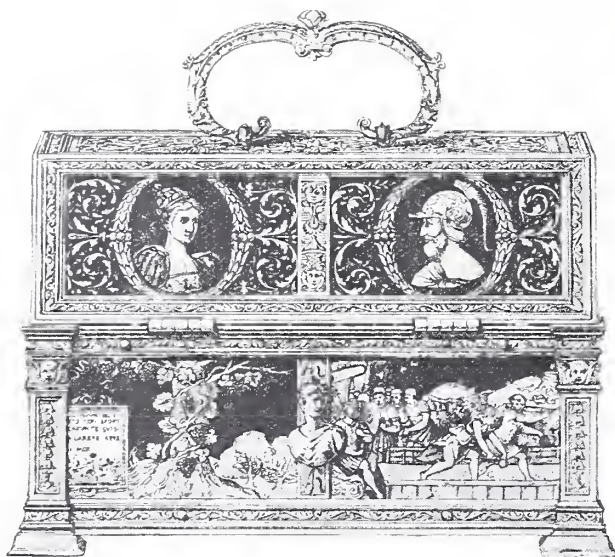
Leaving awhile the pictures, to which I propose to return, I desire to direct attention to the other works which hardly less than the paintings themselves shed glory on the collection. Of the tapestry I need say little, partly because Sir Richard Wallace sold a considerable portion, if not most, of it some twenty years ago, and partly because what there was did not belong to the best period of production. But of *bric-à-brac*, of decorative objects, bronzes, and furniture of the very highest kind, there is so much that the mere catalogue of them would probably occupy a score of pages of this magazine. In Boulle work hardly any collection, even in Paris or in Windsor Castle, is richer or finer. It is here in all its variety of tortoiseshell and metal. The work of Gouthière may be seen in the score of superb cabinets, and, applied to a style somewhat different, may be seen in the candelabra

of which an illustration is here given. These tripods are raised upon sphinxes and carry a vase of lapis-lazuli, from which spring flower-branches to hold lights; between them is shown an *encoignure*, or angle-cupboard, made of amboyna wood and ornamented in gilt metal. It is the work of two of the greatest French masters of luxurious furniture—Riesener and Gouthière—and comes from the Palace of the Trianon at Versailles. The clocks are not less abundant, nor are they less admirable in quality. That on the right which is here shown erected upon its pedestal is probably by André Boulle himself, and comes from the town hall of Yverdon, in Switzerland (see p. 298); its companion, not less admirable of its kind, is of ebony and gilt metal,



CANDELABRA, GILT METAL (by Gouthière); AND ANGLE CUPBOARD ("ENCOIGNURE") OF AMBOYNA WOOD, ORNAMENTED IN GILT METAL (by Riesener and Gouthière). (From the Palace of Trianon, Versailles. French, Eighteenth Century.)

and is the work of Ferdinand Berthoud. The table, carved and decorated with gilt metal, bearing a green porphyry slab (p. 301), and the mahogany cabinet with gilt ornament (p. 303) can perhaps not boast of a *provenance* so distinguished as many other examples of fine French work: but they at least represent the perfection of taste and execution as well as of style which, if our officials of South Kensington had had their way, would have been excluded for ever from their



ENAMEL CASKET.

(By J. Penicaud. From M. Lièvre's "Musée Graphique.")



END VIEW.

courts. In evidence, it is only necessary to recall the sturdy opposition and scornful criticism passed upon the Jones Bequest when that munificent gift was bestowed on the Museum. Beside these objects there may worthily take their place the two chairs here shown (p. 301): they are of carved and gilt wood, upholstered in tapestry of Beauvais. All these objects, it need hardly be said, are among the finest specimens of French eighteenth-century work.

Nearly every master of the *mobilier de style* is here represented, and every excellence that luxury

and fashion have imposed. There is marquetry by David, there is *Vernis Martin* in quantity, there is



MORION.

(Italian, Sixteenth Century. From M. Lièvre's "Musée Graphique.")

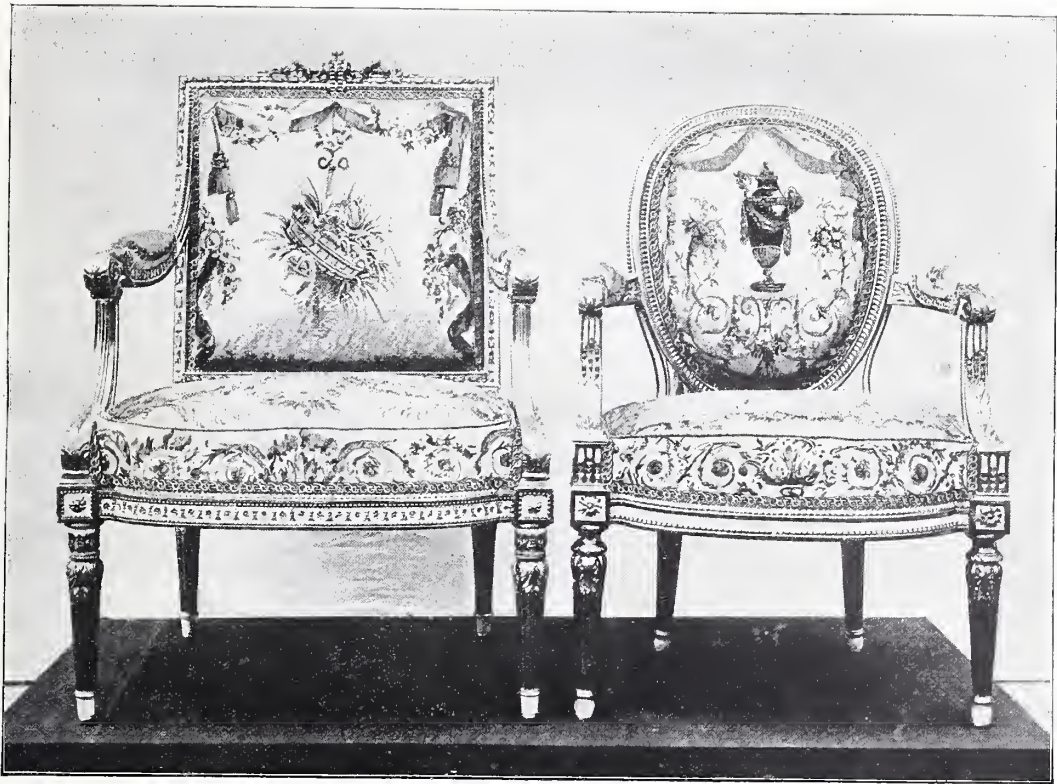
a table of various woods with a top of *Rose du Barri* (which perhaps ought rather to be called *Rose du Pompadour*), there is the musical clock by Dallié, there are bronzes after Girardon and Falconet, with splendid specimens of the finest Chinese work in bronze and cloisonné enamel, Italian Renaissance



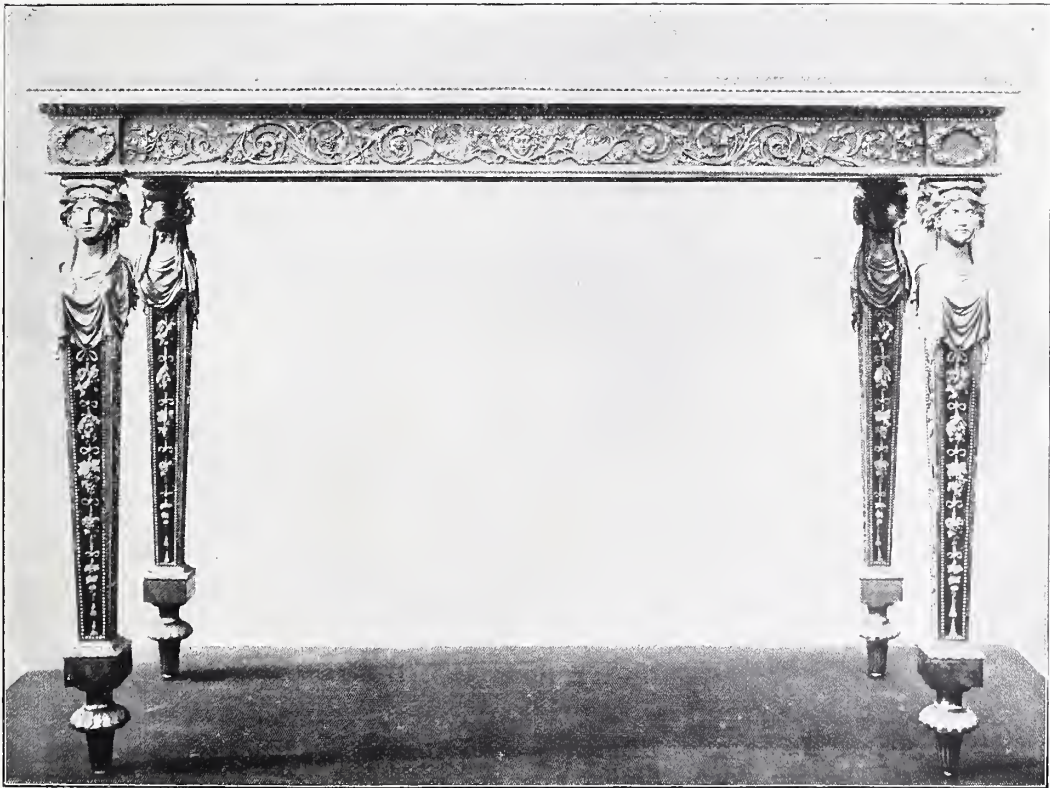
PLATE: MAIOLICA OF FAENZA

(Italian, Sixteenth Century. From M. Lièvre's "Musée Graphique.")

statuettes and groups, marble vases, English silver eighteenth-century ewers, and a vast number of other works of similar character and equal magnificence—



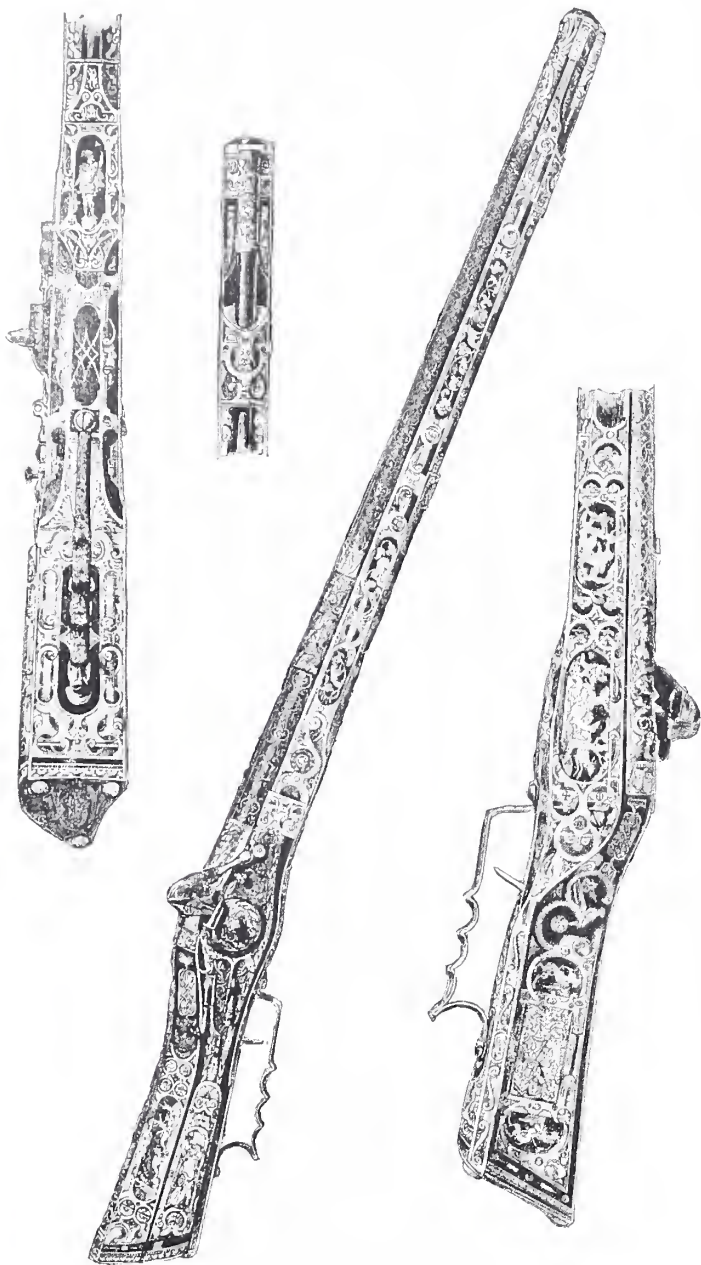
CHAIRS, IN CARVED AND GILT WOOD, COVERED IN BEAUVAIS TAPESTRY.
(*French, Eighteenth Century.*)



TABLE, CARVED, WITH GILT METAL, AND SLAB OF GREEN PORPHYRY.
(*French, Eighteenth Century.*)

many of them royal pieces, and not a few historical. To give a definite idea in a single magazine article

South Kensington Museum lately became possessed. As a specimen of decorated armour, we reproduce from the illustrations in M. Edouard Lièvre's "Musée Graphique" the sixteenth-century inlaid arquebuse and the superb morion helmet, embossed, of the same or a slightly earlier period, doubtless of Italian design. From the same source we are enabled to reproduce an exquisite object in metal-work, a *mortier* (p. 297), fine alike in design and workmanship. Equally admirable is the enamel casket by J. Penicaud (p. 300); and the portrait enamel of Marguerite de France, by Jehan de Court (sixteenth century), is not more beautiful in quality than is the frame in design (p. 297). In addition to these there are among a notable profusion the two fine bronze groups of Jupiter triumphing over the Tritons, and of Juno supported by the winds—Juno being the goddess of rain (French, seventeenth century). To the sixteenth century belongs the superb portrait bust of Charles IX. of France.



WHEEL-LOCK ARQUEBUSE.

(Late Sixteenth Century. From M. Lièvre's "Musée Graphique.")

of the quality and extent of this section of the collection is impossible.

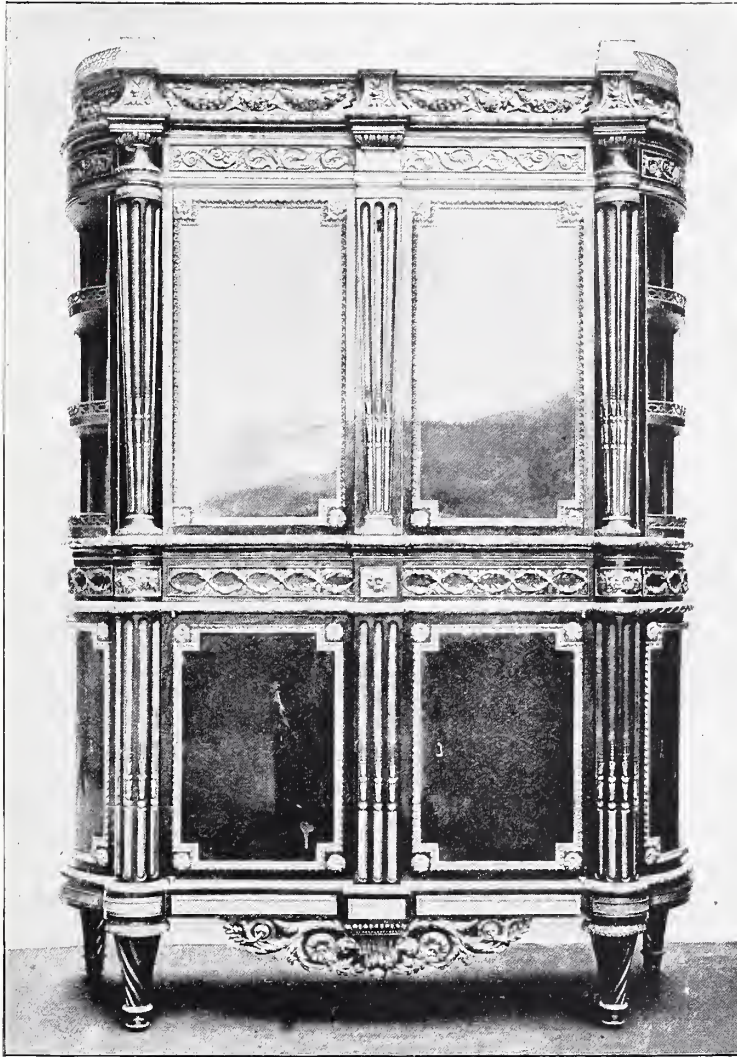
Not less important is the collection of armour, which may be divided roughly into Mediæval and Oriental. The fine pieces in both sections are of remarkable quality, and include, moreover, trappings, ivory saddles, and the like; and it is interesting to note that some of the finest examples in this collection are to be found drawn in the MS. book of Jacobi, armourer to Queen Elizabeth, of which the

the shield of Castille and Leon in the centre, and in another which adds to those the shield of Arragon. Palissy ware is shown in a few admirable specimens, and della Robbia enamelled earthenware in a characteristic group of the Virgin and Child.

The section of miniatures—to retain Sir Richard Wallace's own classification—includes some two hundred and twenty examples, most of them very fine in their way, but not all of them to be identified with either sitter or painter. It is

sufficient to know, however, that there is amongst them a portrait of Lord Conway of the period of Charles I., by Samuel Cooper, and another of

Fitz-Herbert, Miss Crofton, and others; and Ozias Humphrey, Bone, and other English miniaturists are also here. The French miniaturists, perhaps,



CABINET. MAHOGANY, WITH GILT ORNAMENT.
(French, Eighteenth Century.)

Oliver Cromwell by the same master, together with Lord Faulkland and an unknown male portrait. The features of another unknown man of the time of Elizabeth have been immortalised by Nicholas Hilliard. Cosway is represented by miniatures of the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Duncannon, of George Prince of Wales, of Mrs.

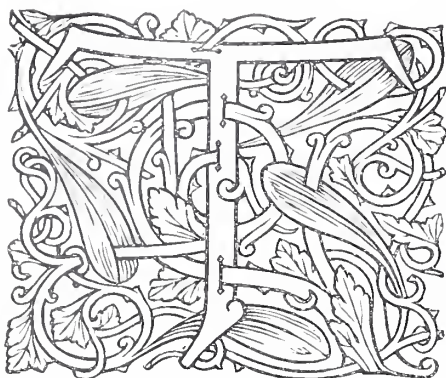
cannot show so many masters, but Isabey, Aubry, Guerin, and Nattier have given their exquisite art, the former to notabilities of the Napoleonic régime, and the last-named to Madame de Pompadour herself. It should be added that a miniature portrait in oil, Jean de Thou, shows the early days of the art in the fourteenth century.



AT THE SIGN OF THE DIAL.

MR. RICKETTS AS A BOOK-BUILDER.

BY GLEESON WHITE.



(Initial by Charles Ricketts.)

THE quality which has distinguished Mr. Ricketts's work from the first is "personality." In Art, personality is but another name for originality; and, as in life, there are two sorts. The one fostered by ignorance, whether of social amenities or precedent; the other restrained or fantastic, pedantically simple or complex and profound, is alike based upon sound knowledge, which is power.

To-day a few designers, anxious for a short cut to success, appear to think that if they follow the track of a single predecessor they can slip through the thorn-brake with no personal effort and succeed in awaking the sleeping beauty. But the path must be cleared anew for himself by every true artist, who disdains the solitary trail as much as the common highway: for by either route a traveller will find when he reaches his goal that the prince has already carried off the prize.

Mr. Ricketts is himself always. It is open to dislike his aims; but common fairness must admit that they are his own, and owe little to any predecessor. Of the school of Rossetti—does someone whisper? Yes, in one sense; but only in the sense that the younger Pre-Raphaelite has learned from the sources whence the earlier drew his inspiration, and first gave expression to a certain intensity new to English art. Besides, Rossetti—maker of poems and pictures—was not to any extent a designer of books, and it is in that aspect we are considering Mr. Ricketts here.

In one aspect of his art Mr. Ricketts appears distinctly akin to Rossetti, for he is dowered with the highly nervous temperament which feels the commonplace as positive pain. Most of us can hardly suffer gladly the reiteration of a monotonous note in a bell or the foolish ineffectual whine of a

chained puppy. The repeated sound provokes a disproportionate sense of irritation. It is told of Walter Savage Landor that he hated mixing indiscriminately with his fellows because the platitudes which they uttered inflicted actual torture. "Fancy," he said on one occasion, "if I chanced to be sitting by the sea, and a stout motherly female came and sat beside me, and, as a steamboat came in sight, said—'Lor, sir! what should we have thought of that when we were young?' The fatuous astonishment of the average person at something that he recognises, but cannot understand, is as maddening to a thinking man, as the same person's self-satisfied familiarity with other wonders which are equally beyond his comprehension.

It is hard that no word exists to describe accurately the builder of beautiful books. "Editor" or "publisher" expresses too much. The architecture of book-building is at once an art and a science, and



REDUCED FROM "DAPHNIS AND CHLOE."

(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

in many respects would show a near parallel to the third of the fine arts which is included in that trinity of which many believe that the last is also greatest. But it is wiser to accept them as co-equal.

Now most people still express surprise at the marvels of printing; and still show apparent satisfaction with the meanest and ugliest examples of that art, which, they recognise, has done so much to change the life-history of the world. They will gaze in open-mouthed astonishment at so many thousand copies an hour being thrown off steam presses, and yet purr with satiated approval over the hideous volume which is the result of all this applied mechanism.

The artist is always amazed, and is for ever appalled, by common accidents of light and movement which do not excite the man in the street in the smallest degree. The emotions which move an artist to joy or grief seem the veriest trifles to the orthodox British citizen; while all the toys of the taxpayer—politics, religious factions, and other burning questions—interest the artist rarely, and seldom deeply. This may seem discursive; but unless you are willing to realise that to an artist's eyes the production of a beautiful book is worthy of as much patient study as the result of an international cricket match, the passing of a Bill through Parliament, or the shibboleth of one sect as opposed to the shibboleth of another—until one is ready to allow that the subject which attracts him interests him as honestly and wholly as these other matters interest the larger number, it were foolish to consider seriously a few volumes issued under the direct control of a young artist.

The art of producing a book differs in infinitesimal degree only, whether it be a cheap and nasty edition or a masterpiece that satisfies the most exacting critic. The possible variations allowed in good Roman type are few and exquisitely slight; the paper is necessarily paper, merely a poor quality for a bad book and a fine quality for a good one. Every page has margins: those produced by artists—of the past or present—are finely proportioned; the rest are left to chance. The ink is nominally black in each case: in the fine book it is really black; in the badly-printed one sometimes black, sometimes a dull neutral colour. The ugly book is usually, though not always, unreadable in some degree; its pages are often shiny and its type thin and meagre. But, after all, the possible difference between a beautiful book and a book of no beauty at all is a matter of surfaces, tones, and fractional variations

of measurement—all trifles of small importance to the practical man of business.

But we must remember that trifles rule the world; a fraction of difference in the curve of an eyebrow, or the contour of a nose, separates a Cleopatra from a commonplace dowdy. In Art there is no such thing as a trifle; every item of perfection must be perfect, and only those who know the thousand and one possible errors which



REDUCED FROM "DAPHNIS AND CHLOE."

(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

would, any one of them, mar a perfect book, can appreciate the result. The right thing often looks the easiest; but if it be the most direct way to produce the result, as it often is, the natural depravity of animate nature has to be fought in every one of the thousand possible shortcomings. In short, the renovation of the book from its normal ugliness to a thing satisfactory in every respect must concern its every particle. It must not be confounded with the pretty book—a thing with a charming cover and aesthetic illustrations. From the more serious point of view "the book" can dispense with these adjuncts, and become beautified by reason of its proportions and essential decorations. There is much decoration at present, good in itself

that does not beautify the book; in borders, for instance, you constantly find many young artists have not learned how to turn corners.

Logical efforts to produce a beautiful book are at present the secret of England. In France, Holland, and Belgium they know this well enough. This was apparent at the exhibition of *Le Livre Moderne* in Paris: although the Kelmscott editions do not seem to have been treated there so seriously as their importance warrants, and Mr. Ricketts's books were practically unrepresented.

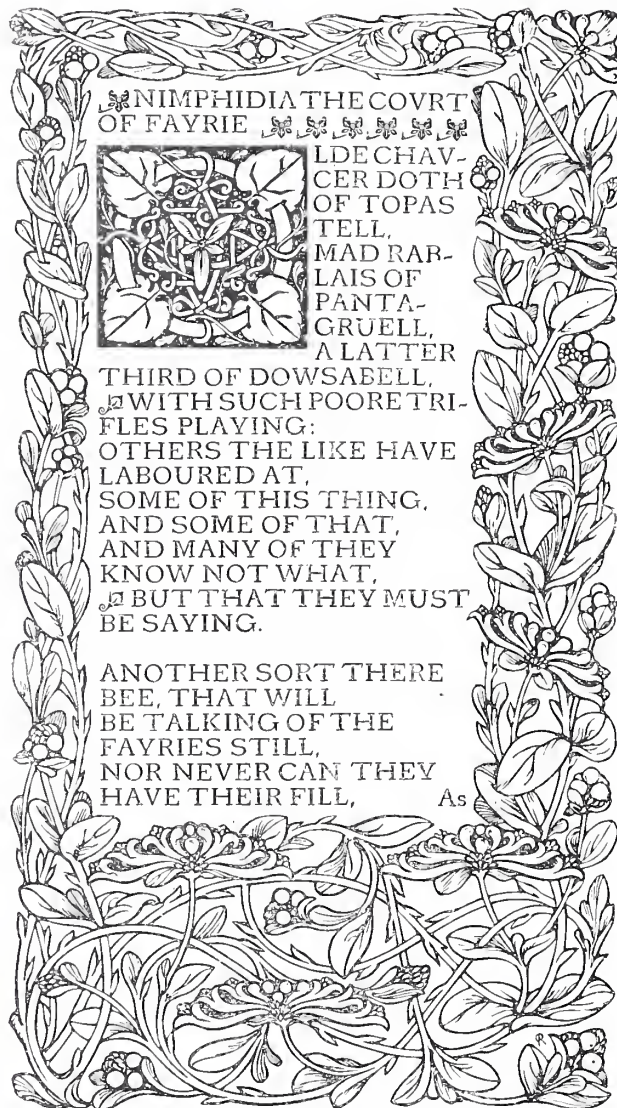
As the Vale Press books owe everything except the actual press-work to Mr. Ricketts, who is responsible for the type, the build of the page, the paper with its "Vale" watermark, the illustrations and decorations, and the bindings, it will be best to trace the evolution of these editions from earlier volumes which were only partially under his control.

Of these, the first number of "The Dial" is, I believe, the earliest; and the plan of this sumptuously-printed quarto reveals attention to those details of book-building which later works develop more fully. The prospectus to announce "The Dial," No. 1, and that to proclaim the advent of No. 3, are delightfully original; indeed, with all respect for Mr. Ricketts's later aims, one can hardly restrain a certain amount of regret that the invention displayed in arranging ordinary types in well-balanced masses has been set aside for a stricter adherence to the canons laid down by the early Italian and other master book-builders of the past. "The Dial," No. 1, appeared "from the Vale, Chelsea," in 1889; No. 2 in February, 1892; No. 3 in October, 1893; and No. 4, with the imprint "Hacon and Ricketts," in 1896.

The earliest book produced under Mr. Ricketts's entire control is "Silver-Points" (Lane, 1891)—a tall thin octavo, which, in its dainty cover (designed by Mr. Charles H. Shannon), is a treasure to collectors and a continual joy to the lover of fine books. Several points in it, then entirely fresh in modern

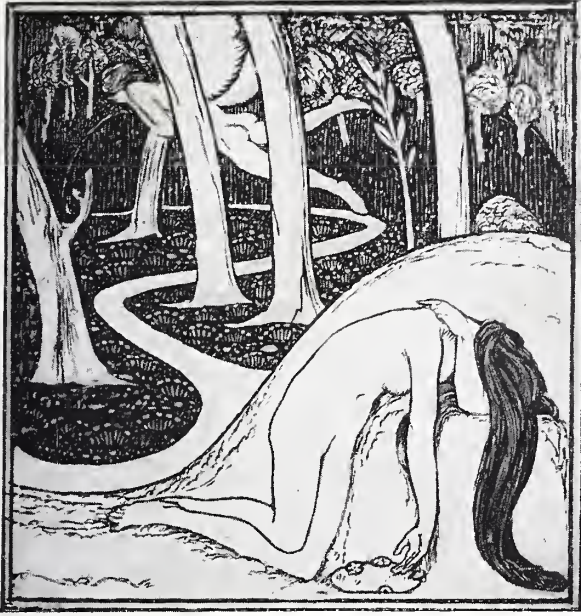
book-making, deserve mention. The poems are all in italic, except the initial letter of each line, which is Roman; the titles are in Roman capitals; the dedication in smaller-sized capitals, the whole packed tightly together, with margins that fulfil the established rule of the great printers—that is, narrowest on the inner side, the outer margin double the width of the inner, the top still more ample, and the lower wider still. Except that a simple decoration surrounds a few of the initials, there is not a spot of ornament in the whole book, which owes its beauty entirely to the arrangement of the type. In "A House of Pomegranates" (Osgood, McIlvaine, 1891)—as the prospectus duly announced—"the design and decoration of the book are by C. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon." Here we find that the pictures are deliberately planned to decorate the page, and that certain roundel designs are dotted here and there on the margins for the same purpose. Other books, notably "Grimm's Fairy Tales," with Mr. Walter Crane's designs, had long before attempted to bring the illustration to accord with the type-page; but this is nearer the ideal, for the massing of the type itself seems to have been more thoroughly supervised by the artist. "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime" (ditto) and "The Bard of the Dimbovitza" (ditto) also show strong trace of Mr. Ricketts's influence in their title-pages.

But these preliminary efforts must not be dwelt



REDUCED FROM "NIMPHIDIA,"
(By Michael Drayton. Vale Press Edition.)

upon. With "Daphnis and Chloe," a quarto volume, we encounter what is said to be the first book published in recent times with woodcuts by the artist, in a page arranged by himself. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Ricketts is distinctly a revivalist



(From an unpublished block.)

of original engraving, never common at any period. Mr. W. J. Linton admits only two original wood-engravers in the sixteenth century. One of the blocks reproduced here will convey an idea of the "Daphnis and Chloe," which is modelled obviously on the "Hyperotomachia" (Venice, 1499) and other books of that period. Not a few people have blamed Mr. Ricketts severely for his faithful adherence to the manner of the early Italians; and a few of these have at the same time approved equally faithful imitations of books of another race and time. The question is purely a matter of taste; but in choosing the Italians as models to follow, Mr. Ricketts stands alone at present. Not a little decorative book-making inspired by Teutonic and other early fashions has been put forth of late years; but so far my inquiries have discovered no modern book which has been directly inspired by the Florentine Rappresentazioni.

"Hero and Leander," issued in 1894, an octavo, is conceived in a different manner, and cannot be traced to the direct influence of any predecessor. The type of beauty which Mr. Ricketts adopts in its illustrations is not one that appeals to the lovers of the quaint or the pretty, who may be repelled by its severely archaic lines and the decorative intention which depicts a strangely fantastic ideal of humanity. To-day, when realism and imitation are

dominant, the deliberate intention of an artist to make his subject express the idea he wishes to convey within a rigid convention, without binding himself to the canons of academic draughtsmanship, is apt to be taken as treason. But those who are offended should remember that a draughtsman of Mr. Ricketts's ability does not err (if he err at all) through ignorance or carelessness. Emotion, passion, and the decorative pattern of his design sway him most; and to that end he evolves types of humanity which are not common, and proportions which do not agree with the record of the Kodak.

In "The Sphinx" (1894)—a delicately-wrought small-quarto, clad in white and gold, and printed in red, green, and black—the illustrations are still more severe, and are certainly entirely remote from the direct influence of any work past or present. The artist, I believe, ranks this as one of his most satisfactory works; and, caviare though it must needs be to the average taste, its singular beauty needs no praise here. The absence of sensuousness in designs that are passionate in intention is peculiarly noticeable. But for the moment we may regard the illustrations of these three books as a side issue; except in one very important factor: the quality of their line, and the amount of white paper left untouched, which has been decided en-

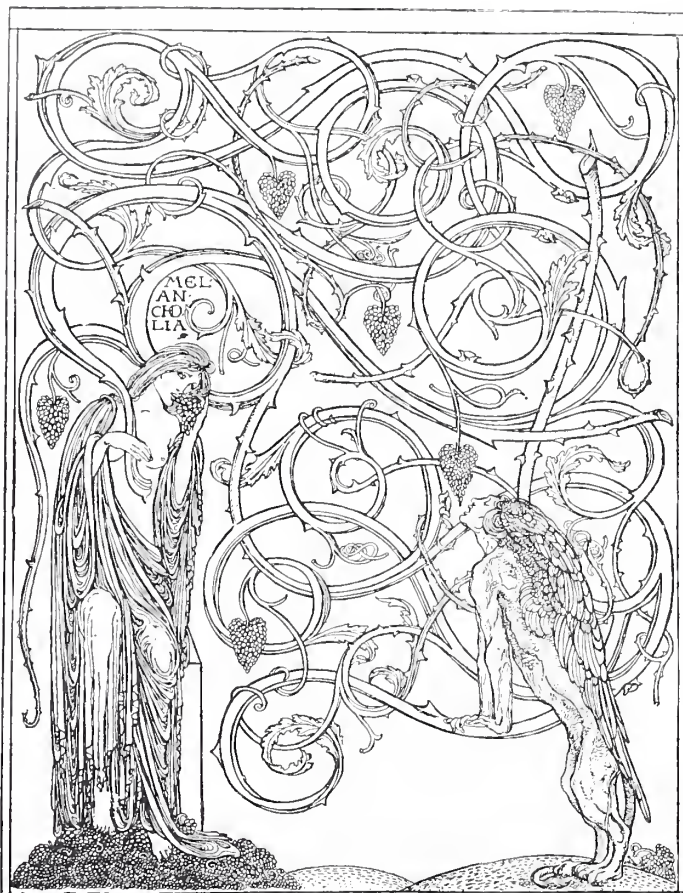


(From an unpublished block.)

tirely with regard to the effect in juxtaposition with the type. This is a point which Mr. Ricketts considers to be of the highest importance. It is the build of the page, the relation of the "colour" of

the engravings to the type, and the symmetry of the whole volume, which he insists upon; and in these respects any person who has studied the beauty of a well-planned book cannot fail to be interested, even if the result is unlike his previously accepted ideal.

But all these volumes are only steps in the history of the Vale Press, and do not represent



FROM "THE SPHINX."
(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

the ideal which Mr. Ricketts wished to attain. In 1896 the results of long experiments were made public, and the firm of Hacon and Ricketts was established. At present its publications are confined to books decorated, not illustrated; unless an occasional frontispiece entitles certain volumes to be so considered.

For these Mr. Ricketts designed a special type, and carried out an idea he had projected for a long time. The type has already been the theme of dispute, and has betrayed many hasty critics into rash statements. The possible innovations in a fount confessedly based on the precedent of the best Italian alphabets leave little room for violent novelty. One set of critics has objected to the style as too imitative; others have found it too

novel. But no critic so far seems to have been sufficiently impressed by its fundamental idea. Mr. Ricketts believes that the plan on which all letters should be based is that of the perfect circle or the perfect square; it matters not which geometrical form you choose, since a certain number of letters—M, L, H, and the like—demand a parallelogram, and others—C, G, Q, O—an ovate or circular plan.

If to draw this distinction between types based on the oval or the circle appear a mere quibble, we must remember that the difference between the Byzantine and Pointed styles, which divide architecture into two great sections, is one of similar limit. There is all the difference in the world, to a specialist in types, between a small "b," "g," or "o" that follows the circle [O], and one that is planned upon an oval [O]. I wish to emphasise this point, because I know that the designer regards it as vital; and I, for one, agree entirely with his estimate of its importance. The question of "seriffs" and the angles of certain strokes: whether a W consists of interlaced V's, or of two connected only by the serif; whether the seriffs of a capital T are vertical, or slant divers ways, or parallel—all these are secondary matters, but the plan of the letter is not secondary.

In the beautiful Kelmescott type, as in the famous Foulis founts and other notable instances, the O is ovate, and all other letters agree with it. In Mr. Ricketts's "Vale" type the square and the circle dominate every letter. If this distinction be passed over as unimportant, further contention is useless. But on this point no compromise can be entertained. If it be unimportant whether the arch is a semicircle, or planned, like Euclid's first problem, upon the intersection of circles, then it matters little. But so long as architecture is separated by such a structural difference, it follows that an O based on a circle, or an H based on a perfect square, must be entirely unrelated to the ovate O or the oblong H. When taste is in question, one allows the adversary equal vantage; but when geometry comes in, axioms must be observed. Therefore the ill-founded assertion that Mr. Ricketts's type copies any modern fount cannot be allowed. You may dislike his symbol for the ordinary "&," or dispute over the beauty of his seriffs and the oblique strokes of certain letters; but if you maintain that a circle and an oval are practically alike, the question of these nicer points need not be raised.

The Vale Press, with its own type, its own paper

with its own watermark, has so far produced a comparatively small number of books; but a few

experiments at early stages, I can unhesitatingly record his fervid anxiety to leave nothing undone that



INITIAL AND CULS-DE-LAMPE (By Charles Ricketts)

months could hardly be expected to yield a hundred volumes. The output before the autumn holidays of 1896 comprises "The Early Poems of Milton," "The Poems of Sir John Suckling," "The Nymphidia" by Michael Drayton, "Spiritual Poems" by John Gray—all with frontispieces, borders, and initial letters, designed and cut on the wood by Charles Ricketts; also "Epicurus, Leontine, and Ternissa," by W. S. Landor, with a border designed and cut by the same artist.

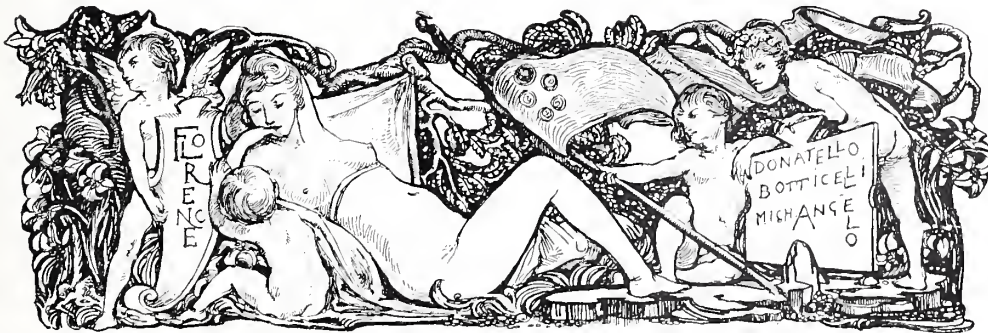
It would be easy to draw up a plea for the appreciation of this effort; but to do so, since a commercial enterprise is by the force of circumstances allied with an artistic experiment, would be to forsake a platonic attitude of disinterested appreciation, and descend to the puff oblique. As one who has had the privilege of seeing many of Mr. Ricketts's

shall perfect his books according to the ideal he has developed. The aspect in which they concern us is the aesthetic result. The type is legible, the printing by Messrs. Ballantyne as good as one could wish, the paper and all the details which complete a volume show the uttermost care. Of the bindings nothing has been said, not only because Mr. Ricketts's designs for cloth covers deserve a paper to themselves, but because they have been hitherto applied to books not entirely under his control. The Vale editions (the Suckling excepted) are clad in sober paper boards, or white buckram, with simple labels. His effort deserves



(From an Earlier Drawing by Charles Ricketts.)

the sympathy of all interested in the applied arts: and if its ideal be not theirs, let them be quite sure first whether it is not even better; and if they satisfy themselves it is not, then one might ask why only one ideal of a beautiful book is to be entertained.



(From an Early Drawing by Charles Ricketts.)



WEIR QUAY.

THE WANDERINGS OF THE TAMAR.

BY ANNIE GROSER HURD. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.



WHEN Nature wants to mark off one county or one country from another she does her work thoroughly: she plants an ocean or so to denote that that land or continent has reached its limits, or sends a river rolling along to divide her shires. It was evidently her intention that Devon and Cornwall should only be nodding acquaintances, for straight down between them trickles and ripples and rolls the Tamar. The Tamar and the Torridge rise close together in a bog, or rather they ooze through a bog so soon after their birth in Wooley Moor, a desolate spot not five miles from the ocean that washes Devon's northern shores, that the hundred yards of rivulet between the six-foot pool—which in summer vanishes almost away—and the bog is hardly worth a mention. It is rumoured in the legends of the neighbourhood that the Torridge once had leanings towards flowing down between the two westernmost counties, where was the warmest climate and fattest soil, and that their two genii, after a violent contention, fell asleep. Torridge, first awaking, ran slowly off, and was well on his way before the

Tamar awaked. He, however, being angry, posted after with all possible speed, but was much hindered by the stones that lay about. Notwithstanding these, he hurried so violently that he got the advantage, and the poor slow-going Torridge, discovering that it was of no use to strive any more, wheeled about and took a northern course.

“Torridge stole away while Tamar slept;
Tamar, he woke up and roared and weeped”

is a local rhyme which sums up the encounter.*

“The Tamar at first for haste,” the legend concludes, “made few indents or wheelings, having an earnest desire to visit the warmer climate; but having once obtained the goal disports himself wantonly.” And wanton indeed is his course after he has run half the length of the counties, though not by any means half his own length. For in sinuous folds he wanders first east, then west, then north again, showing an indecision of character detrimental to his reputation, though highly enlivening to the scenery.

Its upper reaches are not only inaccessible, but comparatively uninteresting in a district like the West Country, where each turn is supposed to show

* Quoted by Mr. John Ll. Paige.



NEW BRIDGE ON THE TAMAR.

more fascinations than the last. But catch the Tamar at Greystone Bridge, which crosses it near the old village of Dunterton, or even a few miles further down at that Eden in England, Endsleigh Cottage, and you will not want to part companionship until the soft woods of Mount Edgecumbe on the one side, and the hard reality of Devil's Point on the other, warn you that its life is spent, and it has merged its own identity in the broad waters of Plymouth Sound. But at Endsleigh the river is in all the glory of early youth. The so-called cottage, one of the homes of the Bedford family, is built high above the river in its Devon side, and in its sheltered grounds, sloping to the water, are gardens, walks, shrubberies, and avenues full of rich southern loveliness.

Opposite are woods which, even in Devon, are famed for their unspoiled beauty. And coyly the river wanders on in districts rarely seen by the tourist, for they are the private property of the noble house of Russell. But to all appearances the river has no modern grudge against land-owners, for it meanders on, bubbling over stony shallows,

few miles are hardly to be equalled: gently-sloping banks lined to the edge with woods rich with all the undergrowth of fern and moss or flower that Devon knows, or abruptly-rising scours of stern grey granite boulder to break the monotony of gentleness.

With a swift turn, after leaving the romantic woods, where the hand of man has left no trace, the river suddenly wakes to a sense of worldliness by coming on that mine which is one of the romances of mining, the Devon Great Consols. Ugly and disfiguring it is without doubt, with its wheels and refuse-heaps, scaffolding and tunnelling, but here, away in this far-off corner of the West, fortunes have been made and lost. In justice to the Devon Consols, it is only fair to say more were made than lost; for although the shares were not fully paid up, at one time the one-pound shares changed hands at the giddy price of £600, and in twenty-one years of working £40,000 was paid to the Duke of Bedford in dues alone, while the profits paid to shareholders amounted to £180,000. In its palmy days it had thirty or so miles of tunnelling, thirty-two water-



MORWELL ROCKS.

stopping in dark hollows which anglers love, and growing gradually deeper until it becomes of some use as a navigable stream. But for loveliness those

wheels, nine miles of shafts and winzes, and a reputation that sent the county mining-mad. Now the wheels move slowly, and in its very decrepit

old age the ore has forsaken it, and though it is worked for arsenic, the return is not great.

But the river still rolls on as steadily as in the days of 5,000 per cent., and by the time it has passed under the New Bridge it has almost forgotten that there ever was a mine whose refuse once discoloured its waters.

This New Bridge gives the lie to its name at first sight, for it is of old grey stone, half covered with ivy,

far and no farther" has been writ across the weir, which marks, too, the limit of the tides. It is fortunate for the tourist on one of these steamers that the weir does not occur a few miles further down. For between it and the village of Calstock, famed for its donkeys and its strawberries, lies a stretch which is the loveliest part of the river—in its navigable fraction at any rate. On the Devon side rise steep crags, three hundred feet sheer from



DANESCOMBE

but it has several distinctions. It is the key of Cornwall, or it was when armies marched through the country, and more than once it has seen, and felt, too, hard fighting between the Roundheads, who kept the bridge, and the Cavaliers, who forced it. Then it is the last, or the first, bridge which crosses the Tamar, always excepting Brunel's great achievement at Saltash. But that is a railway bridge, and deprives one of the childish excitement of standing with one foot in each county, which the New Bridge affords. The Cornish side of the bridge had to split the difference with the steep hill that drops down from the quaint village of Gunnislake, and jump up to meet it. But Devon and Cornwall are never expected to make things pleasant for engineers; their *rôle* is to make pictures, and they do it.

In the summer days a paddle-steamer industriously tramps up and down the twenty-five miles or so of water from the sea to the Weir Head. Doubtless, it would go higher if it could, but "Thus

the river; in every niche some tree has found a home; the whole stands a great scene of grandeur, softened by green and brown touches.

There is a path to the top of these Morwell Rocks, and it were a crime to stop half-way, for from it is a view which, even in Devon, is accounted fine. The river winds and bends and twists for miles, and in the end has got about two nearer to the sea; the Cornish hills stretch blue in the west, and behind are the tors of Dartmoor.

Calstock, a mile or so further on, would be a profoundly uninteresting riverside village, its cottages lazily scattered about the hill, were it not for several mundane considerations; the first being that it has been, from time out of mind, pre-eminently the spot for tea. There is an old inn on the Devon side which is the joy of artists seeking a foreground; and there is a supply of fruit which is the joy of the thirsty soul seeking refreshment. The quaint old Cornish women awaiting you on

the quay, with their clean aprons and big sun-bonnets, and baskets filled with fruit from the gardens which cover the hill-sides for miles—for

Edgcombe did in all historical probability escape the vengeance of the followers of Richard III., who regarded him as an enemy, by flinging his cap



CARGREEN, FROM CLAMOAK.

this is the centre of a strawberry- and cherry-growing district which exports tons a day to the London market in the season—are quite primitive enough to satisfy the seeker for the picturesque.

But what Calstock lacks in romance is abundantly made up for in Cotehele House, which is round the next bend of the river, though it must be taken on faith, for it is out of sight.

Every stone has its story: it contains rooms full of treasures collected by its present owners—the Mount-Edgcombe family—some of them relics of royal visitors who have made a sojourn there; and its battlemented walls have felt the assaults of the marauder. On the river, just beyond Cotehele Quay, is a little chapel built on a rocky bank, as the thank-offering of a Sir Richard Edgcombe for his escape from his enemies. It is particularly desired that no historian will attempt to deprive the Tamar of this tale, or of the tree on the banks lower down where Charles I. climbed and watched his pursuers pass underneath: as the unfortunate monarch seems to have some twenty-five trees up and down the county sacred to his hiding, this one in the West may surely be left in peace. But Sir Richard

full of stones into the river, and leading them to think him gone with it. He lived, however, to build this chapel, be knighted by Henry, and enjoy the estates of his pursuers, which were confiscated and given over to him. A combe above the chapel has also a ring of the past, for it is said to be the spot where the Danes landed in 977, and whence they marched to the battle on the moorland above. Hence the name, Danescombe.

More bends and windings between low-lying meadow-land on the one hand and sloping woods on the other, and the stream, grown muddy and brown and big with its contact with the haunts of men, flows past Pentillie Castle grounds, the home of a West-country family, the Corytons. The house itself owes its chief interest to its situation, crowning the hill, Rhine-like fashion, and peeping out from the luxuriant growth of the gardens and woods which surround it. In coming up the river, there is a curious effect with which the native loves to mystify the visitor. For when, two miles off by the river—though only a third of a mile in a straight line—Pentillie comes in view, the unsophisticated stranger is ready to stake all his possessions to back

his assertion that Pentillie is on the Devon bank. But that is because he has not yet learned the wiles of this snaky river, or discovered his way of doubling back upon himself.

In its middle age the Tamar is at its worst and most uninteresting period. Fields and low-lying banks rob it of all romance. It is simply a stream not broad enough to be impressive, and not narrow enough to be romantic. Cargreen, a little village which clusters round its own quay, has been infected by the character of the river, and is prosaic enough to belong anywhere but where it is. It has a link with the past in its near neighbour, Llandulph, which has a church in which is a tomb which holds the bones of an emperor, one Theodore Paleologus, the last descendant of the Greek Emperors of Constantinople, who died in 1636 while on a visit to the neighbourhood. It is when it gets on nearer the works of men that the river again has any interest, and now of a different kind. It broadens out into what to all appearances is a lake, joins forces with the Tavy, and reaches that colossal piece of engineering, the Saltash Bridge. Brunel is said to have ruined himself over the contract, being unable to find a bottom for the shafts, and to have been so nervous

of work before his death. But Saltash, the quaint town from which it springs, had a name and two members of Parliament long before it had a bridge, and it still has the name, though it has lost the members.

Now it is a moot point where the Tamar ceases. Some would end its career with Saltash, others with the Devil's Point; but it seems a hard thing to rob it of its identity just where it becomes a national institution, for its estuary, called the Hamoaze, is used as a dumping-ground for old three-deckers that have been put to other uses than sea-going, obsolete men-of-war used as store-houses, two training-ships; and as well it is the first element into which the Devonport dockyards shoot their new vessels. Here, active, sea-going war-vessels come and go, and it forms one of the safest and most secluded harbours in the world. It receives the Lynher, a Cornish river, and sends water up a short blind alley called the Mill Creek; it sweeps past Mount Edgcombe, with its lordly woods and water-girt loveliness, and finally succumbs to the sea off Devil's Point, where, saith the tradition, his Satanic Majesty turned back in despairing disgust in his travels on hearing that the Methodists were in Cornwall. But the Tamar does



THE HAMOAZE, FROM SALTASH.

about the results that on the opening day he went to bed with orders that he was not to be disturbed until the first train had passed over. Be that as it may, he never did another piece

not give itself up without a struggle, for at the Point it engages in such a fierce fight with the sea that there is, even in calm weather, a swirling whirlpool to mark its grave.

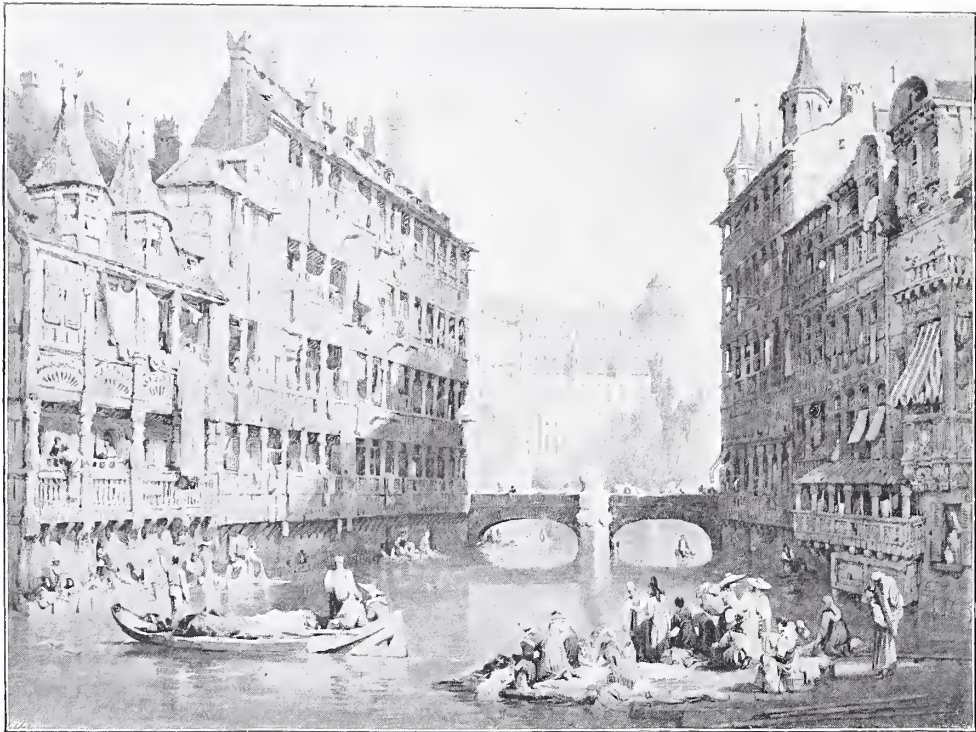
THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P.

IV.—THE DECEASED ENGLISH MASTERS. LOW COUNTRY PAINTERS.

BY F. G. STEPHENS.

AS George Vincent (1796—*c.* 1831) was not only one of the ablest and most original of the pupils of John Crome, an English marine painter

“Hastings,” which is now at South Kensington, shared the revived honours of Vincent in 1862. In the “Greenwich Hospital,” which is before us,



NUREMBERG.

(By Samuel Prout.)

par excellence, who was born a century ago, it is pleasant to begin these notes with references to his harmony of colour and tone. The beautiful “Greenwich Hospital,” which, like a dark pearl, is almost iridescent, excels in the super-delicate beauty of the water in front and the seemingly tremulous expanse of the atmosphere. It embraces a scene which Vincent made the subject of his greatest work, the large and famous “Greenwich Hospital,” which, when it was at the International Exhibition, took the modern art world by storm. Until that time, although Vincent had been dead only thirty years, and many who knew him were still living, this brilliant and powerful leader of the Norwich school was already almost forgotten—in that respect resembling his contemporary, John James Chalon, a landscape and coast painter of, so to say, the first water, who ceased to paint in 1847, and passed out of note till his masculine

the artist showed himself a master of composition; the masses of his grouped sailing craft are disposed, it is true, with skill of a somewhat conventional sort; while the row-boat and the buoy in front are as obviously intended to connect those masses in the fore-water as the curving lines of the land are designed to bring them together in the distance. Composition of this simple sort was always zealously aimed at by the Norwich school. In fact, a large part of the charm we enjoy in the works of the men of that category is due to their success in this really difficult, though seemingly simple, element of design. The most successful of the Norwich composers—who were likewise fine sea painters, like Vincent—was John Sell Cotman (1782—1842), whose capital “Town in Holland” is before the reader in a good cut which amply justifies the reputation of this well-endowed artist. Any one of his drawings will serve to illustrate the principles

of composition of a less obvious sort than obtains in the Vincent we have just examined.

It is noteworthy that, while the Norwich school—which based its principles, and not a little of its practice, upon the Dutch land and marine painters of the seventeenth century and earlier half of the eighteenth century—was flourishing in East Anglia and London, another very brilliant group of artists was, under the auspices or the example of John Varley, rapidly coming to the front in the metropolis, in the Midlands, and in Wales. This group comprised realistic landscape painters of the calibre of Mulready, Linnell, Edridge, W. Hunt, and David Cox, of the last of whom I have previously spoken. At this point I may be allowed to say that in the lately deceased George P. Boyce we have lost the last of Cox's eminent and original followers. Cox was born within a year after Cotman: but from the first he worked on different principles, and it may be said that this divergence illustrates the characteristic independence and abundant originality of the leading professors of English landscape. The one group looked at nature—if I may say so—through Dutch spectacles; the other group, who

nature. This is manifest in W. Hunt's remark to me, "I never drew even a pin without nature." These conscientious artists were not, however, the first confessors of the same faith. This fact is attested by the life and work of the next painter, who enjoyed such length of days that, born twelve years before David Cox and thirteen years before Cotman, he survived them till 1859, when Cotman had been dead seventeen years and Cox about two months.

This earlier confessor of nature's charms than Cox was James Ward (1769—1859), who, founding himself as a painter on nature alone (he was trained as an engraver), shows, with a heavier touch than Cox's, the like Englishness and vigour in the fine and solid group of cattle near a finger-post at cross roads, which is an ornament of this collection. But it has little of Cox's or Vincent's airiness and expansiveness. None of these artists had the least taint of what may be called scholasticism; but the next English contemporary of theirs we come to here is Samuel Prout, whose well-known "Nuremberg" (which I think has been engraved in an "Annual") and the more admirable "Milan Cathedral" (much



GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(From the Painting by George Vincent.)

were, nevertheless, by no means indifferent to composition, looked at nature direct—so much so, indeed, that some of them refused to do anything without

rejoiced in by Mr. Ruskin) hang near each other. He exceeds in that quality. I delight in the dexterity and *chic* of Prout's "pencil-ling," but, precisely

because of those characteristics, I can never cease wondering why Mr. Ruskin—devout prophet of Turner, Cox, and William Hunt as he is—experienced raptures over a Prout, the craftsmanship

position—which includes selecting the elements of pictures with an apparent artlessness that masks the rarest art.

By way of disposing of the groups before me of English landscapes proper and landscapes with figures I shall here call attention to a famous example in which the influence of Venice is strongly shown—it is, perhaps, the best of all Turner's paintings including nude, or nearly nude, figures—the renowned "Venus and Adonis," which, painted some years before, was an ornament of the Academy Exhibition of 1849. Here we have a spirited design showing, with exceptional vigour, the goddess supine upon the bed whose whiteness adds to the glow and rich colouring of her flesh; she is attempting to detain the eager huntsman, whose more eager hounds chafe at his tardiness. As to the subject of this work Turner had Titian's example before him, not only in regard to the colour scheme of this the latest of all his finer pieces, but in the idea of placing the hovering group of *amorini* in the sky, impatiently making ready their mistress's chariot; in the serenity of the deep blue and unfathomable firmament and the shining white clouds which catch the lustre of the morning sun, the gold of the chariot, the languorous ardour of Venus, and the dark roses of her draperies. Turner, who defied Claude, here, with still more daring, ventured to measure himself with Titian! Another Titianesque and more original picture in this collection is a delightful version



TOWN IN HOLLAND.

(From the Painting by J. S. Cotman.)

of which represents to me the *ne plus ultra* of drawing-mastership. Like a vast ivory shrine set in sunlight is the front of "Milan" here in question. To be adapted to quite another standard than that which befits the author of "Milan" is the grave, broad, and pathetic "Old Mill" hanging near it, and doing honour to the honorable name of De Wint. Mr. Quilter's father had several capital specimens by the same hand, its delightful "dewiness" and massive style. If I remember aright, this is one of the best of them. With these may be grouped, besides, minor instances by (1) Collins—see his very characteristic "Cromer;" (2) Constable—the view of the edge of a wood, with a pool, boy, dog, and cattle, which happily reminds the student of a Waterloo, and, by the same, two earlier works, in one of which is to be seen the house of Golding Constable, the R.A.'s father: and (3) Cotman, whose "Town in Holland" is here reproduced as a good specimen of the skill of one of our English masters of com-

position of Sir E. Burne-Jones's choicest art, the lovely "Green Summer," in which a group of charming dames and damsels, diversely clad in green of various tints delightfully harmonised, sit on the sward of a glowing landscape consisting of a sunlit glade and background of dark trees.

The most remarkable of Mr. Quilter's Low Country pictures is the life-size bust, or half-length figure, seated nearly in front view, of a Dutch gentleman of distinction, one Heer Pieter Tiarek, who was fortunate enough to find a short and easy way to immortality by sitting to Frank Hals when that master—the first of all realistic portrait painters, not only of his own time, but of all time—was in possession of his highest powers. Born in 1584, Hals entered the world not fewer than twenty-two years before Rembrandt, to whom is generally awarded the honour of leading the way in that direction. The fact is, however, that it is Rubens who, born in 1577, and a portrait painter of the

first class, a stupendous master of the forth-right touch, may justly claim to have initiated this very precious achievement. Hals, with a firmer touch than Rubens's, and equally consummate accomplishments, carried portraiture nearer to nature than the great Sir Peter Paul himself. Rembrandt thus found doubly prepared for him the way for working those wondrous charms of portraiture in regard to which none have surpassed, and very few approached, him. His debt to Hals was, undoubtedly, greater than to any other master, but we must remember that, like every great painter, both Hals and Rembrandt, as well as Rubens and Van Dyck, attained freedom and mastery by means of strenuous and indomitable care carried to the utmost of what the bolder class of "modern" critics and our more audacious and ambitious practitioners call "niggling." That is, these incomparable masters of the brush, like Millais and "old William Hunt" in our own time, and Velazquez two centuries ago, began to draw as if for their lives, to paint without flinching, and, with the utmost research, to study from nature. It is owing to such studies as these that Hals contrived to depict Heer Pieter Tiarek (of Amsterdam, I believe he was) in the wonderful fashion our engraving accurately reproduces—just as, some two hundred and eighty-four years ago—say, in 1608, Tiarek turned quickly in his chair (it was a way many of Hals' sitters had), and, still holding the full-blown rose he had been trifling with, lifted up his face so that the shadow of his broad-rimmed black felt hat did not cover his eyes, looked at the painter. Being a staid and business-like worthy, whose time was worth money, he evidently settled to his sitting with the same decision as he would have exercised in any other occupation in which he took an interest. Energetic and reserved, distinguished by his cautious and self-contained air and expression, his features and their aspect are, so to say, a biography which Hals thoroughly mastered and preserved for a future as long as paint and canvas can endure.

That endurance will, barring accidents, be long indeed if the next three centuries work no greater changes in Tiarek's portrait than the past centuries have effected. The execution of this wonder is the delight and the despair of countless artists. There was no masterpiece to which, when Mr. Quilter lent it to the Academy as No. 69 in 1891, Leighton, eclectic to the heart as he was, gave more attention than to the mosaic-like modelling of the features of this face. The handling of the falling ruff in its numerous plaits—every one of them being compact of study, and yet the whole as "broad" as the "broadest" Rubens or Rembrandt ever painted—is a technical feat the achievement of which one requires to be a painter fully to appreciate. Nor is the execution of the hand less marvellous. It would seem that such merits as this picture possesses would from the first have ensured for the artist a thorough welcome in our own veracity-



"VENUS AND ADONIS," OR "DEPARTURE FOR THE CHASE."

(From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner R.A.)

loving country. It was not so, however. So lately as 1830, John Smith, who compiled the famous "Catalogue Raisonné," did not include Hals among the Low Country masters whom he thought the artistic and amateur world cared most for. I am much in doubt if, before 1860, any Hals had, if at all, been engraved on the master's account. The British Institution included in its more than sixty exhibitions only eighteen Halses, of which some were shown twice or thrice. In twenty years the Academy did not borrow more than twenty-eight Halses. Until 1872 no Hals was sold in England for so much as a hundred pounds;* from fifteen to

* NOTE.—The Wallace "Laughing Cavalier" cost the late Marquess of Hertford £2,010 at the Pourtalès sale.—ED.

twenty pounds was the normal price for such works. In 1873, while visiting a well-known private collection of pictures in Yorkshire, I encountered a capital portrait by this master among numerous then more fashionable works. The fair and stately owner asked me which painting I liked best in her collection, and when the answer came, "I like best, Lady —, that Hals which hangs between the windows," she evidently took me for a false prophet, and cried, "Why, my late husband bought it at Amsterdam for twenty pounds!" However this might be, I think it is within the mark to say that Mr. Quilter gave more than four thousand pounds for the portrait of Heer Pieter Tiarck which is before us now.

THE HERMITAGE.*

SOME time in the year of our Lord 1743 the great ones who directed the affairs of the Empire of Russia were casting about to find a bride for the young heir to the throne, a grandson of the great Peter. He was at this time only sixteen years old, "weak and sickly of body, restive, impetuous, and brutal in temper; this lad even at that early age exhibited a pronounced passion for drink." But a Tsar must have a wife, and the young German Princess Sophia of Anhalt was invited to St. Petersburg "on approval." A child of fourteen, she arrived early in the year 1744 with her mother, and found when she reached Russia that she had to play as difficult a part as ever fell to the lot of any young girl or grown woman. She was alone and without a friend, but she had come to Russia to fulfil a great destiny, and she was not to be deterred by difficulties that would have overwhelmed and disheartened a less strong and vigorous mind. She kept herself so well in hand, so lived down the misrepresentations, that at length she was officially betrothed to the young Grand Duke, and in 1745 they were married, without the existence of a spark of affection on either side.

On the death of the Empress the Emperor Peter III. was proclaimed in her stead. The first acts of his life were all so unpopular that the army turned against him. Amongst other things he publicly insulted his wife, issued an order for her arrest, proposing to repudiate her and marry his mistress. But he did not know his wife. Whilst he was with his

boon companions arranging for her arrest and probable assassination, she, with her usual decision, drove to the capital and put herself in the hands of the army. They were filled with enthusiasm for this Empress, who, in the uniform of a colonel, at the head of fourteen thousand soldiers, marched straight to the palace of the Emperor, who was forced to sign his abdication, conferring upon his wife all his rights and privileges. Three days after he died in his prison, and his wife, the great Catherine I., reigned in his stead. It was this Empress Catherine of Russia who founded the Hermitage, now one of the finest picture galleries in Europe. She did not intend it for a picture gallery only. She had literary as well as artistic tastes, and she had about her many who came to her gatherings at the Winter Palace, where she placed her books and her collection of pictures in a special pavilion erected for the purpose, named the Hermitage, because to it the Empress retired for seclusion in her leisure moments. Successive monarchs have added to the collection, until Nicholas I. built a new museum to take the place of the old pavilion.

There exist in this museum about eighteen hundred works, and as it falls to the lot of few people to go to St. Petersburg, we may be grateful to the Berlin Photographic Company for having obtained the sanction of the Tsar for the reproduction of the chief pictures to be found there. It is the intention to publish reproductions in photogravure of eighty-four of these canvases. The first part, containing eighteen, is in our hands, and we have no doubt that, not only from the interest in the pictures themselves, but also on account of the admirable way they are reproduced, the collection of plates will find its way into every library where art has a place.

* The Hermitage. Eighty-four photogravures directly reproduced from the original paintings in the Imperial Gallery at St. Petersburg. By authority of H.H.M. the Tsar, with an introduction by Sir Martin Conway. (London: The Berlin Photographic Co.)



PETER TIARCK.

(From the Painting by Franz Hals. In the Collection of Mr. W. Cuthbert Quilter, M.P. Engraved by M. Baudoin.)

THE "KING RENÉ'S HONEYMOON" CABINET.

BY JOHN P. SEDDON.

THE cabinet here illustrated was designed by myself in the year 1861, and was exhibited in the International Exhibition of 1862. It is

painter, sculptor, and musician, though unfortunate in his political career, being driven out of Sicily and Naples by Alfonsi of Aragon in 1442, and deprived



CABINET.

(Designed by J. P. Seddon. Decorated by D. G. Rossetti and Ford Madox Brown.)

made of oak inlaid with "purple" and other richly coloured woods.

The firm of Messrs. Morris, Marshall and Company, then recently established and associated with several artists since become famous, including Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Edward Burne-Jones, undertook the commission to paint for it the four large panels of the lower part, to illustrate "Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, and Music," and the six small panels of the upper part, to represent subsidiary arts and crafts.

Ford Madox Brown suggested for the purpose a series of imaginary incidents in the honeymoon of King René, the titular King of Naples, Sicily, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, the father of Margaret, queen of Henry VI. of England. He was a man of wide and artistic cultivation, an amateur poet, architect,

of Anjou by Louis XI. of France in 1473: he then retired to Aix, where he died in 1480, still loved by his people, who called him "Le Bon Roi René."

In the subjects chosen for illustration it is supposed that after his marriage he would build a palace for himself and his spouse, and carve and decorate it himself; and finally, when complete, rejoice and make melody in it. Consequently, the figure of the king, attended by his queen, appears in each of the large panels: in the first they are both seated on a bench, with a plan of their palace spread at their feet: she is evidently making some proposal in a coaxing manner, to which he is giving serious, perhaps puzzled, consideration. This picture, representing "Architecture," is by Ford Madox Brown, and is a remarkably beautiful and graceful composition. The dress of the queen is white, embroidered with flowers

and edged with dark fir: that of the king is of a rich purplish red, lined with blue, and his shoes are scarlet. The two central panels are by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and represent "Sculpture" and "Painting." In the former the king is standing and carving a statue, with his queen behind in an admiring attitude. In the latter he is seated and drawing the figure of a woman, while his consort is looking on. There is great dignity combined with simplicity in these two designs. The fourth panel, depicting "Music," is the work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti: rich in colour and in treatment, thoroughly characteristic of that gifted artist. The queen is playing on a kind of regal, or chamber-organ, the bellows of which the king is blowing, even while bending over the instrument to kiss her; her dress is green, and a fur cloak lined with orange falls from her shoulders.

The six smaller panels are occupied by three-quarter length figures of two men, one glass-blowing

and the other hammering wrought ironwork, and of four girls embroidering, etc., but one—that which represents "Gardening"—is by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and the rest are by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

The whole are remarkable not only as the works of artists of genius, but as specimens of true decorative art, so seldom understood and realised in these days. The rich harmonious colour of the wood and metal-work make a rich setting to the paintings and produce a splendid general effect, so that no small interest is attached to this unique cabinet both from an historical and artistic point of view.

[This interesting example of co-operative art has lately been on exhibition at the Grafton Gallery, properly taking its place among the works of Ford Madox Brown—a collection which, better than any that has hitherto been brought together or ever likely to be made again, displayed in a remarkable manner the master's noble merits and his striking limitations. It was the final vindication of Madox Brown's genius.—EDITOR.]

THE ART MOVEMENT.

APPLIED AND DECORATIVE ART IN GERMANY.

BY PAUL SCHULTZE-NAUMBURG.

IT must be difficult for English readers to form any accurate conception of the state of things from which the recent attempts at applied and decorative art in Germany have been developed. The conditions were so unlike those prevailing in any other country that they can only be explained by a brief historical retrospect.

Artistic vitality in Germany may be divided into two main periods—the first, from the beginning

victory over the French and the contemporaneous unification of Germany marked the beginning of an epoch in the artistic life of the nation. While in England, for instance, throughout this century, art has never lost its hold on taste so completely as in Germany; in France artistic crafts triumphed, especially under the Second Empire, when applied art was at its lowest ebb in Germany. Not taste alone, but technical skill too, had almost died out;



POSTER. (By Max Langer.)



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

of this century to the year 1870: the other, from the year 1871 down to the present time. The

artists regarded it as beneath their dignity to lend a helping hand to the work of the artisan, and,

indeed, they lacked, for the most part, the necessary training.

After the war of 1870-71, when the German people recovered their balance, they made a great discovery—namely, that they had a noble tradition of artistic handiwork. By studying the surviving masterpieces of the Renaissance, they discerned the worthlessness of their own productions, and now strove

with eager zeal to achieve such works as those of the masters before them. This they at first did

water” for ten years inundated the land, till here, as in other countries, taste went through the whole gamut of styles—Baroque, Rococo, Empire, and all.

It never occurred to anyone to try to find genuine expression for individual ideas. The purchasing public was satisfied with “arrangements” in the most dissimilar styles: thus the dining room would be “Old German,” the study “Baroque,” the lady’s boudoir

“Rococo,” and the reception-room “Empire:” and everyone was pleased, especially when each style could



VASES. (Designed and Executed by Max Langer.)

Eintagsglück.

Weisst Du es noch, wie einst am frühen Tag
Ich Dir zuerst in grüner Waldespracht
Den Pfad gekreuzt? — Stark wie ein
Zauberschlag,
Und doch so mild, hat Deiner Augen Macht
Mein junges Herz an Deine Huld gebannt
Mit Deinem ersten Gruss. Auch Du
Hast mir Dein liebes Haupt nicht abgewandt
Und leuchtend fog's von Herz dem
Herzen zu.
Da ging ein Flüstern durch den Buchenhain,
Es wob in gold'nem Netz Frau Minne ein
Uns tief im Wald, der lauten Welt ver-
borgnen —

Da war es Morgen!

Weisst Du es noch, wie immer wilder dann
Verschwieg'nes Glück zu hellem Jubel
schwoll?
Kamur war ich frei aus Deiner Nähe Bann,
So schlug mein Herz schon beng und
unruhvoll
Nach Deinem nächsten Kuss. Dein Auge
trank
Aus meinen Blicken Sinn und Seele mir;
Von Dir verlassen, war mein Denken krank,
Genesung war und Leben nur bei Dir!
Das war ein Schenken, das sich selbst
vergass,
Ein Nehmen war es ohne Reu' und Mass,
Wenn ich entrückt in Deinen Armen lag —

Da war's Mittag!

Wir liebten noch, die Herzen brannten fort,
Doch nicht so wild und nicht so ziellos mehr
Und hin und wieder fiel ein trübes Wort:
„Wohin, wohin?“ Das klang so unheimlich-
schwer.
Wir fühlten's Beide, dass das Ende kam —
Es musste sein, sonst starben wir daran!
O böse Stunde, da ich Abschied nahm —
Wie klammerte an Dich mein Herz sich an!
Wir hatten's doch so ehrlich treu gemeint!
Ich fiel auf's Kniee, da hat ein Mann
geweint,
Sein Angesicht in Dein Gewand ver-
grabend —

Da ward es Abend.

Die Monde rollten träge ihren Lauf,
Es war vorbei und keine Hoffnung blieb
Mir nicht zu Liebe ging die Sonne auf,
Doch wenn sie niedersank, so war mir's lieb.
Dann kam der Tag, wo ich Dich wiedersah
Im weissen Kleid, den Brautkranz auf dem
Haupt —
Wie zuckte da mein Herz auf, Dir so nah,
Als hätt' es immer noch an Glück geglaubt!
Wie schwer vom Weine, war mein Sinn
verwirrt,
Durch fremde Gassen bin ich umgerirt
Und hab' die Stunden feberheiss durch-
wacht —

Da war es Nacht!

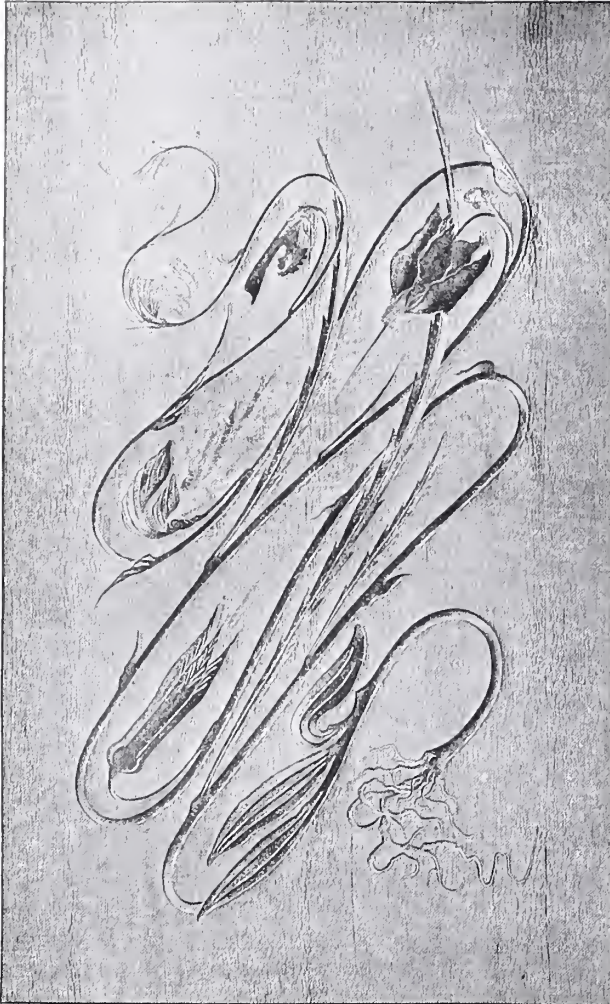
MORNING, AFTERNOON, EVENING, AND NIGHT. (Reduced from "Jugend." Designed by Otto Eckmann.)

by simply copying them. “Old German” was the watchword, and this German “Renaissance” and

he said to be strictly “carried out”—an historical museum on a small scale. German craftsmen had,

indeed, never learnt in these various schools to do anything but multiply the recognised patterns, repeating them by hundreds, and overlaying the typical forms with more or less tasteful ornament. The quantity of the ornamentation thus applied determined the price from the simplest to the most

encouragement from the public, who were wholly ignorant of the principles of aesthetics. The crafts-



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

costly. There was no sign of purity of style, natural harmony, appropriateness, or logical fitness.

Such methods naturally could not fail to incur the contempt of all true artists, especially when they had become familiar with the work of Walter Crane and other foreign designers; and we began to say that this impossible state of things was no longer to be endured. Clever men there were in plenty, who had ideas and invention for new and original work; but the execution was a matter of greater difficulty than in any other country. Artists brought up to be painters or sculptors had no comprehension of the technique of handicraft: they had not the money to devote to the purpose, and, even if they had done so, they would have found no



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

men themselves showed no originality or initiative, the dealers met with no purchasers, and the artists lacked capital. Thus all the conditions were as unfavourable as possible, and it is a proof of great energy and determination on the part of the artist world that it should at last be beginning to conquer such difficulties. Though even now it seeks in vain freer conditions and better executants, more voices are



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

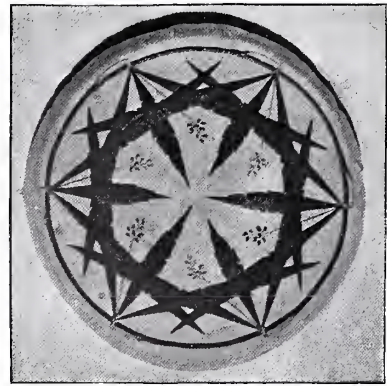
to be heard every day asking for such improvements; and if the well-to-do and wealthy German public were to any sufficient extent to patronise it, a new and

spontaneous growth of art would flourish, as applied to manufacture, as it has done in England and America. The arts of drawing for reproduction and the

produce original inventions in black and white, the natural medium of the draughtsman, reverting to the use of outline, not competing with ordinary



VASES. (Designed and Executed by Max Langer.)



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

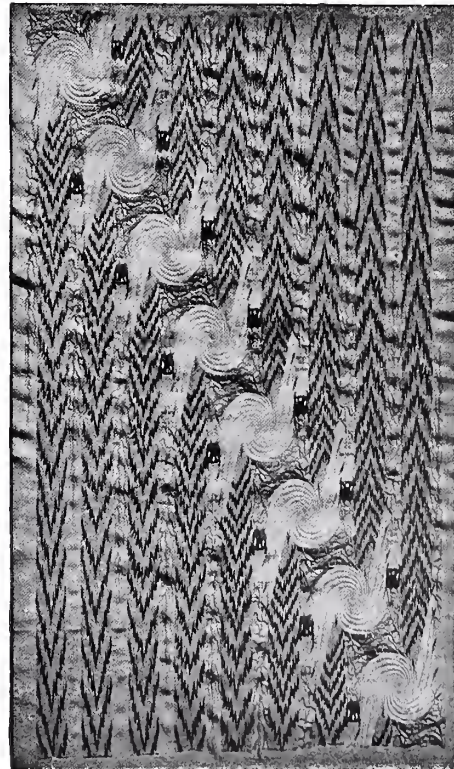
various branches of the engraver's art led the way in Germany; their products are relatively inexpensive, and the craftsman needs less capital for such work than for individual handiwork. Hitherto not many attempts had been made to bring the

reproductions by other processes, but giving full play to their own individuality.

Self-evident as this may now be, it was a novelty. The illustrated papers, now so important a factor in the development of graphic art, did little to



BOOK COVER. (Designed by Fritz Erlor.)



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

special character of the reproductive arts into prominence and general use. Most of the illustrations that had appeared in books were reduced from pictures, uncoloured. Then artists began to

encourage the movement. The indirect result was the starting of periodicals that made the new form of art a conspicuous feature, especially the magazine called *Jugend* and the periodical, *Pan*.



BOOK COVER. (Designed by Fritz Erler.)

Other fields of applied and decorative art were at first but little cultivated. Now and again, at exhibitions, designs were to be met with for textiles and ceramics which bore a striking stamp of originality and talent, but they were rarely seen carried into execution. Furniture of German workmanship, of which the details were wrought with artistic purpose, was occasionally brought into the markets side by side with English and American productions; but, as has been said, this met with no encouragement. Still, in spite of this, there was everywhere a sense as of a ferment working below the surface; and it is a mere question of time, for all these suppressed energies will sooner or later effect a revolution in this province of art.

I am enabled to give here a few examples of what has been doing in Germany. These include some examples of decorative work from Dr. Hirth's weekly magazine, *Jugend*. One



BOOK COVER (Designed by Fritz Erler.)

of the most ingenious and independent designers of ornamental subjects is Otto Erkmann, from whose pencil we have the four borders reproduced on p. 325.

Erkmann, born in Hamburg in 1865, could not get the training he sought in the Academy at Munich, and found out for himself the line in which he might achieve distinction. He exhibited a number of oil-paintings which had a marked success, but he ultimately found his peculiar province to lie in design. For details he worked more and more closely from nature, and thus



EMBROIDERY DESIGN. (By Hermann Obrist.)

was instinctively led to ornamental inventions, for which he modified natural forms. As he worked on original drawings for wood-blocks, etc., he found himself simplifying all he did, and thenceforth endeavoured to extend his efforts to every form of artistic craft. I hope, at some future date, to have an opportunity of introducing to these pages examples of his designs for pottery, furniture decoration, book-binding, metal-work, and textiles.

In the course of this winter a collection was displayed in the Exhibition Gallery of Littau of

some highly characteristic and effectively treated vases by Herr Max Länger. This artist, a professor in the School of Decorative Art at Karlsruhe, was



VASES. (Designed and Executed by Max Länger.)

originally an architect and then a painter, and finally was led to direct his gifts as an inventive designer to practical ends. In the course of a residence for purposes of study in his native district, the Black Forest, he visited the potteries in that neighbourhood, and was struck by the fascinating material and fine, rich colours of which the workmen could make no adequate use. He himself began modelling in one of these workshops, and turned the material to good account, with what success the reader may judge. The designs on these vases are worked out in strong but harmoniously combined and brilliant colours, by preference in vivid contrasts. The ornamentation is borrowed immediately from plant-forms, growing flowers and plants treated in a free and fanciful style. The "poster" on page 324 is also by Länger; it ob-

Munich. The design is outlined and finished on white parchment with Indian ink; the effect is both elegant and original. Herr Erler is by birth a native of Schleswig, and has studied as a painter principally in Paris. He was so fortunate, at an earlier time, when studying at Breslau under Bräuer, a singular and hermit-like man, as to be taught to appreciate the marvellous beauty of natural forms, and that in details where it is often little observed, as in skeleton structures, in shells, in the sections of plants, and the like. Thus predisposed, Erler threw himself eagerly into the new movement towards applied art. He interests himself in pottery, but more especially in all that concerns the beautifying of books—bindings, *ex libris*, wrappers, and the like—and strives, with the aid of lithography, to give to each book the individuality of an early manuscript.



VASES. (Designed and Executed by Max Länger.)

Herr Hermann Obrist, again, whose artistic needlework has lately attracted much attention, began, not as a craftsman, but as a sculptor, though he always took the greatest interest in the minor arts. His youth was spent in Weimar, and he subsequently studied natural science at Heidelberg, till the impulse waxed too strong in him to devote himself to the pursuit of art. After spending a few years to no great purpose in the School of Decorative Art at Karlsruhe, he began to work in the potteries of the hill-country of Thuringia, and there first found his true vocation. He afterwards spent a few years in Paris, working at Julian's studio, and when he had made satisfactory progress in sculpture—the art of his choice—he went to Berlin and to Munich. Here, in collaboration with Fraulein Ruchet—who was a perfect mistress of embroidery in silk—he began to carry out his designs.

These are some of the representative efforts of the new Art movement in Germany. But a greater future lies before it when our young artists,



VASES. (Designed and Executed by Max Länger.)

tained the first prize in a competition, and was printed and used.

The book-bindings by Fritz Erler on pages 327 and 328 were sent to the Exhibition of 1896 at

no longer exclusively devoted to painting, cease to swell the ranks of that overcrowded profession, and begin to apply themselves to the artistic treatment of objects of common use. This, indeed, is really

needed, whereas, in the prevailing feeling of the public—and especially in comparison with the constant flow of their production—pictures can hardly be said to be a necessary in demand.

ART IN SCOTLAND.

THE GLASGOW ROYAL INSTITUTE.

THE exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts opened in the beginning of February, and the Royal Scottish Academy followed suit a fortnight later in Edinburgh. This year the Institute celebrated the addition to its title of the word "Royal," the use of which her Majesty has been graciously pleased to sanction. Founded thirty-six years ago "to diffuse among all classes a taste for art generally, and more especially of contemporary art," the Institute may claim to have succeeded in a remarkable manner in carrying out these laudable objects. It has been the fostering home of the young and vigorous "Glasgow School," which has exercised considerable influence upon landscape art at home and abroad; and it was in the Sauchiehall Street galleries where the early exuberant and unrestrained fancies of the "school" were seen, when other exhibitions were closed against them. To the members of the Institute is also due a large share of the credit of having "educated" the Town Council of Glasgow into a body with as strong art sympathies as were possessed by Venetian or Dutch corporations of the olden time. This feeling has manifested itself not only in the purchase of individual pictures of note for

the Corporation galleries, but in their recently laying upon the city the responsibility of building a magnificent new art gallery and museum, which is estimated to cost not far short of £200,000. An art society which can point to such results may fairly congratulate itself upon its past work and look forward to the future with increasing hope.

This year the Institute exhibition is one of much merit. Several valuable pictures obtained on loan enhance the interest of the collection. Chief among these are M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Dans la Forêt," from the collection of Mr. George McCulloch, London; a lady's portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds ("The Duchess of Ancaster"), and one by Sir Henry Raeburn ("Miss Cleghorn"); Mr. La Thangue's "Man with the Scythe," from the Chantrey trust; Corot's "Crayfisher," now in the possession of Mr. James Donald; and characteristic works by James and Mathew Maris and Claude Monet. The President of the Royal Academy exhibits two small water-colour drawings—a sketch of a street in a Swiss village, chiefly of architectural interest, and a head of a pretty girl he calls "Rose in Bloom;" and Mr. Whistler has contributed by sending a coast scene entitled "Sea and Rain," in a luminous grey



DAISY.

(From the Painting by D. Y. Cameron.)



MASTER NED MARTIN.

(From the Picture by J. Guthrie.)

scheme of tender quality. The Glasgow artists themselves maintain their reputation for fresh, vigorous, unconventional work. The early extravagances of the school, which have been already hinted at, are now not much in evidence. Conspicuous among such work are two canvases by Mr. Hornel, which provoke attention by their audacity. In these, with a marvellous wealth of colour at his disposal, and in a broad impressionist method, he has rendered two Scottish woodland scenes with children, with something of the flatness of a Japanese painting and the beauty of a rich mosaic. Mr. James Guthrie and Mr. John Lavery are well represented by examples of their graceful portrait art. Mr. Guthrie sends his "Master Ned Martin" (which we reproduce), and Mr. Lavery the full length of "Miss Mary Burrell," in white satin and black velvet tippet. These beautiful works were both exhibited last May at the Salon Champ de Mars, and there received much attention from French artists and critics. Another outstanding portrait (which we reproduce) is that by Mr. D. Y. Cameron of

"Daisy"—a pretty little girl in white, who has been painted with much distinction of style. Mr. Cameron made his early reputation by etching, but his later works show that he has not only a fine appreciation of form, but also of elegant colour. Landscapes of note are contributed by Mr. A. K. Brown, Mr. Macaulay Stevenson, Mr. R. M. G. Coventry, Mr. R. W. Allan, and Mr. E. Sherwood Calvert; and *genre* pictures of interest by Messrs. James E. Christie, George Henry, Tom McEwan, and John McGhee. The water-colour room is fairly furnished, and of sculpture there is a small, attractive display.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

At the inauguration of the Royal Scottish Academy there was a pleasant exchange of compliments between the Academy officials and the Corporation of Edinburgh, the Lord Provost, magistrates, and Council as usual attending the private view in state. One thousand four hundred and fifty pictures were submitted to the jury, and places were found for 727—an increase of 71 over last year. Not for many years has the exhibition presented so much variety and interest. A splendid leading feature of it undoubtedly is the display of works, seven in number, by the late Sir John Millais, who was an honorary member of the Scottish Academy. These include the "Ophelia" of his Pre-Raphaelite period, obtained on loan from the Tate Collection; the charming "Rosalind and Celia," painted in 1868, which is now in the possession of



STRATHEARN.

(From the Painting by J. Smart, R.S.A.)

Mr. J. C. Buntin, of Dunalistair, Perthshire: and the first and famous portrait of Mr. Gladstone, exhibited in 1879, which Sir Charles Tennant lends. There are also portraits of Mr. Fleetwood P. Wilson (1884), Sir Robert Pullar, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, and a young son of Captain Crabbie of the Scots Greys. The endeavour of the Council

tures also appear upon the walls of the Academy for the last time are Mr. Denovan Adam and Mr. Otto Leyde.

One of the great portraits of the year is a three-quarter length by Mr. Orchardson of Mr. H. Balfour Fergusson, Dundee—peerless for style and suavity of colour: and the President of the Academy, Sir George Reid, has had two interesting sitters—Emeritus Professor Masson, of the Edinburgh University, and the Rev. Dr. Maclaren, of Union Chapel, Manchester. They present very marked contrasts of character, but both have been painted in that incisive, trenchant, and artistic style for which Sir George Reid is famous. Lady Reid, treated with considerable pictorial licence as regards costume and environment, has been painted with much accomplishment by Mr. A. Roche, one of the younger associates. A reproduction of this picture is given. Another social celebrity of whom a full-length portrait appears on the walls is Sir Charles Farquhar Shand, who has been treated in a dignified manner in his picturesque red robes as Chief Justice of Mauritius by Mr. Robert Gibb; and in the same department of art Mr. James Guthrie and Mr. John Lavery exhibit very artistically handled ladies' portraits. A lady's portrait of much promise has been contributed by Miss M. Cameron, and works by several other lady artists of the city have commanded good places. Landscapes are, as usual, greatly in evidence at the Mound. One of the largest shown is an admirably composed and ably painted view of "Strathearn," by Mr. John Smart, which is here reproduced. Mr. Lawton Wingate's cabinet works are notable for their keen sympathy with nature, poetic sentiment, and delightful colour. Mr. W. D. McKay's contribution is an agreeable hay-making scene, with



LADY REID.

(From the Painting by Alexander Roche, A.R.S.A.)

of the Academy was to present to the public a view of the work of Sir John in his early, middle, and late periods, and in this they have been very successful. The last three mentioned portraits were all painted in the latter end of 1895 or early in 1896: and the "Marchioness of Tweeddale," it may be recalled, was in the Royal Academy last year. The boy's portrait, which was one of the last Sir John worked upon, has not been seen before in public. To it, therefore, attaches a melancholy interest, for although it is far from perfect, there is evident in it a suggestion of the old charm with which the late President painted pretty children. Other deceased Scottish Academicians whose pic-

labourers enjoying the afternoon rest: and pleasing examples of the river-scenery of Scotland are sent by Mr. G. W. Johnstone and Mr. J. Morris Henderson. These names, however, do not exhaust the list, which would not be complete did it not include those of Mr. A. K. Brown and Mr. James Paterson, whose landscapes never fail to attract notice on account of their thoughtful and artistic character. To Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid the exhibition is indebted for a large historical picture, in which is depicted with considerable dramatic effect and with evident conscientious care the death of Viscount Dundee after the Battle of Killiecrankie. Mr. Paton Reid also shows pictures with costumed figures whose subjects

are indicated by such titles as "The Courier" and "A Last Throw." Works with figure subjects or figures in combination with landscape are also contributed by Messrs. Hugh Cameron, George Hay, Robert Macgregor, G. Henry, W. E. Lockhart, W. S. MacGeorge, J. Lochhead, and Mr. Gemmell Hutchison. Mr. George Henry's "Symphony," in rich brown tints, the subject of which is a girl playing the piano, is very happily rendered. Works with animal subjects which give variety to the walls are sent by Messrs. Robert Alexander, George Pirie, and George Smith. In the water-colour room the principal exhibitors are Messrs. R. B. Nisbet, Henry Kerr, Tom Scott, Skeoch Cumming—who shows a representation of the Black Watch at Fontenoy which has cost him much research in connection with the costumes—James Cadenhead, W. Fulton Brown, T. M. Hay, and Miss Amy Stewart. It is

greatly to the credit of the Academy that the best of the year's pictures are the work of its own Members and Associates. The young men outside its pale exhibit nothing this year which betokens any great advance on previous effort, though not a few of them paint up to a good standard and show much promise. A special room has this year been set aside for the architectural drawings, and the sculpture has, as usual, been distributed with decorative effect throughout the galleries. The sculpture is, for the most part, an exhibition of busts of no great interest. One of these deserving of notice for its style is that of Miss Maclaren, by Mr. Pittendreich Macgillivray, who also exhibits several excellent medallion heads. A sketch for a statue of George Buchanan, by Mr. John Hutchison, shows the old humanist and reformer in a meditative mood. W. M. G.

A HOSPITAL DECORATION.

MR. W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON'S picture is destined to fill a particular wall-space in the Victoria Jubilee Hospital at Folkestone, to which institution it has been presented by Mr. J. S. Forbes. The painting is both in character and treatment excellently adapted to serve as a mural decoration. In design and colour arrangement it combines agreeably the qualities of serious formality and judicious reserve which are the source of all that is best in decorative practice. It is free from any exaggeration of gesture; and its sentiment, though appropriate to the position and surrounding in which the picture is to remain, is neither obtruded unduly nor allowed to degenerate into anything approaching sentimentality.



(Painted by W. Graham Robertson.)

What story the composition has to tell is hinted at rather than insisted upon, suggested by delicacies of facial expression and by appropriateness of grouping, not by melodramatic action and obvious contrasts. The same subtlety of suggestion is carried into the colour scheme. Pale tints, shades of white, light yellow, and grey predominate. The robes of the watching angels are white, the yellow is introduced in the aureoles and in details of the dresses, and the grey pervades the picture and finds its highest accent in the iridescence of the wings. The whole effect is luminous and tender, quietly restful, and therefore well suited to find a place in a building where it is important that the note sounded should be gentle and without jarring or discordance. A. L. B.

OPALINE GLASS.

ALTHOUGH this beautiful coloured glass, which was discovered some twenty years ago, has as yet received scarcely any practical recognition in this country, its great merits and unbounded possibilities are well known to artists and to all who have seen in the United States and at the Paris Exhibition, in 1889, examples of the work of John La Farge. The erection of a church window in this material at Wickhambreaux seems to be an opportunity for describing what to many persons is little understood—namely, the manner in which opaline glass is made and how a window in this material is constructed.

The history of stained glass dates back to the early days of Christianity, when Pope Leo III. adorned the Lateran church in the tenth century with coloured windows. Theophilus, in the same century, describes minutely in the second book of his "Divyrsarum Artium Scedula" the process of manufacturing stained glass, and the information which he gives is most interesting, as it not only throws light on the art of glass-painting during his time, but throughout many subsequent centuries, when the process remained practically the same.

Undoubtedly the finest specimens of English stained glass are those of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; of these, however, only few are left, for the great war of the Reformation passing over the country turned the peaceful workman into a fanatic savage whose reckless hand destroyed by thousands the many beautiful monuments which were the glories of the early Middle Ages. In the seventeenth century the glazier's art began to decline, and subsequently in the eighteenth century became practically extinct, stained glass being superseded by the use of enamel and paint. It is not until the end of the nineteenth century that we find a revival of the art, and in the present day many beautiful windows have been designed by such men as Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown, Mr. Henry Holiday, and others, not to speak of the many imitations of old windows which are constantly being erected in the churches to fill in the traceries robbed of their beautiful adornments during the time of the Reformation. Not only in England, but in many other European countries, the art of glass-painting has been revived; but we owe to an American artist, Mr. John La Farge, the invention of the new material, which, it may well be said, rivals even the best glass of the thirteenth century.

In 1873 Mr. La Farge accidentally discovered that the white substance of certain imitation china-

ware, when insufficiently mixed with the clay and colouring matter, produced a curious opalescent quality, semi-transparent and of great beauty. He subsequently concluded that by perfecting and developing this translucency and opalescence he would ultimately produce a glass more harmonious and varied in colour than anything hitherto known. That his surmise was correct has been abundantly proved by the success of his work, and he is now at the head of an industry which is yearly increasing. The manufacture of this glass differs greatly from the way in which ordinary pot-metal is prepared. Besides having the addition of opal (white), it is often made in sheets containing two or more colours imperfectly mixed. To obtain the desired effect, the different coloured glasses, when in a molten state, are ladled from each pot on to an iron slab, where they intermingle under the pressure of a heavy roller. The sheets vary in thickness, the edges being usually thick and more or less opaque, the centre very thin and transparent.

Advantage is derived from this peculiarity, as through it gradation of tone is given to each sheet. It would be impossible to describe the infinite number of colours and tones of which this glass is capable. The mere fact that two pots of glass are never quite alike shows that the variety is endless.

Much abuse has crept into the making of the glass owing to the lack of discrimination and taste on the part of the manufacturers; artists cannot possibly attend to the making up of the pots, and have to accept what is turned out of the factories, relying upon their own judgment in selection of pieces. Another kind of glass, called Drapery glass, has been brought into the market by one of the leading firms. It derives its name from the fact that it is actually crinkled into shapes like drapery folds, for which reason it is now much used, since it saves a great amount of leading in the delineation of drapery, and so lessens the expense.

The construction of an opalescent window differs somewhat from that of one in ordinary glass, so that it may perhaps be interesting to follow the process.

Having chosen a subject and made a small coloured sketch indicating the composition, colour-scheme, and tone, the artist prepares the cartoon or full-size drawing from which the window is constructed. In designing the cartoon particular attention must be paid to the lead-lines, as all lines in the composition will appear in the window as such,

no painting or drawing being done upon the glass except where faces, hands, or feet are introduced.

The cartoon is therefore practically a skeleton

glass cut from templates, which in their turn are made from the tracings. The selection of glass now commences. Usually some important figure in the



WINDOW IN OPALINE GLASS AT WICKHAMBREAUX.

(Designed and Drawn by Baron Rosenkrantz.)

design of the lead-lines, and these must be so disposed as to represent the whole composition and define each figure in the window. From the cartoon three tracings are made, two on paper and one on glass; this latter is the so-called glass frame, which is set up against the light to receive the coloured pieces of

design is first glazed, and forms the starting-point from which little by little the work grows, until the whole glass frame is covered with irregular shaped pieces of various sizes fixed on the frame with wax. The necessity of the colour sketch is obvious, as it facilitates the selection of pieces.

The window is now taken down and leaded together over one of the paper drawings. As it is impossible to obtain the desired harmony of colour and depth of tone in one thickness, the window is once more placed against the light and plated—that is, backed by or covered with other thicknesses of glass. This plating largely contributes to the beauty of opalescent windows.

With regard to the semi-opacity of the glass, it may be said that the beauty of colour is enhanced thereby, since the opal, which gives it its opacity, may be said to resemble a film of mother-of-pearl, suggesting complementary colours; it also gives it

a certain solidity which makes ordinary modern stained glass seem thin beside it.

Opaline glass is, perhaps, the most perfect colour material ever invented, and in the hands of a sound artist it becomes as precious jewels, beautified by the setting. It therefore lies with those who can and will personally undertake the construction of windows to show the public its possibilities, and it may safely be asserted that if the use of opaline glass be adopted by our brotherhood of artists we may look forward to seeing our cathedrals, our churches, and other buildings become shrines of beautiful and resplendent windows.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[For "*Regulations*," see THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November, 1896.]

[29] **A DOUBTFUL PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.**—I have an oil-painting about 9 feet by 4 feet 6 inches of the Queen, painted by Solomon Hart, R.A. Can you tell me in what book or otherwise I can obtain information as to this artist's works?—J. B. SEQUEIRAY, Forest Row, Sussex.

* * * We are sceptical as to the genuineness, or rather as to the ascription, of this picture, for we know of no such picture by the artist in question. A small book was published in 1882 by Wyman and Sons for private circulation, entitled "The Reminiscences of Solomon Alex. Hart, R.A., edited by Alexander Brodie." The book is autobiographical, the contents having been dictated to Mr. Brodie by the artist, but left incomplete through death. It is an interesting literary work, full of information dealing not only with the painter's works, but also with the artistic community in which, by reason of his learning, he was a favourite. But in it he makes no reference to the painting of any portrait of the Queen. The most august personage whom he painted was the Duke of Sussex.

[30] **LORD LEIGHTON'S "FLAMING JUNE."**—The sketches by Lord Leighton on p. 74 (December, 1896) of THE MAGAZINE OF ART are described as being for "Flaming June." Is not the upper one a *side* study for the central figure in his picture "The Garden of Hesperides" on p. 214 (March, 1896)? If the above inference is correct, may he not have got his first idea for "Flaming June" from the upper figure, afterwards sketching in the two lower studies for a single-figure picture?—COTTONOPOLIS.

* * * No. The studies, like the pictures, are entirely distinct. The central figure in "The Garden of Hesperides" was the outcome of

deliberate design by the artist. That in "Flaming June" was the adaptation of a chance pose assumed by the tired model during the period of a "rest." So the present writer was informed by the artist himself. Lord Leighton was charmed by the unusual attitude, expressing as it did the utter lassitude of an exceptionally supple figure. He at once made a sketch of it and used it as decoration in the small bas-relief painted in the lower right-hand corner of the bath in "Summer Slumber." He stated at the time that he proposed enlarging the scheme into an important picture for the following year. He kept to his intention, and "Flaming June" was the result.

[31] **THE ENGRAVERS OF MEISSONIER'S "LA RIXE."**—I acquired a proof of Braquemond's etching after Meissonier's "La Rixe" on its publication, and his rendering is the only one I see indexed in the catalogue of the master's works in M. Gréard's great monograph. I now see a reference to another engraving of the picture by one Chenay. Can this be correct?—POISSY.

* * * Quite correct. It should be noted that the catalogue in question, at least as regards the reproductions of Meissonier's pictures, is extremely incomplete, not one half, probably, of the plates executed after Meissonier being included. "La Rixe" has been rendered not only by F. Braquemond and Paul Chenay, but also by Henri Coppier and Ad. Lalauze. Similarly the picture known as "1814" has been reproduced by Charles Courty, Jules Jacquet, L. Ruet, and A. Mignon.

[32] **ONE MAN EXHIBITIONS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—I should be glad if your readers could

inform me what are the "One Man Exhibitions" organised by the Royal Academy in their Old Masters exhibitions. I believe that several have been held.—H. NORTH.

* * * Our correspondent is right. In the first Old Masters exhibition, held in 1870, a special collection was included of the works of C. R. Leslie, R.A., and Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. They filled Galleries V. and VI. In 1874 the winter exhibition consisted wholly of the works of Sir Edwin Landseer; they included 532 items, and occupied Galleries I., II., III., IV., V., and VI. Gallery X. was filled with engravings touched by Landseer himself, together with a few others of well-known pictures not in the exhibition. In 1875 a special selection from the works of Sir W. Calleott, R.A., and D. Maelise, R.A., was added to the attractions of Old Masters. In 1878 the principal representatives of the Norwich school were especially honoured, Old Crome, Stark, Vincent, Cotman, and Stannard comprising the quintet; and a collection of impressions by our great masters of engraving was another feature of the year. In 1879, 75 drawings by Raphael, 36 by Holbein, and 50 by Michael Angelo, amongst others, were brought together, and 41 miniatures by Cosway and 37 by Samuel Cooper were shown. In 1880 the Old Masters included a special collection of the works of Holbein. In the following year Flaxman received special attention, when 181 of his drawings were exhibited. In 1883 the works of John Linnell and Dante Gabriel Rossetti were included. The works of the former filled Galleries I. and II., those of the latter, Galleries V. and VI. In the following year there was a special selection from the works of P. Faleoner Poole, R.A., filling Gallery No. V. In 1886 a portion of Gallery I. was devoted to the works of Joseph Wright (of Derby), A.R.A., and the Water-colour Room was filled with 53 drawings by Turner. A further selection of 72 of the latter artist's drawings occupied the Black-and-white and Water-colour Room: and yet a third collection in 1889, 73 in number, filled the last-named gallery. On this occasion 54 pictures by Frank Holl were hung in Galleries IV. and V. It is hardly necessary to bring the matter to a later date, but it may be said that up to and including the year 1889 no fewer than 540 of Landseer's works have appeared at the winter exhibitions of the Royal Academy; 212 of Gainsborough's; 333 of Reynolds'; 256 of Turner's; 119 of Rubens'; and 111 of Romney's.

[33] **Haverbergl**.—I should be very glad if any of your readers can give me any information

respecting an artist named Haverbergl. He is evidently a Dutchman, but I cannot find any mention of him in various books on Dutch artists or elsewhere. I have in my possession a small oil-painting(?) on panel 4½ in. oval—a man's head with hair and ruffle in the style of one of the Georges. It was purchased some forty or fifty years ago at the first Manchester Fine Art Exhibition, if I mistake not. The signature is indistinct, and was only discovered on a recent cleaning of the picture.—**ENQUIRER**.

* * * We have carefully examined the catalogue of the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition to which our correspondent refers, and while, as we expected, we do not find the name which he mentions, we suggest that the signature has been misread for that of Liversedge, whose "Captain MeHeath" was numbered 412 in Saloon D. If "Enquirer" will forward us a photograph of his picture we will do our best to settle the point.

[34] **MORE UNFAMILIAR ARTISTS**.—Will you kindly throw some light on the painter of a picture which I have in my possession? The latter is an ideal Italian landscape, and is a very fine work signed "Walsh." It is supposed to be by an Irish artist, but I cannot trace the name. Please also tell me who is the W. Pike, landscape-painter, the author of a work of a friend of mine.—**JOHN TODD** (Belfast).

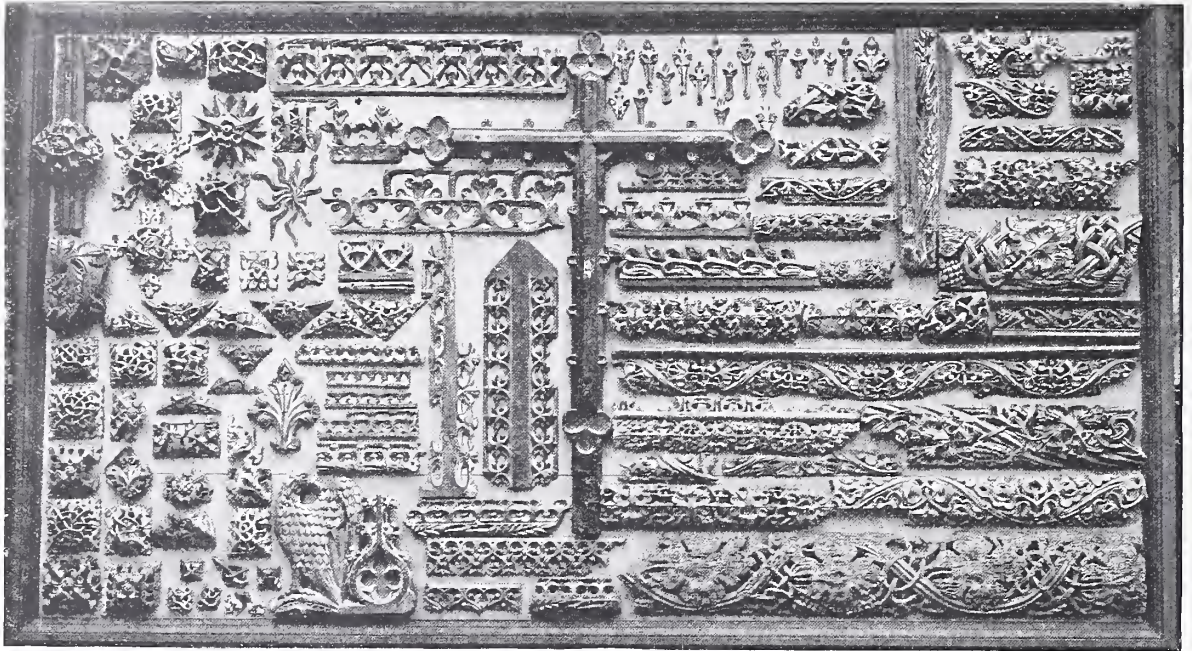
* * * If the first-named painter to whom reference is made is Mr. Tudor E. G. Walsh, we may say that he has exhibited but once in the Royal Academy up to the year 1893, according to Mr. Graves' Dictionary. That was in 1885. If it is W. Walsh it is the contributor of 31 landscapes to the Royal Academy, British Institution, and Society of British Artists between 1823 and 1834; but both these artists gave their addresses from London. The other artist mentioned is doubtless W. H. Pike, who from 1874 onwards has been well known as a contributor of landscapes to Suffolk Street to the number of more than 60. He is also an artist in black-and-white very popular among the readers of the *Daily Graphic*, to which he contributes under a pseudonym which we do not feel called upon to reveal.

REPLY.

In respect to Query No. 24 we have received the following interesting line from Mr. Frith, R.A.: "The last time I saw Haydon's 'Judgment of Solomon' was at Edwin Landseer's, years and years ago, when, if my memory serves me, he told me

he had bought it for £150. I thought it a tremendously fine thing." It may be of interest to add that this picture was exhibited at Spring Gardens in 1814, when the Directors of the British Institution voted the painter a prize of a hundred guineas, while the picture itself was sold for six hundred. He stated in 1827, "My 'Judgment of Solomon' is rolled up in a warehouse in the Borough."

carefully collected every scrap of old work that the apathy, greed, ignorance, fanaticism, or downright wilful wickedness of those in charge have let slip. The result is that upon the walls of my studios—classified and well cared for—we have the finest collection of fifteenth-century Perpendicular carved oak work in the kingdom. It was from these that the samples of destroyed screen



FRAGMENTS OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY CARVED OAK WORK COLLECTED BY MR. HARRY HEMS, OF EXETER.

NOTE.

WOOD-CARVINGS AT THE CARPENTERS' HALL.—Referring to our expression of regret that such choice fifteenth-century wood-carvings as Mr. Harry Hems, of Exeter, lent for this exhibition should have been torn from their original positions to become mere labelled exhibits in a museum, the well-known wood-carver in question writes :—

"The series (112 specimens) I lent to the Carpenters' Company were those I used illustrative of my paper upon Devonshire Rood Screens, read before the Society of Architects at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, in March last. In that paper I gave the names of no fewer than eighty Devonshire churches that—mostly during the present century—have lost their once chief glory, their carved oak fifteenth-century rood screens, and some thirty more in which only a few isolated remains of what were once grand old screens still exist.

"During my sojourn in the capital of Devon's county—now more than thirty years—I have

work were taken for the exhibition in question. The utter carelessness of the majority of residents in the 'West COUNTRY' as regards the preservation of old things is most deplorable. In this city old houses are constantly pulled down to make room for so-called improvements, and almost the first sight that met my eyes when I came here first in 1866 was the deliberate destruction of the Norman tower of St. Mary Major's church directly opposite to the west front of Exeter Cathedral. I am glad to say that the ancient fragments that I have so systematically got together, even in their mutilated state, are not entirely in vain. Although we do not copy them slavishly, they form, as it were unconsciously, the alphabet by which we labour; and many a creation from the chisels of my sons, or self, or pupils, now doing goodly duty in some distant cathedral or historic church, had its *motif* in one or another of those once despised, but to us highly-prized fragments, to which you have drawn attention."



SCENE FROM "THE DAUGHTERS OF BABYLON."

(Drawn by W. Telbin.)

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—APRIL.

The Poster Competition. THE result of the competition is as follows: **1st Prize** (£75), "Sagittarius," Mr. HENRY HOLIDAY, Oak Tree House, Branch Hill, Hampstead.

2nd Prize (£15), "Scottish Lion," Mr. ROBERT HOPE, Hotel de la Haute Loire, 203, Boulevard Raspail, Paris.

3rd Prize (£10), "Æquo Animo," Mr. HENRY RYLAND, 4, Pembroke Studios, South Kensington.

These three designs are reproduced on the next page. Two hundred and thirty-four designs were sent in, and we propose next month to publish a number of those which were highly commended by the adjudicators.

Art in the Theatre. It would be no easy matter to overpraise the beautiful scene painted by Mr. TELBIN to illustrate the first act of Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S new Lyric Theatre play, "*The Daughters of Babylon*." The clustered olive trees, entangled with vines, bordering a stretch of cornfields, and the picturesquely garbed Israelites, are elements in a picture perfect alike in composition, in colour, and in its representation of the atmosphere of an Eastern afterglow. Mr. W. HANN is also to be commended for his view of Babylon by night, as seen from the terraced roof of Ishtar's palace, though the foreground rather lacks conviction. A front cloth, "Hall in the House of Alorus," is well imagined, but other scenes are less happily inspired, Mr. RYAN'S final landscape being awkward in arrangement and superficial in technique. Roses that are aggressively artificial and gems of the gingerbread variety are too much in evidence in the garments of the votaries of Baal, but other-

wise the difficulties of Assyrian attire are successfully surmounted.—At the **Avenue Theatre** the liberally displayed engravings after ROMNEY'S lovely pictures of Lady Hamilton make it an ungrateful task for the lady who essays the title-rôle of "*Nelson's Enchantress*" to satisfy her audience. The gallant Admiral is himself more fortunate in his impersonation by Mr. Forbes Robertson, who presents a "living image" of the familiar portraits. Mr. PERKINS has not quite grasped the possibilities of "Romney's Studio" in Act I, but it is a far better stage picture than "The Ballroom of the English Embassy at Naples," by Mr. HARKER, who must be cautioned against allowing his facile brush to degenerate into slovenly execution and tawdry colour.

The National Gallery.

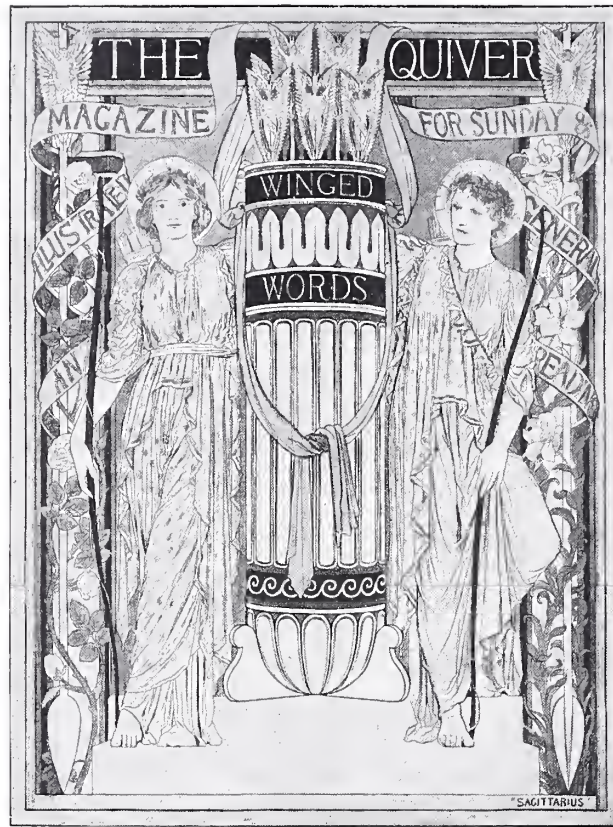
THE following works have recently been acquired:—"Portrait of a Lady," attributed to ALLAN RAMSAY. From South Kensington Museum (No. 1,491, Room XIX.); "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," by GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A. Presented by the family of the painter (No. 1,492, Room XXI.); "Landscape with a View of the Carrara Mountains," by Signor GIOVANNI COSTA. Presented by a body of subscribers (No. 1,493, Room XXI.); and "The Yeoman of the Guard," by Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A. Bequeathed by Mrs. Hodgkinson (No. 1,494, Room XX.).

Exhibitions. AN admirably complete collection—as excellent in quality—of the works of English water-colour painters, from TURNER and BONNINGTON to Mr. MACWHIRTER and Miss Gow, delighted the visitors to Messrs. Agnew's gallery with the fine display of the art. It

is such exhibitions as this which sustain the reputation of British art and maintain the level of public taste. No connoisseur or collector should miss Messrs. Agnew's exhibitions.

The collection of military pictures at the Hanover Gallery was good of its kind, French, English, and Dutch being all represented. Many masters of the art were included, but no opportunity was afforded of comparing the methods of ancient and modern. The names of DETAILLE, DUPRAY, CATON WOODVILLE, MEISSONIER, DE NEUVILLE, BERNE-BELLECOUR, BEAUQUESNE, KOEKKOEK, CHELMINSKI, BAYARD, and CROFTS, R.A., were among the names of the exhibitors.

MR. WALLACE RIMINGTON exhibited at the Fine Art Society the artistic harvest of a picturesque pilgrimage through Italy.



POSTER COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE.

(By Henry Holiday, London. See p. 339.)

His water-colours showed with power and vigour, as well as with taste and delicacy, how thoroughly the artist has appreciated the scenes through which he passed, and how independent he is of the convention which appears to taint the work of most painter-tourists through Italy. Not only are the drawings artistically good in point of execution and selection, but they presage a success far beyond what the artist has hitherto achieved.

The late Mr. C. E. HOLLOWAY'S water-colours, oils, and pastels at the Goupil Gallery are not merely unconventional; they fling defiance at all who prefer topographical fact and accuracy to individual "impression." In drawing the majority are wild enough, wilful, and even reckless. As sketches they are almost invariably charming, and subtle as



POSTER COMPETITION.

SECOND PRIZE.

(By Robert Hope, Paris. See p. 339.)



POSTER COMPETITION.

THIRD PRIZE.

(By Henry Ryland, London. See p. 339.)

colour, and poetic in sentiment. This is art for the few who can appreciate bold handling of brush and chalk, and who can feel a responsive sympathy to the sentiment of the painter. Some, however, will regard Mr. Holloway as carrying Mr. Whistler's jokes a little too far.

The series of water-colour drawings made by Mr. AUMONIER, R.I., about the nooks and corners of the old Chain Pier at Brighton, supplemented with a few admirable pictures in oil, painted in Lincolnshire and Sussex, fill Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery with distinction. Mr. Aumonier is individual in his own way, has a vivid sense of the picturesque, and a devout adoration of Nature. Like many of the great masters, he prefers the flat country, and shows an appreciation of light and atmosphere, as well as colour, that raises him high in the opinion of his critics.

The nineteenth spring exhibition at Southport, under the auspices of the Corporation, opened on the 22nd of February, contains 744 pictures, as compared with 754 last year. It is a good and well-varied collection, in which, however, the high average of quality does not entirely compensate for the scarcity of really notable works. Among those which will attract most notice are Mr. L. ALMA-TADEMA'S "A Family Group;" Mr. E. A. WATERLOW'S "In the Mellow Autumn Light;" Mr. W. J. LAIDLAY'S "Tantallon Castle;" Mr. WEGUELIN'S "Cupid and the Nymphs;" Miss JESSIE MACGREGOR'S "News from Trafalgar;" "The Castaway," by Mr. G. P. JACOMB-HOOD; "Mists Lifting off Dartmoor," by Mr. E. M. WIMPERIS; and "In Tow," by Mr. ARTHUR HOPKINS. The most noteworthy pictures by local artists are Mr. W. H. LONGMAID'S "Chloe," and "The Cloisters," by Mr. S. LAWSON BOOTH. There is a very interesting collection of water-colours. The pictures have been arranged to the best advantage by the curator, Mr. F. W. TEAGUE, and his committee.

Reviews. No one but an enthusiast, a collector, and an expert of his subject, such as Mr. WARWICK WROTH, could have produced so complete a book as "*London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century*" (Macmillan and Co.). The subject has often been dabbled with but has never before been properly handled; and that it is one of great possibilities, Mr. Wroth has seen and proved. The London pleasure grounds naturally include low- as well as high-class places of entertainment, many of classic fame. The number of them, together with the interest of their history, will probably be a revelation to the general reader. The fulness of the illustration, which comprises many reproductions of rare plates, adds greatly to the value of the book and offers much useful material to the artist who concerns himself with the period and subject covered by the work. Mr. Wroth's copious bibliographies, literary and illustrative, raise it almost to the dignity of a cyclopædia.

The annual magazine, so to call it, published by Messrs. Henry and Co. under the title of "*The Pageant*," is a genuine delight to those who take a vivid interest in the most modern manifestations of art and literature. The editors, Mr. GLEESON WHITE and Mr. CHARLES SHANNON, have done good service by sampling for us in so satisfying a manner each his own section. Authors and artists of repute have combined to give of their best. In the section of art, which contains not a few works already known but always seen with pleasure, the characteristic minor key is struck and maintained, in harmony with the sentiment of poetic art from Rossetti and Burne-Jones to Gustave

Moreau, Puvis de Chavannes, and G. F. Watts. The essay on Moreau by Mr. Gleeson White is a valuable contribution. Mr. McColl's note on Campagnola would have been still more interesting if, instead of confining himself to the artist's engravings; he had pursued his inquiry into his original drawings and set forth the reason for the ascription of some of his works to Titian. Another contribution of premier importance is Mr. Ricketts' illustrated article on original wood-engraving; but here again we feel an omission, for Mr. Ricketts appears to confine his attention to the original engraving of a decorative sort in which, as in Mr. Reginald Savage's admirable page, values are wholly sacrificed to contrast and decorative effect. Fine sentiment and well-felt line are indeed a pure delight; but realistic treatment and atmospheric effect have charms of their own, and cannot be ignored as a function of the art. We may



STUDY OF AN OLD HORSE.

(By John Constable, R.A. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. No. 1,484, Form XVI.)

say of this volume, as of the last, that we know of no book giving better art and better literature at so small a cost. It is far above the average.

The new "*Illustrated English Library*," issued by Messrs. Service and Paton, has begun excellently well with THACKERAY'S "*Esmond*," KINGSLEY'S "*Hyppatia*," and LYTTON'S "*Last of the Barons*;" the first-named charmingly illustrated by Mr. CHRIS HAMMOND, the second by Mr. LANCELOT SPEED, and the last by Mr. FRED PEGRAM, all three artists employing pen and ink with great ability, but in totally different manner. The books are very well printed on good paper; and the low price at which they are published is not the least remarkable feature of issue.

A praiseworthy effort, and so far a real "success of curiosity," is the little illustrated periodical entitled "*The Quartier Latin*," compiled by art students in Paris, and published by Messrs. Hliffe and Son in London. It is extremely unconventional, yet sane withal, illustrated with the cleverness that speaks well for certain of the contributors, and embellished in its advertisement pages with special blocks printed in two colours in the manner of Mr. Will Bradley, though yet some distance behind. As an amateur production by young professionals it is extremely promising and amusing, and deserves such encouragement

as may be extended to it. The portrait by Mr. MURPHY, and the Rembrandtesque "Resurrection of Lazarus," by Mr. TANNER, display exceptional feeling. There are the brightness and earnestness in this little work distinctive of the Quartier Latin.

The whole range of literature of the art of fence and of the duel has been rendered accessible through the extraordinary volume compiled by Captain CARL A. THIMM under the title of "*A Complete Bibliography of Fencing and Duelling*" (John Lane). This monumental work well deserves its title; not only does it deal with every book and treatise issued upon this extremely popular subject in every country and in every language, but all the articles of any value that have appeared in magazine or newspaper down to the present year of grace find full record; while the elaborate classified index, duly arranged in chronological order according to language, completes the value of the book. Never before has such a work been issued from the press. Mr. Egerton Castle's "Schools and Masters of Fence" deserved all that was said or could be said in praise of it, but the field was much narrower than that so courageously covered by Captain Thimm. The use of such a cyclopædia to all painters of history, anecdote, and genre of a military or *chevaleresque* kind is too manifest to be insisted on.

It was clear when Mr. ALFRED LYS BALDRY published his finely illustrated biography of "*Albert Moore*" (George Bell and Sons) that a cheaper edition would soon be called for. The position of few artists has been better assured than that of Albert Moore, for all that he was denied admittance to the Royal Academy, and the reputation of none—not even of William Linnell, Dante Rossetti, Romney, or Holman Hunt—is less likely to suffer than that of the man who returned scorn for neglect, and who, in spite of all, conquered recognition as one of the most original, graceful, and elegant artists who wedded painting to decoration and practised art for art's own sake. It is not necessary to repeat our former verdict as to the beauty of this volume—the mere fingering of which is a lecture upon art and the most eloquent exposition of the painter's life and art theories that could be imagined or desired. Mr. Baldry's text is well informed and well expressed, and indeed could hardly be bettered, were it not that he has taken a little too seriously academical lack of appreciation and critical obtuseness. His attitude is defensible, but we doubt the advisableness of raking up newspaper criticism, long since forgotten, which probably had no more influence in keeping Albert Moore out of Burlington House than had the articles in the *Spectator*, in this Magazine, and in one or two other quarters in carrying him in. Moore's pure and beautiful art has the merit that it can be enjoyed by all who can appreciate suave and exquisite line and fine composition, as well as imagination in colour and decoration of the highest order, and a statuesque dignity that belongs only to a master. Invention and originality were

his; and to all these noble qualities, with the necessary exception only of colour, this charming volume does ample justice.

The devotion of Mr. HUGH THOMSON to our eighteenth century classics of humorous memory is not only touching, it is triumphant. The success of his illustrations to JANE AUSTEN'S "*Emma*" (Maemillan and Co.) is complete, with the daintiness of Mr. Abbey and the humour of Caldecott. With the grace of both and an individuality all his own, he has produced a series of drawings which, in their delicacy and charm, maintain him far ahead of all the imitators whom his success has brought forth. No others have quite his appreciation of humour or of character, nor is their handling so delicate and pure. We suspect that the technical excellence of his blocks and the capital printing which they allow are due to the fact that he makes his drawings on a large scale with open line and allows for reduction. The highest compliment we can pay the artist is that his work adds greatly to the pleasure with which "*Emma*" will be read.

The "Portfolio" monograph on "*Richmond*" (Seeley and Co.) could not have been put into better hands than those of Dr. RICHARD GARNETT. Richmond, the historical, the artistic, the picturesque, is a subject full of possibilities for a writer so learned as Dr. Garnett; and it is one of the charms of the book that to its merits, which will appeal alike to the student of history and of art, is to be added that of profound knowledge and strict accuracy. Richmond on the Thames has played almost as important a part in history as in art; and if the copious illustration does more justice to the latter than to the former, it is because of the temptations that are offered by the

works of Hollar, Reynolds, Turner, Peter de Wint, Sandby, Westall, Daniell, and others. We hardly agree, however, that Mr. HUSON'S capital reproductions of old prints and pictures should be spoken of as "engravings," as the word is unintentionally misleading.

Designedly written as a popular book, "*An Introduction to the Study of the Old Italian Masters in the National Gallery*" (A. S. HEWLETT: Thomas Hibberd, London) is, nevertheless, both useful and entertaining to the serious student. The author, though necessarily fettered by the space at his disposal, shows a familiarity with his subject only to be obtained by wide reading and intimate acquaintance with the great Continental collections. It is a pity that the illustrations are so poor in quality and so indifferently printed.

A translation of Schiller's "*Lay of the Bell*," by A. G. FOSTER-BARHAM, has been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The illustrations by Mr. W. ALISON PHILLIPS, while being well composed, are monotonously dull in tone. Executed in pen and ink, with a good sense of decorative effect, they fall short of success by their lack of strength of line. The result is an even greyness which seriously interferes with their artistic value.



THE KEENE MEMORIAL, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

(By G. Frampton, A.R.A. See p. 343.)

We have to acknowledge the second edition of Mr. James Ward's "Principles of Ornament" (Chapman and Hall), which has been edited by Mr. AITCHISON, A.R.A. We have nothing to detract from the approval with which we received the first edition, but to add a further word of

commendation to the Appendix by Mr. Aitchison on the Orders of Architecture, a chapter which is effectively illustrated.

Mr. ASHBY STERRY has long been a devotee of the Thames. Aided by Mr. Hathevell he has produced in his "Tale of the Thames" a story both in subject and treatment worthy of the author of "The Lazy Minstrel."

Messrs. LIBERTY and Co. have recently produced two daintily attired pamphlets on "Cashmeres" and "Silks." Each contains a short history of the development of the manufactures of the fabrics dealt with, accompanied by excellent reproductions of this well-known firm's designs.

"The House" is a new magazine designed to promote artistic influences in the home. We are glad that the publishers of *The Queen* think there is room for such a periodical; the first number certainly ought to obtain for it the favour of the public to which it appeals.

Miscellanea. MR. WILLIAM T. DANNAT, the well-known American painter, has been promoted to the rank of officer in the Legion of Honour.

A lower room in the National Gallery is to be devoted to copies of pictures made in the gallery. These will be selected by a committee of artists and critics, and will, of course, be for sale.

Mr. P. W. ADAM has been elected a member of the Royal Scottish Academy in succession to the late Mr. J. Denovan Adam. Sir E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A., and Dr. ROWAND ANDERSON, architect, were elected honorary members.

In connection with the International Art Exhibition at Venice—the poster announcing which is reproduced on this page—three prizes, of the value of 1,500, 1,000, and 500 lire respectively, are to be offered to art critics for the best notices of the exhibition which are published during the first month of its being open.

The prizes won by students of the Royal Female School of Art were recently distributed by the Countess of Hechester at the Mercers' Hall. The Queen has purchased three of the successful works—viz., "Head from the Life," by Miss

W. F. BILL (winner of the Queen's Scholarship); "A Group of Guelder Roses," by Miss LILIAN REYNOLDS (Queen's medallist); and "A Group of Eucalyptus from Nature," by Miss H. HOYLAND.

A memorial to the late CHARLES KEENE, the gift of several personal friends of the deceased artist, has been placed in the entrance-hall of the Public Library, Shepherd's Bush. As may be seen from the illustration on p. 342, it consists principally of a portrait of Keene. This is executed in bronze, and is placed on a slab of Sienna marble. On the top are two admirable small figures, one of which represents Art mourning on its knees over some drawings, and the other Humour, also mourning; the latter holds a staff, on the top of which is the head of Punch. The memorial is the work of Mr. GEORGE FRAMPTON, A.R.A. The Shepherd's Bush Library was dedicated by Mr. Passmore Edwards to Leigh Hunt and Charles Keene.

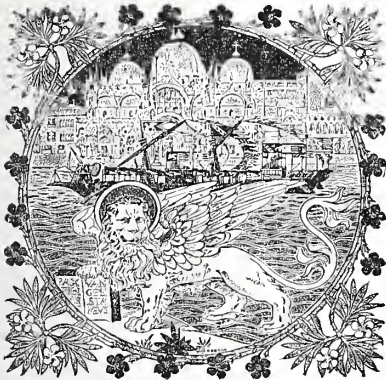
The exhibition at the Queen's Hall of 4,000 pictures and drawings, entered for a competition inaugurated by Messrs. MELLIN, was both unique and interesting. The different classes in the competition enabled unskilled children and accomplished artists to compete for prizes to the value of £1,000. We reproduce on p. 344 the water-colour drawing, "The Blacksmith's Shop," by Mr. ALEC GORDON, which gained the first prize in its class. The work of the prize-winners was of more than average merit. The proceeds accruing from the exhibition have all been devoted to charitable purposes.

The South Kensington Museum has agreed, on Mr. Philip Burne-Jones's suggestion, to accept the engraved coppers of engravings, which otherwise, by the practice of members of the Printsellers' Association, would be doomed to destruction as a sacrifice to the buying public. The arrangement is a good one if only the plates themselves are worthy of preservation on grounds either of artistic merit or of technical value and instruction. A less admirable concession has been made by the Print Room of the British Museum in accepting rolls of "animated photographs" of scenes and events. It appears to us that these have little in common with the purposes for which the Print Room was founded, and that a fitter place would be, say, the Record Office!

It is with pleasure that we publish the illustration on this page to show the development of sculptural art in India. "To the Temple" is a life-size figure, and is the work of a young native Hindu, Mr. G. K. MHATRE, only now sixteen

L'ESPOSIZIONE INTERNAZIONALE D'ARTE DELLA CITTA DI VENEZIA 1897.

22 APRILE — 31 OTTOBRE



PATROCINIO: AMERICA: Sargent, Whistler. AUSTRIA-UNGHERIA: Munkacsy, Passini, Von Haanon. BELGIO: Courtens, Van der Stuppen. DANIMARCA: Kroyer. FRANCIA: Carolus Duran, Dagnan Bouveret, Dubois, Fremiet-Henner, C. Moreau, Puvion de Chavannes. GERMANIA: Begas, Klinger, Lenbach, Liebermann, Schoneleber-Vhde, Werner. INGHILTERRA: Alma Tadema, Burne Jones, Herkomer, Millais, Orchardson. ITALIA: Carcano, Gallori, Maccari, Michetti, Monteverde, Pasini. NORVEGIA: Peterssen. OLANDA: De Haas, Israels. H.W. Mesdag. RUSSIA: Antokolsky, Repin. SPAGNA: J. Benlliure, Jimenez Aranda, Pradilla, Sorolla, Villegas. SVEZIA: Zorn. SVIZZERA: Bocklin.

PREMI 40,000 LIRE

REV. HUGH G. MILLER, D.C. ROMA

VENICE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION POSTER.

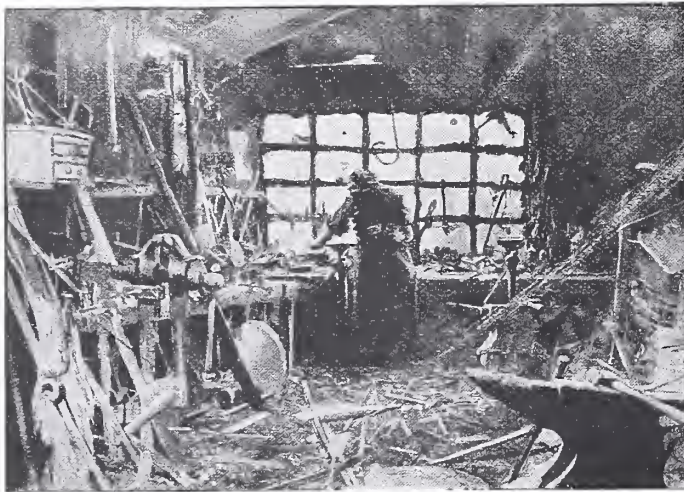
(Designed by A. Sezanne.)



TO THE TEMPLE
(By G. K. Mhatre.)

years of age, who is a student at the Bombay School of Art. This is quite a new departure from the usual grotesque and unidealised work of native sculptors, and bears high testimony to the influence and teaching of the school of which Mr. J. GRIFFITHS is the head master. The figure, which is as yet only in plaster, the student being unable, on account of the expense, to translate it into marble, is in the Bombay School. As there is no interest or appreciation for this kind of art among the wealthy Hindus, we offer the suggestion to some of our patrons of art to afford Mr. Mbatre the necessary facilities to complete his work.

Obituary. THE death of Mr. G. P. BOYCE, at the age of seventy-one, removes one of our oldest water-colour painters. As he retired from active practice in 1893—when he resigned his membership of the Royal Water-Colour Society—his name and work have been overlooked

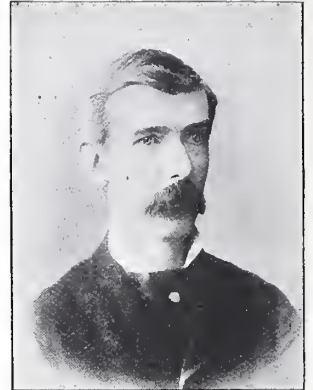


THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by A. Gordon. See p. 343.)

of late years, but nevertheless the beauty and daintiness of his drawings entitle him to a high position on the list of British water-colour painters. Born in 1826, he was educated as an architect, and was articled to Mr. Little. During his years of training he travelled largely on the Continent, and was a diligent sketcher of the various styles of architecture. But it was not until 1849 that his true road of life was found. In that year, when touring through the South of Wales, he met David Cox at Bettws-y-Coed, and that incident led to his taking up enthusiastically the study of landscape art, in which his natural talent soon enabled him to become a proficient exponent. It was not until 1853, however, that he exhibited. He then sent two drawings to Suffolk Street, "Beeches" and "The Royal Oak, Bettws-y-Coed," and two to the Academy, "Timber Yard, Chiddingstone," and "East End of Edward the Confessor's Chapel, Westminster." In 1864 he was elected an associate of the old Society, but he had to wait until 1878 for his election to full membership. He was a regular contributor to the galleries in Pall Mall until the year he retired from active membership. Mr. BOYCE was a founder-member of the original Hogarth Club, and a close friend of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, of whose work he was an enthusiastic admirer. He was brother-in-law to Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A., and had a large and intimate circle of artistic friends, and to these, if not by the general public, his work always appealed by its delicacy and refined beauty.

The sudden death of Mr. J. PYKE THOMPSON, of Penarth, removes one of the most energetic and devoted workers in art matters in the provinces. For the past twenty years he was allied with every movement which had for its object the furtherance of art in Cardiff. To Penarth he presented a gallery and a fine collection of works; he was chairman of the Fine Arts Sub-Committee of the Cardiff Museum Committee, to which gallery he had also given a collection of pictures, and he also loyally aided the South London Art Gallery. He was a pioneer of the Sunday Opening of Museums



THE LATE J. PYKE THOMPSON, J.P.
(From a Photograph by Norman May and Co.)

movement, and from its establishment his gallery at Penarth has been opened on Sunday afternoons. Mr. Thompson was also the possessor of a representative collection of works by great artists.

It is with great regret that we record the decease of Mr. C. E. HOLLOWAY, R.I. In another column will be found a notice of an exhibition of his works which was being held at the time of his death.

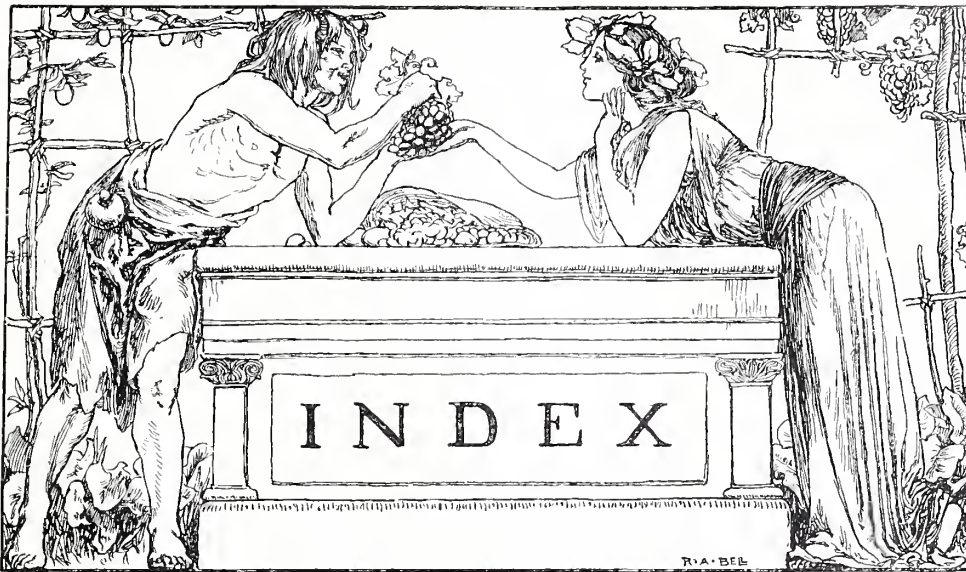
Belgian art has suffered a heavy loss by the death of M. GUSTAVE DEN DUYTS, a landscape painter of great skill, whose work was recognised not only in his own country but in France, where it is represented at the Luxembourg. But it was as a designer of pageants that he was best known,

and as such will be most missed. He had been entrusted to prepare them for the forthcoming International Exhibition at Brussels, and had actually prepared the drawings of the cars and groups, for the *cor-tège des cloches*, which is to be one of the attractions of the exhibition.

The deaths are announced from Paris of M. HENRI PILLE, the well-known painter; of M. FRÉDÉRIC THEODORE LIX, at the age of sixty-seven; of M. LÉONCE LELARGE, marine painter of Rouen, at the age of seventy-six; of M. J. SCOHY, formerly professor at the Lyons Municipal School of Design; of Mdlle. MARGUERITE-ZÉODIDE LEERAN, a painter of portraits and religious subjects, at the age of seventy-nine; and of M. HARO, one of the best-known connoisseurs and art experts in Paris.



THE LATE G. P. BOYCE, R.W.S.
(From a Photograph by W. and D. Downey.)



(Drawn by Professor R. Anning Bell.)

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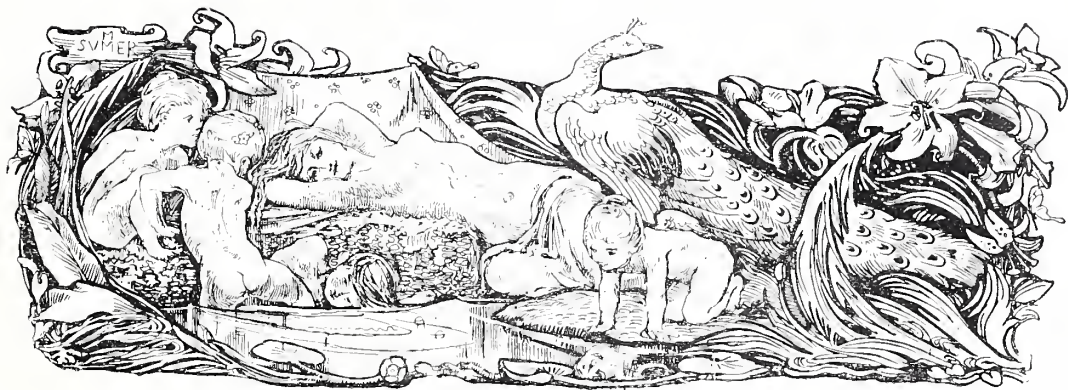
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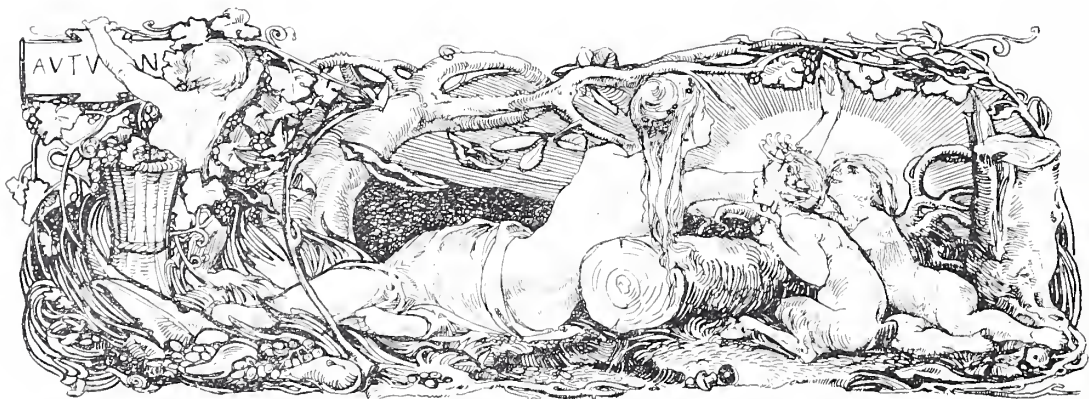
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(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

THE STUDIES OF SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is so clearly an axiom that the studies of a distinguished artist have an educational value as great as that of his finished work that no word need here be advanced to explain the interest that lies in the preliminaries to his pictures in which the President of the Royal Academy has thrown so much of his ability, of his earnestness, and of his artistic devotion. It is, therefore, with peculiar satisfaction that I am enabled by the kindness of the artist himself to place before my readers a considerable selection of the very best of the studies which are in the possession of Sir Edward Poynter.

The rigid schooling to which he put himself—acting under the advice and direction of his first real master, Lord Leighton, when in Rome in the year 1854—has never been relaxed. In common with Lord Leighton, he holds that every picture should be approached with all the care, earnestness, and determination that all shall be right in fact as well as in effect. Studies—not one or two, but half a dozen if necessary—are drawn with as much enthusiasm as thoroughness, corrected and re-corrected if need be, the ultimate drapery covering the nude and the flesh, and often enough the muscles and the bones beneath. Studies in drawing in pencil, chalk, or crayon; studies in colour, in oil, water-colour, or pastel; studies from life over and over again repeated with undiminished ardour and sustained zeal—such are the workshop labours of this most conscientious of painters. Is it surprising that such

a man should look with disfavour on any attempt made by a later school to avoid the severe training and continuous practice of strict draughtsmanship, or that he should champion sound artistic labour as against the more romantic principles of late years grown into fashion? “Men used to appreciate fine art,” wrote a celebrated artist to me the other day, “in the days before Impressionism escaped from the lunatic asylum.” Sir Edward Poynter may not go so far, but his practice illustrates his principle that the figure of Art needs skeleton and muscle before the perfect divinity can be evolved, and that no superficial or specious excellence can compound for scholarly knowledge.

It is interesting to compare these studies with those of two other men, of whose character they partake in a measure—Lord Leighton and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the two artists who have, perhaps, more than any others, influenced Sir Edward Poynter’s

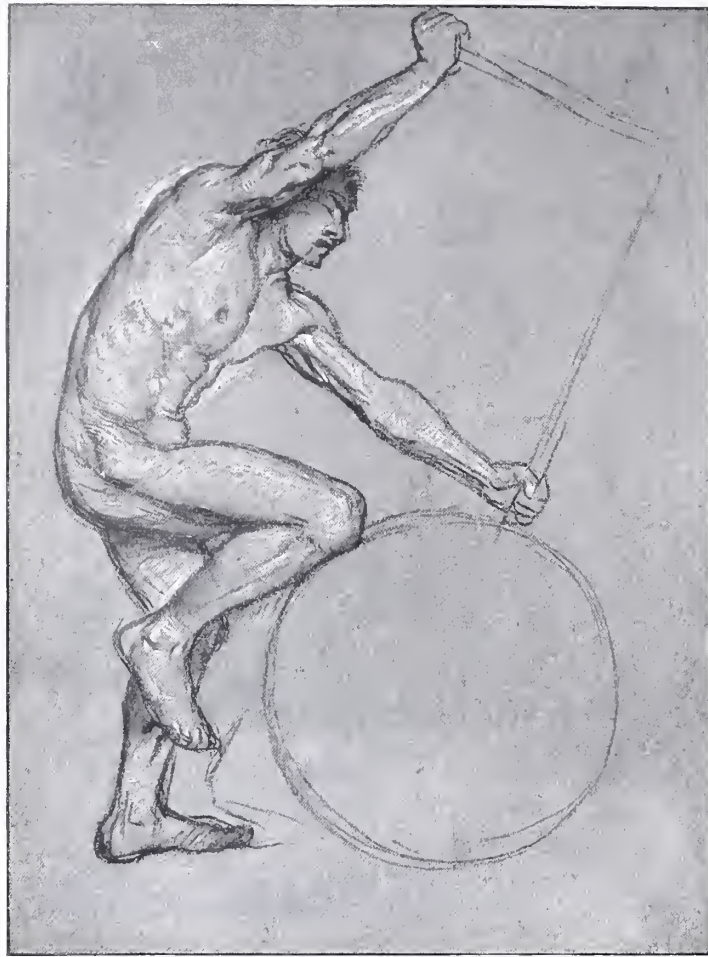
artistic life. Influenced, but not dominated. Sir Edward Poynter’s personality is strong throughout, and any one of these studies proclaims its authorship. They have not, assuredly, all the suavity and grace of Leighton, nor have they the eclectic refinement of Burne-Jones; but they have a grace and a refinement of their own, and a strength and vigour hardly to be found in either of the artists just named. There is no doubt a sense of effort about some of these which is usually absent from the work of either of the other masters. This is



STUDY FOR WOOD-BLOCK: "THE CASTLE BY THE SEA"
(1862).

true rather of his earlier work than of his later studies; but the fact remains that the intensity of the application nearly always makes itself felt by the beholder of the work.

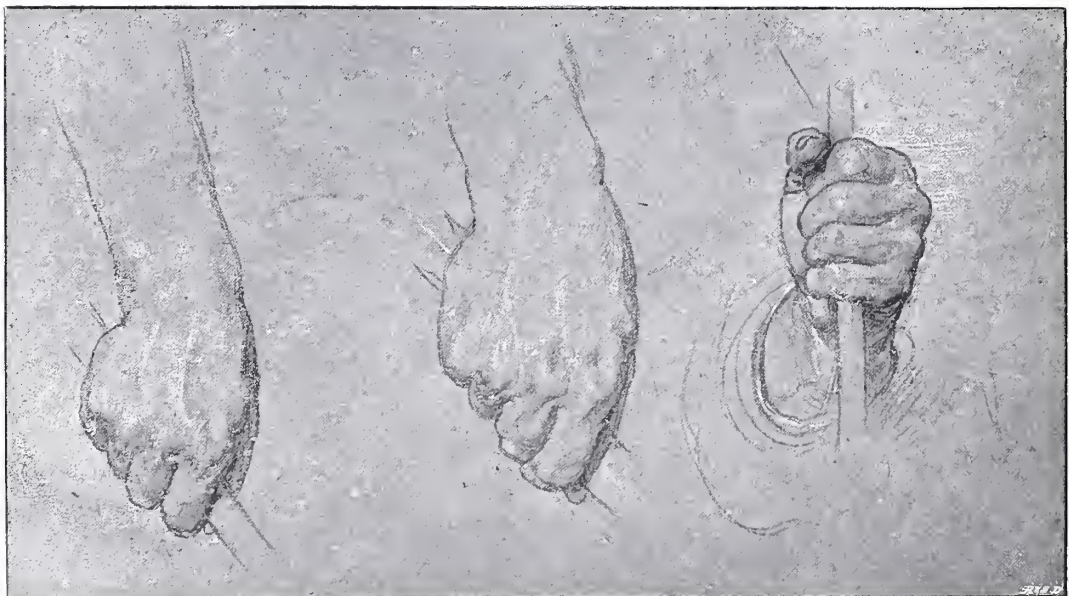
The early conditions of a rising artist's life thirty years ago and those which now prevail appear to me to differ in one great essential—the substitution of the brush for the pencil. Then, as now, clever young artists of the day were working for the publishers; this was their main training, and they worked upon the block with the point for the wood-engraver to cut. Nowadays, when the process flourishes and the paper offers a smooth surface to the cheaper and, in many respects, more



STUDY FOR "THE CATAPULT" (1868).

convenient process block, the natural implement is the brush, for a wash drawing—unless the design is a "decorative one"—is held to be more effective and to give greater variety to the drawing. What to-day, therefore, is colour and brush work was, forty years ago, drawing and pencil work; and this constant use of the pencil point was unquestionably a great factor in the excellence of draughtsmanship, the accuracy as well as the sensibility of which a startled section of the artistic community have lately discovered as leading merits in the great school of illustrators of the

'Sixties. To this sort of apprenticeship Millais and Whistler, Rossetti and Sandys, Malox Brown and



STUDY FOR "ST. GEORGE" (1869).



STUDY.

(By Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A.)



STUDY FOR "ST. GEORGE" (1869).

Burne-Jones, Houghton and Holman Hunt, were all of them bound, and Sir Edward Poynter was of the party. He was amongst those who helped to produce that wonderful "Dalziel's Illustrated Bible." Draughtsmanship accurate and defined was, therefore, more to him than was to others the draughtsmanship of the brush. He seems to have seen everything at first in line, just as Fred Walker and Professor Herkomer did, and line permits no deviation from, no flirtation with, drawing. The initial study here shown is that which was made for the first drawing executed by the artist for *Once a Week*; it illustrates "The Castle by the Sea," Uhland's celebrated ballad. Those who would see the beautiful engraving which was executed from it should refer to p. 284 of the sixth volume, and appreciate to how high a degree the artist entered into the loftiest conception of Pre-Raphaelitism. There is a nobility of character even about this slight drawing which will not escape the beholder.

The year 1868 was a notable one in Mr. Poynter's career; he had made his great sensation in the previous exhibition of the Academy with "Israel in Egypt"; but "The Catapult," by which it was followed, fixed him in the position to which the earlier picture had raised him. Here, as in the "Israel"

work, composition and the nude were the two main features; the archaeology of the work was a thing apart, and studies innumerable were needed in its working out. Of these, one—the central figure of the picture—is reproduced; the attitude of the nude form at the winch gives an opportunity for the display of anatomical knowledge which Bandinelli might have envied. There is, however, not overmuch insistence on muscular development; and it is interesting, in comparing this study with the picture, to see how he corrected the nude model in its transference from nature to art. Several studies of this same figure were made before the result was finally deemed satisfactory.

The summons to prepare two great designs to be reproduced in mosaic in the central lobby of the Houses of Parliament put the artist fairly on his mettle and occupied a considerable portion of the year 1869. The two subjects were to be "St. George" and "St. David"; the

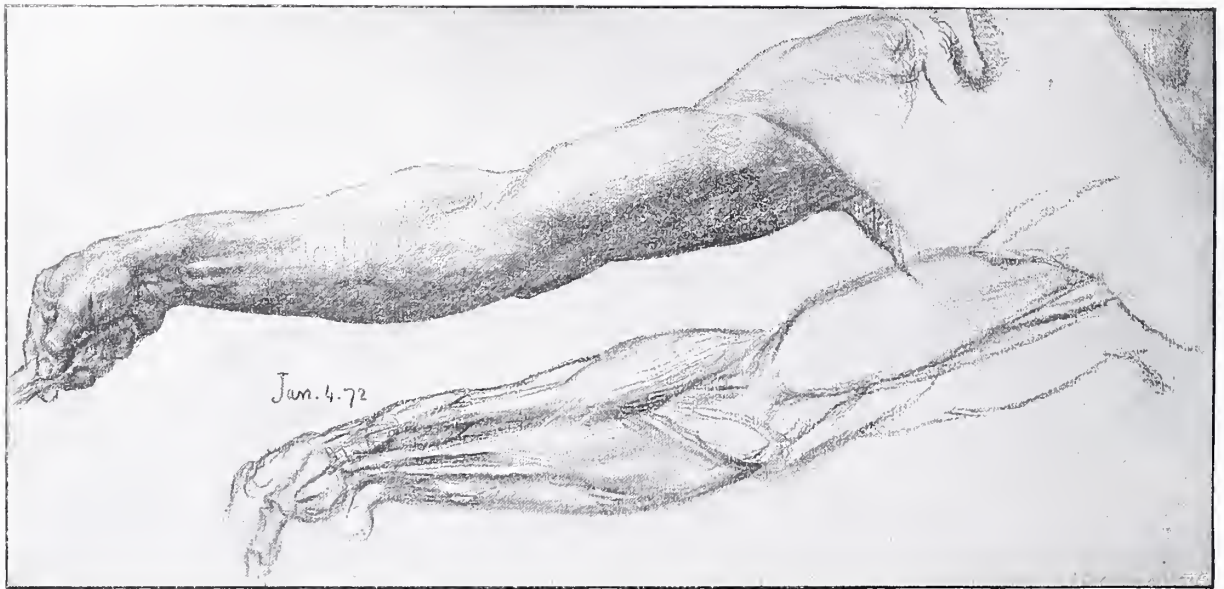


STUDY OF "ST. DAVID" (1869). (Companion Design to "St. George.")

former was carried into execution with excellent decorative results, as all must concede who view it illuminated in the evening (for in the daytime the system of lighting almost prevents it being seen at all). The "St. David," of which a reproduction is here given from the water-colour study, has not hitherto been carried out; but a resolution has recently been adopted whereby this work will soon face its companion and add to the beauty as well as to the completeness of the embellishment of the lobby. The only alteration, I believe, will be in the border, so that it may harmonise with that of the "St. George."*

well known, well appreciated, nor well understood in England. So Mr. Poynter journeyed to Italy to study the new method, its technical characteristics and its artistic handling, and once more proved his thoroughness in any work he might undertake.

Although Sir Edward Poynter was so great an admirer of Lord Leighton's work, and lent so ready an ear to his counsel, he never resigned his own point of view, and never sought to imitate, as a weaker man would have done. Leighton's muse, to a great extent, was the muse of Raphael; but Sir Edward, from the beginning, preferred, generally



STUDY FOR "PERSEUS" (1872).

For the "St. George" two or three studies are here reproduced—trial studies for armour from two or three different suits. In the full-page plate will be seen that which was finally adopted in the form shown in the middle. The care as well as the skill of these studies must not be missed by the reader; there is a beauty of touch as well as a distinction of style and certainty of precision not less remarkable than the artistic understanding displayed. The smaller armour study represents with fair accuracy the attitude which was subsequently adopted, together with details of shield, sword, and leg-pieces, which are so skilfully and effectively reproduced in the mosaic. The study of hands was produced at the proper stages with a view to obtaining accuracy in respect to the play of muscle produced by a grasp of hand: that on the right was for the hand holding the shield. But when these studies were finished the artist was only half through his labour, for his completed design had then to be translated into mosaic, a style of decoration at that time neither

speaking, a robuster model. How true this is may be seen by a glance at the study for the arm of Perseus, in the picture of "Perseus and Andromeda"—an admirable study of the most useful kind, learned, full of vigour, and supplemented by a working out of bone and muscle to satisfy himself, just as Michaelangelo might have done—and, indeed, often did.

From this to the "Study of a Girl's Head" is a considerable step—the former, a laboriously worked-out limb, powerful and heavy; the latter, an easily drawn outline of grace and charm, in which there has been no effort, no redrawing, save in respect to the thickness of the neck. The modelling is daintily suggested, and the whole simply drawn and effectively touched with white chalk.

It may here be conveniently stated that Sir Edward Poynter has, in common with his brother-in-law, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, considerable liking for his yellowish brick-red paper, as well as for dark blue and brown. The circumstance is not without its importance, for every artist will draw best on his favourite tint—just as Lord Leighton preferred brown

* See p. 114, first half-yearly volume, 1897.



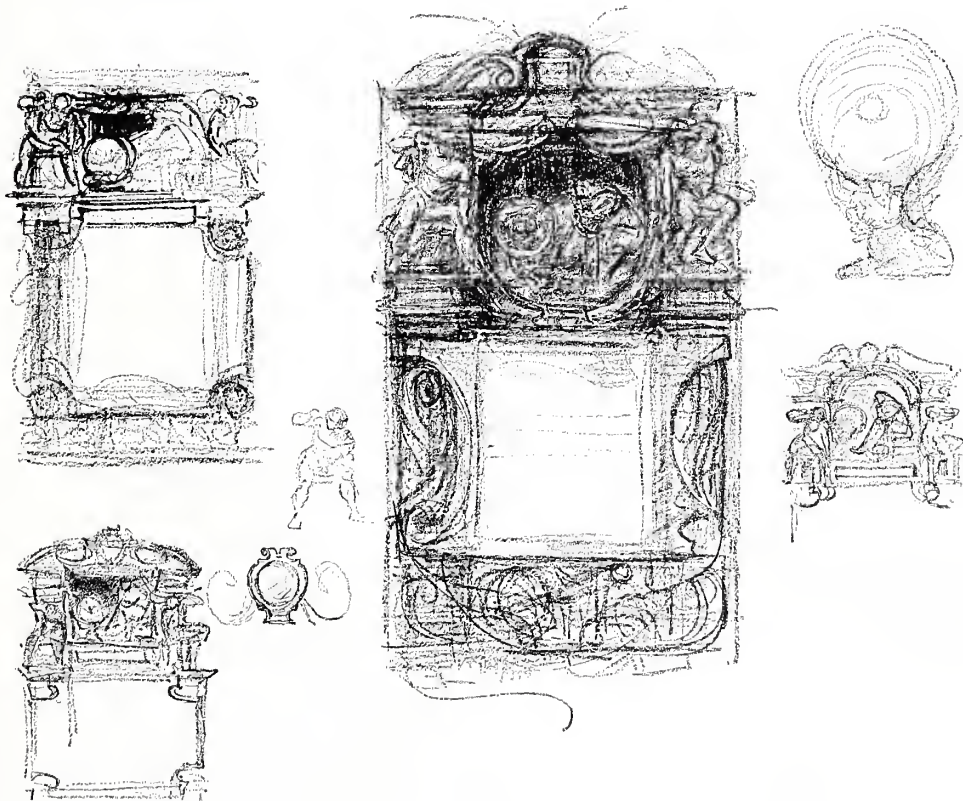
STUDY OF ARMOUR FOR "ST. GEORGE" (1869).

paper for his black and white chalks, as Mr. Swan had his glowing, tender orange paper not been available. But brown paper was Sir Edward Poynter's



TRIAL STUDY FOR SOUTH KENSINGTON SCIENCE CERTIFICATE.—ALTERNATIVE DESIGN.

to print on. Particularly was the colour of their paper a matter of the first concern to the old masters material in his earlier days, when he produced his finest studies, which I shall next proceed to con-



TRIAL STUDIES FOR SOUTH KENSINGTON SCIENCE CERTIFICATE.

of English water-colour painting; even William Gilpin's pleasant art would have lost half its charm sider—the studies for the mural, or rather ceiling, decorations in St. Stephen's Church of East Dulwich.

THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

NOTES ON THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE curious omissions of certain of the great masters from all the schools with which the Wallace collection deals suggests the probable fact

known—or, if known, but little popular—impresses the critic with the conviction that nothing which was good of its kind was out of the scope of the collector's acquisition. This point is made clear by the reduplication of examples of certain painters to an extent out of all proportion, and inexplicable in view of the indifference shown to, other masters not less important. Lord Hertford's predisposition towards all things French—nurtured by his long residence in Paris and encouraged by unusual opportunities—found full play in the acquisition of masterpieces of French art; not only, as we have seen, in the gathering together of a brilliant collection of furniture, bronzes, *bric-à-brac*, and the like, but in the collection of pictures in oil and water-colour that best display their power of brush. And it is to be observed that almost throughout it is the romantic treatment which he specially favoured.

The earliest of French masters is represented by the portrait of the Earl of Hertford, by François Clouet ("Janet"), thus printed in the catalogue of Bethnal Green, but the only acquisition by this collector which I know of is the portrait in oil of Henri III. of France, which



MRS. BRADDYLL.

(From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.)

that this great gathering of pictures was never considered complete by its owner, and that the intention was, as opportunity afforded, to add greatly to its extent; unless, indeed, there were limits even to the catholicity of Lord Hertford's taste, and that he would have naught to do with certain painters with whom he felt out of sympathy. This is indeed an unlikely solution, for the presence of a considerable number of painters whose names are little

was acquired at the Northwick sale in 1859 for the sum of eight guineas. The "Mary, Queen of Scots," of the school of Janet, is now set down as "unknown." Of the great French school of the seventeenth century there is, primarily, Nicolas Poussin's magnificent "Dance of the Seasons," a picture of extraordinary merit and one of the gems of the Fesch collection, which the Marquis acquired at its dispersal in 1845 for the sum of £1,400—5,970 scudi being bid in his

name.* Gaspar Poussin, the brother-in-law of Nicolas, whose surname he adopted, and whom he occasionally persuaded to paint the figures into his own landscapes, is worthily represented by his famous landscape, "Tivoli," which, from the Waldegrave and Fleming collections, had passed into that of Lord Ashburnham, and at the sale of the latter

from Hesse-Cassel it entered the Malmaison collection, thence it passed successively to the Talleyrand, Grey, and Owen collections before it became a noted canvas in the Saltmarsh collection, belonging to Mr. Higginson. At the sale of the last-named gallery in 1846 Lord Hertford acquired it for £1,470. Hardly less admirable, though perhaps less



THE SEASONS DANCING TO THE MUSIC OF TIME.

(From an Engraving after the Painting by Nicolas Poussin.)

in 1850 was acquired by Lord Hertford for £504—a sum ridiculously inadequate, according to its present value. The portraits and miniatures of Nattier do full justice to the painter's talent, showing his brilliance and quaint elegance as well as that inability to appreciate a rich, warm scheme of colour characteristic of the school of that period. His portrait of the Duc de Penthièvre, which was painted in conjunction with Toqué, is also here.

Poussin's friend, Claude le Lorrain, has painted few pictures more admirable than his "Italian Landscape"—in reality, a view in the neighbourhood of Tivoli, to which he had journeyed more than once before, on one occasion in the artistic company of Poussin himself. The picture in question is a very notable one, and boasts a proud pedigree:

* At this sale the Marquess of Hertford and the Baron Rothschild were the chief purchasers.

famous, is the "Coast Scene" (or, more properly, "Port") "in the Mediterranean," which was lent to the Royal Academy in 1889, and which was, I believe, obtained from its previous owner, Mr. Braine, for the sum of £525.

From Nattier to his contemporary, Watteau, is an easy step, but the transition is as from black to white. In no private collection can so superb a display of the great Frenchman's talent be seen as here in the eleven canvases which represent the highest form of grace and elegance to which French art had attained. The majority of these works were exhibited at the Old Masters Exhibition at Burlington House in 1889, but it is difficult to identify them with the names under which they have from time to time been acquired, by reason of the vague titles which they now bear. "The Music Party," now called "A Concert," is that which attracted

so much attention when, at the Rogers sale in 1856, it was knocked down for the sum of £183. The "Fête Champêtre" came from the Sir Thomas Baring sale, where Mr. Mawson bought it for Lord Hertford for £157. The "Palace Garden, with

the superb "Amusements Champêtres," extremely elaborate in its composition, fine in colour, and presenting one of Watteau's best efforts in landscape painting. In all these works it should be observed that there are no examples of Watteau's allegorical designs, nor of his military or domestic scenes; nevertheless, his painting is hardly to be better seen in any collection in England.

Pierre Prud'hon justifies in considerable measure his claim to be considered as "the French Correggio," in the seven pictures which here display his talent. Of these the most important are, perhaps, the "Assumption of the Virgin," which came from the Casimir-Perrier collection in 1843 (for £480), and—as an example of portraiture—a full-length of the Empress Josephine, which belonged at



PORT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

(From the Painting by Claude Lorrain.)

Figures" appears to be the work originally painted under the name of "Les Charmes de la Vie," and represents the old Champs Elysées as seen from a balcony of the Tuileries. Besides these, we have the theatrical piece entitled "Gilles," which one biographer curiously identifies with the famous "Actors of the Comédie Italienne," with its eight figures, which passed into King Louis Philippe's gallery and the Standish collection, whence Lord Hertford obtained it in 1853 for the great sum, as it was then considered, of £735. It is interesting to compare this picture, representing the spirit of pantomime and farce, with that of "Actors of the Comédie Française," designed to show the superior dignity of tragedy. The "Rendez-vous de Chasse" is one of Watteau's masterpieces, six feet long, rich in colour, full of figures, horses, dogs, and game, and "showing a sky worthy of Rembrandt himself." The "Arlequin and Columbine" is the picture known as "L'Indiscret" or "L'Amour Badin," the harlequin being in motley, and columbine in saffron-coloured silk. From the Cardinal Fesch collection came

one time to the Comte de la Beaune. The work of Fragonard has been chosen with equal felicity: his "Fountain of Pleasure" is in its way a classic, for, in spite of its theatrical pose and arrangement, it is eloquent of the spirit of the time in respect both to taste and imagination. The "Lady Carving her Name" on a tree in a flowering landscape, watched by her dog, is really the "Chiffre d'Amour" which was engraved by de Lauray. I find it recorded that at the Morny sale, under the name of "The Swing," Lord Hertford purchased one of Fragonard's best works for £1,200, but it is not to be identified with any of the pictures which were exhibited at Bethnal Green.

It is in the two-and-twenty examples of Greuze that one of the glories of the collection exists. You may seek elsewhere in any private collection in vain for so excellent a representation of the work of this Apostle of Prettiness. Greuze is the Carlo Dolce of France, with an emphatic erotic twist in his temperament, always affected, generally charming, constantly "suggestive," and even in his domestic

moral pieces (of which there are hardly any here) insincere. His type of beauty is constant and almost monotonous, but the very youthfulness of his amorous *fillettes* is offensive in itself. This, however, is usually veiled by the *bouhon* character of the little innocents, as may be seen in the "Nymph Sacrificing to Cupid"—a motive not dissimilar from that in Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Lady Sarah Bunbury." This pretty "nymph"—his usual model—is set in a confused and tortured landscape background, and the whole has a meretricious charm which is agreeable enough, but which Diderot condemned in good round terms. The picture was knocked down for 6,160 scudi at the Cardinal Fesch collection, and cost the Marquess of Hertford £1,355. It is engraved in the Choiseul Cabinet under the title of "La Prière à l'Amour." From the same collection also came the famous "Broken Mirror"—a picture with the same *double entendre* as "La Cruche Cassée"—after a spirited contest with Baron Rothschild, for 3,360 scudi. Another celebrated canvas, again with the same *motif*, is "The Broken Eggs," one of the last of the Marquess's acquisitions; it was obtained at

the sale of Mr. Wells of Redleaf in 1848, Lord Hertford acquired for £787. At the Lafitte sale in 1834 one of the pictures, called simply "A Girl's Head," was acquired in Paris for £268, and another fetched £900 at a later date. "A Magdalen," under the title of "The Inconsolable Widow," was purchased at the de Morny sale (1865) for £324. The exquisite "Innocence," representing a young girl with a lamb, is said to have fetched, at the Duclou Dufresnoy sale in 1795, 25,600 "*assignats*"—though the precise value of the *assignat* in question is not stated. In the An VIII. the picture again changed hands, and at the Pourtalès sale, in 1865, it fell to Lord Hertford for £4,000. Finally, the "Psyche" was acquired at the sale of the Salt-marsh collection in 1846 for £1,050.

Glancing now rapidly through the chief remaining pictures of the French school—of masters dead and living—alphabetically, for convenience sake, we come first to Bellangé—the Wilkie of France—from whose brush we find three oil pictures (including the "Return from Elba," which first appeared in 1834, at the Salon), and ten water-colours, all



THE MURDER OF THE DUC DE GUISE

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by Paul Delaroche.)

the San Donato sale in 1870 for no less a sum than £5,292. Then there is the much-appreciated "Girl with Doves," which Greuze painted for Mr. Wilkinson for the stipulated sum of £180, which M. Nieuwenhuys disposed of for £257, and which, at

extremely characteristic. Next three by Boilly, and as many by Mme. Rosa Bonheur, amongst which is "The Waggon" and "Highland Sheep." By Boucher are eleven canvases, of which the "Sunrise" and "Sunset"—which I take to be those which Sir

Richard Wallace called "The Shepherdess's Toilet" and "The Sleeping Shepherdess"—cost £808 at the Commailles sale in 1855; while the "Springtime" and "Autumn" fetched £580 at the dispersal of the Patureau collection two years later. Boucher's

hardly less admirable. Charlet and Raffet are both here with typical illustrations of military life, so sympathetic in the rendering, and Léon Cogniet, with three, not dissimilar in subject, but conceived in a spirit wholly different. Of Corot, now for the first

time in an English public gallery, there is his "Macbeth and the Witches," and of Couture, five pictures, of which his "Roman Luxury," and "Duel after the Masquerade" have been strikingly popular. Décaups, the great painter of Eastern scenes and sunlight, and of Biblical allusion, is magnificently represented in sixteen oil pictures and fifteen water-colours, among which may be seen the world-famous "Sortie de l'École, Constantinople." Of Delacroix there are the "Death of Marino Faliero" and "Faust and Marguerite"; and of Delaroche fifteen (including five water-colours) of his most successful works, such as the "Cardinal Richelieu on the Rhône," which M. Pourtalès bought for £60 and declined to part with for £1,600, and for which, at his death-sale in 1865, Lord Hertford paid £3,208. Then there are "Cardinal Mazarin's Last Sickness,"



NYMPH SACRIFICING TO CUPID.
(From the Painting by Greuze.)

talent is shown to great advantage in these examples, as well as in "Madame de Pompadour," "The Water-mill," and others, and specimens of mythological fancies are not wanting. A picture and a water-colour serve to introduce Jacques Raymond Brascassat to Englishmen, who have known too little of him; for he was in his day—and he died only thirty years ago—the great animal painter of France, in whose pictures animal life and expression are supported by landscape backgrounds

"The Princes in the Tower," and "Mother and Child," and the water-colour of "The Murder of the Duc de Guise," of which the oil version was exhibited at the Salon in 1835. Desporte, Detroy, and Drouais are followed by Jules Dupré, with his "Crossing the Bridge," and by Robert Fleury, with his "Richelieu," and his "Charles V. at the Monastery of St. Just," which was painted for the Duchesse d'Orléans in 1841, and was sold with her effects in 1852. The picture then passed into the Perière



THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(From the Mezzotint by Samuel Cousins, R.A., after the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)

collection, and, on the dispersal of that gallery in 1869, it found a resting-place in the Hertford gallery at the price of £1,600. It was thought at the time to have been acquired for the Comte de Paris.

Three works by Géricault and two by Gérôme—the “Guard of the Harem” and “The Draught Players”—are as well chosen, though not so historically interesting, as the portraits of Napoleon Bonaparte and Joachim Murat by Baron Gros—that unhappy artist who, cut to the quick by popular indifference and the attacks of the critics, threw himself into the Seine in 1835. Passing by Gudin and Guérin, we come to J. B. Isabey, the miniaturist, of whose talent there are a score of examples, notable amongst them portraits of the Emperor Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington, and Eugène Isabey, the romanticist. Jacquand, Tony Johannot, Lami, Largillière: and then Mme. Vigée Lebrun, the graceful portraitist, who painted as well as Angelica Kauffmann tried to do. Le Dueq, Lemoine, Lépicié, Marilhat are passed, and we arrive at Meissonier, of whom not fewer than fifteen representative works enrich the country in a way no other collector could have succeeded in doing.

First, there is the “Polichinelle,” the most comical of the painter’s many variations of the theme, which was originally painted on a door by way of joke—that is the secret of its being described as “painted on panel”—but the owner of the door cut it out, and it was sold to Sir Richard Wallace. A companion panel, “Cavalier, Time of Louis XIV.,” is, I believe, the “Suffisance,” or “Self-complacency,” which was painted in 1861, and which was bought by the Marquess of Hertford at the Demidoff sale three years later for £780. Here, too, we have “The Visitors,” in Jacobean costume, which is not so interesting, perhaps, on its own account—not even for its clever management of play of light—as for the fact that it was the first picture ever exhibited by the artist. It was at the Salon of 1834, when it was bought by the Société des Amis des Arts for *four pounds* and awarded to a M. Poturle. At his death Sir Richard Wallace acquired it. Then there is “The Decameron,” one of Meissonier’s few pictures into which he introduced the figures of ladies—“À l’Ombre des Bosquets,” as it was called in 1853—an admirable example of his art. “The Bravos,” of the same year, is also here, representing two murderers waiting for their victim, which Gautier described as a tragedy in two figures. This picture, like “La Halte”—travellers halting at an inn—was painted for the Duc de Morny: the latter is perfect in its harmony of colour, and, it may be interesting to add, was enlarged at the request of the first owner. Lord Hertford secured it at the latter’s sale in 1865. In addition to these, there are “Napoleon

and his Staff,” “Throwing Dice” (soldiers engaged at drum-head gaming), “The Gamblers” (“Partie Perdue,” 1858), and “The Connoisseurs”—together an extraordinarily representative collection.

Pater, the pupil and somewhat heavy imitator of Watteau, is seen in fifteen pictures, all worthy of his name, the best known of which is the “Village Festival”—more easily recognised under the name of the “Fête Champêtre”—which Lord Hertford purchased at the Earl of Pembroke’s sale in 1862 for £1,232. Then follow Pils, Raoux, Rigaud, Roqueplan, and Rousseau (whose single work is a “Landscape, with Cattle Drinking”), Saint-Simon, and the Dutch-born Ary Scheffer—whose cold compositions, such as the “Francesca da Rimini,” “Sister of Mercy,” and “Margaret at the Fountain,” are, to me, so unaccountably popular. Schopin and Sicardy glanced at, we come to two fine works of Troyon (“Landscape, with Cattle” and “Storm Coming On”) and, after Van Loo, to Claude Vernet (with a notable “Shipwreck”) and “the amazing” painter, Horace Vernet—who, within nine months, began and finished, highly, a picture of “The Taking of Smala,” that was certainly the “greatest” picture in the Salon of 1845, being sixty-seven feet long. Of his oil pictures there are here thirty-two, and of water-colours nine, covering between them the whole of that vast field of subject with which the artist occupied himself—Biblical, military, Oriental, romantic, Napoleonic, landscape, and the rest. The spirited “Allan MacAulay,” from Sir Walter Scott’s “Legend of Montrose,” is engraved in the “Musée de Peinture.”

M. Ziem is last on the list, and completes the representation of French art at a time when it was freeing itself from neo-classicism and declaring for romanticism. That the collection contains some of the best of both schools is an extremely fortunate circumstance for the English student; and if, as is to be hoped, our National Gallery completes what is here lacking, much will have been done to save our rising artists the inevitable necessity of a visit to Paris.

Although it is not very comprehensive, the English section is, nevertheless, not unworthy of its surroundings. Contemporary Englishmen are here, just as living Frenchmen are: we have a characteristic picture of “Cattle” by Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A.; a portrait by Mr. Sant, R.A.; and a “Lady bearing Wine on a Salver,” by Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.—the picture, I presume, which, to its author’s horror, was christened “Sherry, Sir?” when an engraving of it was issued by an unusually commercial-minded publisher. Then there is work of Callow; of Constable’s friend, Sir George Beaumont, eminent among amateurs; of Charles Baxter, whose pretty taste in pretty faces was backed by executive skill and vivid colour-sense; of William Derby of

Birmingham, whose clever hand drew so many of "Lodge's Portraits:" of Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., with his gentlemanly rendering of "Count D'Orsay:" of Hilton, whose "Venus appearing to Diana and her Nymphs" should really be called "Venus in Search of Cupid"—a picture which was acquired at the Wright sale in 1845 for £325. By Andrew Morton, the *protégé* of William IV's family, is the picture of "The Duke of Wellington and Colonel Gurwood;" by the Academician, Gilbert Stewart Newton—who is not to be confounded with F. M. Newton, R.A.—is the portrait of "Lady Theresa Lewis," which should be the more acceptable as the works of this painter are comparatively few and rare. A couple of works by Frank Stone; a portrait of the Queen (a reduced replica of that now belonging to the St. George's Society of Philadelphia) by Thomas Sully, the "English-born American"; and the "Waking of Aphrodite," by Richard Westall, R.A., sometime crony of Sir Thomas Lawrence and teacher of drawing to her Majesty the Queen, complete the list of what I would call, without disparagement, the second-class items of the English section.

Some of Henry Bone's finest examples of painting on enamel are among the five of his works in this collection; they are all portraits, and the most decorative of them, no doubt, is the exquisite version of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Lady Cockburn and her Children." By Richard Parkes Bonington, who may be said to belong more properly to the French school—as at the Beaux-Arts under Baron Gros he received his academic education—are no fewer than eleven oils and twenty-seven water-colours, by which his power both as a painter of historic *genre* and landscape is admirably displayed. The "Henri III. Receiving the English Ambassadors" is a historical work, as well as the "Francis I. and his Sister." "The Odalisque Blanche" was acquired for £120, and "The Odalisque à la Robe Jaune" for £81. "The Promenade" was acquired from the Casimir-Perrier collection in 1846, when that gallery was sent to England for dispersal by auction. To Cosway's miniatures allusion has already been made: here is his celebrated portrait of the lovely "Mrs. Fitzherbert" as well, amongst others, as the double portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Duneanon. It should be remembered that, although a miniature painter by profession, Cosway occasionally painted in oil, and that these works by their comparative rarity have an interest of their own. The charm of Downman's delicately tinted portraits has of late been more than ever recognised, and the four portraits in the Wallace collection are the more valuable as the nation, I believe, owns but a single work from his hand—"The Sybarite," in the South

Kensington Museum. The water-colour art of Copley Fielding, J. D. Harding, Alexander Nasmyth—Patrick Nasmyth's father—and of Prout, are all worthily, if slightly, represented: the latter in a fine work of "Rouen," characteristic of that style which so enslaved Professor Ruskin from first to last. By David Roberts, R.A., are two important church pictures in oil, and half a dozen water-colours, in his well-known scenic manner, of views on the Continent and in the East: while from his fellow scene-painter, Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., we have views on the Rhine and in Venice. Turner is seen in four water-colours, of which two—"Grouse Shooting" and "Woodcock Shooting"—will be remembered in a recent exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. Sir David Wilkie's "Scots Lassies Dressing" is here, and his "Sportsmen Refreshing:" and by Landseer a couple of characteristic designs, and a "Portrait of a Lady" in chalk.

By Hoppner, Lawrence's acknowledged rival, we have one of his characteristic portraits of "A Lady." By Lawrence himself, now being valued—by a swing of the pendulum—as he has not been valued since his death, are three portraits of ladies, one of which—the "Countess of Blessington"—is world-famous for its grace and refined beauty, for the sake of which its affectation is willingly forgiven. By Romney—ignored by the Royal Academy chiefly because the Academy was ignored by him—is one of his canvases of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.; and by Gainsborough, the "Miss Haverfield," and a "Portrait of a Lady," the latter of which, although not officially catalogued, is, if I remember aright, a portrait of Mrs. Robinson as "Perdita."

But the main strength of the English section lies in the superb collection of works by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Of these there are no fewer than twelve, nearly all of the highest quality. There is the portrait of the Duke of Queensberry, who was known as "Old Q," which has not been engraved. There are the splendid, and, I believe, equally unengraved portraits, "Lady Elizabeth Seymour-Conway" and "The Countess of Lincoln," both contemporary commissions from the third Marquess of Hertford, who paid, according to Reynolds's own accounts, £110 for the two—but there may have been a second payment of a like sum. Then there is the beautiful "Mrs. Robinson" as "Perdita," which was painted in 1780, the exquisite sketch for Lord Granville's picture, and another of the same actress as "Contemplation," which was painted in 1782. This was acquired by Lord Hertford from the Phipps collection in 1859 for £840. The "Miss Bowles"—the little daughter of Mr. Bowles, the friend of Sir George Beaumont—was a commission

given on the latter's advice, on the ground that "a faded picture of Reynolds' will be the finest thing you have." So in May, 1775, twenty-six guineas were paid in advance, and in June of the following year as much again, and one of Sir Joshua's best child-pictures was produced. It was engraved by William

engraved by Grozer in 1799. This picture fetched in 1821 £32, and at the Scobell sale in 1845 £63, but Sir Joshua appears to have been paid, either for this or the Wynn portrait, on April 26th, 1776. £105. The "Mrs. Carnae" is one of the most beautiful of the artist's full-length female portraits;



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.
(From the Painting by Gainsborough.)

Ward under the title of "Juvenile Amusement" in 1798. Lord Hertford bought the picture in 1850 for £1,071. Then comes the famous "Nelly O'Brien"—not, to my mind, the most charming of the several versions of the famous courtesan, though extremely fine in quality. It was sold by auction in the painter's lifetime for ten guineas; in 1793 it rose to £21; in 1810 it was knocked down to the Marquess of Hertford for £64. "The Youthful St. John" is not the same as that for which Master Wynn sat, now belonging to Sir Watkin W. Wynn, but another, somewhat resembling it in general arrangement, painted in 1783 and

exhibited) in 1892, when its beauty—the loveliness of the sitter and, above all, the mastery of the handling and golden splendour of the delicate colour—fascinated every beholder. For this picture Sir Joshua had a first payment of fifty guineas in July, 1777, the other fifty following; and in 1854 Lord Hertford purchased it at the Lord Townshend sale for the small advance of £225. What is it worth nowadays?—at twenty times that sum it would find a dozen purchasers. Five years later Mrs. Braddyll (or "Bradylle," as Sir Joshua spelled her name) had her son Thomas painted by the same incomparable hand.



THE MIGRATIONS OF VENUS AND APOLLO.

BY LEADER SCOTT.

THE mythological pair of which I speak are the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de' Medici, who have travelled considerably since they came to light from the repose of centuries beneath the soil of Rome.* The Apollo was the first to leave his niche in the Vatican, for Napoleon carried him off to Paris, as the spoil of war, during his first invasion of Italy in 1796. The autocratic First Consul next decided to celebrate in the Museum of Paris a marriage between the Venus de' Medici and the Apollo Belvedere; and to accomplish this he seemed to give nearly as much thought as to the conquest of nations.

The Grand Duke was fully alive to the schemes laid to carry off the beautiful Venus sculptured by Cleomenes, son of Apollodorus the Greek, and at the first rumour of another French invasion, he had the statue packed, and sent it under escort to Palermo, together with some other precious works of art from the Florentine Galleries. The King of Naples promised to guard the treasure faithfully, and to give it up to no one, except at the order of the Grand Duke himself; and Cav. Tommaso Puccini, director of the Florentine Gallery, remained in Palermo to watch over it.

The second invasion of Tuscany took place; and though the French general, Brune, had promised that "national property, especially *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, should be respected," yet Napoleon's tenacious will held to his overwhelming desire of Venus joining Apollo in Paris. Not being able to take the statue by force, as he had seized the Apollo, Napoleon, in 1802, set various political batteries at work to undermine the integrity of the King of Naples, and to secure the influence of Ludovico I., of Bourbon, whom he had in 1801 created King of Etruria.

* The Apollo was discovered at Porto d'Anzio about the end of the fifteenth century; the Venus was found at the Villa of Hadrian in 1580, and Cardinal Ferdinand de' Medici bought it. It was transferred to Florence in 1677.

He besieged the Tuscan Minister in Paris (Averardo Serristori) with flatteries and favours; he set Chaptal, his Home Minister, to incite Clarke, the French plenipotentiary at Florence, to obtain the cession of the statue; and the King of Etruria was made to understand that it would be to his personal benefit if he procured the gift of it for the First Consul. King and Ministers were all reluctant to do this unjust thing, but Clarke was so pressed that he had to appeal to Senator Mozzi to confirm the King's refusal. Mozzi replied at length in a confidential letter, dated March 4th, 1802, asserting that King Ludovico "found himself in the very painful position of having to refuse a favour to the First Consul, to whom in gratitude and sentiment he owed every duty." He averred that the Venus was the inalienable property of the nation, and that to take it from Florence would be to infringe on the most venerated rights of the kingdom. He quoted again the promise made by General Brune that all precious works of art should be respected and preserved intact; in fact, he used every argument possible to avert the danger. The Senator Mozzi also wrote to Cav. Acton, Prime Minister of the King of Naples, begging him to guard with especial vigilance the treasure confided to the charge of that Government.* To this, Acton replied that the King "appreciated the charge confided to him, that he would always regard the treasure as a sacred deposit, and would guard it with jealous care; only rendering it up to its rightful owners as soon as they should require it."

Alas! he did render it up, but not to its rightful owners. Napoleon, having set his iron will on possessing the Venus, and not finding diplomacy succeed, tried more underhand means. The Government of Naples was corrupt enough to take an

* See Zobi, "Storia Civile della Toscana," vol. iii.

order from the French ambassador as equivalent to one from the King of Etruria, and Cav. Puccini was desired by the Minister to deliver over to the deputation from France the case containing the Venus de' Medici. Faithful Tommaso Puccini had the courage to refuse, as his instructions only allowed him to give up his trust under orders bearing the seal of the Secretary of State for the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He had, however, to yield to *forza maggiore*, for the Venus soon after sailed away to Paris in a French ship.

So the Venus de' Medici did indeed join the Apollo in Paris, where she found many old friends from her former home in the Florentine Galleries. Napoleon had, in 1799, sent a commission from France, which made a fierce raid on the art treasures. Sixty-three rare paintings, eleven mosaic pictures, and fourteen magnificent tables in mosaic of precious stones, besides gems, &c., were ruthlessly carried off from Florence alone. Poor faithful Cav. Puccini, Director of the Galleries, wrote a pathetic letter to the *Directoire* of France, praying that the medals and cameos might be spared. Among the pictures were four by Salvator Rosa, six by Rubens, four Titians, eight of Raphael's finest works, Michelangelo's "Fates," six paintings by Andrea del Sarto, two by Fra Bartolommeo, and many other works.

During the whole time of the French occupation, Napoleon's commissioners robbed Italy of her heirlooms. Phidias' bronze horses were carried away from Venice, and harnessed by order of the First Consul to the Car of Victory at Paris. The Correggios were taken from Parma, the Titians and Tintorets from Venice; indeed, so general was the rapine, that in 1810, when Canova was in Paris to model the statue of the Empress, the Emperor remarked with pride that Rome "no longer was the centre of art, but Paris. Here are all the classic masterpieces," he said; "nothing is wanting but the Farnese Hercules, but we will soon get that as well."

"Ah, your Majesty," pleaded Canova, "leave at least something to Italy."*

In all his dealings with Napoleon (and he was often artistically employed by him) Canova never failed to plead for the art rights of Italy. Indeed, he was often bold to rashness in condemning the rapine of the conqueror; but his fearless truths made little impression on that granite will.

His earnestness was well known and appreciated by the Pope and the Italian people, and when, on the fall of Napoleon, it was thought possible to recover the art treasures, the sculptor was chosen by general consent as the fittest ambassador. He left Rome accordingly, furnished with

credentials from the Pope, the Roman Senate, and the Academy of S. Luke, and arrived in Paris on August 28th, 1815. His faithful brother Giovanni Battista, who had been his assistant and constant companion for years, accompanied him; as he had been educated for the priesthood, and was a man of keen intelligence and good judgment, he proved of great service as secretary.

Canova first directed his diplomatic offices to the Court of Versailles; but though Louis XVIII. was anxious to get rid of all that reminded him of the usurper, he did not see the necessity of giving up such an art legacy as he had left him. Having failed here, our artist-ambassador turned to the foreign Ministers in Paris, and pleaded his cause. He said the French Republic had without cause invaded the States of the Church, and constrained Pope Pius VI. to purchase peace at the cost of some famous monuments of art, which were ceded by the treaty of Tolentino. The French having shortly after this broken the terms of that peace by a second invasion, when they dethroned and imprisoned the Pope himself, the Italians now had the right of reclaiming their art treasures. After a long and learned speech proving Rome to be the true centre of art, ancient and modern, and citing the examples of other conquerors, including Charles V. and Frederick the Great, who respected the art possessions of the nations they subdued, he ended with: "It is this right which Rome hopes to obtain from the justice and magnanimity of the august Allies." But the Allies declared themselves neutral.

Not dismayed with this rebuff, Canova sought to obtain an interview with the Emperor Alexander of Russia, but was prohibited; so he sent him a letter from the Pope, praying him to grant a favour which his namesake, Alexander of Macedon, did not deny to the artists of his time, and begging earnestly for his influence on the side of right. Alexander, however, refused to consent, unless a friendly treaty to the effect were made with France. But this Court held to the treaty of Tolentino, and would make no other. Then the indomitable Canova went to the Allies with another letter from his Holiness, saying he deemed it impossible that the English should sanction the French Government's profiting by a treaty already grossly broken by themselves. But the Allies still hesitated to put any force on France.

The affair was at this deadlock when Canova and his brother made the acquaintance of Sir William Hamilton, Under-Secretary of State, who assisted them in gaining the interest of Lord Castlereagh, plenipotentiary of the Court of St. James's.

The British Minister took a lively interest in

* From Canova's MS., quoted in Missirini's "Life of Canova," Lib. III. cap. 2, pp. 2, 26.

the affair, and wrote a very impressive letter to the Most Christian King, counselling a conventional treaty for the restitution of the Italian treasures; and Lord Wellington added the weight of his influence in a letter to the Allies which was printed in *Les Débats* of October 18th, 1815. This letter ends, "It would, in my opinion, be unjust of the Sovereigns to accede to the wishes of France. The sacrifice would be also impolitic, for it would cause them to lose the opportunity of giving the French a grand moral lesson."

To these opinions Prince Metternich added his adhesion by advising the Duke of Richelieu, Foreign Minister of France, to come to an agreement with the Pope's delegate. But he obstinately refused.

Soon after this the Emperor of Austria gave a brilliant example. In reclaiming the monuments of art which belonged to his kingdom, he at first excepted those which had been taken from Parma and Modena, till he discovered that the treaty which gave them up to France did so on condition that those duchies should be exempt from further tax or invasion. The armistice had been broken by France in the second invasion, which ruined both dukedoms, so he consented to the removal from the Paris museums of all pledges from Parma and Modena, and their restoration to their former possessors. The Duke of Parma had offered France a million of francs for permission to keep his Correggios in Parma, and when they were ruthlessly taken away he had hung up a large black frame in their places in sign of mourning for them. His joy at their return may well be imagined.

Canova seized this opportunity, and again evoked the English sense of justice. "The treaty of Tolentino has been broken in the same way as the convention of Parma and Modena, and the same justice ought to be rendered," said he, and England echoed the sentiment. Time pressed: if this concession were not obtained at once, the Allies would be leaving Paris. Lord Castlereagh and Prince Metternich agreed on the point of the rights of Italy, and the latter wrote to Canova that "if within that day the Duke of Richelieu had not consented to the proposed measure, he might on the morrow freely remove from the museums all and every work of art which belonged to Rome."

The same permission was obtained for Florence and other cities, and Italy has to thank the sculptor-ambassador Canova that she is still the greatest shrine of art.

Lady C. Jackson, in her "Court of the Tuileries" (p. 270), takes the French tone of feeling, and calls the restoration of the Italian works of art the "spoliation of the museums and national

libraries." She says: "At this Paris stood aghast. Rage filled every Frenchman's breast—so deeply was the national pride wounded—and curses loud and deep were poured on the heads of the Allies. All other miseries—even the millions of the indemnity and the presence and maintenance of the army of occupation—seemed to sink into insignificance compared with this one great humiliation." "No Frenchman would aid the work," says an eye-witness, Helen Maria Williams, in her letters. "Even porters, labourers out of work, would not or dared not render any assistance." The Murillos had fallen to the share of the generals, but though they considered them as private property, their restitution was demanded and obtained. They had to surround the Place du Carrousel and entrance to the Louvre with troops to keep off the French. Only foreigners were allowed in while the statues were being packed. Artists wept over the Apollo, and kissed the cold Venus, as though they were their dearest friends. The Horses of the Sun were brought down at night from the arch of the Carrousel by Austrian workmen under a guard of Austrian soldiers, and the people made frantic efforts to enter the square in spite of cavalry. English ladies, enjoying the sight, placed themselves playfully in the Car of Victory to which Phidias' bronze steeds had been harnessed by Napoleon—an uncouth jest which rankled bitterly in the breasts of Parisian dames. The 2,000 MSS. from the Vatican, which were part of the spoils of the Thirty Years' War, presented to the Pope by General Tilly but ceded to France by the treaty of Tolentino, were claimed by the Margrave of Baden, whose claim, it appears, was allowed.

Canova and his brother, having safely despatched our Apollo and Venus on their homeward journey, with all the other precious pictures, statues, and MSS., and thus filled Italy with rejoicing from north to south, took a journey to London, where the Prince Regent received them very graciously. Canova was *fêted* much in aristocratic circles, and the Royal Academy gave him a banquet. John Flaxman embraced his younger brother in art, and took him to see the marbles of the Parthenon, which made a great impression on him. On his return, Canova sent some of his sculptures as remembrances to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Castlereagh, Charles Long, Esq., and Sir W. Hamilton.

On reaching Rome, he met with a tremendous ovation. The Pope made him Marquis of Isehia, inscribed him in the Golden Book of the Campidoglio, and gave him an annual pension of 3,000 Roman scudi, which he generously used to subsidise the Roman art and archaeological academies.



KEDLESTON HALL FROM THE BRIDGE.

KEDLESTON HALL.

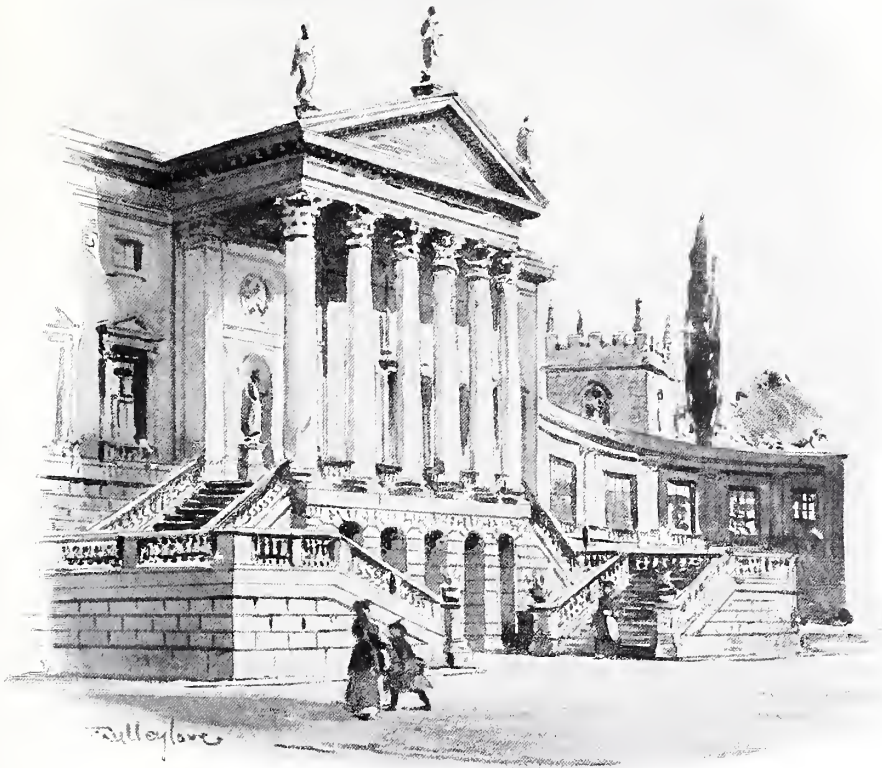
BY THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CURZON M.P. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FULLEYLOVE R.I.

THE present house of Kedleston stands upon a site which has been occupied by the manor-house or mansion of the Curzon family for nearly eight hundred years. The founder of the family was Giraline de Curzon, or Curzon, who came over with the Conqueror from France (where the collateral branch is still represented by the Vicomte de Curson of Beauvais, in Brittany). Giraline's name appears in the Roll of Battle Abbey, and, upon settling in England, he received from the king the Manor of Lockinge, in Berkshire. The Manor of Kedleston appears in Domesday Book as Chetelestune, or Chetel's town—the name of an earlier Saxon owner, which is also reproduced in the title of the North Derbyshire estate of Chatsworth, *i.e.* Chetel's Suorde. The church is not mentioned in Domesday, but was built before the close of the next century, the southern door of the nave, with its dog-tooth moulding and half-effaced relief in the tympanum of the arch being survivals of the Norman period. It was Giraline's second son, Richard, who received the Manor of Kedleston as a grant from Earl Ferras; and the property has never since left the family, having passed from the line of the eldest son, Richard (which terminated in an heir female, Mary, who married the Earl of Dorset, became governess to the children of Charles I., and was the only British subject of the female sex ever honoured by a public funeral in Westminster Abbey) to that of the second son, Thomas, in which it has descended in the male line without a single break for seven centuries. The earliest deed possessed by Lord

Scarsdale is dated the 10th Richard I., *i.e.* 1198, and is a grant of the Manor, advowson, and mill of Kedleston from Richard Curzon of the elder branch to his cousin, Thomas Curzon, of the younger.

In these and in subsequent days the village of Kedleston occupied a site to the north-west of the church, being close to it and to the manor-house, while the mill can only now be localised by the name of the Mill-meadow, a portion of the park a little lower down the stream. There is no record of the features of this earlier house; but there are preserved in the present Hall an oil painting and a plan of its successor, which preceded the present structure, and which was a substantial square, red-brick house, built by an architect named Smith in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The arms of the mediæval alliances of the Curzons were emblazoned on stained glass in the windows of the church; but all these had perished in the Civil War.

Meanwhile, the family, several members of which had been returned as knights of the shire to Parliament, received a baronetcy, in the person of Sir John Curzon, from Charles I. in 1641. It was Sir Nathaniel Curzon, the fifth baronet, who, in the middle of the last century—having, like his predecessors in three successive generations, represented the county or borough of Derby in Parliament—was made a peer by George III. in 1761, and during three Parliaments (1778–1787) was Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. Being a man of no small wealth, as well as possessed of much culture and taste, he conceived the idea of replacing



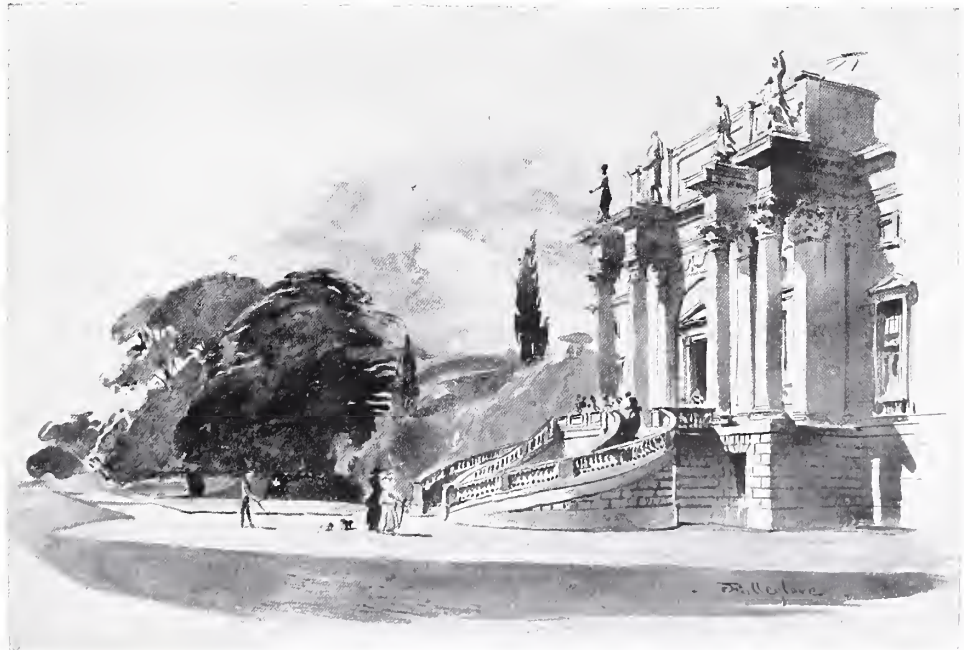
THE MAIN FRONT.

the manor-house of his ancestors by a more imposing structure, which should stand amid surroundings worthy of itself. Accordingly, he procured an Act of Parliament, under which the turnpike road, which previously ran in front of the Hall, was diverted so as to encircle, instead of cutting, the park, the village being simultaneously taken down and removed to its present site outside the park; while considerable additions were made to the latter, the adjoining estate and manor-house of the Iretons having been added by purchase.

The first peer was himself a traveller, and in his journeys on the Continent, and especially in Italy, he acquired, for very reasonable sums, the collection of pictures which was to adorn the walls of his new house.

The erection of the latter he entrusted to Mr. — afterwards Sir — Robert Adam, the eldest of the four celebrated brothers from whom the *Adelphi* takes its name. Robert Adam had travelled widely in Dalmatia and Italy, had made a careful study of the ancient Græco-Roman and Roman monuments there, and had been particularly struck by the impressive classical forms of the ruined palace of Diocletian at Spalatro. He returned to England at the moment when a reaction against the florid

exuberance of the later Jacobean style had already set in; and from this period, both in architecture,



THE GARDEN FRONT

furniture, and decoration, the genius of the Adams, of Sir Robert Chambers, Chippendale, Richardson, and Sheraton, not uninfluenced by the kindred development of French art, exerted a paramount influence that lasted until the bastard Gothic revival that disfigured the first quarter of the present century. Sir R. Adam built many noble edifices, of which, perhaps, the best known are Lord Jersey's house at Osterley, in Middlesex; Luton Hoo, in Bedfordshire; Harewood House, in Yorkshire;

would seem to have remained unfinished; for, while the central block was built of grey stone from North Derbyshire quarries, the upper storeys of the pavilions only received a facing of stucco on a background of brick. The new house was so placed as almost to enclose the churchyard and church, whose position conveys the suggestion of a private chapel of the owner. The paddocks and enclosures and out-buildings—including the old parsonage—that surrounded the Queen Anne mansion were swept



BRIDGE IN THE PARK.

and Lansdowne House, in Berkeley Square, as well as many dignified and respectable houses in the quarters that lie north of Oxford Street in London. But Kedleston seems to have been the creation upon which he lavished the chief resources of his learning and invention, and which was regarded by his contemporaries as his masterpiece.

The house occupied nine years in building—from 1756 to 1765—but never realised the full conception of its author. This consisted of a central block or quadrilateral, from the four angles of which sprang curving corridors, connecting it with four subsidiary blocks or pavilions. Two only of these corridors and pavilions were completed—viz. those on the north front; but the main features of the plan were subsequently reproduced, with considerable differences of structure and form, in the Government House in Calcutta. In a further respect Kedleston

away, and an open expanse of park-land sloped down from the Hall to the water, where a brook that follows the valley from Mereaston to Derby was simultaneously broadened out so as to represent a series of lakes, covering some twenty-three acres, the section in front of the house having the appearance of a serpentine river. No small skill in landscape gardening was also shown in planning the surroundings; for the rising ground behind the house was crowned at the summit of the ridge with a belt of trees that now forms a noble background to the big grey pile lower down. The opposite slope on the north front was similarly planted; and the fall of the ground permitted of a series of waterfalls and cascades in the channel of the widened stream, the principal of which was spanned by a particularly graceful stone bridge of three arches, in full view of the windows.

A modern architect would begrudge, but would at the same time envy, the astonishing minuteness with which Adam fulfilled what was evidently to him a very grateful task. Folios of designs and drawings are in the possession of Lord Searsdale, signed with his name, sometimes elaborately coloured, representing buildings that were never erected, ceilings that were never moulded, rooms that were never built. Nothing could exceed the patient elaboration with which he carried his ardour for the classical revival into the humblest detail of furniture and decoration. Bookcases and consoles, mirrors and mouldings, fenders and grates—nay, even the fire-irons—were specially designed and manufactured. The chairs and sofas and tables were made for the particular places in which they were to stand, though it is probable that the heavier gilded suite that is still preserved in the state bedroom is a survival from the preceding mansion.

Though Kedleston is not more than three miles as the crow flies from Derby, the present road runs for four miles from the market-place of the town, at one point cutting the park and affording a pretty view of the house in the distance, before it reaches the first of the three lodge gates, by which the park is entered at different points. This is a foretaste of Adam's style, being an adaptation of the Arch of Octavia at Rome. On the left hand of the park drive, which is almost a mile in length, are the famous old oaks, for one of which it is on record that as much as £300 was offered in the last century to the first Lord Searsdale. The older of these are believed to have enjoyed a life of eight hundred years; but that many are reaching the end of their term is shown by the dead and wrinkled antlers which project from their stately trunks into the air. In the wood, through which the road next passes, are both a rookery and a heronry. The herons build in the tops of the highest trees, and are gradually expelling the rooks from their old resorts. The herd of fallow deer also dates from an early period, for as long ago as 1727 Sir John Curzon, M.P., died after, and as some said, in consequence of, a fall while out "buck-hunting" in the park.

Further on a glimpse is caught in the distance of the little classical bath-house erected by the first peer over a chalybeate spring in the park, whose

chemical analysis closely resembles that of the Harrogate waters, and which, within the memory of the present writer, was on certain days in the week frequented by crowds of visitors, who combined the consumption of its peculiarly evil-smelling waters with the inscription of their names over every square inch of the building. While crossing the bridge a further peep may be caught of a still prettier fishing-house, erected by Adam on the island-water



THE CHAPEL.

and adorned by him with the painted and moulded ceiling, niches, and statues, inseparable from his style.

The central pavilion of the house is faced by a pediment and portico, the columns of which, thirty feet high—some hewn out of a single stone—are modelled from those in the Pantheon at Rome. A two-fold diverging stairway, meeting on a platform under the pillars, leads to the first floor, upon which it was the main feature of Adam's design to group

all the state rooms, reception-rooms, and principal living apartments, the bedrooms being above and the offices below. The central block was the part of the mansion to be devoted to entertainment and splendour; the east wing was the family residence; the west wing contained the kitchen, laundry, and servants' quarters. The stables were erected on a similar scale of magnitude beyond the church.

The purity and precision of Adam's style are



A DRESSING-ROOM.

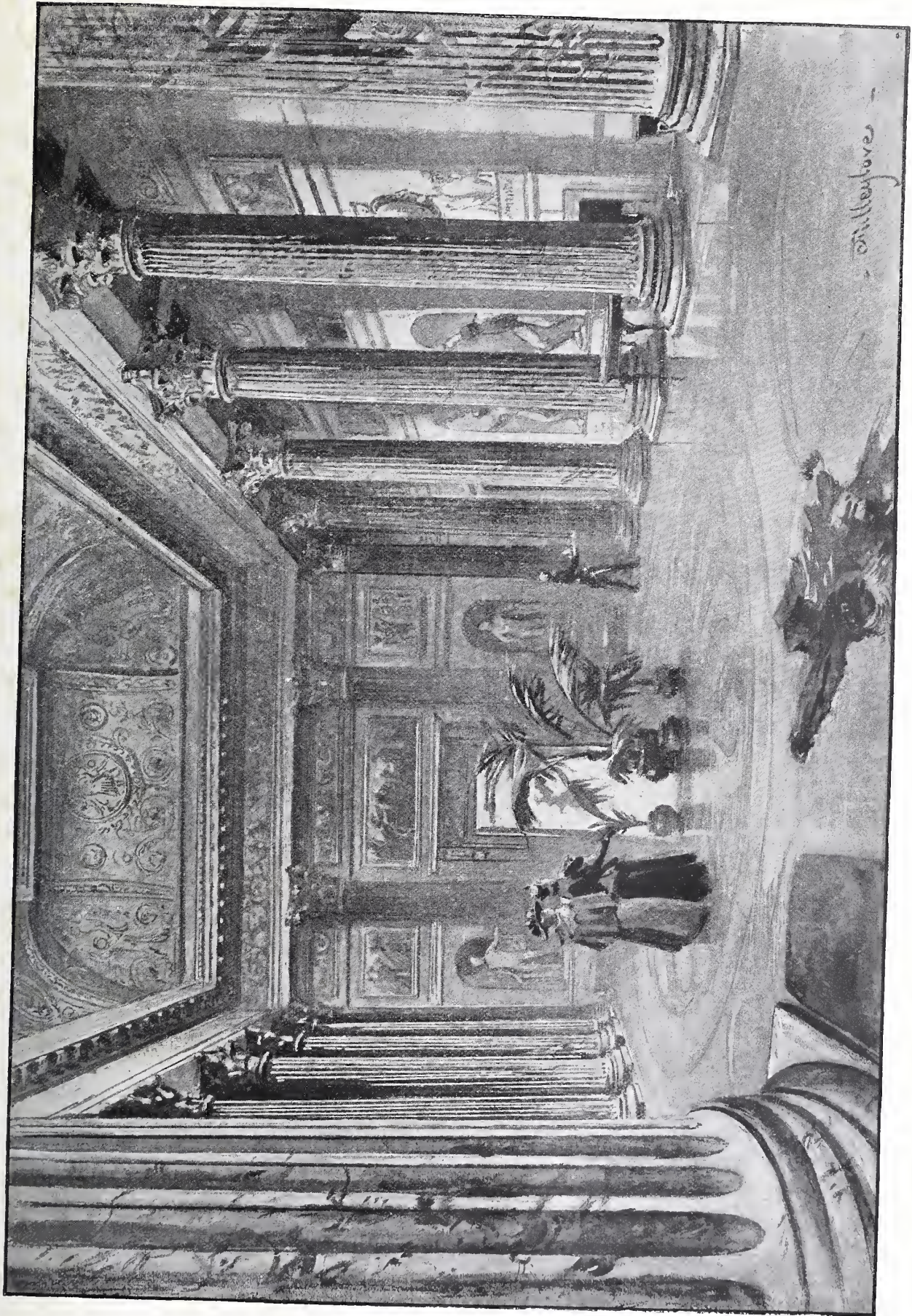
evident in all the big rooms of the interior. Of these the two most remarkable are the marble hall and the domed saloon beyond, which together occupy the entire breadth of the building. The former is justly regarded as Adam's masterpiece. Designed to reproduce the great halls of the Roman palaces, it is sixty-seven feet long by forty-two broad, and forty feet high. The coved ceiling, lighted from above, is supported by twenty fluted Corinthian columns, twenty-five feet high by two and a half feet in diameter, of red and white streaked Derbyshire alabaster—the most decorative of English stones—

which was quarried from a hill through which the main line of the Midland Railway passes by a short tunnel just before crossing the River Trent south of Trent station. Round the walls are plaster casts of famous statues in niches, and high up are frescoed panels representing scenes from Homer. To those who prefer a more domestic and less grandiose style the austere splendour of this hall, simple in its unfurnished emptiness, would, no doubt, be displeasing; and we are not surprised that the caustic Dr. Johnson, who was brought over from Ashborne to see Kedleston as the show-sight of South Derbyshire in 1777, should have said that it would do excellently for an assize court, and that it was of no use but for dancing in; though with sententious candour he admitted that had Lord Searsdale been present he would have modified the asperity of this criticism into the harmless compliment, "My lord, this is the most costly room that I ever saw."

Presumably the sharp-tongued old cynic was no better pleased with the saloon, a circular room, forty-two feet in diameter, and sixty-two feet in height from the polished floor to the apex of the skylight at the top of the great dome; for he said, pursuing his former simile, that it would do well for a jury chamber. When the big rooms were re-painted and re-decorated nearly twenty years ago, it was found quite unnecessary to renew the gilding of the roses in the lozenge-shaped compartments of the dome; and at this date, nearly one hundred and fifty years after the leaf was laid on, it appears nearly as fresh as on the day when it was first applied. This and the remaining rooms on this floor are laid with yellow oak floors, the planks in the corridors being curved to correspond with their shape.

On the right hand of the marble hall is the dining-room, which is perhaps the most elegant of Adam's Kedleston creations. Zuccarelli and Zucchi were employed to paint the landscapes and subjects let into the walls and ceiling, and other paintings by Snyders, Claude Lorrain, etc., were framed in the former. Adam's attention to detail is illustrated by the sideboard furniture placed in an alcove, and specially designed to suit the room and to harmonise with the old silver plate already in the house, dating from the reign of William III.

The remainder of the central block on this side is occupied by the ante-chamber, the state boudoir, state bedchamber, state dressing-room or wardrobe, and the main staircase to the upper floor. The blue silk which was originally hung upon their walls is still *in situ*, though it has been taken down from the drawing-room. In these rooms are a number of family portraits, notably of Sir Nathaniel and Lady Curzon, and a very pretty picture by N. Hone, R.A., of the first Lord and Lady Searsdale (she was



KEDLESTON : THE MARBLE HALL.

Lady Caroline Colyear, the daughter of the Earl of Portmore, and a beauty). The state bed, the last royal occupant of which is said to have been the widowed Duchesse de Berri, mother of the Comte de Chambord, is of the same period. From this room the windows look on to the peaceful little churchyard with its sombre walls of yew, and on to the east end of the chancel, with its quaint punning inscription WEE SHALL carved above a stone dial (*i.e.* die all).

On the left hand of the hall and saloon are the music-room, great drawing-room, and library. These rooms contain the best pictures in the house, the choicest being a portrait by Rembrandt, "The Interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's Dream," by the same; a luminous and admirable landscape by Cuypp, which excited great attention when exhibited at the Old Masters some years ago, and examples of Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Andrea del Sarto, Vandyck, Poussin, Claude, Sir Peter Lely, and others.

The big window and the doors in the drawing-room are framed with cases and pillars of the

same alabaster as the columns in the marble hall, and the sofas, with carved and gilded figures as supporters, are especially worthy of notice, having been designed by Adam expressly for their present

position. The music-room, which has a small organ of similar origin, and the east and west corridors are now filled with the collections made by the eldest son of Lord Scarsdale, in his Asiatic travels. All these rooms are connected with each other by double doors of solid mahogany, executed with the same perfection of finish as the whole of Adam's work.

The southern front of the house looks on to a long and stately sweep of well-trimmed lawn, from which a winding path runs for a distance of half a mile through old-fashioned pleasure grounds and shrubberies, with interstices of level sward and groups of ancestral trees. On this façade of the mansion is inscribed the dedicatory motto, which gracefully records the hospitable

object with which the first Lord Scarsdale erected the building, and which, it is to be hoped that his successors may never forget—AMICIS ET SIBI.



THE STATE BED.



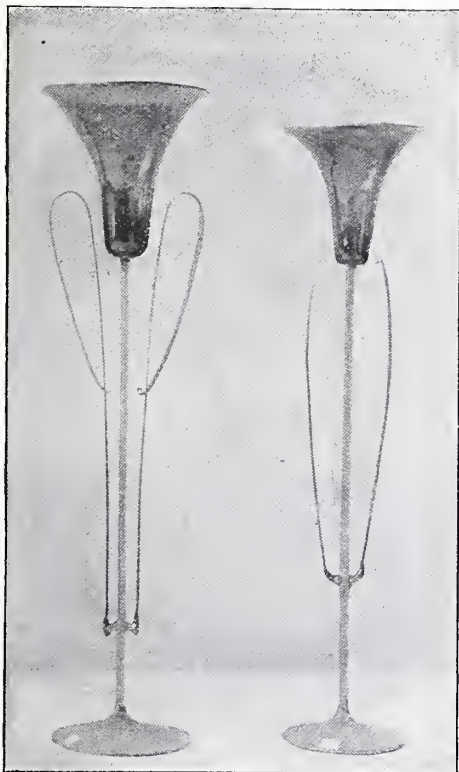
INDUSTRIAL ART AT THE CHAMP DE MARS SALON OF 1897.

BY HENRI FRANTZ.

SINCE 1890, when the Jury of the Salon, yielding to the arguments of several artists, made up its mind to recognise the talents and activity of

be seen in them, and which, insensibly in part, has resulted in novelty of design. From this to genuine originality is but a short step, and the exhibition justifies us in a real and well-founded hope that the present time is, not merely in speech and in theory, a period of active creativeness and true renaissance.

There is no department of applied art of which this holds true more than of pottery, which for some few years has been in a flourishing condition. Some writers, indeed, out of prejudice or narrow-minded taste, never cease proclaiming that French ceramics, as an art, died with Jean Carriès. He was, no doubt, an unique artist; and if no one in these later days has shown in so great a degree as he the imaginative gift, or deserved to be called his equal as a genius, Jean Carriès opened a path in which others have followed him with success, a field in which much still remains to be done. In the actual technique of his craft—for his material was often very inferior—Carriès was most unequal, and left



GLASS-WORK.

(By Karl Koepping.)

certain of their number by creating a Section of Decorative Art, not a year has passed without some marked advance making itself felt, though there are still, of course, many tentative and mis-directed efforts. The public, by crowding with manifest pleasure to stand in the gallery devoted to applied art, have proved their interest in this class of work, and their desire to recognise a distinct stamp of individuality in design and style. Artists have responded in increasing numbers to this demand; a closer correspondence has arisen between them and the public, and they have devoted themselves every year more extensively to the various branches and details of industrial art.

It is beyond question that the exhibition of 1897 marks a definite stage of emancipation and freedom in the annals of the century's art, both in the variety and abundance of the works exhibited and in the widely different individuality which may

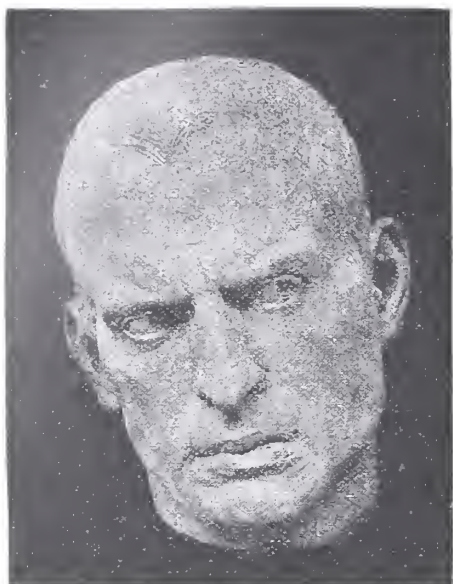
room for much improvement. Monsieur Alexandre Bigot, who here exhibits some fine and important pieces, after attracting attention for some years past by the ingenuity of his inventiveness, has more



EWER IN PEWTER.

(By E. Carrière.)

particularly entered with success on the road opened by Carriès. He has set to work in a peculiarly



MASK OF THE ACTOR, LUGNÉ-POE.

(By Fix-Masseau and A. Bigot.)

eclectic and painstaking spirit—the spirit, it may be said, of a *sarant*. If we pause to look at his two fine earthenware vases, we observe that they are not merely examples of good workmanship; we see before us an ideal of form thoroughly carried out. Monsieur Bigot hits on unexpected but pleasing outlines, and every shade of harmonious and delicate colouring; and his pottery, like that of Carriès, is pleasant to handle, it is smooth and delicate to the touch, like a fine satin surface. While some other potters—Monsieur Dalpayrat, Monsieur Lachemal, and Monsieur Muller—prefer bright and even crude colours, Monsieur Bigot affects subdued and tender hues, in which he is particularly successful.

He has also attempted to introduce the use of earthenware as a substantial feature in modern decoration; for instance, in his chimney-piece of earthenware, of which the general design, though simple, is far from commonplace, and is novel without being startling. The two side-jambes are bold and graceful in outline, and the idea of introducing an arrangement of shelves is a happy one. On these may be seen several vases by this capital artist. His portrait-mask of the actor Lugné-Poe, in which he had the assistance of Monsieur Fix-Masseau, is produced with a very rich treatment of the material.

Monsieur Dalpayrat's preference, it would

seem, is for run colouring, yellows and greens; he chiefly aims at startling effects of erude contrasting hues, and takes less delight than Monsieur Bigot in absolute novelty. His large vase, sixty inches high, his tazza, and his dishes are, however, worthy of mention.

Still with a view to pottery, let us for a moment leave the Champ de Mars and look in at the Champs Elysées on the vases exhibited by Monsieur Clément Massier. This artist has devoted himself to the manufacture of iridescent glazes. By dint of experiments and research Monsieur Massier has succeeded in producing, with only one firing and on one and the same piece, the metallie effects in different hues for which the Persian ware is famous.

Monsieur Karl Koepping, the great glass-blower of Berlin (who is also known as an etcher of high accomplishment) exhibits a score of specimens of remarkable workmanship. He has a very original way of treating the material, and has achieved a lightness and delicacy of finish which seem to be more marked in every fresh example, and which are



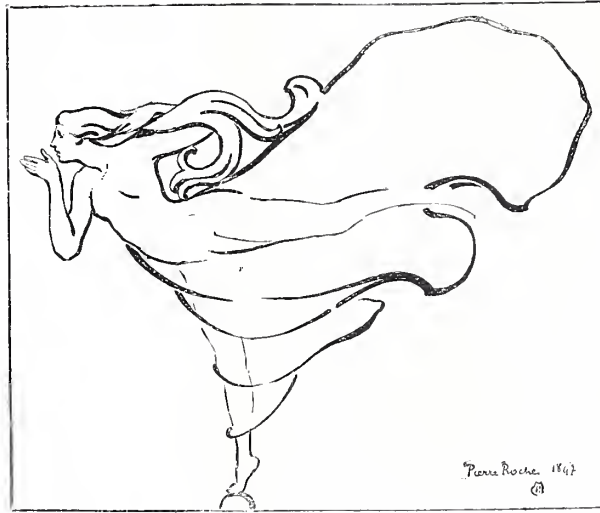
CHIMNEY-PIECE.

(By A. Bigot.)

really marvellous. We wonder by what delicate manipulation the craftsman has been able to produce these airy bubbles, so fragile that a draught of air seems enough to break them. The scheme of design is always the same: the cup of the glass is flower-shaped, tinted sometimes of a pale green, veined with dull red that looks rose-colour with the light through it, sometimes iridescent, or sky blue, or golden yellow. This cup is always supported on an exceedingly slender stem, from which leaves grow, no less slender and long, looking as if they were blown aside by the wind, or bent over in an elegant curve. The stem is usually of a different colour from the cup, sometimes dark, almost black, and sometimes almost colourless. Monsieur Koepping

has been criticised for producing works of art so fragile that his glass can only be decorative and not of any practical utility. This objection might equally well be raised to some of the glass-work of Venice or Murano; and surely the important point in blown glass as a work of art is that it should charm the eye by its form and colour.

An eccentric and inventive mind is that of the sculptor, Monsieur Pierre Roche, who, like many others, might rest in peace on his fame as a sculptor, but who prefers always to pursue some new idea. His exhibits this year at the Champ de Mars prove



A WEATHER-COCK.
(From a Sketch by Pierre Roche.)

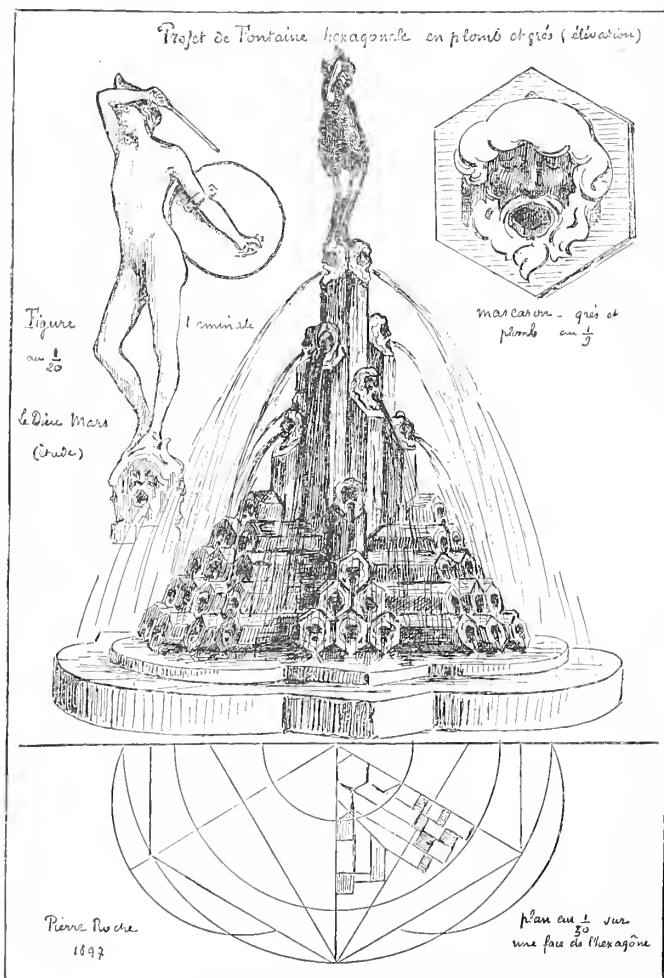
the fact. In his carved glass (*verre cylomisé*), hitherto made by him alone, he has endeavoured to produce every variety of translucent combination by new methods of his own, and he has applied the same



A CANDLESTICK: "THE ORCHID."
(By Fix-Masseau.)

principles to the production of rainbow effects in mica, on leather as applied to bindings, and on every kind of vitreous surface. He also exhibits some specimens of "gypsography," a curious method for applying to engraving a system of inking over the modelling. Monsieur Roche published a paper on the future prospects of this method not long since in the *Revue Encyclopédique*.

His "weather-cock" is a happy attempt to introduce aluminium into decorative work; it is treated boldly and lightly. Finally, Monsieur Roche's most important work is a large hexagonal fountain of earthenware and lead. The model exhibited at the Champ de Mars is one-tenth the actual size, and with it is a figure in plaster. The artist proposes to execute the fountain in materials fitted to resist such extremes of temperature as occur, for instance, in certain colonies. It is a well-known fact that lead, when used in large masses, has to be supported on an internal frame of iron bars, which, under the influence of great heat, expand and dislocate the statue. Again, the effects of wet and frost on the stone plinths supporting the figures are such as to split and dislodge them; earthenware, not being porous, withstands frost.



DESIGN FOR A FOUNTAIN.

(By Pierre Roche.)



THE FIDDLER.

(By Fix-Masseau.)

This fountain, which is to be covered with glazed pieces by Bigot, of a kind which crystallises all over the surface under the process of firing, will be extremely brilliant under a thin fall of water. It is to be shaped like a huge crystal, a regular polygon, broken up into a number of hexagons, set at various angles, like the basalt columns of Fingal's Cave. These hexagons, coated with greenish-blue crystalline glaze, terminate in masks of earthenware and lead, spouting water. The faces of the masks are of hammered lead, the hair and beard of reddish unglazed earthenware. The central figure, representing Mars, is of earthenware wherever it is nude, and the armour is of lead.

Monsieur Victor Prouvé is chiefly known to us as a very refined and artistic draughtsman, excelling in embossed leather-work, as may be seen in the binding of his "Album." But Monsieur Prouvé is now revealing himself as a goldsmith. Though it is the first time he

has tried his hand on this class of work, he has at once hit the spirit of the modern goldsmith's craft, and the examples before us would seem the outcome of long experience and practised skill. His clasps for belts, "Aurora" and "A Swan," both in silver, are



A PEWTER INKSTAND: "GUEULE DE LOUP" (FOX-GLOVE).
(By Fix-Masseau.)

soberly designed and dignified in taste; and here, too, are a whole belt from his hand and a tiara which he calls "Day." In partnership with Monsieur Vallin he has produced a door and a letter-box. Above this letter-box is a figure of a leaning woman, an admirable piece of work, easy and light in attitude. Here we have not merely an attempt at individuality of design, but a piece of sculpture worthy of all praise.

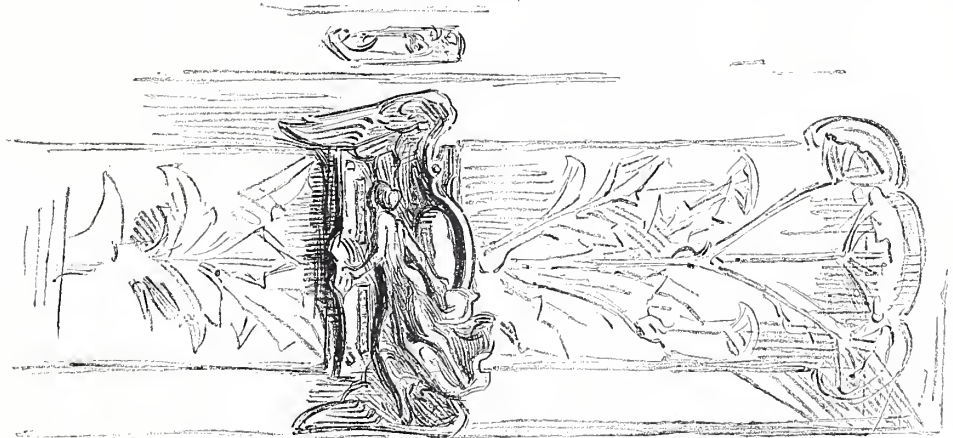
Another artist, whose appearance at this year's Salon is a perfect revelation, is a young sculptor, Monsieur Fix-Masseau. His contributions are sufficiently numerous to show that he has a genuine originality of view; now refined and subtle, and again strikingly powerful and emphatic. See, for instance, his "Fiddler," a genial tramp, his face wrinkled with disdain, walking on in scornful pride; and the mask already mentioned of Ligné-Poe. Combined with a peculiar gift for decorative design, Monsieur Fix-Masseau has a remarkably fertile and elegant imagination, a poetical sense which steals on the beholder unawares. His "Monk," trying to lose himself in the study of the Bible, while temptations and evil thoughts rise from the column against which he is leaning; his "candlestick" in pewter—an orchid flower that has assumed the aspect of a nightmare dream—and his inkstands, are among the most interesting examples of applied art in the exhibition.

Furniture, in the Salon of 1897, though showing some advance on the work of former years, is not yet altogether what we might hope from a class of industrial art which has ere now been so conspicuous and beautiful a feature in the hands of French craftsmen. I note, however, some very meritorious efforts. Monsieur Tony Selmersheim and Monsieur Charles Plumet each sends pieces which are, as usual, interesting, because these artists are duly influenced by the Modern English and Old French styles, but within the limits of sober judgment and without any loss of individuality.

In pewter-work such designers as Messrs. Desbois, Baffier, and Ledru are rather too free in their use of the human figure; while Monsieur Ernest Carrière prefers, very wisely, to treat living animal and vegetable forms, as, for instance, in his fine "Ewer."

I have yet to mention a host of exhibits in bronze and wood; the jewellery by Monsieur Rupert Carabin, some work by Monsieur Alexandre Charpentier, and enamels by Monsieur Lucien Hirtz, who sends a dish, "The Naiad and a Drowned Girl," from a design by Monsieur Lévy-Dhurmer, in a key of greenish hues, in which no opaque enamels are used. In his "Decorative Mask" he has aimed especially at displaying the various tints of the material; the insects coming out of the eyes and mouth are intentionally imitations of precious gems.

Without any longer enumeration in detail of the objects exhibited at the Salon, we may note, even more than in former years, the forward tendencies of the youthful generation. Since the Salon shows



DETAIL OF A DOOR.
(From a Sketch by Victor Proust.)

an epitome of their efforts, the balance-sheet, as it were, of the progress that they are making, we may view the work as a whole; and we may rejoice, with all who take an interest in applied art, in the marked advance on last year's exhibition. We look and hope for better things yet, and for a steady approach to the era of beauty which we are so patiently awaiting.



CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

(From the Drawing by J. M. W. Turner.)

SIR J. C. ROBINSON'S COLLECTION OF WATER-COLOURS.

AT the Guildhall Art Gallery there has recently been exhibited a series of drawings from the collection of Sir Charles Robinson. Admirers of big finished works may be surprised to find no large "Welsh Funeral" or "Snowdon" by Cox, but one fair-sized "Lincoln" by De Wint, only a single important "Chepstow" from the hand of Turner, in a collection that has been carefully formed during the last thirty years. Many people, however, do not hanker after "set pieces" in art. The essence of a painter's genius, when in his less consciously laborious, and often, therefore, more inspired hours, he dashes off a sketch from nature in all its freshness, seems to some more desirable than the second version of the studio. With the water-colourists especially a certain spontaneous charm is admirable above all things. The drawings in this collection have mostly been selected because they seemed to possess this special attribute. What is the secret of this ineffable quality, so elusive, so hard to define? Does it lie in light and shade? We may be inclined to think so when we look at Müller's "Trees overhanging a Pond," or the mysterious depths of Havell's "Woody Landscape." But then we remind ourselves that men like Varley himself have made great use of light

and shade, yet seldom have attained to that crowning grace which stirs our emotions. When we turn to Bonington's Heath Scene, with its splendid cumulus cloud, or Cox's River Scene, with the barges and cattle so exquisitely touched, we say to ourselves it is the luminous quality of daylight which affects us more than anything. Then the "Horse Fair" and Turner's little "Hastings," which have the same attraction, but not on account of brilliancy of effect, show us that we have not solved the mystery. That elaboration, as in Prout's "Amiens," no more than colour, is the entire secret, must be apparent; for here is De Wint's chalk drawing upon grey paper, suggesting the most fairy-like effect of light from clouds over mountains, in monochrome and in the fewest possible lines.

All we can say is that the special charm of the great masters of water-colour lies in some subtle capacity for combining the various qualities of line and light and shade and colour, and thus obtaining that compromise which is the secret of fine art. It is the rarest of all artistic gifts. Its happy possessor makes us drawings which have an irresistible attraction. Other men equally skilled in a single side of art, as drawing, modelling, colour, have missed the

compromise. They have been too much engrossed in, or unable to see more than, a partial view of the matter. We admire their one accomplishment, but we leave it unenthusiastic.

We can see that Cox's tree drawing was never good, that his hand was sometimes a little heavy. He confessed it himself with a sigh to the late Mr. A. W. Hunt as they sat one day watching the "exquisite jewellery of the lichened boulders and the dance of the ripples among them." The point is that he possessed a balance of the artistic qualities. His colour charms us as does his sense of line. His intuition of a pictorial subject in the simple materials which appeal to us all was wonderful. He did not foree his effects in the way that his friend Müller gained strength of contrast at the expense of truth. He could not, like that young giant among sketchers, dash off a six-footer in a day. He never did a picture so large. He had not the stamina for long-sustained efforts. But in revenge he could in a six-inch sketch, such as the "Paris" here shown, give you almost all that heart can desire. Every one of his drawings here exhibited repays inspection, and most have in a high degree that spontaneous charm which is of the genius of water-colour art.

This collection has also been made with a view

to showing the various styles and periods of the better-known painters. By Turner there is an early topographical Norbury Park. A street scene at Shrewsbury is painted with the restricted palette handed down by Cozens; but the love of well-subordinated detail, as in the bricks in the shadow, is beginning to show itself. There are two "Liber" drawings, one for the Morpeth, and the other a beautiful unpublished "Spithead," recently engraved by Mr. Frank Short as an addition to his "Liber" plates. The Amphitheatre at Verona is one of the tinted stipple drawings engraved in the Sir Walter Scott series. When Turner gives the rein to imaginative impressionism and his full colour sense, we have the suggestive little Sunset on grey paper, perhaps for the "Rivers of France," and the brilliant crimson "Sunrise—the Mackerel Shoal," from the collection of Mr. Ruskin.

What British art lost by the early death of Bonington at twenty-seven may be judged from the astonishing variety of his work. From the "Turk sitting Cross-legged," or the "Mandoline Players," to the "Lake of Thun," which rivals Turner, and the Heath Scene, which is as brilliant and fresh as anything by David Cox, and reminds us of Constable, is an astonishing width of view. At the



PARIS.

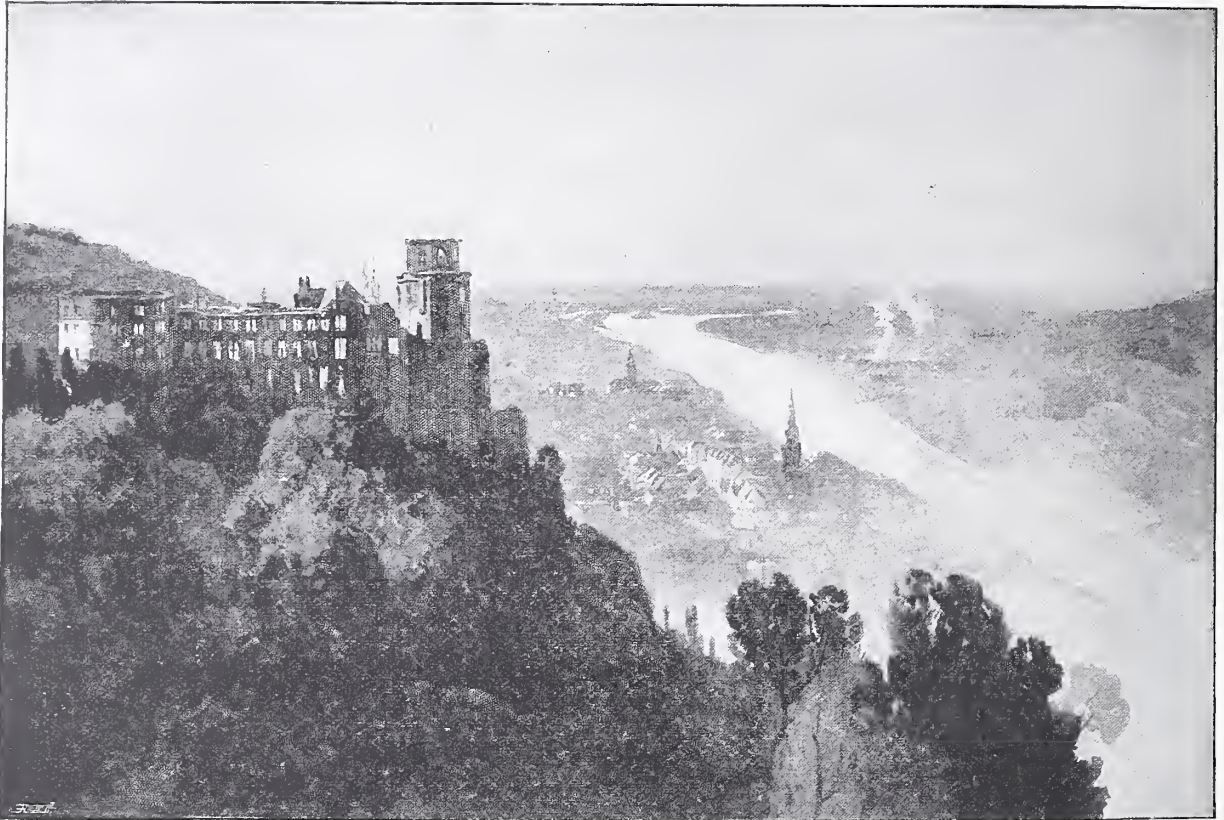
(From the Water-colour Drawing by David Cox.)

same time he was doing his excellent lithographs and painting those charming Venice subjects in oil, and glorious golden sunsets on the shore.

Those who have brought themselves to fancy that William Hunt is only William Hunt of the birds' nests and fruit will find his landscape work a revelation. Of studious precision of touch an example is "A Country Town," and the reed-pen drawing of the "Stone Yard" displays the same precision

in spite of such things as his "Eel-bucks" and "Arab Shepherds," he is greater as a water-colourist than as an oil painter, and a sketcher *par excellence*.

The drawings of J. R. Cozens are interesting as having been the admiration of the youthful Turner. There are two in the dignified manner of that Thomas Girtin respecting whom, if he had lived, Turner said he might himself have starved. Prout's "Grand Canal," a present to his wife, is a delightful



HEIDELBERG.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by J. B. Pyne.)

enhanced by freedom and a sense of texture. Such drawings cause us to regret that, unlike single-hearted David Cox, he should have been reduced by circumstances from figure and landscape to the manufacture of those wearisome and laboured still-life subjects. Müller, gifted with a more swift precision than them all, perhaps—witness the quite wonderfully photographic "Brigantine"—falls below the great masters through his frequent trick of exaggerating darks in the masses of his trees and mountains. The inky black peak in the "Mountains in Wales" shows this tendency. At the same time there exist in this collection one or two Venetian drawings by Müller of a lovely pearliness of colour. If he had lived beyond thirty-three, he might have lost his fault of want of half-tone, and avoided the occasional cheapness of his effects. In

thing; and intensely brilliant is Cotman's "Cologne" with its blue and emerald green.

Besides these well-known names there are specially selected specimens by less known men who did occasionally a drawing of highest merit. Such are Augustus Pugin's "Street in Hastings" and John Glover's grand and gleaming "Pass of Llanberis." Those sterling picture-makers, Sir A. W. Callcott and Clarkson Stanfield, are well represented, and by Copley Fielding is a studied classical landscape. Quite exceptional are Leitch's "Valence on the Rhone" and Pyne's "Heidelberg." Both of these artists only occasionally touched the highest excellence; but, like Samuel Austen with his "Gleaners," and George Chambers with his "Ships alongside a Quay," they are indispensable to the history of water-colour art.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

WALL DECORATION.

FOR a long time after the art of stencilling was revived in this country—its earliest appearance being, if I mistake not, in the church decoration of the Neo-Gothic movement—no attempt was made to

—as distinguished from a machine industry—the monotonous variations of colour-surface which free-hand treatment alone can produce are the peculiar property of the art. Indeed, one wonders now

how it was possible that one could ever have thought otherwise. The practically unlimited licence of colouring, combined with the necessarily rigid uniformity of outline entailed by the stencil-plate, constitute obviously the feature inseparable from the nature of the craft. Another point to observe in Mr. Silver's stencil work is this—viz. that the ties, which have hitherto been held as an obstacle or blemish in the pattern, only to be ignored or painted out, are accepted, just like the lead-lines in stained glass, as

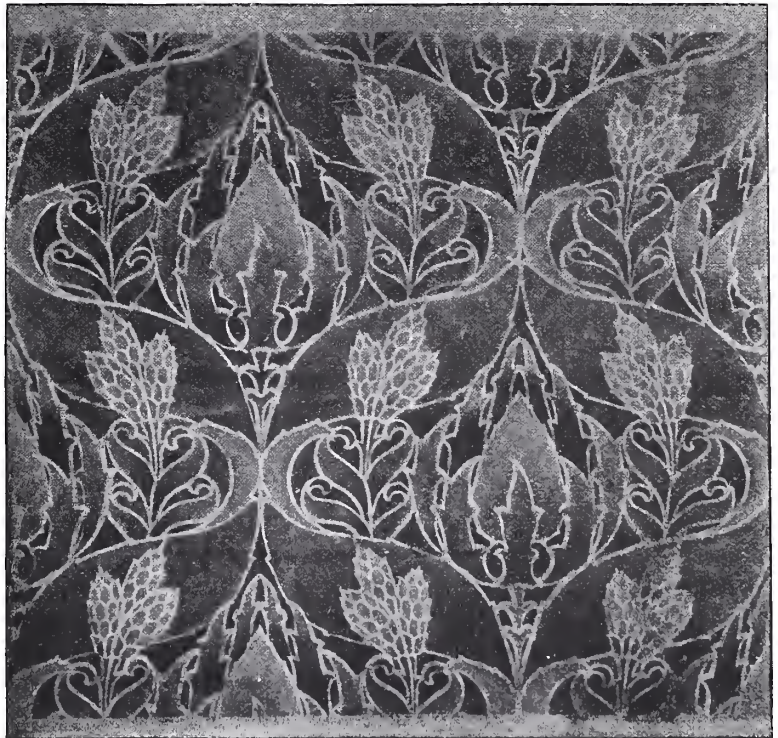


THE "TRISCOMBE" FRIEZE.
(Designed by Arthur Silver.)

go beyond rudimentary silhouette patterns, executed in the sharp and hard method of an even density of colouring. Such was, in fact, the conventional and received idea of stencil ornament. The first to venture on a new treatment was Mr. Francis Heron.

an integral and, indeed, a useful and characteristic element in the construction of the pattern. It has often been remarked that in order to attain to proper excellence, no design for applied art should fail to take into consideration the material in which it is to

At the National Art Competition at South Kensington in 1893, and subsequently at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery in the autumn of the same year, he exhibited a specimen of wall decoration of sackcloth diapered with a stencilled pattern in graduated shades of colour, the work being as novel as it was effective. A year or so afterwards the late Mr. Arthur Silver, having entered upon an arrangement to carry out stencil decoration in connection with Messrs. Rottmann and Co., held an exhibition of his work at their premises on Garlick Hill. From that time the demand has been growing, and this kind of decoration is now supplied regularly from the Silver studio, where the capacities of stencilling have been studied and developed to an extent undreamt of amongst us but a few years since. Mr. Silver has demonstrated once for all that, stencil decoration being essentially a handicraft

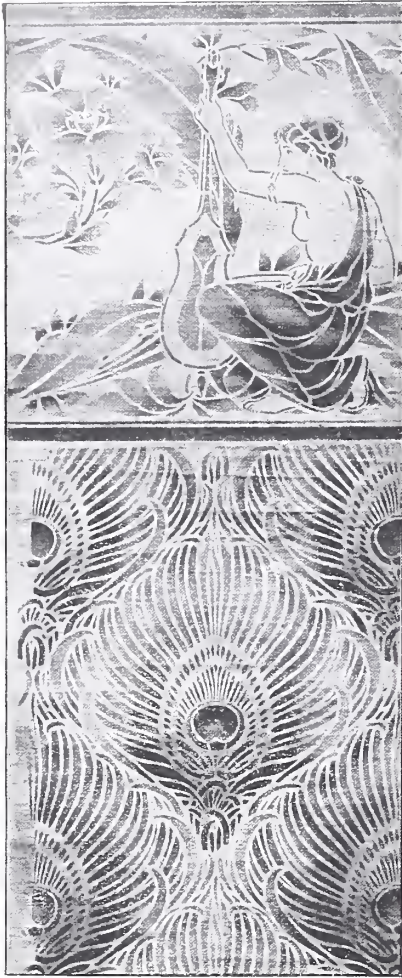


THE "WHEAT" FILLING.

be executed; and that to develop, instead of suppressing, the resources and peculiarities of each particular craft is the most legitimate exercise of an artist's power. These conditions Mr. Silver has fulfilled to the letter.

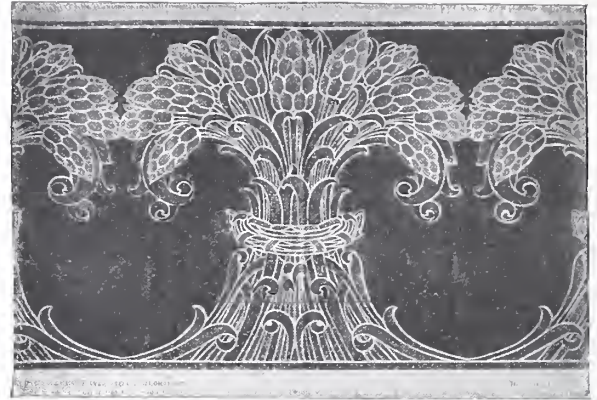
The patterns are executed upon various kinds of material: on ingrain paper; on woven jutes, of which the Japanese is more glossy than that of

also the "Tulip" wall-filling, which consists of conventional sprays of crocuses and tulips. The latter appear to have been a favourite flower of Mr.



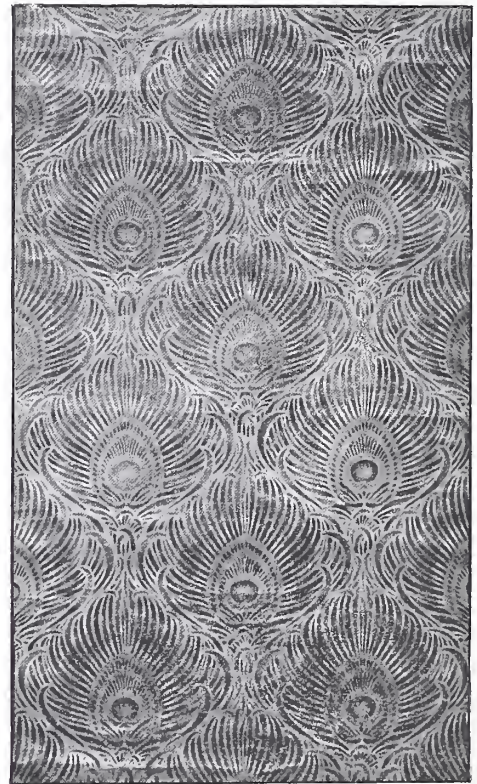
THE "MIRALDA" FRIEZE AND "PEACOCK FEATHER" FILLING.

English manufacture; on "Sargia" cloth and on tapestry, the yarn being dyed previously to ensure fast colouring; and, lastly, for soft and delicate effects on silk. The peacock feather design, which is founded on the net principle, when executed upon a gold ground in coloured glazes is admirable. No form of decoration—unless silk embroidery—is so well adapted to convey the rich tones and lustrous sheen of the plumage. The "Wheatsheaf" frieze and filling were specially designed for the Bakers' Company for the decoration of their Hall. It presents an ingenious treatment of corn, a somewhat stiff and unmanageable feature to introduce into design. The "Tulip-garden" frieze is a beautiful pattern, as is



THE "WHEATSHEAF" FRIEZE.

Silver's. The "Dolphin" wall decoration is made up of powderings of tulips and detached leaves. The "Portia," a rigid design, is arranged in vertical strips; while the "Romeo," again, is a handsome set pattern. The "Merentio" forms a splendid frieze, with its tree-stems springing out of a mass of blades



THE "PEACOCK FEATHER" FILLING.

of grass and expanding into thick clusters of foliage at the top. The "Rose and Thistle" frieze is a

more elaborate and ambitious design than any of the foregoing. It seems as though the artist had shrunk from the over-boldness of the effect of the thistles alone, for he has marred the pattern by introducing a tangled growth of involved and by no means graceful roses. But it would not be difficult to re-draw the design, leaving the large purple thistle-heads with their magnificent spiked foliage

to stand alone in bold and handsome silhouette. Among other materials for wall decoration, Messrs. Rottmann have produced a relief ornament in stiffened canvas, which is both effective—being made in rich colouring after Mr. Silver's designs—and more durable than moulded plaster ornament. They call it by the barbarous name of "Kalloplasta."

AYMER VALLANCE.

ART IN ITALY.

BY HELEN ZIMMERN.

FOLLOWING the example of the Venetians, who two years ago held the first International Art Exhibition known in Italy, the Florentine Artists' Club has inaugurated the erection of an exhibition building of its own by inviting some eminent foreigners to compete with them for prizes in an international show.

Between pictures and sculptures there are about seven hundred exhibits, and, of course, the lion's share as to numbers pertains to the Italians; but English and Germans are amply represented, Frenchmen, Norwegians, and Spaniards fairly, with a result that is, perhaps, not quite favourable to Italian art. The honours of the show belong to the English. Here, as in Venice, the strength, the ideality, the originality of modern English artists strike the Italians dumfounded. They seem to have had no idea how original and flourishing a school existed in England.

The rooms containing the pictures of Sir Edward Poynter and Messrs. Richmond, Watts, Swan, Sargent, Alma-Tadema, East, and others are always crowded; but the public favour is reserved for Dieksee's "Reverie," before which the

crowds always stand thick, admiring its technique, and hotly discussing, curiously enough, as to whether the ghostly shadow is a former love or the lost wife—a very Latin trait and interpretation.

But it is, however, the Italian work which has the more interest for us. A careful study of the

Italian pictures reveals several facts, foremost the increasing interest shown in landscape—a new departure in Italy.

Some of the landscapes on the walls are full of that poetic feeling for nature which Italians seem to lack both in their art and their literature. A foremost place must be accorded to Aristide Sartorio and Torello Ancillotti, both of whom have been brought under English influence, the former rendering the country, the latter the sea, with delicate insight and an intimate understanding of Nature in her quiet and solitary moods. Sartorio is represented by four canvases—two Italian and two



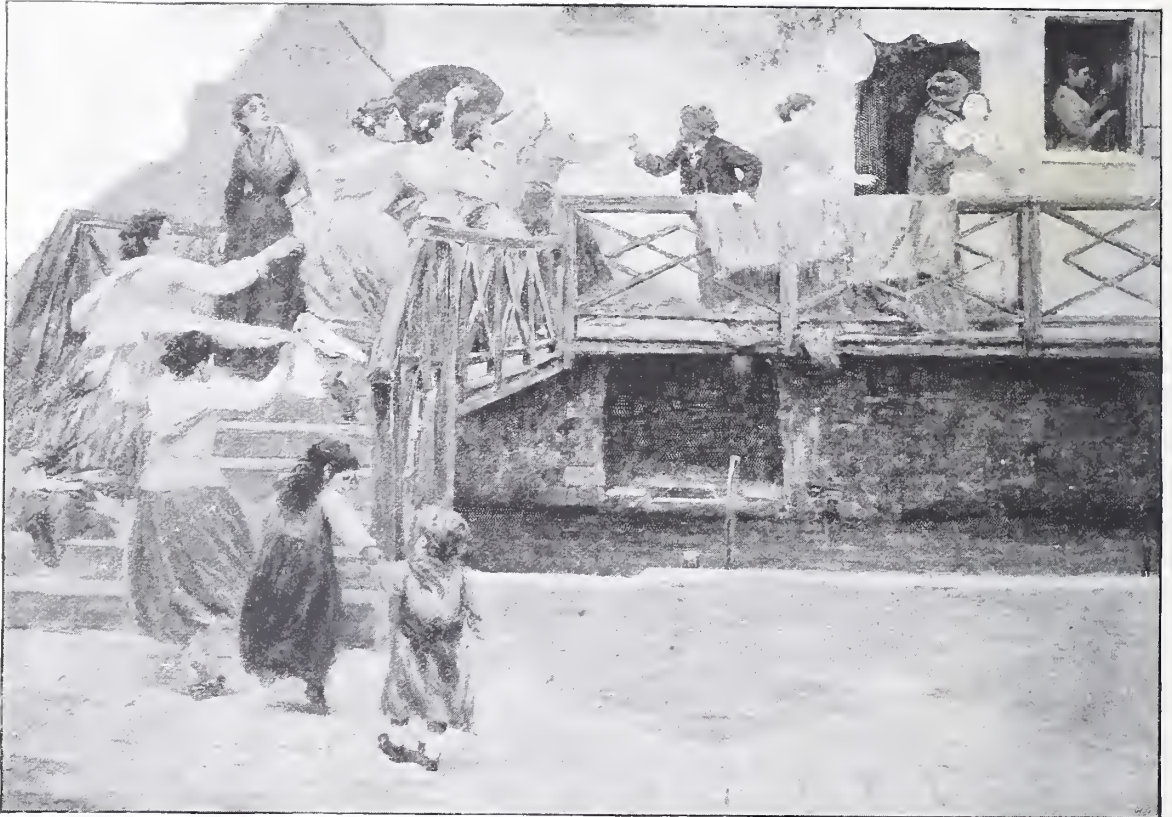
DON QUIXOTE.

(By Clementi Origo.)

German landscapes, for he has been recently appointed Director of the Weimar Academy of Fine Arts. Perhaps the best is "Return," a lady walking through a grain field toward the setting sun, which

throws a golden light across her shoulders and burnishes the waving grain. The back of the figure only is seen, one hand drags idly over the ripened wheat, the head is bent as if in reverie, and the whole scheme is that of the quiet hush which precedes sunset. Giorgio Lucchesi's "Autumn" is another such painted idyll, merely a still forest and swamp, in which the sense of solitude and loneliness is well rendered. Four canvases by Lodovico Tommasi also

little shepherdess, the upper part of whose body rises above the crest of the hill and stands in relief against the sky; the colouring is full, and has the appearance of freshness and vigour. By another member of this school, Attilio Pratella, is the "End of the Summer," a masterly study in a peculiar hue, a sort of faint violet. Around a house on a bleak hillside the wind is swirling sand and dead leaves; a woman battles against the storm



PARABOLA.

represent the new departure. One is especially remarkable, "On Lake Massaciuccoli"—a sheet of water, its foreground overgrown with reeds, and mountains in the distance. This work, which tends toward the impressionist style, has many good qualities, and stands well among the ranks of those heralding a departure from the old academic ideals, and acts as a standard by which to judge the riper fruits of the new trend. Indeed, one of the most noteworthy features of this exhibition is the marked manner in which the Italians have at last liberated themselves from academic traditions which have kept them enslaved longer than any other European peoples, for reasons perhaps sufficiently obvious. Fattori, a member of the Italian school of *plein air*, is not seen here at his best, but his "Pastures in the Maremma" is good. Augusto Majani has a pretty pastoral, a green hill, with sheep and a

and attempts to shield her face from the blinding dust with her mantle. The sky is leaden, and the same theme of dry, blowing dust extends to the background, where, among a thicket of half-naked trees, fallen leaves are flying before the gale. Gaetano Esposito has sent a careful study of the Bay of Naples, painted in the old-fashioned, diligently finished style, but none the less good on that account. The effect of sun-saturation is happy, and the excessive clearness of atmosphere and blueness of sky characteristic of the South are well reproduced. Four pictures by Grubicy, the impressionist, are true to nature, and for those who know the rich tints taken by the sky and mountains about Lake Maggiore they are interesting. Raffaello Sorbi, the best Florentine painter, is represented in the most modest proportions. His work here attracts little attention from the majority, but, when once found,

it enchants by its exquisite workmanship. Seven tiny Tuscan sketches, each revealing a master's hand, are grouped in one frame. In absolute contrast to these gems are two life-sized portraits by Giacomo Grosso, which command attention, but apart from a certain skill in treatment of texture they tend toward coarseness. Grosso acquired a *succès de scandale* by a picture he sent to Venice last year, called the "Death of Don Juan." Indeed, in

artists. The work does not lose beauty of detail by size, and the peculiar manner in which it is painted relieves it from monotony. It is divided in the centre, and though the same idea pervades the whole, the treatment is entirely different, and befits the change from youth to old age. Some of the details are perhaps too little worked over, but the result is the general freshness and atmosphere that are given only by inspiration. Fortuny,



BY CESARE LAURENTI

portrait painting the modern Italians, in strange contrast to their forefathers, are deficient. Men like Gelli, Gordigiani, and Corcos have a certain fame, but their work is too smooth: they seek to flatter their models, and fail to render the individuality of the sitter. It is manifest that they lack psychological intuition, or perhaps the patience to study their subject. The Italian portraits exhibited here do not hold their own beside those of Benjamin-Constant, Lepsius, Dagnan-Bouveret, and Watts. Segantini, the leader of Italian symbolists, is here, with six highly poetic works, painted in his curious streaky style, but none of them are new. The "Parabola," by Cesare Laurenti, is one of the few Italian pictures with a fundamental basis of deeper meaning, the pretty, the obvious, and the absolutely sentimental being—taken as a whole—what has till recently been striven after by modern Italian

the Venetian, son of the great Fortuny, has several pictures of decided character. The best, called "The Spirits of the Garden," is a fantastic arrangement of flowers, draperies, zephyrs, and women, fanciful and original.

The selecting committee exercised great severity in acceptance, their aim being to eliminate as far as possible the strong commercial element which of late years has given modern Italian art the by-word, and rendered difficult the way of the earnest and gifted artists. Nevertheless, some of this element has crept in, as is right that it should, as it, too, is characteristic. Its best exponents are Tito Lessi, who has sent some of the least objectionable examples; Corcos, with his portraits ready-made for oleographic reproduction; Francesco Vineo, who has surpassed himself in triviality of theme, with his naked woman and brushed and curled-up lion,

called "Quis Fortior?"—to name but a few sufficiently familiar to the Philistine and the picture dealer who supplies him with goods. It is a pleasure to turn from these *mestieranti* to the veteran Stefano Ussi, who here appears with a wonderful series of studies of Egypt, Morocco, and the Orient. A bold but successful experiment are some night views of Venice painted with deep-green lines, reproducing cleverly the peculiar effect of water and sky, only found there, by Marius Pictor. Vitelleschi, a Roman pastellist, exhibits three female portraits: his delicate flesh treatment and rendering of jewels is admirable; the whole is lightly laid in on a coarse brown-paper ground.

In sculpture, Leonardo Bistolfi easily takes the first place with his "Reunion after Death," a bas-relief whose central idea is chaste as well as original. Bistolfi is one of the few Italian sculptors who have been touched by the Pre-Raphaelite and symbolist movement. He excels in long lines and drapery, and though his relief is very low—in fact, the Donatellesque—his figures lose nothing thereby, either in strength or in character—nay, they rather gain, for each line has a distinct value. Filippo Cifariello, the



REUNION AFTER DEATH.

(By Leonardo Bistolfi.)

speaking, in matters of thought, of invention, and of poetic feeling, it is scarcely on an equality.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[35] SAMUEL COUSINS, R.A., AND LANDSEER'S "BOLTON ABBEY IN THE OLDEN TIME."—Will you kindly give some particulars as to the reasons why some of the ordinary impressions of the well-known engraving by Samuel Cousins after Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time" bear the engraver's name with "A.R.A." after it, and others "R.A."? Am I right in assuming that Cousins was raised to full Academy honours while the plate was being printed, and it was thereupon altered? I am at a loss, however, to account for second state impressions of the plate signed by Cousins as Royal Academician, while some ordinary impressions show him as an Associate only.—ALDFORD.

* * Samuel Cousins exhibited the famous plate here referred to in the early portion of his Academic career in 1837. He was not elected full Academician until 1855, so that, as nearly a score of years separated the two events, the suggestion of the querist is sufficiently answered by the dates. But perhaps a few more details will be of interest. As a matter of fact, every subscriber to the original plate, which was published by Messrs. Graves, received, we believe, a piece of the early copperplate as a proof that the original could not be reprinted. Years afterwards a new plate was called for, and Samuel Cousins, who by this time had reached full

Academie honours, was selected after an interval of many years to engrave the celebrated picture a second time.

[36] **ALLEN AND LONSDALE.**—Can any of your readers give me some information about the two portrait painters of the names of Allen and Lonsdale, who were well known in Lancashire, and there painted portraits of several well-known people between 1800 and 1830? Their work is so exceptionally good that I should much like to have some particulars about them.—E. STUART TAYLOR.

* * * The two artists in question were men of considerable reputation in their way, Joseph Allen being a Birmingham man, and James Lonsdale a native of Lancashire. The former was seen in the principal London exhibitions between the years 1792 and 1822, and the latter between 1802 and 1838. Of the former, fifty pictures contributed to the Academy are recorded by Mr. Algernon Graves, and of the latter 138. Among Lonsdale's best known portraits are those of Charles James Fox, the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, and many others. His *clientèle* was a fashionable one, partly through his being appointed Portrait Painter in Ordinary to the Duke of Sussex. He also exhibited important *genre* pictures. He was a pupil of Romney; was one of the founders of the Society of British Artists, and died in the house in Berners Street which he took on the death of Opie (its previous owner), at the age of sixty-two, in January, 1839. Although Allen had considerable practice as portrait painter in the chief towns of Lancashire, he never succeeded in gaining much appreciation in London. His early works consisted chiefly of subject pictures—otherwise "history." He died in Birmingham, at the age of seventy, ten months after Lonsdale.

[37] **SARTORIUS CLARK.**—I have an oil-painting about a hundred years old by Sartorius Clark, the subject of horses being fed in a stable; the horses are thought to have belonged to the late Sir Joseph Hawley or his father. Can you tell me when the artist lived, and whether he was of any note?—MAIDSTONE.

* * * We know of no artist of this name. It is certain that he never contributed to any of the reputable exhibitions, unless he is the Clark the animal-painter who contributed once to the Royal Academy, in 1814.

[38] **A PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.**—I have a beautiful miniature-like portrait of the Queen in opera dress at the age of twenty from a painting by E. T. Parris. The picture is 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. by 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. and

is signed "Dobbs, London." Will you kindly inform me if the artist is of much repute?—F. P. W. (Liverpool).

* * * It is to be imagined that the artist did not reach great eminence: in fact, we admit that we have never heard of Mr. Dobbs. The picture in question is, of course, that of the Queen standing, painted in 1838. The original work, which was engraved in "The Queen's Pictures," the Jubilee Number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, is by an artist of some repute in his day, who was historical painter to the Queen Dowager, and painted a picture of the Coronation which was also engraved. The Queen gave several sittings for the principal figure.

[39] **MINIATURE.**—Can anyone inform me who is the miniature painter who painted very highly finished and exquisitely drawn miniatures about 1770, and later, the signature being "I. B."?—G. E. BULLEY.

* * * This query cannot be answered with absolute certainty. In all probability, the portrait is the work of John Bogle, a Scotch artist who exhibited in London from 1769 to 1792, and died there in 1798 in great poverty. His work is very smooth and of exquisite finish. If, however, it is a foreign miniature, it may be by Joseph Boze, who lived between 1746 and 1826, and who was a very skilful French artist. He was an ardent Royalist who courageously gave evidence in favour of Marie Antoinette, and was thrown into prison. The death of Robespierre delivered him from the guillotine, and he fled to England, but in 1826 returned to Paris, and died there. One more miniature artist signed "I. B." His name was Ignaz Bergmann, and he was born in Munich in 1797, and studied in that city, but eventually moved to Vienna, where he practised for many years and died at a great age. His miniatures are generally groups, and are very easy and spirited. All three workers produced highly finished portraits, accurately drawn. Each artist's work can readily be distinguished by an expert, and, if the owner wishes, we will obtain a definite opinion upon the miniature.

REPLIES.

THE HOLBEIN PORTRAITS.—In respect to Query No. 25 we have received the following communication:—"The genial master, Hans Holbein himself, appears to have furnished a clue to the identification of the gentleman of the Court of Henry VIII. whose portrait was the subject of a query in the last number of this Magazine. At all events, the

decorative lines upon the letter H, represented on his robe, form a plausible cryptogram composed of the initials of the artist's name intertwined with the letter D. Assuming for the nonce the correctness of this surmise, it follows that if there were a courtier of that time whose name commenced with D, whose portraits Holbein painted several times, and with whom he had been associated many years at the merry Court of "bluff King Hal," then there is reason to think that a friendship might have existed between them so intimate as to have found expression in this manner, and ground for comparing such portraits in detail with the Vienna Holbein. Reference to the annals of the period shows that one of the most trusted courtiers of Henry VIII. was Sir Anthony Denny, who was many years attached to the Court during Holbein's service there, and whose portrait Holbein painted several times. However, it might be alleged that the age, as given in the inscription upon the Vienna portrait—"Etais sue 30, Anno 1534"—does not correspond to the age of Sir Anthony Denny at that date. Thus, according to the text in "Lodge's Collection of Celebrated Portraits," Sir Anthony Denny was born in the year 1500: but if the inscriptions upon the two portraits of him by Holbein, therein included, are adjudged by that standard, they will be found to be less correct, approximately, than that upon the Vienna portrait. [In the original edition of Lodge there is only one portrait.—Ed.] Thus, the age in the one instance is given as twenty-nine in 1541, and in the other as twenty-nine in 1549. [We think not. The date on the plate, 1549, is obviously the death-year of Sir Anthony Denny.—Ed.] Another portrait is given in Burnet's "History of the Reformation," on which is inscribed simply "Ob. 1549." [This is the same as in Lodge.—Ed.] It appears probable, therefore, that these data relating to age were inserted subsequently, at a much later period, by some other hand than Holbein's; and objection based on such contradictory evidence therefore loses force. It is furthermore stated in Lodge that Holbein painted Sir Anthony Denny's portrait in 1549. [We are certainly not aware that

Lodge gives the date of the portrait.—Ed.], also an erroneous date, and that it was in the possession of the Earl of Radnor, at Longford Castle—viz. when the "Collection of Celebrated Portraits" was published: the engraving in Burnet's "History" was probably taken from that portrait. [The Longford portrait is reproduced both in Lodge and Burnet, though the engravings are by different hands.—Ed.] Mention is made in an old record of a portrait of life-size belonging to Sir H. Bedingfield, without giving the artist's name. Furthermore, reference is made to a portrait in the Royal collection at Windsor, probably by Holbein [We find no reference to this in Lodge's "Imitations of Portraits by Holbein in the Royal Collection at Windsor."—Ed.], and to another by Holbein in the Gallery of National Portraits. [There is no portrait of Denny in the National Portrait Gallery.—Ed.] While some of these references undoubtedly relate to the same portrait, there would still appear to be three or four portraits of



SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

(From the Portrait by Holbein, in the Longford Collection.)

Sir Anthony Denny by Holbein that are now extant. Again, it may be objected that the costume represented in the Vienna portrait does not comport with the knightly dignity of the position which Sir Anthony held at Court. To this it may be rejoined that in 1534 he had not received any title, and could not have worn the robe depicted in the portrait of 1541—the year in which knighthood was conferred upon him. Having now prepared the way, the next consideration relates to the individual characteristics of the several portraits. The cap in all the portraits is the same, and is worn so as to expose the forehead and the hair equally in all. The straight, short, square-cut hair over the forehead, the long, thick hair of a peculiarly oval contour behind the ears, the eyebrows, the beard and moustache are almost precisely similar in all portraits—one allowance being made for a close cut of the beard in the later portraits. [This description might apply to many of Holbein's male portraits.—Ed.] In all portraits the prominent cheek-bones are characteristic features. On the theory that the identity is the same in all the portraits, then it would seem natural that the features in the portrait of 1534 should

present a fuller contour than that in those of the date 1549, when greater responsibilities, anxieties, and possibly sickness had left their traces. Likewise, the expression in general of the eyes and the countenance of the Vienna portrait, while penetrating, grave, dignified, and thoughtful, naturally evinces less of the keen sagacity and serious dignity of the experienced courtier, when long and faithful service had gained the implicit confidence of the king, such as is manifested in the features of Holbein's latest portraits of Sir Anthony Denny. The crucial point is, however, apparently, the conformation of the nose; if the cleft seen in the Vienna portrait, and faintly indicated in the Burnet engraving [We cannot agree with our correspondent here.—Ed.], exists in the larger paintings, then the similarity of all other features would seem to establish the identification. Should those who have the opportunity to compare the different portraits thus critically together, and for whom these notes are especially designed, agree that the Vienna Holbein is really a portrait of Sir Anthony Denny, then the companion portrait would probably represent his wife Joan, daughter of Sir Philip Champernown, of Modbury Manor, Devonshire. [Lodge writes of Lady Denny as "a lady of remarkable beauty," and this description can hardly be applied to the portrait we reproduced on p. 279 of our issue for March.—Ed.]—D. H. JAMES. [We think our correspondent is on the wrong track. His theories are somewhat based on errors, as we have pointed out; and a solution of the problem must evidently be sought in another direction.—Ed.]

EARLIEST TREATISE ON MINIATURE PAINTING.—With reference to the reply of "S." to the query of J. Henry in the March number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, I should like to say that I have an old treatise on painting, dated 1634, entitled: "The Gentleman's Exercise or an exquisite practise, as well for drawing all manner of Beasts in their true Portraitures; as also the making of all Kinds of colours, to be used in Limning, Painting, Tricking and Blazon of Colours and Armes. By Henry Peacham, Master of Artes. Printed for John Marriott, and are to be sold by Francis Constable at the signe of the Crane in Pauls Churchyard." Chapter XXV. is headed—

"How to prepare your tablet for a picture in small.

"Take of the fairest and smoothest past-board you can get, which with a sleeke stone rubbe as smooth, and as even as you can, that done, take the fine skin of an Abortive, which you may buy in Pater noster row, and other places (it being the finest parchement that is) and with starch thinne laid on, and the skin well stretched and smooth pressed within some booke or the like, prepare your ground or tablet, then according to the generall complexion of the face you are to draw, lay on a weake colour, that done, trace out the eyes, nose, mouth and care, with lake or red Lead, and if the complexion be swarthy, adde either of Sea coale, lampe blacke to deepen and shadow it, when you have

thus done, lay it by for a day, or till it be well dry, then by little and little work it with a curious hand with the lively colour, till you have brought it to perfection; but I will lay before you the practise of a rare Article in stead of many, that you may imagine you saw it done before you.

"CHAPTER XXVI.—The practice of that famous Lünner, Hippolito Donato yet living in Rome, in a small picture of Christ.

"First hee tooke a card or smooth peece of past-board, which after he had well rubbed with a Slecke-stone, hee with starch finely laid on, pasted an abortive skinne upon the same, which when it was through dry, smoothed, pressed and prepared, he did draw the forme of the face with lines of lake; then on the complexion, which he composed according to the life of white and red Lead, adding thereto as occasion served a little Lake, vermilion &c.

"Then he came over the face with a little red Lead and Lake. That done and dry he mixed for the shadow under the eyes, eye-browes, and face red Lead lake like a little soot with a small quantitie of Lampe blacke. For the haire hee laid on first yellow oker very thin and after deepened with soot a little lampe blacke and his owne (*sic*). For the lips he used a little vermilion with lake for the shadow and the mouth stroke. For the hands hee used red lead and lake with which he mingled a little lampe blacke and soote.

"For the drapery which hee termed *Per pannare*, he laid on first lake very thin, which being dry, he deepened it with the same, which also he observed in his blew. Although most commonly it is deepened with Indie or Turfoile."

This book also contains explicit directions for the grinding and mixing of various water-colours, with their names in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, High and Low Dutch, and English, as well as directions for preparing colours for glass-painting and the process of annealing glass.—J. M. A. ANDERSON.

In "S.'s" reply in the March number he forgot Richard Heydock, of New College, Oxford, who translated "Lomazzo on Painting," and for whom Hilliard, the great miniaturist (1547-1619), wrote a treatise on *his own art* which Heydock incorporated into his translation of Lomazzo.—G. C. WILLIAMSON.

NOTE.

WOOD-CARVINGS AT THE CARPENTERS' HALL EXHIBITION.—In a former article on the Exhibition of Wood-Carving lately held at the Carpenters' Hall, we had occasion to criticise the general tendency of modern carvers to over-elaborate and minutely finish their work.

In order to emphasise these points, we give some drawings of fifteenth-century carving, English and foreign, taken from the various loan collections shown

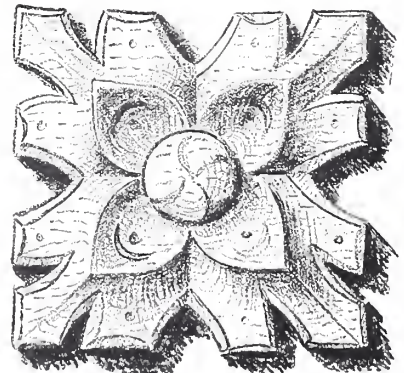


FIG. 1.—CARVED BOSS.

at the same time and place. It is not suggested for one moment that carvers of

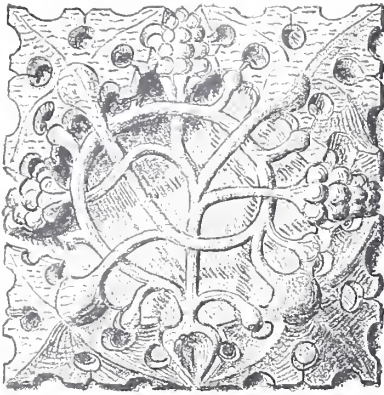


FIG. 2.—CARVED BOSS.

more satisfactory results through simpler channels.

The desire to exercise one's own technical skill is inherent in all craftsmen, every man possessed of certain qualifications being naturally anxious to display them. But he sometimes misses the goal he strives for by going too far: for "a virtue overstrained becomes a vice."

The question arose as we examined the many beautiful modern details that were to be seen in the exhibition—"To what purpose?"

Let us suppose some person wealthy enough and also willing to have his house and furniture decorated after this fashion, what proportion of these

are not fully capable of rivaling the successes of their forefathers. It is rather to be regretted that their undoubted skill should so often be frittered away in creating complicated and sometimes beautiful detail instead of gaining

good a light, perhaps, and without the aid of opera-glasses? It is hardly too much to say that exhibitions are held for the purpose of encouraging

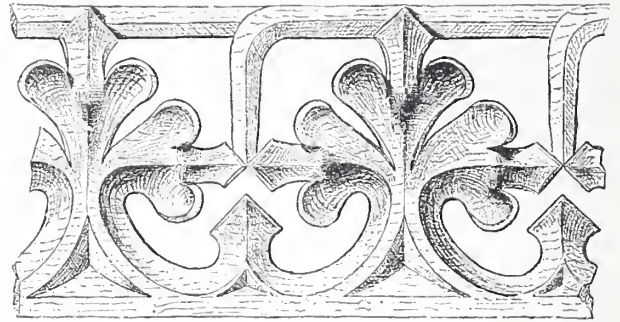


FIG. 3.—CRESTING FROM LITTLEHAM.

the craft, with the main result that most of the exhibits are unsalable. Surely this is wrong. Is there nothing worthy encouragement in carving but microscopic accuracy and wasted or inappropriate detail?

Our illustrations may be some guide to the practical utility of wood-carving as a decorative art. Their merit does not lie in the mathematical accuracy or the intrinsic beauty of some point or petal. We esteem these specimens, firstly, because they attain their object—suitable, and we think sufficient,

decoration; and, secondly, because the cost of such treatment is not prohibitory.

The drawing of a boss (Fig. 1) is an excellent

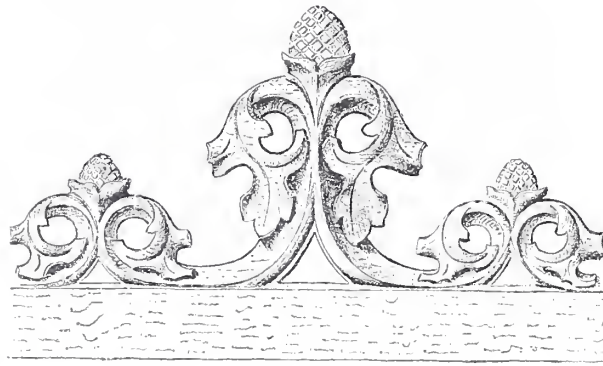


FIG. 4.—CRESTING.

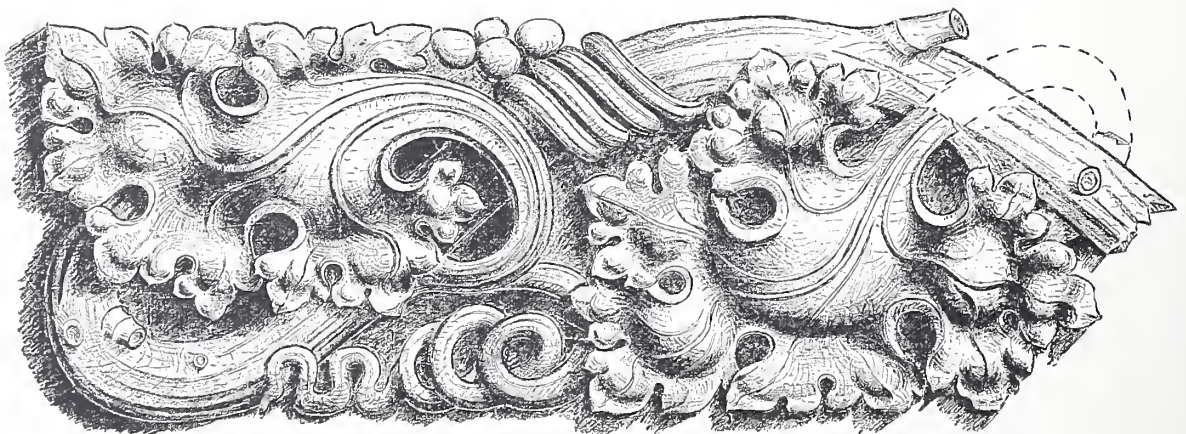


FIG. 5.—CARVED BAND.

carved intricacies would be even seen? How would some of these panels and friezes look if placed in one of our public buildings—in not too

example of direct and simple cutting. It is not a mere ornament only, for it covers the crossing of two ribs in the vaulting of a roof loft. Nor was it

ever intended as a sort of testimonial to a workman's skill as a carver. Its real value can only be judged as a subordinate part of a whole scheme of decoration. The larger specimen (Fig. 2) occupied a

that if we apply the methods used by the old Gothic wood-carvers of the fifteenth century—and by the early Renaissance carvers of the sixteenth century too, for that matter—large surfaces can be

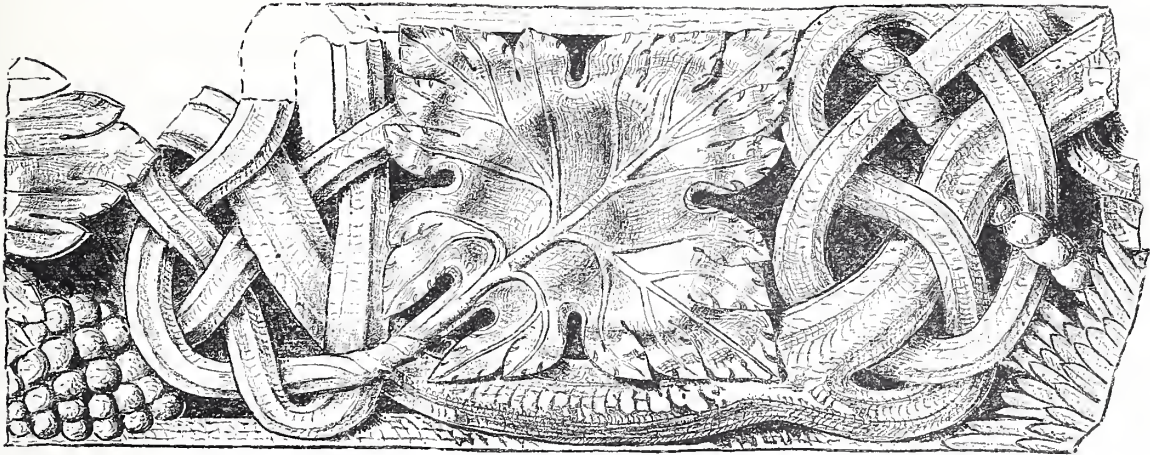


FIG. 6.—PIERCED BAND FROM THE ROOD LOFT OF STOKE GABRIEL CHURCH.

similar position probably; yet, in spite of its more ambitious design, there is not a single cut wasted.

The cresting from Littleham (Fig. 3) is a fine example of its kind, and is all that is required for its position—the crowning feature of a rood-loft. On the other hand, the cresting—Belgian work, no doubt—(Fig. 4) from Mr. G. A. Rogers's collection would only be suitable in a situation quite close to the eye, where the clever treatment of the foliage could be clearly seen.

The same remark applies with equal force to the beautifully carved band (French? Fig. 5) from the same collection. It is too ornate, too closely massed, to be appreciated when seen only from a distance. Compare it with the pierced band (Fig. 6) of simple design and treatment, taken originally from the upper part (about eleven feet from the ground) of the rood loft in Stoke Gabriel Church. In such a place the French band would look a mere blur; while the English work, when seen in its proper position among its beautiful surroundings, would ever bear testimony to the Gothic genius for apt decoration.

We do not, of course, intend to imply that Gothic work in its Gothic garb is suitable for everything and anything. We wish only to emphasise

decorated, and *are* decorated, at a cost within the reach of many. Cannot these vital principles be applied to more modern styles: or, better still, cannot carvers evolve a new style, of a kind, we would suggest, that does not depend entirely on the representation of a scroll-like plant that indiscriminately evolves human heads, vases, or dragons?

The Arts and Crafts Society have set a worthy example in this direction by fostering that rare commodity—originality of thought. Perhaps it would be feasible for the Carpenters' Company to institute a prize for the best complete drawing of an original carved work or architectural detail, accompanied by enough actual carving to show its real treatment, and to regulate their award somewhat by the estimated cost. It would be better, of course, to offer a prize for the complete work, itself: but wood-carvers cannot, as a rule, afford either the time or outlay for such a competition.

Ought not all efforts to encourage art be directed rather towards the practical than the ideal? Surely the craftsman who can design and carve something that combines utility with ornament is a better man than he who only creates a curiosity for the museum.

“MAGAZINE OF ART” (No. 2) COMPETITION.

DETAILS respecting the Competition for a Contents Bill for THE MAGAZINE OF ART will be found on the slip inserted in this number. The Prizes will be—1st, £25; 2nd, £15; 3rd, £10; and ten of £3 3s. each. Designs must be sent in by July 31.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—MAY.

The
Royal Academy
Exhibition.

IF the present exhibition of the Royal Academy appear to consist of a disproportionate number of portraits, it is rather in consequence of the failure of a number of artists to complete their most important works—among whom must be named Sir Edward Poynter, Mr. Richmond, Mr. Swan, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Stone, and Mr. Bates—than that any unusual numerical increase has been made in this section. It is not sufficiently realised by the public that the relative number of portraits in these annual exhibitions tends rather to diminish than to increase; if they would have proof of it, they need but refer to pictorial representations of past exhibitions at Somerset House and the National Gallery or to the series of catalogues themselves. Regarded as a whole, the present exhibition of the Academy, so far as it may be judged by some knowledge of the greater number of submitted works by well-known painters, is not unworthy of the traditions of the Royal Academy, even though "pictures of the year," in the popular sense, may not be as numerous as has sometimes been the case. We take a rapid preliminary survey—brief by the exigencies of both space and conditions—in order to give our readers some notion of some of its more important features.

In the section of portraiture, we have first the beautiful head of Miss Dorothy MacCallum by Mr. G. F. WATTS—a work marvellous from so venerable a hand, but admirable from any hand whatever, of any age, as an example of budding and beauteous womanhood, firmly drawn, solid in workmanship, fine in quality and pearly colour, and treated at once delicately and poetically. Professor HERKOMER, that most industrious of portrait painters, sends portraits of three ladies, of which the modern "Madonna" is the most brilliant, if not the greatest achievement as a study of expression; the portrait of a gentleman (remarkable for the novelty of the handling), and two full-lengths—the first of Mr. Lipton, and the second a State portrait of Lord Harris in the blue robes of the Star of India. As it is necessary that we should withhold our critical remarks until next month, we mention as summarily as possible some of the most important exhibits. In this section there will be found portraits by Mr. LUKE FILDES (four, including "Sir Myles Fenton"); Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS (five, including "Mrs.

T. G. Jackson"); Mr. OULESS (four, including "Lord Lister," "Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane," and "Mr. Justice Lindley"); Sir GEORGE REID ("Professor Mitchell, of St. Andrews"); Mr. BRITON RIVIERE (with "Lady Wantage" and "Mrs. Methold with her Deerhounds"); Mr. J. J. SHANNON (four, including "Monsignor Nugent" in his robes of a Papal official, and "Sir John Hibbert" in diplomatic uniform). Mr. COLIN HUNTER gives us a graceful

study of Miss Donaldson, and Mr. LOCKHART an official portrait of "Mr. Arthur James Balfour." By Mr. WALTER OSBORNE is a striking picture of "Mrs. Walter Armstrong," and by Mr. LAVERY two extremely skilful ladies' portraits. Mr. A. S. COPE's "Duke of Cambridge" worthily sustains the painter's rising reputation. Mr. ROBERT MACBETH's portraits of artists are to be mentioned, as well as Mr. BRANLEY's and Mr. DRAPER's works, and Mr. PEACOCK's quaint portrait of a child with her male negro nurse, which he calls "A Wee Rhodesian."

Landscape is a section well sustained by its best known professors. The broad aspects from Hampstead Heath and of its own characteristics—that Heath which, it has been suggested, has for the first time been rediscovered by Mr. MURRAY since Con-

stable's day—have by that artist been admirably rendered in three large works; his fourth canvas represents a Scottish winter scene. Landscape and marine are both to be seen in Mr. BRETZ's four pictures, in which that artist aims, as usual, as much at scientific demonstration as artistic reputation. Mr. ALFRED EAST, in two fine compositions not very dissimilar, though a strong contrast to most of his former work, gives us "The Silence of the Morning" and "The Sleepy River Somme." Mr. LEADER sustains his perennial popularity with four landscapes treating, variously, morning and evening light as well as "A Surrey Common" and "An Autumn Gleam in Wales." The sincere art of Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS is sustained in his "Flow'ry May" and in the "Banks of the Upper Wye." Mr. MACWHURTER presents a highly imaginative landscape under Shakespeare's line "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came," as enlarged by Robert Browning; "Glen Affric Waters" give him the subject for two pictures; and an "Alpine Meadow" shows his impression of the richness of a Swiss spring. Mr. WATERLOW, becoming more and



MISS GAINSBOROUGH.

(By T. Gainsborough, R.A. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.
No. 1,482, Room XVI.)

more truly poetical as time goes on, contributes four pictures—"Autumn Floods" in the Midlands, "Summer Flowers," a June day in the valley of the Loing, together with "A Tranquil Stream" and "Flowery Fields." Mr. ALFRED PARSONS justifies his election with a sunset scene among the lakes, entitled "The Star that Bids the Shepherd Fold," and Mr. WOODS contributes "A Venetian Street



THE PHILOSOPHER.

(By Cornelius P. Begas. Recently acquired by the National Gallery No. 1,481, Room XI.)

Scene," and several bright views of the Rhone Valley. Mr. RIDLEY CORBETT is represented by a poetic "Moonrise," and Mr. R. W. ALLAN by a picturesque Scotch harbour with "The Wild North Sea" raging beyond. Mr. LESLIE'S "Day of Rest" is distinguished by his personal poetic sense, and represents farm-horses taking their repose in a field by evening light. Mr. GOODALL, who has once more shown his versatility by painting a portrait of the "Duchess of Sutherland" and "An Oriental Scene," contributes also a view of Eton seen from the Royal Library of Windsor Castle. Mr. ADRIAN STOKES'S "Snowy Mountain" and Mr. ARTHUR SEVERN'S "Coniston Fells" are both remarkable examples of carefully studied effects.

The subject pictures, though perhaps not this year so important, are as various as ever. Sir EDWARD POYNTER, baulked of finishing his large work through the numerous demands of the Presidentship, the chairmanship of the Brussels Exhibition Art Section, and numerous Jubilee celebrations, as well as his National Gallery administration, contributes one of his extremely dainty and pleasing neo-classic subjects, called "The Message," as well as a charming figure entitled "Phyllis"—a Horatian illustration—and a striking likeness of Mr. Sidney Colvin. Mr. FRANK DICKSEE'S "Dawn," a great upright picture representing the nude and rosy goddess casting off her gauzy drapery, while veiled Night takes her sombre leave, is one of the chief contributions of the year, and will carry on the reputation which he has steadily built up. A pensive female head of singular beauty and of extreme refinement of drawing accompanies the greater work. The long-expected "Bonlter's Lock," by Mr. E. J. GREGORY, is here, but we withhold for the time any remark upon this important achievement. Mr. ALMA-TADEMA and Mr. MARCUS STONE are chiefly represented by what the French painters describe

as *cartes de visite*, their important works being unfinished. Mr. S. J. SOLOMON strikes a new note, in which he shows how the Goddess of Glory holds back her wreath from the victorious knight and hands it to the worthier and more unconscious young mother who tends her little child. Mr. GEORGE CLAUSEN, as our English Millet, gives us three characteristic works, "The Mother," "Autumn Ploughing," and "The Old Barn;" Mr. CALDERON, R.A., "The Letter," and "Ruth;" and Mr. STANHOPE FORBES, besides a landscape representing the watering of cattle in a running stream, an important work called "Christmas Eve"—a street scene with waits and gossips, and lamplight contending with the twilight. Mrs. FORBES'S contribution is an imaginative "Dream Princess." From Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS we have "The King's Messenger;" from Mr. ARTHUR HACKER, "The Sea Maid," seen by a lad on the margin of the sea, as well as a portrait; from Mr. BURGESS, "A Mothers' Meeting in the Country;" and from Mr. BOUGHTON a beautiful work, "After a Midnight Mass"—a fifteenth-century lady quitting the church on Christmas Eve. Mr. ROBERT MACBETH sends a hunting scene; Mr. GEORGE HARCOURT a picture which he calls "Too Late;" Mr. WATERHOUSE, "Hylas and the Nymphs;" Mr. DRAPER, a bright and skilful colour scheme, dealing with the subject of "Calypso's Isle;" Mr. BACON, a religious piece called "Peace be to You," in which the devout sentiment is not greatly detracted from by the awkward attitude of Christ, who enters; Miss HENRIETTA RAE (Mrs. Normand), "Isabella and the Pot of Basil;" and Mr. T. C. GOTCH, a young girl holding a reliquary, entitled "The Heir to all the Ages." Mr. BUNNY displays his decorative sense in "Angels Descending" and "A Summer Morning;" and Mr. T. B. KENNINGTON, a refined composition of a sad and wistful young mother with her children, called "Maternity." Mr. LA THANGUE'S ferry picture of "Travelling Harvesters" has for its *motif* a sunset effect, and "Gleaners" are shown when the light has all but gone. Besides these, Mrs. ALMA-TADEMA, Mr. LOCKHART BOGLE, the Hon. JOHN COLLIER, Mr. BLAIR LEIGHTON, and others, are to be seen in characteristic works. Mr. BYAM SHAW, up to within the last year or two an Academy student, who has already made himself talked of in Burlington House by his robust



A WINTER SCENE.

(By Hendrick Avercamp. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. No. 1,479, Room XI.)

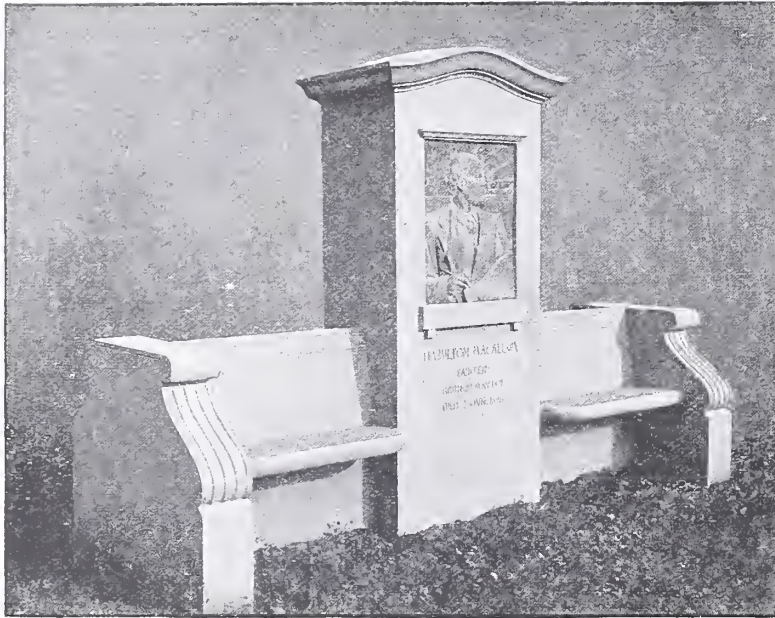
allegories and Pre-Raphaelite treatment, works again on the same lines.

The Sculpture Gallery and the Central Hall have items of exceptional interest by the majority of our principal sculptors. Mr. H. H. ARMSTEAD'S "Playmates;" Mr. THORNYCROFT'S medallion portraits of Mr. Eccles

and Miss Joan Thornycroft, and, if we remember aright, that portrait in low relief in which the possibility of a bicycle in sculpture is demonstrated; Mr. GEORGE FRAMP-
TON'S quaint and brilliant statue of Dame Alice Owen in bronze and marble, and the bronze tablet to Charles S. Keene (happier than that to Professor Lane-Poole); Mr. BERTRAM MACKENNAI'S fine nude, "Oceana," a commission from the Union Club of Sydney; Mr. PEGRAM'S figure for the base of a candelabrum; Mr. GOSCOMBE JOHN'S memorial relief to Dr. Frederick Barlow Gny; Mr. DRURY'S "Age of Innocence;" Mr. LUCCHESI'S "Mountain of Fame" and "Valkyrie;" and the work of Mr. THOMAS BROCK, of Mr. REYNOLDS-STEPHENS, Mr. GILBERT BAYES

and museum in Lambeth known as "Tradescant's Ark," the rarities in which were given by him to Elias Ashmole and form the nucleus of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; a painting attributed to WILLIAM DOBSON. "Thomas Cartwright," Bishop of Chester and High Commissioner for Ecclesiastical Causes under James II.; painted by GERARD SOEST. "William Chaffinch," the notorious "backstairs" courtier and servant of Charles II.; painted by JOHN RILEY. "Sir Henry Sidney, K.G.," father of Sir Philip Sidney; a contemporary portrait, artist unknown.

The trustees of the National Portrait Gallery give notice that the gallery will be open to the public on Sunday afternoons from 2.30 to 5.30 p.m. from Sunday, April 4, to Sunday, December 26, inclusive.



THE HAMILTON MACALLUM MEMORIAL AT BEER, DEVON.
(Designed by E. Onslow Ford, R.A. From a Photograph by E. D. Good, Devon. See p. 51.)

—these works are some of those which give character to the exhibition and render it not unworthy of the artistic achievement of the country.

The National Portrait Gallery.

THE following acquisitions have been recently made by the trustees, and will be exhibited to the public as soon as place can be found for them in the galleries. By presentation—
"William Morris," painted in 1880, by Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., and presented by the artist in continuation of his former gift. "Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore," poet, painted in 1894 by Mr. SARGENT, R.A., and presented by Mrs. Patmore. "John William Colenso," D.D., Bishop of Natal, painted in 1866 by SAMUEL SIDLEY, and presented by the artist's son. "Amelia Opie," modelled in 1829 by P. J. DAVID D'ANGERS and Sir JOHN BOWRING, modelled by the same in 1832—two bronze medallions, presented by the director. By purchase—"Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, K.G.," an early painting of the SCHOOL OF HOLBEIN. "Adam, First Viscount Duncan," painted by H. P. DANLOUX. "Harriet Martineau," painted in 1834 by R. EVANS. "Henry Fawcett," the original model in plaster for the alto-relievo portrait executed by Miss MARY GRANT for the memorial fountain on the Thames Embankment. "Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.," and "Charles Stewart Parnell"—original casts from busts executed by Miss Mary Grant. "John Tradescant the Younger," who with his father owned the physic garden

JUDGED by the Lyceum's own brilliant standard of artistic achievement, the production of "Richard III." claims little more than a mere record of its revival. The scenic effects—though for no lack of opportunity—were not distinguished by any novelty of conception or treatment. It is true that Mr. CRAVEN'S "Cloisters of Westminster Abbey" made a pretty setting for Richard's scene with the young princes, but the same artist's picture of "The King's Tent" in the last act was surely far too spacious in suggestion. Comparisons, we know, are generally odious, but memory recalls an infinitely finer treatment of the same subject—it must have been by Mr. Telbin—in Mansfield's noteworthy presentation of the play at the GLOBE some few years since. Mr. HARKER'S "Presence Chamber" was dwarfed by its occupants, and should have been painted on a bolder scale, whilst crude colour discounted the effective composition of his view on "Tower Hill." Sir Henry Irving was a picturesque figure in the opening scenes, if perhaps a trifle too

sumptuously garbed to accord with his soliloquy after the meeting with Lady Anne. The Richmond, in his ornate suit of armour with a copper plush drapery and jaunty ostrich plumes, bore an unfortunate resemblance to a pantomime prince rather than to an historic personage. —A very few lines must suffice for the consideration of "His Majesty" at the Savoy. Neither Mr. HARFORD nor Mr. PERCY ANDERSON is seen at his best. The scenery, especially that of Act II., is commonplace, and the costumes, largely of the playing-card order, are individually unbecoming and collectively inharmonious. Even in avowedly comic opera it is something of a shock to see one of the characters masquerading quite inexplicably as a sailor of the Dibdin period amidst a crowd of fairly consistent fantastics in early fifteenth-century dress!

THE spring exhibition of the Royal Society Exhibitions. of British Artists presents a curious combination of the old and new schools of painting. There may be seen side by side examples of the Tory-Conservative and the extreme Radical sides of art, the staid commonplaceness of the one mildly protesting against the clever garishness of the other. Could these two sections be removed, we should have a collection of average merit; but as it is, the conflicting notes struck produce a discord that is hardly agreeable. What strength there is in the exhibition is contributed by the landscapes, especially those sent

up from Newlyn. Mr. ARTHUR MEADE'S charming "Early Twilight" and Mr. NOBLE BARLOW'S "Dorset Meadows" must be mentioned first, and are probably the best in the gallery. Mr. F. SPENLOVE-SPENLOVE'S "A Suffolk Common: Morning." Mr. MONTAGU-SMYTH'S Mauve-like "Grey Morning." Mr. GORDON GALS-WORTHY'S "Harvest Time," and Mr. E. BOROUGH JOHNSON'S "Haven under the Hill" are all of them characteristic in their ways—painter-like, truthful, strong, and, above all, serious in their intention.

"In Tow," by Mr. G. EDMUND FULLER, is good as a piece of sea-painting, as is Mr. MARTIN BRUCE'S "Home Breeze." At the opposite extreme is Mr. W. T. WARRENER'S "Portrait" of a young lady in a

dirty red costume—hardly a picture to have been hung in a serious exhibition. Mr. R. GEMMELL HUTCHISON is so good a painter that it is a pity he should have followed Mr. Bramley so closely in "When Winds are Howling:" "A Hopeless Dawn" is so familiar a picture that Mr. Hutchison's source of inspiration is at once suggested. Mr. J. R. REID'S golf picture, "Blackheath (Missed Again!)" supplies the humorous element, and Mr. MACHELL is again present with a problem picture which he calls "The Exiles." Mr. MANUEL and Mr. ECKHARDT represent the very newest element among the membership of the Society.



STATUETTE FOR A FOUNTAIN.

(Recently erected in the Embankment Gardens.
By George Wade. See p. 52.)

The collection of studies and drawings of wild beasts (chiefly the larger *Felidae*) by Mr. JOHN M. SWAN, A.R.A., which has been brought together in Bond Street, will raise that artist immeasurably in the estimation of all who were not familiar with the full scope of his remarkable work. We know of nothing in the whole range of animal painters' pictures or studies which shows greater knowledge, ability, masterfulness of means, or genius on the part of the man who wrought them. Mr. Swan never forgets that he is a scientist when he is most an artist, nor that he is an artist when he is most a scientist. Colour, hue, mastery of touch, life, movement, and character—all these we are made to feel as we pass from drawing to drawing—glad to be let into the workshop of the painter, more interested still to recognise the artistry of his *préparatifs*.

Miss HELEN THORNYCROFT'S travelling studies and drawings, now on exhibition at her studio, display her

facility as well as her capacity for drawing and colour, and her appreciation of landscape of every sort, of flowers, and of atmosphere. She is an artist of real charm. The beautiful little island of Sark has been worthily depicted by Mr. F. W. STURGE in a series of eighty water-colour drawings exhibited at Messrs. GRAVES'S gallery. This gem of the Channel Islands is full of subjects for the artist. Mr. Sturge has successfully represented it under every conceivable condition of atmosphere and weather. "The Harbour in a Sunny Morning" is balanced by a drawing of the harbour in a "Channel Fog," both charmingly rendered. A sparkling bit of colour is "The Venus Bath," and a typical Channel dirty day is rendered in the last drawing of the series "Goodbye to Sark."

An exhibition commemorative of the late A. W. HUNT, R.W.S., was opened at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, on Saturday, 27th March. The recent Hunt exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club doubtless suggested to the art lovers of the painter's native place the propriety of doing him honour in this way; and the promoters were fortunate in securing most of the pictures shown in London as the nucleus of their collection. A good many fresh works of importance have been added, and the exhibition, which includes 204 pictures, is a fine tribute to the genius of one of the most subtle and poetical water-colourists of the English school. The credit for the successful issue of this labour of love is largely due to Mr. ALFRED BOOTH, who had valuable professional assistance from Mr. J. T. WATTS, R.C.A., and Miss JESSIE MACGREGOR; the latter, by the way, a niece of Alfred Hunt.

So much **Reviews.** more attention is now being accorded by the general public to the art of decorative design that M. JULES PASSEPONT'S "*Études des Ornaments*," published by M.M. Rouan, in their "*Bibliothèque des Arts Décoratifs*," is likely to find a much wider circle of readers than in quite recent

years would have been thought possible. Any success it may meet with is well deserved. The novelty of the book lies in the scheme for the treatment of the subject. Taking each



WINDOW AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH,
NEWPORT, MON.

(By J. P. Seddon. See p. 52.)

decorative element in order—dolphins, scale-work, bucraniums, frets, festoons, garlands, Greek waves—the author traces the development of each in all countries and in all applications, and with a profusion of illustration illuminates his remarks, adding all details and particulars necessary for his purpose. But the main feature of the book is the delightful strain in which it is written; it is technical as far as it need be, but the subject is so lightly and charmingly handled that the volume might almost be read for the entertainment it affords. It will thus be seen that the principle followed out by M. Passeport is diametrically opposed to the ordinary method whereby students, and masters too sometimes, are apt to lose themselves in the doctrinal study of the laws of ornament. Although the book is popular, the taste and profound scholarship of the author render it an admirable guide; and we look forward to the continuation promised us if the book—a very hypothetical condition we imagine—meets with sufficient encouragement. We hope for an early translation into English, in the interests of our art schools and art students.

Continuing their Cranford series of illustrated classics Messrs. Macmillan have intrusted Washington Irving's "*Alhambra*"

to Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL. Seeing that the legends of the Alhambra form a large portion of the book, and that he has thus had all Spain before him, he must have had a delightful time in preparing these illustrations. With every desire to say nothing but good of a really charming book, one fault we cannot but find—a considerable number of the illustrations ought never to have left the artist's folio. They are so scrappy, so inexpressive of anything that the general reader can grasp, that their only use is to add to the number of the illustrations in the book without contributing to its interest.

Another book in the same series is "*Tom Brown's School Days*," with illustrations by E. J. SULLIVAN, which should be a favourite amongst gift books for boys.

"*Travels in Unknown Austria*," written and illustrated by Princess MAY of Thurn and Taxis, issued by the same publishers, has no doubt given much pleasure in its compilation, but while it is chatty in style and some of its descriptions readable enough, and the illustrations not inadequate, we doubt if the book will command a great amount of appreciation.

Herr PAUL SCHULTZE-NAUMBURG's "*Der Studiengang des Modernen Malers*" (Wilh. Opetz, Leipzig) is meant as a non-technical guide to those who devote themselves, practically or otherwise, to painting, indicating in what direction and to what degree the various intricacies of art and art study should be pursued. The book is well worth a careful perusal—for although it goes over much that is old ground, there remains a good deal for reflection—and offers many useful hints. The illustrations help to point the author's meaning, particularly when he explains how the shape of a picture should be guided by the subject.

The book is *intime* in its manner, and is addressed rather to the amateur than the professional.

In his illustrations to "*Jane Eyre*" (Service and Paton) Mr. F. H. TOWNSEND has suffered at the hands of the re-producer and the printer; nevertheless, his illustrations are in themselves not unworthy of the delightful school of pen illustrators which has sprung up within the last ten years, and

which bids fair to form a *coterie* as individual and in some degree as able as that which rendered the 'Sixties a glorious decade in English art.

In these days of analytical criticism it is a relief to come across a volume so sincere, and, from an ethical point of view, so lofty as "*A Retrospect*" (Osgood, Melvaine and Co.) by Mrs. RUSSELL BARRINGTON. The "*Retrospect*" consists chiefly in a collection of her articles upon subjects of art, especially of its spiritual and moral aspects, which she has contributed in the past to leading reviews. The author assumes no power of technical criticism. She is to a great extent a disciple of Mr. Watts, though no hero-worshipper even of him; and from a lofty standpoint she estimates the art of her country from its emotional rather than from its purely executive side. She is indeed a patriot in the matter of art,

and in her introductory chapter takes delight in pointing out how our greatest artists have all been essentially national. Her criticisms on Millais and Leighton, Watts and Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Walter Crane, are good reading, and may cordially be recommended to the reader in spite of a certain narrowness of view on the part of the author, and of an equal narrowness in the choice of quoted writers, excellent though it be, on whom she appears to have founded her reading. Nevertheless, there was room for this book, not exactly as an antidote to much modern writing, but as a pleasing and welcome complement to it.

An attempt has been made in "*The Art Schools of London*" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) to arrange for reference a list of the "Principal Fine Art Schools in the Metropolis," but it cannot be said that the attempt is successful. A book of this kind should be edited by some one who is at least tolerably familiar with the art world. This is evidently not the case, if we judge from the many errors of fact which the little volume contains, to say nothing of those consequent upon careless proof-reading. From the list of schools are omitted all the great London Polytechnics—with the exception of the Regent Street institution—the Camden School, and the County Council School of Arts and Crafts. The space allotted to the Royal Academy Schools is barely more than that accorded to a private "black and white" school, while no less than seventeen pages are allotted to the Herkomer School—which, after all, is hardly in London. Although the book is dated 1896-7, its record of events, such as the National Competition awards, are brought no nearer to date than 1895. The book, therefore, cannot be looked upon as the "trustworthy guide" which the editor has professed to make it.



GILBERT STUART.

(By Himself. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.
No. 1,480, Room XIX.)

We cannot congratulate Mrs. MOULTON on the illustrations to her volume of charming verses, "*In Childhood's Country*" (James Bowden). Miss ETHEL REED's drawings to the poems cannot appeal in any way to children, or to adults either, being neither graceful, nor dainty, nor even pretty. And yet the end-papers to the book reveal the fact that Miss Reed can be all these when she chooses. It is a pity that she did not execute her illustrations in the same delightful spirit.

We have nothing but praise for the new issue of "*The Year's Art, 1897*" (Virtue and Co.)—the *vade mecum* of every artist, art writer, and art lover. Compact, concise, accurate, and inclusive, it surpasses all previous numbers of the series. We are glad to see that the compiler, Mr. CARTER, is doing his best to keep his valuable "Directory of Artists" up to date.

Mr. JOHN LEIGHTON has again produced his "*Book Plate and Armorial Year-Book*" (A. and C. Black, London). It contains sympathetic articles on Lord Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, and George du Maurier, with, of course, the armorial bearings of each. Mr. Leighton supplies "supporters" to the arms of the first-named, which Lord Leighton had not completed the design of when he died. Among the other contents are an article on "Jewish Coats of Arms," and a humorous one—the wit is somewhat laboured—"Ex Libris Imaginaire. Ad Susannii Grundii."

The "*Art Catalogue*," issued by Williams and Norgate, is a useful little publication. Apart from its commercial purpose, it is a bibliography in miniature of current works on art in England, France, and Germany.

The Art Union of London is fortunate in its presentation plate this year. Without knowing of the honour that was in store for the painter, the Council decided to etch "*Horæ Serenæ*" by Sir EDWARD POYNTER. The picture is an admirable specimen of the painter's treatment of a classical subject, and of Mr. DOBIE's etching it would be difficult to speak too highly; he has entered into the spirit of the picture, and has rendered it in all its minute detail. Sir Edward himself says of Mr. Dobie's work, "As an etching, the workmanship is beautiful." It is only necessary to add that the plate is being printed by Mr. GOULDING for the public to be assured that in the production of this etching there is a combination of artistic qualities such as is not often achieved.

We have rarely seen a finer "reproductive" photograph than that which Mr. J. CASWALL SMITH has produced of Mr. G. F. Watts's oil sketch of Sir Richard Burton. It has almost the richness of a mezzotint; it certainly has

more than the merits of a strong photogravure. Full justice is done to a singularly interesting and little-known portrait (exhibited in the collection of the artist's work at the New Gallery) of a most remarkable man, which renders that other side of his character which Lord Leighton's missed.

Mr. HARRISON WEIR is too respected a veteran for his work in Miss EDITH CARRINGTON's "*The Cat*" (George Bell and Sons) to be passed over in silence. Mr. Weir's hand has lost some of its cunning in some of these cat faces (as in "Offended"), but the pleasant little book will not be overlooked by lovers of the *felis domesticus*. It cannot, of course, compare with the same artist's "*Our Cats*."

By the exigencies of time and circumstance, Leeds, like other places, has had to suffer by "improvements," and Mr. PERCY ROBINSON's "*Relics of Old Leeds*" (B. T. Batsford, London), serves a useful purpose in recording pictorially and descriptively the ancient buildings already pulled down or threatened with destruction. Mr. Robinson's pen-and-ink drawings are all that can be desired from the architectural point of view, and as this is the most important in a book of this nature, the featureless figures may be accepted without harsh criticism.

Miscellanea. THOUGH somewhat belated, we feel that interest will be roused in the photograph we reproduce on this page, of the group of Royal Academicians on the steps of St. Paul's, on the occasion of the funeral of Sir John Millais, P.R.A.

Monsieur ROTY has just designed a new coin for the French Government, which we illustrate on p. 52. The sculptor is not satisfied with the reverse, however, and is making an alteration. It will be noticed that there is no indication of the value of the coin marked on it.

The memorial to the late Mr. HAMILTON MACALLUM, R.I., which has been raised by a few friends of the deceased artist, was unveiled last month by Professor Herkomer, R.A.,



AN HISTORIC SCENE: THE FUNERAL OF SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A. THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY ENTERING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

(From a Photograph by R. Thiele and Co.)

at Beer, in Devonshire. The work was designed and executed by Mr. E. Onslow Ford, R.A., the bronze relief portrait being a gift from him. The memorial is constructed of Portland stone, and holds on the side towards the village a barometer. The front is shown in our illustration (p. 48).

The Presidents of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours and the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours have received permission from her Majesty the Queen to wear a collar and badge on official occasions. The first-mentioned insignia has been designed and executed by Professor HERKOMER, R.A. It is of solid gold; the badge is oval in shape, and supports a female carved in ivory. Above this and attached to the chain is a gold wreath encircling the royal crown, to which the badge is linked, and the whole is most beautifully executed. The Royal Institute badge has been designed by Mr. ALFRED GILBERT, R.A. We propose to publish reproductions of both these works in an early number of the Magazine.

The County Council has accepted for the Temple section of the Embankment Gardens a pretty little drinking fountain, presented by the British Women's Temperance Association as a tribute of admiration for Lady Henry Somerset. The design consists of a charming bronze figure of a girl holding in her outstretched hands a bowl over the edges of which the water runs; the base consists of a rough block of grey granite, to which are affixed the drinking cups, and two additional spouts for the use of children. We regret with the sculptor of the figure, Mr. GEORGE WADE, that his original design (which he executed for Chicago some time ago) has been departed from. The statuette is there reached by steps in such a manner that people of all sizes may drink from the bowl itself; and as the water is always running, the edge of the bowl is always clean. It is due to the artist that the fact should be stated that he has not been consulted as to the alteration of his design. As it is, however, the fountain is a distinct addition to the few artistic outdoor sculptures of which London can boast.

The window illustrated on p. 49 has been placed in St. John's Church, Newport, Mon., to the memory of the late J. Kissick, Esq. It is from the design of Mr. J. P. SEDDON, with figures by his daughter, Miss MAUD SEDDON, the cartoons being prepared by Mr. H. G. Murray, who also drew them upon the glass. It was executed by Messrs. Bellam and Co., London. Each light has

a large panel in the centre containing a painting, representing in the one case our Lord calling St. Peter and St. Andrew from their occupation as fishermen to become His disciples, in the other our Saviour walking on the sea and rescuing St. Peter from sinking into the waves. These paintings have a trefoiled cusped canopy above with smaller circular panels containing figures of angels,

surrounded by rich grisaille work, and an ornamental border surrounds each light. In the sexfoiled circular light in the head of the window is shown the dove with the emblem of the Trinity. The whole is executed in the exceedingly richly toned Rust's antique glass, which enables the work to preserve complete transparency that stained glass should possess without loss of depth of tone or richness of colour, and consequently the effect is unusually pleasing and harmonious.



THE LATE T. HOPE MCLACHLAN.

It is with sincere regret that we record the death of Mr. T. HOPE MCLACHLAN, one of the most poetic of our landscape painters. His works appealed more, perhaps, to the artist than to the public: they were stamped by an individuality which removed them far apart from the ordinary exhibition landscape, the result of the artist's close commune with Nature. We would refer our readers to THE MAGAZINE OF ART for December, 1894, for a fully-illustrated biographical and critical article on this artist.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN, the well-known compiler of "Academy Notes" and similar publications. He was on a visit to Italy in search of health, but died somewhat suddenly at Bordighiera.

EDMOND CHARLES YON, the French landscape painter, has recently died at the age of fifty-six. He was born at Montmartre, and became a pupil of Pouget and Lequien, making his *début* as a wood engraver of illustrations to Victor Hugo's works. He painted as well, however, and exhibited in both sections at the Salon of 1867, obtaining medals in each. In 1886 he became a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. In 1889 he was awarded a gold medal, in which year also his "La Rivière d'Eure à Acquigny" was purchased for the Luxembourg.

Another French painter and engraver, HENRI CHARLES GUÉRARD, has also just died at the age of fifty-one. He made experiments many years ago in colour printing from engravings. When the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts was formed in 1891 he threw in his lot with it, and exhibited annually at the New Salon. He was an officer of the Academy and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

ALBERT DE MEURON, the Swiss landscape painter, has died at Neuchâtel at the age of seventy-four. He was a pupil of Gleyre and of the Dusseldorf Academy. He took great interest in the development of art at Neuchâtel, founding a museum, and instituting the bi-annual exhibitions in that town.

*** Our notices of the City of London Guildhall

Exhibition, of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, the Royal Institute, the New English Art Club, of Messrs. Maclean's Gallery, and of M. LEGROS' collection at Mr. Van Wisselingh's are unavoidably held over until next month; together with those of the New Gallery, the exhibition of M. Jan Van Peers, and Mr. C. H. Shannon at the Fine Art Society.



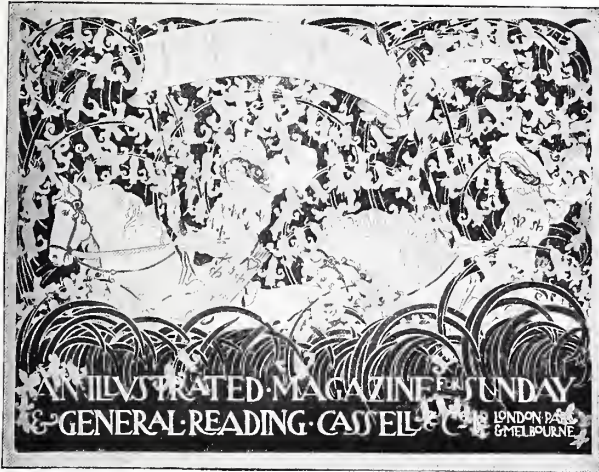
NEW FRENCH COIN.

(Designed by M. Roty.)

NOTES ON THE POSTER COMPETITION.

OUR competition for *The Quiver* poster produced considerably over two hundred drawings, many of which were excellent in quality in respect to both

to the fact that there are now so many posters of the "shouting" order that one so refined yet firm in design and delicate in colour would be more likely to



"BLUEBELL."

PAUL WOODROFFE.

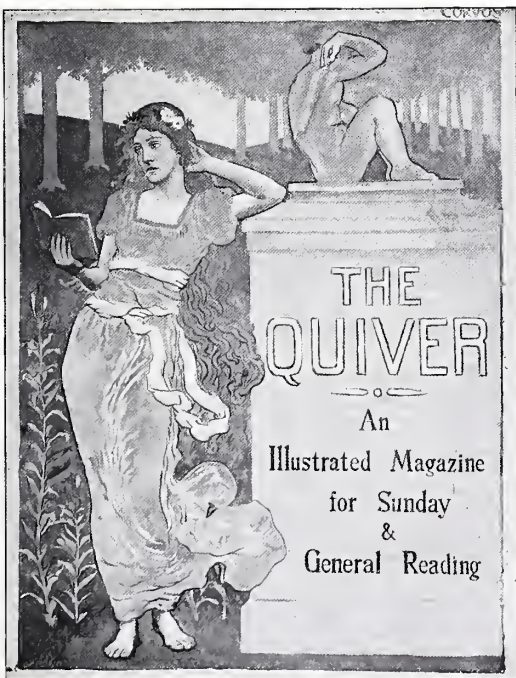


"RED SCARABÆUS, I."

ALBERT J. MOORES.

design and colour. The three selected for the prizes were reproduced in our last issue; in these pages we illustrate a first selection of those which were highly

"tell" on a hoarding than one which followed the current vogue. Mr. Holiday, writing subsequently to the award being known, says on this point: "Noting



"CORVUS"

CLAUDE MARKS.

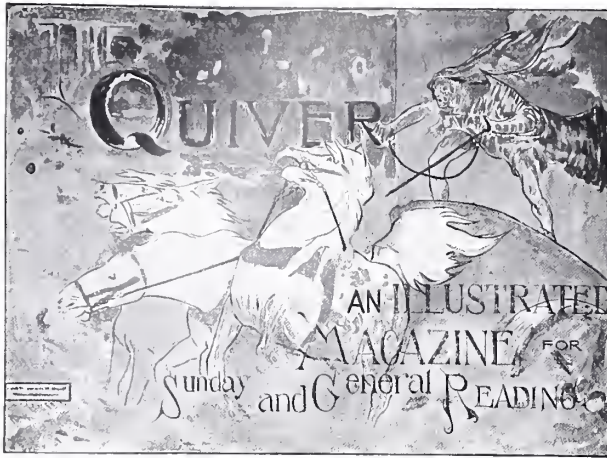


"EVE."

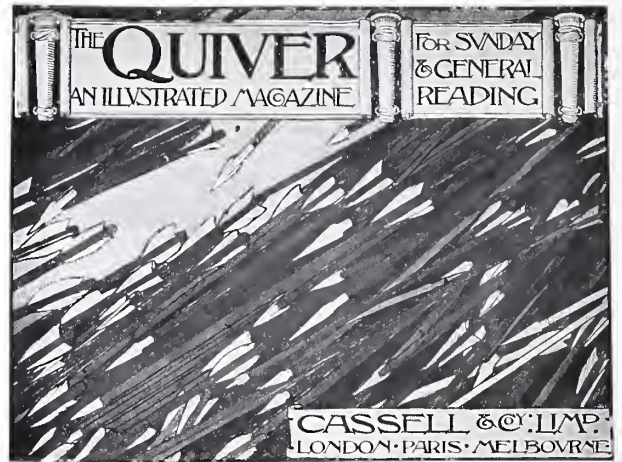
E. H. VICKERS.

commended by the judges. In awarding the first prize to Mr. HOLIDAY's composition, consideration was given

your condition that the poster must challenge attention, I asked myself the question, What style



"MELL"



"THE GRUB"

F. TAYLOR.



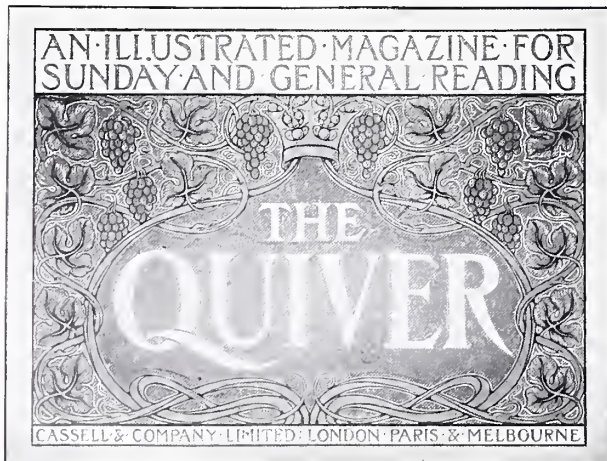
"CORONET."

FRANK RICHARDS



"SOLITUDE."

J. HOURY.



"SCARAB."



"COOPAROO"

F. P. MARRIOTT.

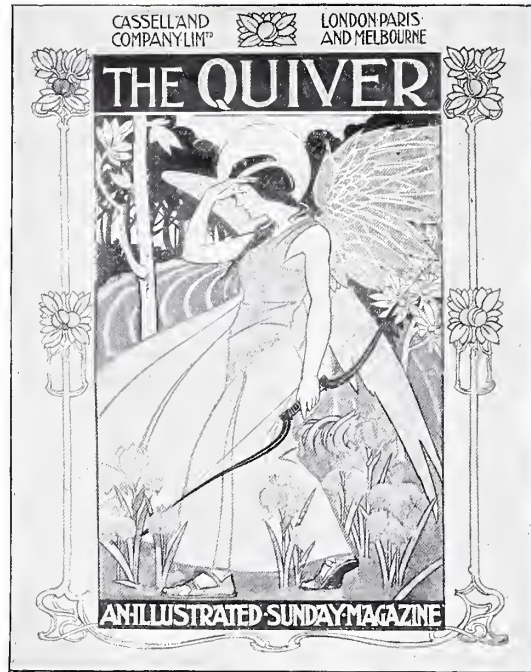
of design would challenge attention among the many I see crowding the walls and hoardings? And I felt

felt this sort of thing had been done and overdone; and that to exceed the prevalent style on its own



"AFFLIGLOR, I."

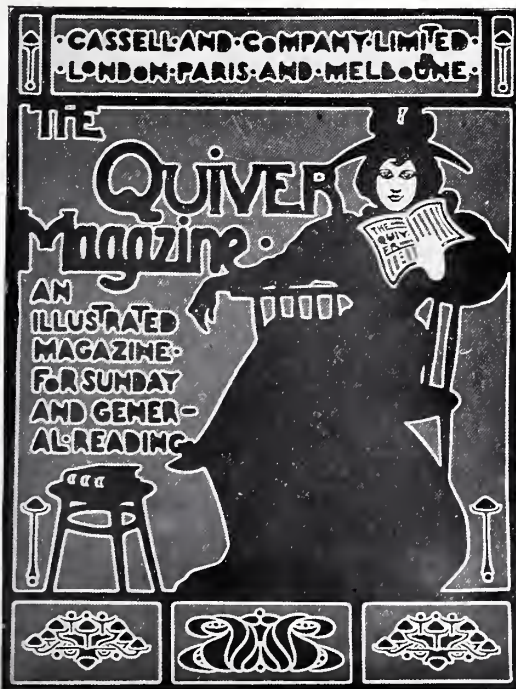
WALTER C. GRIEVE



"AFFLIGLOR, II."

that the only thing which would detach itself effectually from these would be a delicate scheme of

lines would be most undesirable, even if possible." Then, again, the character of the magazine had to be



"DON QUICHOTTE"

B. H. SMAILE



"ROSE TREE"

J. H. WAKEFIELD

colour. I have no objection whatever, as a matter of principle, to powerful oppositions of colour, but I

considered, and it will here be seen how little this question of fitness influenced the competitors.

Most of them would have answered for the purpose of advertising any magazine. In this respect, too,

answer admirably as such. Mr. Houry's "Solitude" is a highly effective design; and as a piece of pure



"MARS."

R. APPLEBY MILLER.

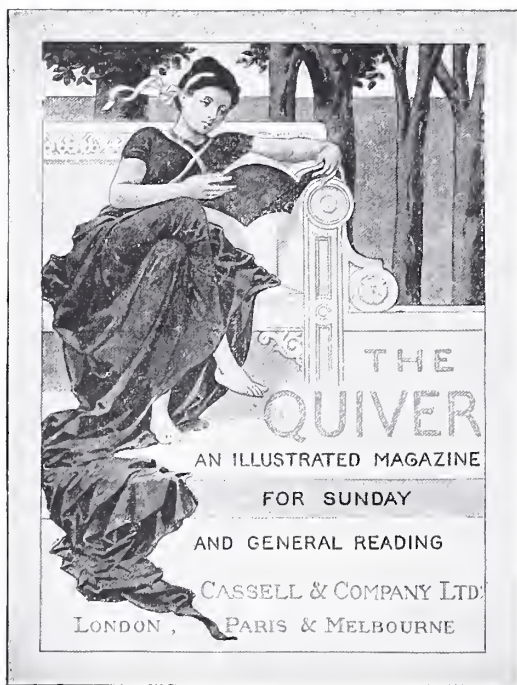


"DAFFODIL."

HIBBERT BINNEY.

Mr. Holiday excelled all others by rendering his design characteristic of the aims and purposes of

ornament, "Scarab's" is very successful. Mr. Fred Taylor's ("The Grub") flight of red arrows, with



"SARACEN."

R. HALL BOLT.



"ELEPHANT."

WILL G. OSBORN.

The Quiver. The design marked "Bluebell" is an exceedingly pretty scheme of colour, but is too suggestive of a wall-paper frieze; indeed, it would

the glimpse of blue sky behind, is strikingly original. We shall publish the remainder of the "highly commended" designs next month.



HAMPSTEAD'S HAPPY HEATH.
(From the Painting by David Murray, A.R.A.)

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—I.

HE who would judge of the exhibition of the Royal Academy aright should divest himself as far as possible of all recollection of the works of former years; comparisons between this year and last, though they may establish the fact as to a good or an average show, must necessarily prevent the critic from taking an independent view of the true level of the Academy of the day, unbiassed by former displays, unmoved by delight in the progress of young painters or by regret at the decay of their elders. For this reason the estimate of an intelligent foreigner would be probably more accurate than that of the regular visitor, even though his lack of sympathy with, and knowledge of, what may be called the political economy of our art system would necessarily detract from the completeness of his verdict.

It is the more necessary that we should, as far as possible, act this year upon some such principle as this, as the exceptional position in which the Academy finds itself places it at a peculiar disadvantage. No institution can, within the space of a few months, lose its chiefs and conceal the effects of such a loss. The public is apt to be too severe on

the Royal Academy, forgetting that the exhibition is as much the display of the body of English artists in general as of the Academicians in particular; and, inasmuch as a great national exhibition always derives its character from the works not of the multitude, but of the most skilful few—outside as well as within the Academic pale—any comparison this year with recent times, when Leighton and Millais and Henry and Albert Moore were painting, must bring an unfair sort of evidence to bear upon the present show. We propose, therefore, to set forth our opinion of the year's Academy, freeing ourselves as far as we are able of the past achievements of painters great or small, and estimating them only from what they now show themselves to be. Before proceeding to consider the Academy according to the classes of subject with which it deals, it is necessary first to speak of those works which mark the standard-scale to which this year's exhibition has attained.

The supreme works of the collection are five in number—two are portrait pictures, two subject pictures, and the other a sculptor's work; closely

following these are at least six more, divided over the whole field of art. These and a few others we propose to deal with first.

The dominating picture of the whole Academy is unquestionably the portrait of Mrs. Carl Meyer, by Mr. Sargent, a work of many excellencies and of one defect: it is, indeed, the one undoubted masterpiece of the exhibition—a masterpiece in the true sense of a masterwork of a master painter, and not in the modern dilettante sense of the newer critic—a bright effort of a youthful craftsman. In this picture Mrs. Meyer and her two children are living and breathing in the room in which Mr. Sargent has painted them. The likenesses are perfect, but that is a minor merit: the drawing, like the technique, is unimpeachable: the arrangement and composition natural though subtle: and, above all, the harmony of colour in its apparent simplicity is incomparably fine and tender. Rarely have tender grey and white and pink been wrought into a posy of such beauty; rarely has dexterity so complete been employed more sincerely and more justifiably. The one defect lies in the fact that, instead of placing his seated figure upon the throne, the artist himself takes the higher position and paints down upon the sitter. The result is that the perspective, though true enough, appears to be distorted, and the furthest floor-line mounts above the head of the principal figure. To the spectator this arrangement is objectionable, irritating—the only objection, as has been said, in a really great work, great in its testimony of observation if not in that deeper sympathy, that intellectual quality that form the keynote of Mr. Watts's portraiture.

For skill and mastery, the portrait by Sir George Reid of "Professor Mitchell" might be bracketed with Mr. Sargent's *chef-d'œuvre*. It is true that this makes no great claim to composition, nor to colour either, so far as colour-scheme is concerned; but against such qualities as those in which it is inferior to Mr. Sargent's work can be set the deeper insight, the admirable reticence and modesty of the effort. Rembrandt or Vandyck might have painted thus, and the picture will doubtless achieve in the future a considerable reputation. It is perhaps doubtful if the public will appraise this canvas at its proper value.

Mr. Waterhouse has surpassed himself in his exquisite picture of "Hylas and the Nymphs," and, consciously or otherwise, has approached not only the spirit, but many of the highest qualities of Sir Edward Burne-Jones at his most delightful period. The colour is not so robust as usual, but it is subtler; the drawing is, perhaps, daintier than ever, and not only daintier but more masterly and more poetical. The grouping of these sweet-eyed nymphs is superb in its apparent accident; their fair forms rise like flowers from among the lily-leaves; the flesh tones

are cool and beautiful in colour: and a spirit of real poetry pervades the canvas. The extreme resemblance of all these maidens one to another, and the facts that, first, there is no foreshortening where the bodies enter the green water, and secondly, that the water does not sufficiently lose its translucency in its greater depth, may perhaps be urged against it; but realistic objections hardly hold good when advanced against the artistic reputation of a poetic myth treated with delicious grace.

The other great subject-picture of the year is Mr. Abbey's fine rendering of the play scene in *Hamlet*. It is, curiously enough, the nearest approach to an illustration amongst the leading pictures of the year—a testimony to the steady disfavour of the view that Art is the handmaiden of Literature—and even this illustration proclaims in some respects its independence of the text. If there is fine dramatic power displayed in this notable work, appreciation of colour and arrangement is even more potent. Mr. Abbey, profound Shakesperian student as he is, has not cared to enlist sympathy on behalf of any one of the characters he deals with. A curious lack of grace in the under-sized Hamlet and the unattractive Ophelia prove the artist boldly free of all appeal to our merely literary sense. Both in respect to the dressing of the scene, and even in one or two of the figures, Mr. Abbey appears to have been powerfully influenced by Ford Madox Brown's designs for *King Lear*; but how much finer in drawing, more superb in colour and tone, need hardly be insisted upon. Its dramatic intensity is certainly no less, and the picture will always challenge respect and admiration, even though it does not remain the *chef-d'œuvre* of its talented painter. It is of interest to contrast this work with Maclise's ghost scene in *Macbeth*, now on view at the Guildhall—to compare Mr. Abbey's well-placed groups and deliberately-studied figures with the crowded scene, the theatrical tragedy of Maclise's extraordinary picture—a work, we may say, which, with all its figures, all its invention, was painted entirely, as Maclise once told a friend of ours, without models and "out of his head," overcrowded, perhaps, and overcharged simply because he "could not help it."

Equal to these works, and perhaps overtopping all of them except Mr. Sargent's full-length, is the ewer and rose-water dish in silver by Mr. Alfred Gilbert—the Guards' gift to the Duke of York. The noble form, the exquisite design, the beautiful heads and figures, with their pretty action, placed here and there so modestly that you must look to find them, the brave (and appropriate) little figure of St. George mounted on his horse of ivory, armed *cap-à-pie*, and attacking with fine spirit an elaborate and thrilling dragon of mother-of-pearl, is a master-

piece which we verily believe Benvenuto Cellini never equalled—certainly not in conception, and probably not in execution. It is a work of the most graceful fancy and of a superb craftsmanship, one which will be remembered when the artistic achievement of the nineteenth century comes to be accounted for. It is earnestly to be hoped that this work will not be

representations of Scotch cattle, but it must give way to Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "Flowery May"—one of those sunny, faithful, intricate, and God-fearing pictures, in which he sets forth the pastoral beauties of his native land, decking them out in their most joyous aspect with clean and happy sheep and cheerfully contented cows. Seriously, the present



JACK, SON OF ELMER SPEED, ESQ.

(From the Painting by Luke Fildes, R.A.)

spoilt, like the eentrepiece presented to the Queen, by being gilt. Lights and shadows play differently in silver and gold; this work is designed in silver, and silver it must remain.

Besides these most notable works in the exhibition, others there are which contribute to its greatest success. Mr. Peter Graham's "Crossing the Stream" gives us one of his highly skillful

work is a most admirable composition, pleasing the sight as much by skilful workmanship as by agreeable scene; but the spectator is set a-wondering whether the cow that nibbles the tree is not too small in relation to the sheep. Turning from this picture of a work of modern life from a pastoral poet to a laureate of town view and social life—an historian in paint of nineteenth-century ease and

amusement—we come to Mr. E. J. Gregory's picture of "Boulter's Loek: Sunday Afternoon."

The motley crowd of river craft and their navigators pouring out towards the spectator from under the bridge, on which spectators crowd, is a *tour-de-force* unsurpassed by the artist at any time. It is full of light—perhaps too evenly balanced in light—and the picture is an extraordinary example of

Marine subjects are headed by Mr. Napier Hemy's large canvas called "Pilehards." The artist has made his great effort at last, and complete success has attended it. The boats ranged in two rows on the dancing surface of the sparkling sea; the figures of the swarthy fishermen—nearly all of them satisfactory—drawing in their nets, heavy with the great haul of pilehards, which give the picture its



"PEACE BE TO YOU."

(From the Painting by J. H. Bacon.)

what might be called a scheme in light and reds. The solution of the strange problem is interesting in the extreme, but the picture, as a complete work of art, seems to be just a little sacrificed to the problem interest. Nevertheless, the perfection of the detail, as of the execution throughout, must command universal admiration; and the delicacy equals the brilliancy of the handling.

In the domain of imaginative and decorative design Mr. Frank Dicksee takes the lead. Reminding us in his "Dawn" of a similar subject by Mr. Watts, Mr. Dicksee places aloft his fair female, nude, facing the spectator, flushed pink in the morning light which she herself personifies, and at her feet the purple Night, fleeing at her approach. The ideal character of the conception is well emphasised in the figure, and the limpid atmosphere helps, perhaps, to accentuate the sweeping line of the composition.

name: the deeper blue of the horizon, and the lurid sunset that speaks eloquently of to-morrow's dawn: the good colour, the breadth and vigour of the whole, and the even balance of the parts—all these combine in a picture which takes a leading part in giving tone to the exhibition.

Next come portraits by Mr. Shannon (of Sir John Hibbert and Mr. Read, M.P., and of dainty little Miss Jill Rhodes in a Chinese scheme of arrangement), and by Mr. Herkomer (a portrait of a lady in black, which he calls "Madonna," in recognition of her expression and beauty and sweet resignation: a head firm in drawing, learned in flesh-tones, and fine in colour throughout). Mr. Sargent's admirably demure little "Hon. Laura Lister," standing in old-world costume of black against a column, on which a green plant is a rather infelicitous introduction, must here be mentioned: a firm little face, with



THE MESSAGE.

(From the Painting by Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A. The Picture is the Property of Mr. T. Richardson, 43, Piccadilly.)

yet a somewhat strangely-drawn eye-socket, and a self-assertive little figure, as dignified as that of an Infanta, whom she unconsciously calls to mind.

Mr. Clausen's art is represented by a work so admirable within its small frame that it is likely to

tion. But those which have been mentioned indubitably have claim to the position accorded them. One consideration—at once a matter of congratulation to the new painters, and respectful regret and sympathy with the old—is that the success of the



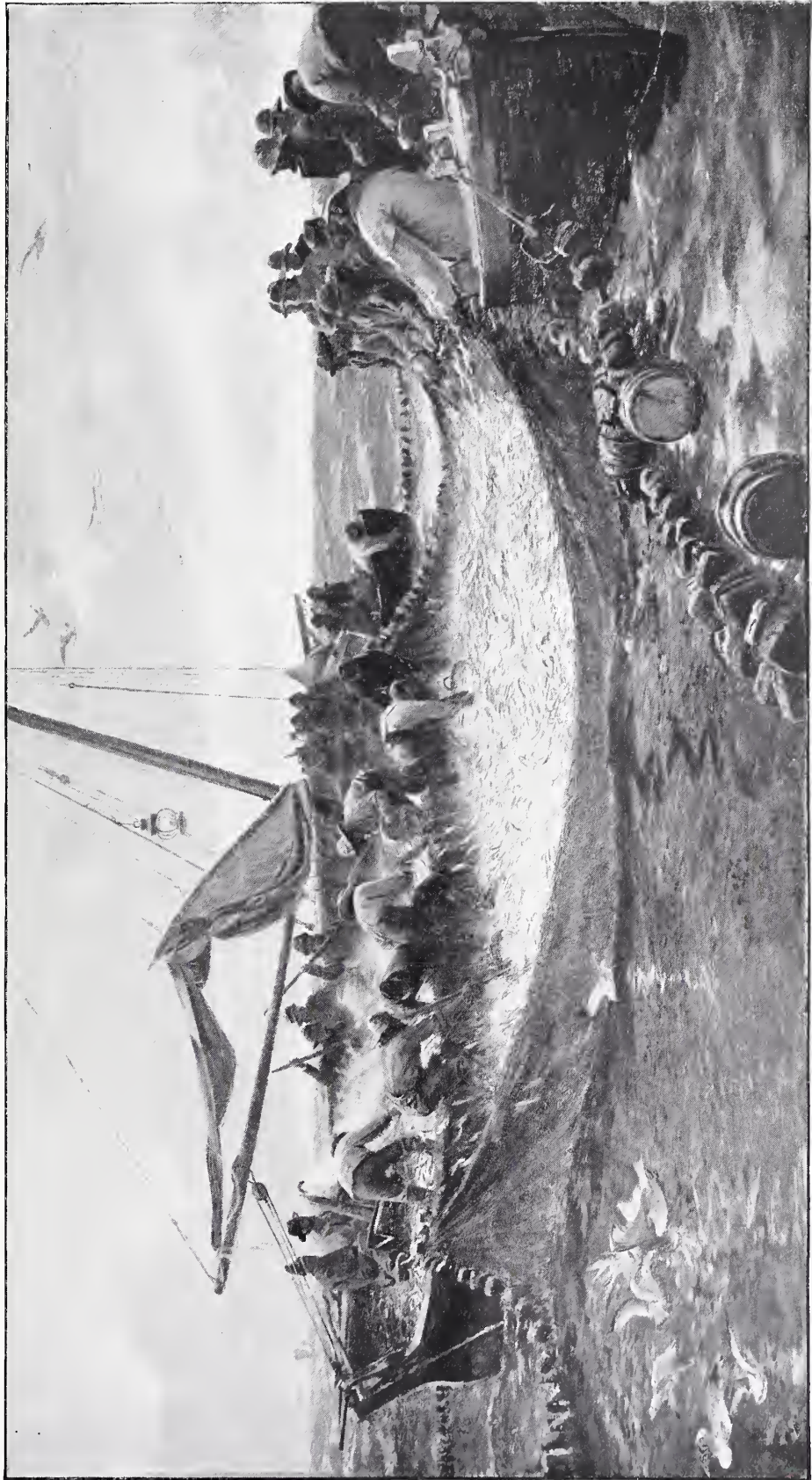
GEORGE FRAMPTON, ESQ., A.R.A.

(From the Painting by Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.)

receive less than its due share of appreciation. This is "The Mother," a young woman with extinguished candle, visiting her sleeping son, whom she covers up in bed. An expression of sincere feeling, a transcript of a simple incident in the daily life of a peasant woman, yet as poetical in its way as Millet's "Angelus" itself, it is an extremely accomplished work, whether regarded from the point of view of colour, of light, of arrangement, or of sentiment.

In drawing up such a list of pictures of the first class, it is not easy to set down a line of demarca-

year lies chiefly with the young: with that generation which came on the scene when those to whom we have for years hitherto looked to sustain the standard of English art were already recognised as leaders. And younger still there are who are now making themselves heard—Mr. Draper and Mr. Bacon, Mr. Gotch and Mr. Speed, Mr. Byam Shaw and Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, to whom due notice will be accorded in another article; and the great body of capable exhibitors who between them raise to an ever higher point the technical accomplishment of painting in this country.



PILCHARDS.
(From the *Painting* by C. Napier Henry.)

THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P.

V.—VARIOUS MASTERS.

BY F. G. STEPHENS.

HAVING, by Mr. Quilter's courtesy, been able to illustrate a considerable number of the finer works, English and Continental, ancient as well as

characteristic of those typical masters of the Peninsular kingdom, Velazquez and Murillo. Than these artists it would be difficult to find others capable of

being grouped under a single denomination who are, or were, more unlike. The former was essentially a poet and a painter, while the latter—although a first-rate hand at illustrating the crude and commonplace ideas of those uncritical and not over-sensitive hosts of observers whom a kind Fortune sent to his school—had very little real poetry in him which had not been, so to say, worn to the very bone by the Bolognese professors of the art of poetry made easy in painting. Murillo's fortune was a sort of apotheosis or exaltation of the customary; his highest flights were made with heavy wings; loaded with somewhat dull conventions, his unelastic pinions seldom, if ever, lifted him above the ground. Sanctioned by usage so common that everybody, even in his own lifetime, knew it thoroughly, Murillo painted the most exalted themes, such as that of the picture before us, which represents the *Regina Celi*, or Queen of Heaven, standing upon the increscent moon and attended by cherubim while she prays with joined hands, looks upwards, seeming by no means

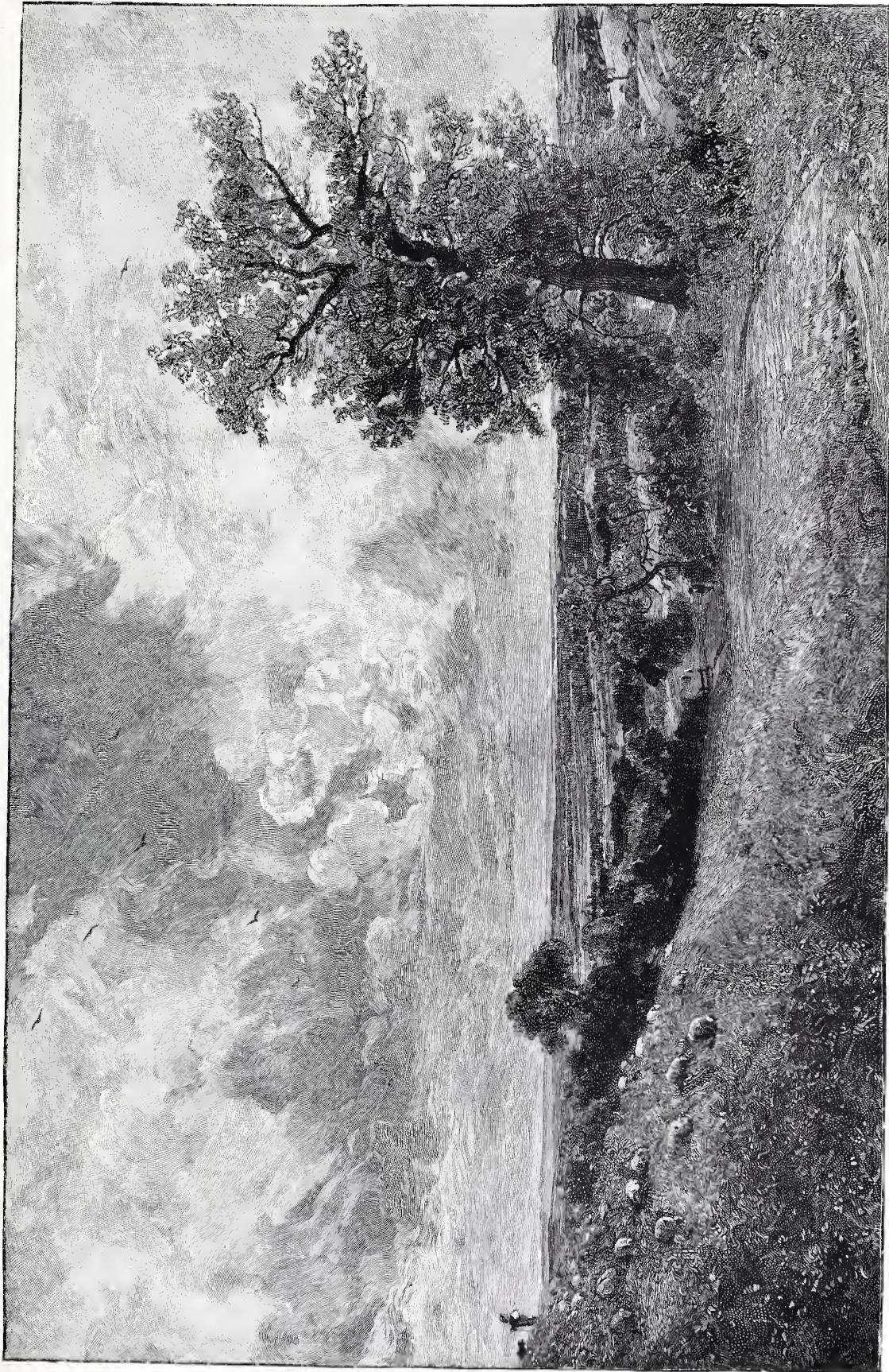


MARIANA OF AUSTRIA.
(From the Painting by Velazquez.)

modern, of which his London residence is full, I have now to add notes upon several remaining capital instances, most of them being British and due to the eighteenth century and the earlier decades of that epoch whose "sands of Time" are now rapidly running to their end.

The exceptional, not modern nor English, works with which I have to do are Spanish, and decidedly

unconscious of herself, her graces, and the starry crown of her celestial dominions. This, according to the ideal of the Sevillian master's own religious profession, one of the most mystical and devotion-compelling of the incidents ascribed to the Virgin, was always treated by him in a way which enables the most prosaic of observers to contemplate its very solid presentment without any



WEST END, HAMPSTEAD.
(From the *Painting* by John Constable. Engraved by Madame Jacob.)

imaginative effort, or, at best, with the least inclination to rise above the level of everyday life. With little imagination of his own, Murillo never lifted the souls of his admirers above their ordinary mediocrity. On the other hand, founding himself, so to say, on what I may call the pictorial dogmas of Guido, he treated this "darling dogma of the Spanish Church" in a manner which made "its outward and visible sign," if not "its inward and spiritual grace," perfectly distinct and easy to be read.

It was in Murillo's mood to illustrate or, rather, to make pictures of the incident which manifestly refers to the Apocalyptic verse anent the woman who was "clothed with the Sun, having the Moon under her Feet, and on her Head a Crown of twelve Stars." The mystery of the conception of the Virgin—"Nuestra Señora sin peccado concebida"—insisted that she was born—or, rather, actually created—pure. Of all cities it was in Murillo's Seville where this mystery had the most passionate acceptance; the promulgation in 1615 of the Pope's Bull sanctioning the dogma was welcomed with salvoes of artillery, bull-fights, and feasts! Nothing could be more natural than that the famous Sevillian artist should, after his own way, set to depicting the mystery as if it were the simplest thing in the world. There were those who did not scruple to declare that the popular acceptance of a dogma so difficult to reason about, in so direct a manner as Murillo showed it to the people, was neither more nor less than a revival in public estimation of that strange antiquity, the Astarte of the East, and they pointed to Tyre and her colonies in the south of Spain as transmitters through the centuries of a belief in a *Regina Celi* not very different, they said, from Her whom Spain awoke to adore. Murillo painted this theme a prodigious number of times, making minor alterations in the details of a type which occurs in

every example. The number of versions, replicas, and copies of these works is practically incalculable.

"Mariana of Austria," whose fine portrait by Velazquez in Mr. Quilter's collection is a replica of the famous picture, No. 1,078, in the Prado at Madrid, was a daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand III., born in 1635, married, as his second wife, to King Philip IV. of Spain—Velazquez' great friend and patron—and, after his death in 1664, acted as Regent of the realm. She is supposed to be in mourning for the Infante Fernando Thomas, who died in 1659. The picture illustrates the extraordinary excess of the ladies, who literally plastered rouge upon their faces; the hideous forms and monstrous disproportions of her Majesty's costume required that the splendour of its materials, its jewellery, silver lace, and sumptuous colours should make tolerable so many defects and erudities as it exhibited. The art of Velazquez enabled him to redeem all these absurdities and even to make them delightful to painters' eyes. In Sir Clare Ford's collection there is a very fine version of the Prado picture. It was at the Academy in 1873 and again in 1890,



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
(From the Painting by Murillo.)

and seems to be "the double" of that here in question.

The step is wide from the extravagantly-attired Queen of Spain of the seventeenth century, an emperor's daughter, regent, and mother of a king—Charles II.—to the once well-known actress, Mrs. Jordan, born Dorothy Bland, who sat to Romney in his prime, and, after his manner rather than the taste of her day, was painted in white, a wide sash, and a large veil over her voluminous tresses. The fair and lively, not to say audacious, Irishwoman (she was born at Waterford in 1762) made her *début* as an actress in Dublin when she was barely fifteen; achieved a great success, married Mr. Jordan, an actor; was famous as "Peggy" in *The Country Girl*, "Priscilla Tomboy," and other ingenious hoydenish characters; accepted the "protection" of



NYMPH AND PIPING BOY.

(From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.)

the then Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., and remained so from 1791 till 1811: became the mother of the Fitz-Clarence family: and died at St. Cloud in July, 1816. According to the "Memoir" of his father which the Rev. John Romney published in 1830, the artist painted Mrs. Jordan, who was then in her twenty-fourth year, in 1786, and in the character of "Peggy," as, apparently in Mr. Quilter's portrait. This picture was executed for the Duke of Clarence, and may, on the other hand, be the likeness which Sir Charles Tennant lent to the Grafton Gallery in 1894. There is no doubt that she sat to Romney more than once, as for the above, and again, in the same character, standing and looking at us over her shoulder—a portrait which, as No. 200, Baron F. de Rothschild lent to the Academy in 1884. Major-General R. Mackenzie had another Romney (Grafton, 1894) of Mrs. Jordan, who sat to Gainsborough for a half-length portrait, and, in a dark dress, to Lawrence, as well as to Hoppner, Russell, and W. Chalmers. Romney's likeness as the "Country Girl" was engraved by J. Osborne in 1788, Hoppner's

by G. Jones. The portrait before us is an example of Romney's art at his best, and was, doubtless, executed about the date the Rev. J. Romney gives for Mrs. Jordan's sitting; its vivacity and beauty are equal to any work of the kind and fairly justify the character she assumed. Like all Romneys, the picture is in perfect preservation and, though it is now more than a century old, is likely to remain so. Mrs. Jordan wears a rose-coloured sash round her supple and slender waist, and the spirit and candour of her expression are not easily to be matched. How different from Reynolds as a painter was his great rival, whom, in a moment of the rarest pique, the latter described as "the man in Cavendish Square," who was neither an Academician nor an exhibitor, is easy to be conceived by those who compare the print which forms the frontispiece to this Part with that very characteristic one which in these pages illustrates Sir Joshua's "Nymph and Piping Boy." These masters have often, with manifest unfairness to both, been compared; it seems to me that in one respect only is it possible to compare them, because in that way alone are they nearly on a level. As painters the technique of each was radically different from that of the other. For instance, Reynolds was a decidedly bad draughtsman, as a painter he was an experimentalist of the wildest kind, and abject in his consummate ignorance of that science of the pigments and vehicles which every Academy student of later generations is the master of. Romney's technical range was, on the other hand, of the narrowest, and it never varied, but it was perfectly safe; whereas more than half the illustrious President's pictures are such utter wrecks that, as in the case of Turner's works, it is superstition alone which sees what his devotees pretend they see. I have seen hundreds of fine Romneys, and never yet met with one which was not in good condition: most of them were, indeed, simply perfect. Of Romney as a colourist, my conviction is that his place in art-records ought to be very much higher than it is. As a painter of beauty, especially when the charms of women are concerned, it would be quite possible for Romney to hold his

own against Reynolds. He was a grander as well as a graver designer than Sir Joshua, most of whose designs are simply conventions deftly manifest in paint. There are a few noble exceptions to this opinion, but those exceptions are not the works of the President which the popular taste has crowned; they are neither "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" nor "Ugolino." Best of all is "Hercules Strangling the Serpents," a master-poem in paint. "The Sleeping Child," "Pig-a-back," and "Penelope Boothy" better deserve to be described as inspired and poetical pictures of a high class.

Reynolds's nude "Nymph and Piping Boy" was executed in 1784, and is variously known as "Nymph and Boy," "Venus and Boy," and "Venus and Cupid." It was said to have been painted from a Miss Wilson, a then well-known model, and a boy whose name is forgotten. If not No. 120 at the Academy in 1785 as "Venus," it was probably the "Nymph and Boy" which J. J. Angerstein lent to the British Institution in 1813, 1824, and 1851. Mr. W. Angerstein lent it to the Academy in 1881. The title is confused with that of a picture lent by the Fitzpatrick family of Upper Ossory to the exhibitions of 1865, 1875, 1884, and 1894. Mr. Quilter lent the picture before us to the Academy in 1891. There is but little doubt that this is the work which Walpole, in his catalogue of the exhibition of 1784, then named "A Nymph and Cupid" (177), criticised in his dashing way as "Bad and gross." Whatever Walpole thought of it, my opinion of the work here in question is that the President never designed a nudity with more taste and vivacity, nor painted the flesh with greater fidelity, its morbidezza with more firmness and freedom, nor the carnations with a greater charm, than in this case.

It is remarkable, too, that both Reynolds and Romney, the greatest portrait-painters of their time and country, had secret records of failure of success in taking the likenesses of their sitters. Great

was the number of half-finished and abandoned portraits that were, as his son tells us, found with their faces to the walls of the studio in Cavendish Square; quite as many canvases derelict were cleared out of Sir Joshua's house in Leicester Fields, when "the Terminator of Delights and the Separator of Companions" summoned the great artist from his bed in that second-floor front room of what are now Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's premises. In this respect the rivals were alike, but it was not on that account that I have said it is possible to compare them on equal grounds. To do this one must bring the men face to face as painters of children. Here indeed may Romney's honours stand firm, so that the creator of "Mrs. Stables and her Daughters," "Mrs. Carwardine and Child," "The Stafford Family," and "The Countess of Warwick and her Son" is on a par with the master who gave us "Penelope Boothy," "Miss Bowles," "Collina," and "Master Crew." It



THE KEMBLE FAMILY.

(From the Painting by George Henry Harlow.)

is strange, but it is true, that the childless Reynolds painted children with such art and exquisite sympathy as no other artist since his time, except Millais, had the good fortune to do. On the other hand, Romney—who had several children, but for many years saw little of them—is his worthy rival in this respect at least. Thus it appears that the proud, shy, and resentful Romney, hypochondriac and irritable being as he was, and the genial, courteous, patient, much-loving and much-loved man of the world who faced him at every turn, were alike in their one great humanising love for children, and with almost equal happiness painted children in that which was the child-painting age *par excellence*.

I have ventured thus to describe the epoch of Romney and Reynolds because in the works of those masters the practice of painting children reached a high standard. This level was not greatly lower in the hands of Hogarth, another childless painter of charming children—as in his ineffable “Miss Rich.” Gainsborough not only achieved “The Blue Boy” and “The Pink Boy,” but delighted in depicting his own buxom daughters; and, later, Hoppner and Harlow excelled. All of these eminent men conquered Fortune in this difficult line. Lawrence, who immortalised “Master Lambton” and “The Calmady Children,” was not far behind them; only his sentimental mood and its inherent vices kept him from a higher seat than that which Fame has awarded to him.

The last example of child-painting from Mr. Quilter's collection to which I shall now refer the reader is that by George Henry Harlow, the very clever pupil of Lawrence, who is best known by his group of “The Kemble Family”—a capital work in

its way, but, like nearly all stage pieces, which has more of transparent artifice than of art; it is, in short, as Redgrave aptly said of it, “more of a tableau than a picture.” And yet this criticism upon the painting of a company of actors and actresses who were “nothing off the stage,” and that company the Kemble family, is a little harsh and unfair. I do not know the *provenance* of the picture before us, and I cannot give the names of the somewhat *passé* but still comely lady and her romping infants whom Harlow, working in Sir Joshua's mood, painted as a sort of “Cornelia and her Children.”

The last work before us is Constable's very fine and realistic example representing what in his time was a landscape, and which is now simply a wilderness of formal but “genteel villas,” with all sorts of “Boards,” “Councils,” and what not to look after its interests and collect its rates. The picture, which is called “West End, Hampstead,” or “West Hampstead,” speaks for itself as a fine and highly characteristic work of Constable. Everyone who is at all behind the scenes of modern picture-dealings of the rascally sort knows that the number of “Constables,” so called, is legion, including many which must have been left half or a quarter finished by him, as well as not a few which he never saw in any stage of their existence. The experts who know thus much know, too, that some “Constables” which are genuine are a very long way indeed below his mark; and they know, too, that of vamping “Constables” there has been a very great deal more than enough, and that the Royal Academy itself has, by means of its winter exhibitions, not been stringent enough in excluding the crude and vulgar daubs.





MRS. JORDAN.

OUR RISING ARTISTS: MR. W. REYNOLDS-STEPHENS.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

IF there is one sign more encouraging than another of the awakening to the fuller, the more universal, appreciation of art in these later days, it is to be found in the wider practice of its various methods of expression adopted by certain of our artists, after the manner of the great Italians. I do not mean versatility alone, like that of which Professor Herkomer is so brilliant an example, nor the dual capacity for draughtsmanship and modelling that have distinguished Mr. Watts, Lord Leighton, Mr. Birch, Sir Edward Poynter, and others of repute. I mean rather the need felt by the artist for expressing himself in such ways as the various resources of art give him opportunity for. This we see in different degrees in the case of William Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. Voysey, Mr. Anning Bell, and Mr. Walter Crane—whose aim, it appears to me, is not such as we generally find, merely to produce works in painting and in sculpture and what not; but, having some thought to express, to seize the most appropriate means afforded by art for the realisation of the particular intention of the moment. Representative in a high degree among these, so to say, polyglot artists is Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephens, whose short but hitherto brilliant career receives notice in these pages, not only in virtue of the merit of his past achievements but by the interest of his varied ability as painter, sculptor, designer, and art craftsman.

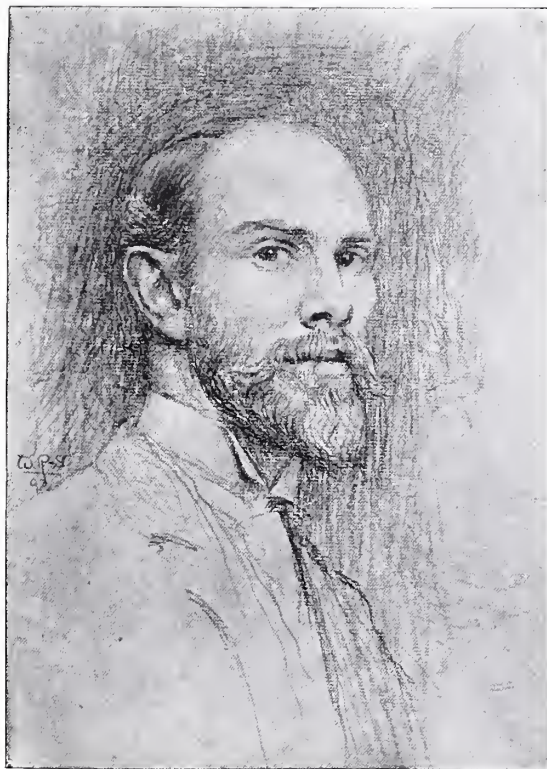
I well remember the prize-giving in 1887, when after listening to Leighton's discourse on the Italian Renaissance, and on the genius of Michael Angelo, whose supreme power in many arts inspired his warmest rhetoric, I passed on to examine the works of the youth who had that year distinguished himself

—the merest student in the wake of a great master—by carrying off prizes for both sculpture and design. The subject of the former was "Summer;" the latter, the Landseer Scholarship for set of figures from the life. Both works were promise of such equal merit that one could hardly guess in which art he was the most proficient or which would ultimately claim his exclusive devotion. As the event turned out, he has remained true to both sculpture and painting; but if one art more than the other calls forth his rarer powers, it is, I think, without a doubt, that form of decorative sculpture which gives full play at once to his originality, his imaginative fancy, and his passion for design.

His early youth was not passed as is that of most boys. Born in 1862, of English parents, in Detroit, he received his earliest impressions in Canada. His subsequent school life was divided between England and Germany, and his training

was for the profession of engineering. When his majority permitted him to choose for himself, he threw up a promising position for the sake of art, and in 1884 entered the Royal Academy schools. He was still a student when, in 1885, he sent his first contribution to the Royal Academy exhibition; and from that time forward he has been regularly represented there in the sections either of painting or sculpture, and at times of both.

On leaving the schools he had carried off the prize for a design for the decoration of a public building. This was his very striking wall-picture entitled "Summer," a work in design and arrangement, in suavity and harmony of line, that would not have done discredit to such masters as Leighton and Albert Moore, had they been content with the



W. REYNOLDS-STEPHENS.

(Drawn by Himself.)

rather obvious arrangement of the composition. This work is singularly successful; it is full of grace and harmony: the languor and the brightness of Summer are reflected and felicitously suggested in the graceful poses and ingenious arrangement of these five beautiful maidens, neither too realistic nor too purely decorative. There is an actuality and a humanity about the design which relieve it of all stiffness and cold formality, yet saving it at the same time from the charge of being too pictorial. The exact balance of the figures, in spite of differences of detail as well as of colour, the ingenious conventionality in the treatment of the carpet, the just formality of the architectural symmetry, were adopted with courage and worked out with triumph. The decorative faculty of the artist is not less strikingly shown as well in the details as in the general composition: indeed, so much care does the artist appear to have lavished on his design that he has found in the wall-fountain on the right of

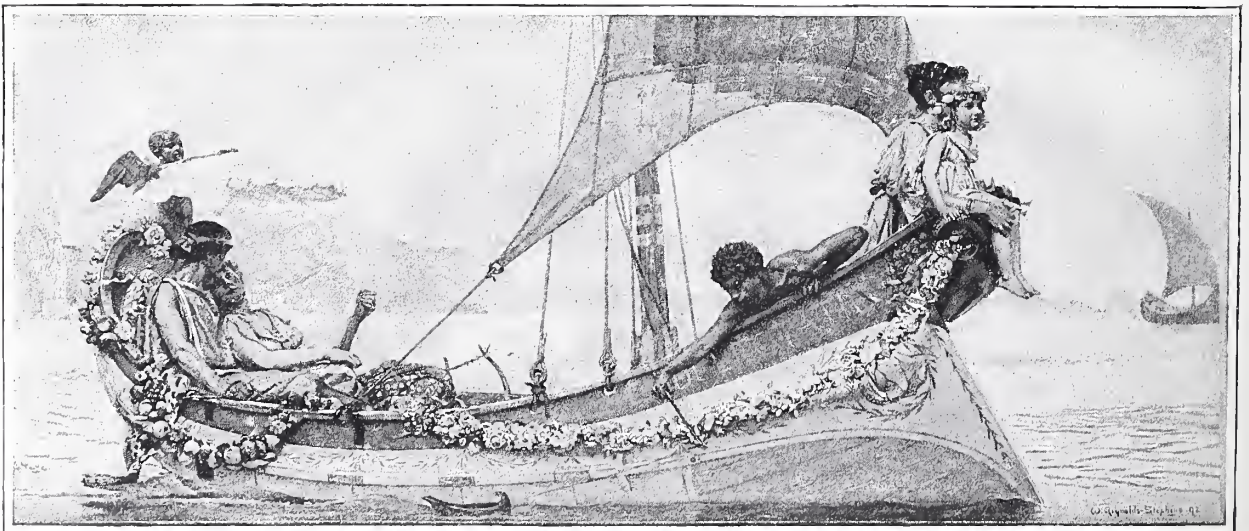


A WALL FOUNTAIN.

the picture a motive for one of his most graceful sculptural works, of which I shall have to speak later on.

This design of "Summer" was so highly approved by the President and Council of the Academy that the commission to carry it out on the wall of the refreshment room in that institution was, as a special act of grace, awarded to the young artist. I have examined his work quite recently, and regret to find that so notable a picture promises to stand ill the effects of time. This is probably not so much the fault of the climate as of the authorities of the Academy itself, who have actually allowed a heating-apparatus to remain immediately under the picture, and on either side a huge ventilator. All the floating dirt in the room is carried along by the mechanically-produced draught to the surface of

the picture, darkening its surface, and the severe cleanings that have been necessitated in consequence appear to have left little but the under-



"PLEASURE."

(From the Painting by W. Reynolds-Stephens)

painting.* It is not likely, however, that the design will be completely lost, for the artist repeated his picture upon canvas, and with it won an honourable mention in the Salon of 1892 and the gold medal at the Californian Exhibition of 1894. I must admit that I care less for this large picture than I do for the wall-painting, either in point of colour or of execution. The artist appears to

difficult task—some might think, artistically considered, an illegitimate one. His famous picture of "The Women of Amphissa" had drawn forth general applause, and it occurred to him to commission the young sculptor to reproduce it as far as possible in relief, so that it might form a frieze for his studio. The limits of sculpture are so clearly defined that the translation of a purely pictorial



IN THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS

(From the Painting by W. Reynolds-Stephens.)

have been at that time somewhat cramped in the use of oils upon canvas beside the more virile delights of mural painting, even though he use the same mediums and materials; and there is some lack of spirit about the touch, notwithstanding the general beauty of the work. As a youthful production, it is a remarkable one, justifying, I believe, those who watch the progress of art in anticipating for its young author a very considerable place in the ranks of his country's workers.

Mr. Reynolds-Stephens' success in sculpture had not escaped the watchful eye of Mr. Alma-Tadema—a painter who takes delight in giving encouragement to the young knights of his order. Mr. Alma-Tadema set before Mr. Reynolds-Stephens a

scheme into sculpture was a matter to test not only the ability but the tact and taste of the young artist. Difficulties, however, were ingeniously overcome, and the principal groups as well as the *motif* of the picture were reproduced in a relief wrought in copper in a panel 18 feet long by 18 inches high. It was completed in 1889, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the same year. In 1890—working in metal still occupying his attention—Mr. Reynolds-Stephens wrought and exhibited the wall-fountain of which he had made the design, already alluded to, in his picture of "Summer," merely adding drapery to the figure of the water-nymph who rises above the stream that juts forth beneath her feet. This work, as may be seen, is of singular grace: it is of further interest as striking the first note in harmony with the aims of the Arts and Crafts

* I understand that a formal protest on the subject has been made to the Academy, but that no remedy appears to have been determined on.

with which the artist was soon to be closely associated.

Next followed his picture called "Pleasure," exhibited at the Academy in 1892. The suggestion



SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

(From the Bust by W. Reynolds-Stephens.)

may be an unjust one, but it appears to me that neither then nor in the following year, when "Love and Fate" was exhibited, Mr. Reynolds-Stephens had wholly thrown off his recollection of other painters and become, as he has since become, entirely original. In "Summer," as I have said, we seem to feel the influence of Albert Moore; in "Pleasure" the *motif* recalls the allegorical treatment with which Etty, among English painters, more than once handled a similar subject; and in "Love and Fate" there is an Alma-Tademesque reminiscence, dominated, however, by a classic divinity which in dignity and elegance of composition was all Mr. Reynolds-Stephens' own—so far as the influence exercised on him by Mr. Alfred Gilbert would allow. The year 1894 brought forth the pleasing work entitled "In the Arms of Morpheus," in which the suave lines of the composition strike the spectator not more than the elegance of the treatment. And in the same year, as if to

prove his versatility, he produced the portrait of "Mrs. Eiloart"—a portrait *bien posé*, felicitously arranged, and full of dignity; a work that would have justified the artist in selecting the more lucrative profession of portrait-painter, had he not conceived a higher aim for his artistic career to which he has adhered with characteristic devotion.

A new line was struck out by the artist when, for an altar-front in the late Mr. Sedding's Holy Trinity Church in Sloane Street, Mr. Reynolds-Stephens designed the work which, never publicly exhibited, is here reproduced. This is the religious symbolical painting representing "Nineteenth Century Worship of Christ." The idea of submission to some higher power by carefully differentiated types of humanity has before now been adopted by various artists, notably by Mr. Watts in his "Court



EMBROIDERED DRESS FRONT.

(Designed by W. Reynolds-Stephens. Executed by Mrs. Reynolds-Stephens.)

of Death;" but the application to its subject in the present instance is, so far as I am aware, an original one. The adoration here shown is of modern Society, in place of the familiar and altogether

superior Magi; the child and the old man, the lady, the peasants, and the guardsman are types, as near as need be, of the people of to-day; and the Mother and Babe, with the celestial choir, by

claim for the canvas to be reckoned seriously when the talent of the artist is analysed.

In sculpture Mr. Reynolds-Stephens has covered a field still wider than that in painting, and, as



CHIMNEYPiece: "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."
(By W. Reynolds-Stephens)

their felicitous arrangement, make harmony of what might easily have been dangerously near to incongruity. The scheme of colour does not appeal to me personally, but the certainty with which the

has already been said, has aimed at decoration as its dominant note. Even in a portrait bust such as that of Sir John Maedonald, he has successfully sought in the device of the scroll some means



NINETEENTH CENTURY WORSHIP OF CHRIST.
(From the Altar-front by W. Reynolds-Stephens, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street.)

painter has struck the appointed note of feeling, and the equal ease which he has once more composed his picture in pleasing lines, constitute a strong

whereby to relieve the conventional pedestal of its usual ugly formlessness. The treatment of the head is good and elaborately modelled, and though

it is, to some extent, what might be called painter's sculpture, it is on that account, perhaps, the more picturesque and the more interesting and resembling.

One of the artist's principal merits, not altogether unconnected perhaps with his training in one of the exact professions, is the skill with which he adapts sculpture to architecture, keeping it in proper proportion and in its proper place as an embellishment of the main work. His high relief of "Truth and Justice" executed for the portal of the London and County Bank in Croydon fills its purpose with great charm. Symbolical though they are, the two figures are entirely modern in treatment; Truth represented as a young girl writing upon an open scroll, and Justice as a nude boy, blindfolded, holding up the scales before her. There is novelty in the arrangement, and thought too; but for my own part I believe that the nobler conception of emblematic justice is the representation of the divinity with eyes unbandaged.

A work of extraordinary sweetness and skill was exhibited at the Academy of 1896, under the title of "Happy in Beauty, Life, and Love, and Everything," a portrait in low relief of a quaintly, daintily-clad young girl of singular beauty who looks out to the spectator, while her reflection, by a poetic licence, is shown mirrored in half-profile behind her. Charming as it is, with dainty outline, freshness, and grace, it is not more pleasing than the coloured *gesso* taken from it, or the studies in chalk and colour that helped in its execution. Finally there is the beautiful relief recently completed to fill the space beneath an over-mantel on the subject of "The Sleeping Beauty."* The work is much less suggestive of that of Burne-Jones than appears from the illustration, and it is far fuller of thought and invention than there is any means of indicating. Against a background of thick briar rose—for the growth, it will be remembered, was of ancient date—stands the window seat whereon the princess lies attended by her slumbering maids. The prince, young, and of

* It should be said at once that the reproduction, as good as can be from a photograph, does no sort of justice to the beauty of the original.

manly beauty, stoops to imprint the kiss of deliverance. His dress is embroidered with cupids; the princess's robe with hearts and sweet pea elinging; textures throughout are suggested with curious success—muslin, satin, and stamped velvet; and the

partitions of the seat are crowned—a happy thought—with poppy heads. The design supports and follows carefully the architectural lines; and there are many passages in the figures of singular charm and beauty. The mention of this work and a highly-studied bronze head admirably cast by *cire perdue* brings to a conclusion the more important works in sculpture of Mr. Reynolds-Stephens.

There remain to be considered his works in design associated with his labour in the Arts and Crafts. Of these the most valuable are those in metal. The artist has devoted more attention than any with whom I am acquainted, except perhaps Mr. Alfred Gilbert, to the subject of alloys and above all of patina. This branch of art-craftsmanship is not, generally speaking, an object of an artist's immediate personal concern. At least, his anxiety is usually of the platonic sort and rarely goes farther than the appeal to the founder to produce such effects of surface as he wishes to obtain. Mr. Reynolds-Stephens has studied the subject at first hand, and for his smaller works has made numerous experiments with a view to obtain the quality and colour that he



SILVER, IVORY AND ENAMEL SPOON.

(By W. Reynolds-Stephens.)

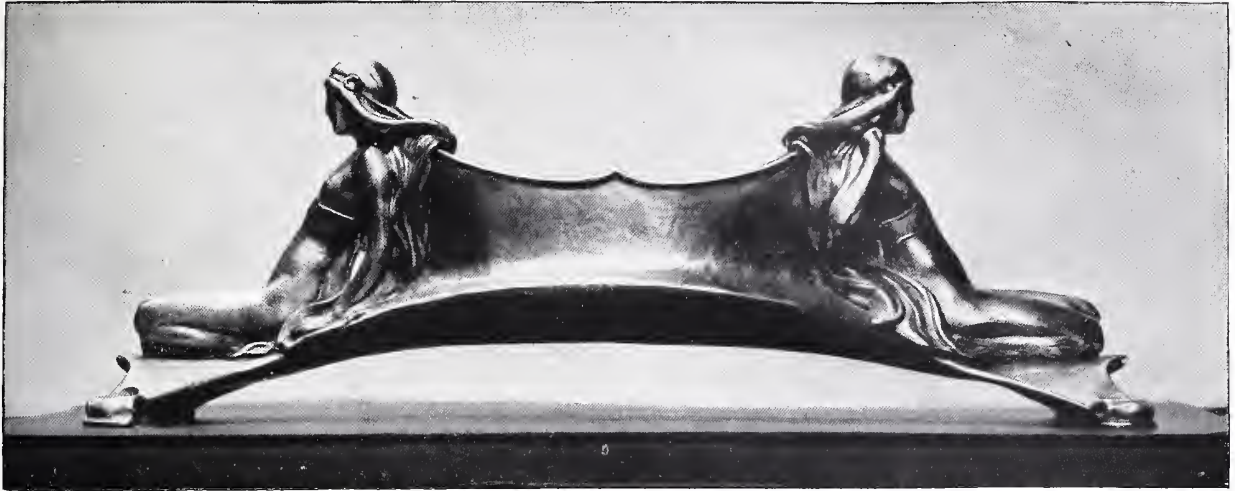
desires; the study, of course, is a fascinating though perhaps hardly a remunerative one; and the delights of accident are hardly less than the delights of calculated effects. The science of alloying, the questions of metals and of temperatures, can yield results as exquisite to those who can appreciate them as the greater qualities of silhouette and form. The result of his earliest labours in this direction are to be seen in a metal photograph-frame singularly pleasing in design though lacking somewhat in subtlety, as youthful work is apt to be. Far better is the masterly letter-box front which has already appeared in these pages. A silver sweetmeat dish made to lift and hand round, of ingenious ornament and Gilbertian fancy, demonstrates how, even in these days of murky nineteenth-century life, there are

artists able and willing still to invent articles of domestic use and invest them with beauty of a kind which was enjoyed in the halcyon days of Florentine splendour.

That Mr. Reynolds-Stephens' fancy does not stop

a way that the stitcheery catches the slanting lights according to their angle and produces an effect fascinating out of all proportion to the simplicity of the means and the materials employed.

Versatility has ruined more artists than it has



SILVER BONBONNIÈRE.

(By W. Reynolds-Stephens.)

here, his serving-spoon of Egyptian design can show. It is of silver, ivory, and enamel, and breaks ground in another direction. In yet another section of art, the dress-front given on page 74 illustrates a knowledge of effect rarely shown by needlework designers. The ground is of palish green silk, the pattern of extremely intricate and fanciful design composed of sweeping lines and curves that intersect and reintersect each other, and is embroidered (by Mrs. Reynolds-Stephens) with white floss-silk in such

made, and is more often the expression of a wayward artistic nature than a proof of universality of genius. Mr. Reynolds-Stephens' talent is so equally balanced that it is hard to say that by devoting himself to any one style of art he does injustice to his ability in any other. He is no prouder of the term of artist than of that of craftsman: his view of art is sane, and though enthusiastic, full of calm resolution. He is rising to a front rank, and his advance to that point it will be a matter of interest to watch.



SILVER BONBONNIÈRE (END VIEW).

THE ROYAL PAINTER-ETCHERS.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE, HON. FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.

SEEING that the "Royal Painter-Etchers" rightly decline to confine their work to pure etching, one wishes, or is apt at certain moments to wish, that they had seen their way to call themselves



IN BRUGES.

(From the Etching by A. Hartley, R.E.)

"original engravers"—that is what they are. What distinguishes them most completely from other engravers is not the particular method they for the most part employ, but the inevitable originality of their plates. There is room, and rightly room, in the Painter-Etchers' Gallery for soft-ground etching, which—in effect, not in process—has some affinity with lithography; for mezzotint, like Sir Seymour Haden's—that master of landscape-etching; for aquatint, like Mr. Warwick's, or, in past years, like Mr. Frank Short's; room, too, for original line-engraving, in which, as with Mr. Sherborn, instead of the freedom of the etched line, there is sought rather the faultless and austere precision of the great Germans of the sixteenth century—the masters

of ornament, the Behams and Heinrich Aldegrever. That all these arts should be represented—and represented in an exhibition of original engraving—is eminently well. It may be that one or two of these methods are forbidden popularity; it is certain that the last that I have named—original line-engraving—involves a measure of labour which an impulsive artist, at all events, is not too willing to bestow. From one cause or another, though all these methods may be represented, etching is doubtless the method that will continue in the main to be followed. But before plunging into an account—a brief one, necessarily—of the achievements of the year, in etching in chief, it is a pleasure to recognise the presence of work done in obedience to the laws of sister-crafts.

I was actually complaining elsewhere, not very long ago, of the paucity of original mezzotints. The singular adaptability of the method—what I dare to call its unequalled qualifications for the translation of noble work in painting—is answerable, I suppose, in part, for the fewness of the efforts that have been made to express, in mezzotint, an original conception. The thing does painter's work, and there is so much painter's work to be reproduced and popularised. Mezzotint suggests colour better than line-engraving, it recalls light and shade and texture better than line-engraving; therefore its field is so wide. And it has addressed itself best of all to the methods of painting that are particularly fashionable just now. It renders the breadth of Morland and of Constable, not the minuteness of Gerard Dow, for whom, indeed, the daintiest line-engraving of Wille will ever be the most appropriate medium. I am not very sanguine that we shall see very much of original mezzotint. And the most eminent of living experimenters with this delightful art as a channel of original expression—I mean Sir Seymour Haden—would not profess to have employed, in the plates he has just exhibited, its full resources. But the vision of the stag among the mists of morning—"An Early Riser," he calls it—is singularly luminous; and "Greyling Fishing" and "Longparish on the Test"—one of the two great Hampshire trout streams—are poetic and vivid memoranda of country scenes and charming atmospheric effect.

If one desired to place side by side with Sir Seymour Haden's freedom and breadth the work of most complete technical accomplishment outside pure etching, I suppose one would place, without hesitation, the book-plates of Mr. Sherborn in pure

"line." But scarcely less engaging, in its own utterly different way, as an instance of successful grappling with the problems of another craft, comes the "Lancaster Moor" of Mr. Oliver Hall—a performance as worthy of Cotman as the book-plates of Mr. Sherborn are worthy of the Little Masters of the German Renaissance. Nor does Mr. Hall confine himself to soft-ground etching. "Pilot House, King's Lynn," is completely in the method, and suggests the early guidance, of Mr. Frank Short. We have now come back to etching proper—etching and dry-point, at all events—and in one or other of these, or in a combination of the two, is executed the bulk of the painter-etcher's work.

This year Colonel Goff is as varied as ever, and he is strong in the best sense of strength—the excellently skilled adaptation of means to an end. A reproduction of the "Chain Pier, Brighton"—the scene of storm in which it had its final day—is here to speak for itself. It is a singularly potent thing. Yet nothing in its potency puts us out of conceit with the daintiness of "The Forge," and the obvious yet exquisite grace of form of the "Pine and Olive Trees, Monaco." The solidity of the work of Mr. Cameron is unquestioned. His book-plates are simple, large, and decorative; but amidst one or two mistakes that, as it seems to me, he has this year committed, nothing is so lastingly impressive as his old "Rouen Houses"—not a mistake at all, but a success completely, even if we allow that it may have been inspired by the sombre triumph of Méryon. Mr. C. J. Watson's plates have always been accurate—at all events, always workman-like—and to judge by the studies this year, chiefly in Wells, he has gradually felt his way to a sense of mystery, a sense of the unrevealed, which is one of the most legitimate attractions of art. He gains in flexibility and suggestiveness. He will have, of course, to avoid the possibility of stereotyping those virtues—of making of the artistic indecisiveness which is not his natural characteristic, a continuous and long-assumed *rôle*. Mr. Percy Thomas, with the "Two Brewers," especially; Mr. Alfred East, with his restful decoration "On the River Somme;" Mr. W. Holmes May, with his cornfields and his subtly drawn foliage; and Mr. A. Hartley with several simple, sterlingly devised, and dexterously managed plates (of which I count "In Bruges," with its repose and quietude, to be the best),

add notes of individuality to the show. And M. Helleu asserts, with about eight large, freely-drawn plates, the value of the impromptu, and the charm of the figure's flowing line. His work this year, however, is far from having anything of a uniform success. One of his plates—whether or not it is a commissioned portrait, I do not know—betrays in the attitude of the figure and in the primness of the face a little of the stiffness of the fashion-plate. His successes are with "Coucou!" "E. de Goncourt," and the "Portrait" numbered 78 in the exhibition catalogue. De Goncourt's piercing dark eyes under the whiteness of his massive hair, would have made a good subject for anybody—*did* make, if I remember accurately, a good subject for M. Félix Bracquemond several years ago. The ease and flexibility of the Helleu vision are, of course, characteristic. "Coucou" is one of the very few scenes of *genre* that are to be found in the show. It represents a mother and young child disporting themselves upon the floor. Between them, partly over them, there is a Louis Quinze table, whose lines, whose very texture, and



GRIEF.

(From the Etching by E. Slocombe, R.E.)

the accidents of light upon the surface, the etcher has enjoyed and appreciated with the sensitiveness of one whose work is seldom more characteristic than when it is recording the elegance of the furniture of a *salon*. Beyond both those prints, for high beauty, comes the "Portrait" (No. 78). In the model there is refinement of character, distinction of race; and over and above the ready subtlety, the dignified yet almost playful ease with which these charms are

"force his note." There is a measure of vivacity and naturalness in much of the work of Mr. Charlton—in "The Horse Fair," for instance. The animals themselves have character, or the piece would be of little worth—yet I am not certain that the draughtmanship is perfect.

There remains to speak of three practitioners in a severer school—M. Legros and two men who to a certain degree follow him, who have been aforesaid



BRIGHTON CHAIN-PIER, AFTER THE GALE.

(From the Etching by Colonel Goff.)

indicated, the drawing of the hands—as complete as in some noble *trois crayons* of Hellen's master, Watteau—is to be noted and admired, for it is precious and rare.

Two other etchers, who in other guise than M. Hellen address themselves to the figure, are Mr. Edward Slocombe and Mr. A. W. Bayes. "L'Allegro" of Mr. Bayes—two youthful creatures clad with happy scantiness—has all the spirit of its title, and is a little thing that I enjoy. Mr. Slocombe's noble "Grief" is not clad at all, but to say it is "unclad" would be to do it an injustice. Its type is splendid; its nudity inevitable and instructive—you do not think of dress in connection with a figure so sculptural and an emotion so profound. Herein the art of Mr. Slocombe—which one has not on all occasions been able to praise unreservedly—reaches its highest point. The figure, here, at least, is so much more than the mere model; the sentiment it conveys is so much more than an abstraction, purposeless and vague.

Mr. Hincheliffe is clever up to a certain point, with his studies of character; but he is a little apt to exaggerate expression, to be too resolutely comic, to

his pupils—I mean Mr. Strang and Mr. Holroyd. Legros himself, an austere genius, sedate and *recueilli*, is one of the master-etchers of our time. He has given us so much, and it is so varied—it deals so potently with portrait, landscape, allegory, and the graver *genre*—that if, like Sir Seymour Haden, he were now to lay aside his etching-needle, no one of us who really knows his admirable work and the value of it, could say of him that he had not earned the right to observe only, and enjoy, and not at all to produce. Yet, so living, would it be possible to enjoy? Is not production a necessity of a nature at once reflective and fertile—amassing much, yet destined as certainly to expend? Dramatic as ever, greatly full of action, in that particular scene of "Le Triomphe de la Mort" which he depicts to-day, is there not about his silvery "Pont du Moulin" a restful peace? I am charmed by that little master-work, which is only not all nature because most certainly it is all Style. Mr. Strang's work has always great qualities; but when, as now, he is minded to illustrate, I am not sure that he is not often better in illustrating his own fable than in embodying the conceptions of another in his strong

and pungent and sometimes uncouth art. And when that other is Coleridge—the wizard whose own lines make illustration at once so difficult and so superfluous! Yet are there qualities in each print. Mr. Holroyd—the last artist whom limit of space permits me to discuss in these columns—adds interesting and valuable and, I think, original contributions to the volume of etched work which he is gradually amassing. He has always been dignified, and this year is it too commonplace a thing to say of him that he is varied as well as strong? “The Bishop’s

Tomb,” “The Tower on an Aqueduct,” the “Piazzetta”—so large, so decorative in their masses of light and shade, yet withal so finely severe—are amongst the prints of which the memory will not pass. . . . Did I say there was not a line in which to chronicle any other successes than those that have been marked already? Nay, but I must steal one in which to declare the weird dramatic power with which Mr. Spence, in the print of “The Bailiff’s Son,” has realised the magnetic figure of the first of the Quakers.

RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

RICHARD COSWAY, R.A., HIS WIFE AND PUPILS.*

IT is a consoling thought that in the later years of this Victorian age, so fruitful in science, so barren, relatively, in art, men’s minds have gradually awakened to a greatly increased appreciation of the handiwork of artists in every branch, who have long since passed away. Men then wrought with head and heart, as well as with the most perfect of all instruments, the hand, ere Birmingham had arisen in all its machine-made glory, when strikes were as yet unknown, and trade-unions troubled not the rest of the conscientious worker.

In no branch of old art work has the tide of appreciation risen higher than in the case of portrait miniatures, and doubtless with the general public the large and important school of the late eighteenth century is considered the most interesting. Pre-eminently at the head of that school stands the name of Richard Cosway, a head and shoulders taller than any of his brethren of the time. From various sources a good deal has been known about his life: but several traditions and myths were so entwined around his earlier years that it was high time some authentic record should be compiled, and Dr. Williamson may be congratulated upon the results of his industry and research. The general scheme and arrangement of details leave little to be desired. The author claims to be able by perusal of some family letters and papers (which, however, are

not given) to disprove the statement, made by Smith in “The Life of Nollekens,” that Cosway was taken in by Shipley, the head of the well-known drawing school in the Strand, as a very dirty little boy, to attend to the students and serve them with the coffee which Mrs. Shipley provided at threepence a cup; and that Smith’s father, Nollekens and other students, finding the boy intelligent, gave him some instruction in drawing and advised him to try for a prize at the Society of Arts, which he obtained in 1755. This tale is curiously circumstantial, and it is almost a pity that Cosway’s own letters to his brother Sir William, in which he disposes of what the author calls “idle chatter,” were not reproduced in the book. Without them it is difficult to assign a cause for the invention of a tale which, if Cosway’s own story be true, must now be relegated to the list of myths.

The same evidence which apparently refutes the “Shipley” anecdote confirms another tradition, according to which Cosway was sent up to London to study with Hudson, the master of Reynolds. The reason assigned for the choice of a master was a greater credit to patriotism than art knowledge. Hudson was a Devonshire man, and locally regarded, of course, as the artistic centre of the universe. His chief claim to posthumous credit consists in the fact that he had the honour of being nominally connected with the brilliant pupil whose dreams of beauty, as they left his easel, must have represented what was possible when a lovely woman favoured by costume and coiffure was transferred



ANNE, DAUGHTER OF THE THIRD EARL OF DYSART.

* “Richard Cosway, R.A., and his Wife and Pupils, Miniaturists of the Eighteenth Century.” By George C. Williamson, D.Lit. (G. Bell and Sons. 1897.)

to canvas. Alas! that such genius and power should be marred by faulty chemistry and shortsighted choice of materials; for when Van Eyck and Raphael will still retain undimmed the glorious freshness of their original conception, Reynolds will often be but a melancholy example of the wreck that may ensue when the eternal fitness of things is set at naught.

The evidence is very strong that Cosway's uncle and godfather, a trader named Oliver Peard, paid for the boy's maintenance when in London, and that Hudson was really selected as his instructor. The connection appears to have been of but short duration, and then Cosway went to Shipley's school, not as the dirty little boy of Smith's story, but as the full-fledged student from Hudson's studio. The discrepancy between the two accounts must remain where the conflicting evidence leaves it. From this point onwards the story of Cosway's life is told pretty much as Allan Cunningham (in "Lives of British Painters"), a most conscientious and truthful author, writing in 1838, has detailed it, strengthened here and there by reference to family papers, of which the author's industry has made full use. And what a curious psychological problem the vain little creature presents! Were the vagaries of his later years, his pronounced sympathy with the French Revolution, his connection with the magnetic fraud De Louthembourg, his sermons on "Chiromantical Aphorisms," his belief in Mother Shipton, and so forth, the results of inordinate vanity, or were they but a fresh instance of the old saying that "genius is akin to madness"? He *was* a genius without doubt, and a most prodigious and rapid worker, for he could put the highest quality of art work on paper or ivory in as many hours as would have occupied less gifted artists than himself days to accomplish. The portion of the work relating to Cosway's wife, Maria Hadfield, is almost entirely new, and represents an amount of original research which does all credit to the author. But it is difficult to repress the reflection that though Maria Cosway was a most interesting personality and a good artist, being represented in "Nagler" (as the author reminds us) by a long notice, her gifted husband is dismissed in a few words, still, she is for us Cosway's wife, and I cannot but think that the author would have been better advised had he condensed into fewer pages the doings of the Baroness Cosway and her good works at Lodi subsequent to her husband's death. As a

memoir of a good woman, the story cannot but be pleasing, but its bearing upon Cosway the miniaturist is only collateral.

A very curious slip occurs on page 21. Dr. Williamson gives the names of certain old masters "who differed greatly in their results from the work of the new school." He mentions Hilliard, the two Olivers, Hoskings (which, of course, is intended for John Hoskins), Cooper, Gibson, Cleyne, Humphrey, Cotes, and others; but it is difficult to imagine what induced the author to put Humphrey and Cotes amongst the old masters. They were both contemporaries of Cosway. Ozias Humphrey worked for Sir Joshua Reynolds, and copied many of his pictures "in little;" and Cotes, poor performer as he was, practised at the same time. At page 94 the author states that "Cosway's work was not



PRINCESS LUBOMIRSKI

always on ivory; much of his painting in miniature was done on vellum. Lord Wharnclyffe has one fine miniature on vellum of Lady Hamilton, and there are many others in existence." If the author has satisfied himself by minute examination that the medium used in this miniature was truly vellum, and that it really is by Cosway, there is nothing more to be said; but I must seriously question the existence of the "many more." If this be true, why have none ever appeared in commerce? From the nature of the material, the use of transparent colour, upon which the beauty of

the ivory miniature depends, must be almost impossible on vellum. The artists of the seventeenth century built up their portraits on vellum in body-colour, and it seems passing strange that no such portrait indubitably by Cosway has ever appeared, as far as we know. Probably he did try enamel, but the laborious details connected with the process did not suit his rapid method, and he gave it up. It is a pity that the author allowed his feelings to carry him away over the "Moser" incident. It is almost inconceivable that Mrs. Cosway—who, we presume, still kept "her strong religious principles intact"—should not only have received back her erring husband with open arms, having at the time, according to the author, in some papers "clear proof of her husband's infidelity," but should also have been left by Mary Moser (Mrs. Lloyd) twenty guineas to buy a ring! The fact of Mary Moser's academy diploma having been found amongst the papers left by Mrs. Cosway tends rather to her exculpation than otherwise.

It would have been better to divide Appendix

No. 1 into two parts—the first to contain all works that the author by personal inspection could guarantee as undoubted, and the second to contain those he accepted on hearsay. This book is intended to be a serious work of reference, and the inclusion of all in one list is not sufficiently covered by the author's note before the appendix; indeed, as the eye wanders over the list, marked by an asterisk as indicating personal inspection, there are some at which the author had better look again. Amongst the sales at Christie's, why was the Doetsch sale mentioned at all?

There never could have been such a sorry mass of rubbish exhibited in any auction-room before, as evidenced by the prices, and it reads almost as an insult to the little man's memory that such a sale should even be nominally included. The author is certainly judicious and diplomatic in his note on the sale, but total omission would have been preferable.

Probably no artist ever suffered so much posthumously as Richard Cosway. Every possessor of a great-grandmother on ivory has solemnly assured the gaping world that the dear old lady was by Cosway; and certain collections could still be named where the attribution is persisted in in spite of evidence to the contrary. But even amongst connoisseurs odd things have occurred. About ten or eleven

years ago one of the largest London dealers purchased a miniature from a private source as a Cosway, and sold it to a well-known collector, who accepted it under that attribution. He wished some change made in the frame, and on taking out the miniature, found on the back writ large, "Wm. Wood, Cork Street, Piccadilly." No one had ever heard of such an artist. His name ap-

pears in "Redgrave" as exhibiting miniatures at the Royal Academy from 1788 to 1807, but his work was unknown. About a year afterwards a catalogue of a sale of furniture and effects at the Mumbles, Ipswich, reached London. In the catalogue, headed by a notice

that many of the miniatures had been exhibited, was a list of some thirty miniatures by W. Wood. His sketch-books were included in the sale, and the effects turned out to be the property of his descendants. At once a flood of light was thrown upon many uncertain Cosways. His method and treatment, especially in the tint of the carmines, the management of the hair, the colour of the background, etc., are easily recognised now that the standard of comparison is known; but here, as in most other things, it is so easy to be wise after the event. J. LUMSDEN PROPRIET.



GEORGE IV. WHEN AN INFANT.

THE LATEST INQUIRY INTO THE HISTORY OF
MAIOLICA.

OVER a quarter of a century has passed since Her Majesty's Committee of Council on Education invited Mr. C. Drury Fortnum to undertake the compilation of a descriptive catalogue of the maiolica and kindred wares in the South Kensington Museum. The work, published in 1872, was received with admiration and gratitude by all interested in the history of the potter's art, especially by those who were aware that, in securing the assistance of Mr. Fortnum, the authorities at South Kensington had introduced to the public service no mere professional writer, but a ripe scholar of independent position, whose knowledge of the subject was unequalled; for this knowledge was the result of ample and well-utilised opportunities for studying the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Italian potters in the museums and the principal private collections of Europe.

During the period that has elapsed, a host of investigators have worked and written, bringing to light documentary evidence of rare value, widening the field whilst particularising the sources

of many hitherto anonymous examples. But although much has been written and recorded, more has been lost by the death of many of the pioneers in the history of the ceramic arts. Birch, Riocreux, Delange, Davillier, Jacquemart, De Jouy, have taken with



QUEEN CAROLINE.



GEORGE IV.

them many unattached links of evidence which might have lengthened and strengthened the great chain of knowledge had these authorities been permitted to remain longer with us. We are fortunate, therefore, in finding an author who, twenty-five years after the completion of a standard text-book, is enabled once more to take the subject up, adding all the important discoveries made in the interval, and withdrawing the superfluous or erroneous portions of his original work.

Although the title, "Maiolica," refers only to the glazed and enamelled pottery which was first produced in Italy after the middle of the fifteenth century, the introductory historical notice commences with the potter's art represented by the "rudely formed and ill-baked crocks" which accompany the buried bones of prehistoric man, the early glazed ware of ancient Egypt, the semi-glazed vessels of Greece and Italy, the enamelled pottery of Phœnicia and Babylonia, and the beautiful wares of the Saracen colonies on the shores of the Mediterranean, whence the Italians most probably obtained their first ideas of the craft they so rapidly brought to the highest point of artistic perfection. A classification of the various types—the hard and soft pastes, the vitreous, lead or tin glazed—follow in order, and these are also traced to their early sources in Egypt, Babylonia, and Media.

The term maiolica, or majolica, has long been and is still erroneously applied to all varieties of enamelled earthenware of Italian origin. Sealiger and Fabio Ferrari generally wrote "maiolica" when describing Italian glazed ware, but at an earlier date the word was restricted to the lustred vessels that resembled, in that respect, those of the island from which they had been imported, and which the ancient Tuscan writers called Maiolica; thus, Dante writes "Tra l'isola de Cipri e Maiolica."

The *mezza-maiolica*—glazed only with oxide of lead and glass—and the *sgraffito*, in which a white *slip* or *engobe* is fixed with a glass glaze, both preceding the true stanniferous enamelled maiolica, are referred to in a critical examination of the claims of German and other writers to the discovery of earlier localities of manufacture than those generally accepted of the enamelled ware. Of this the earliest dated example known to the writer is the plaque in the Hôtel Cluny, inscribed with the year 1466. The works of Luca della Robbia began earlier in the fifteenth century. He was succeeded by his nephew Andrea, who, in turn, left the factory to his son Giovanni; and in their three lives the practice of architectural maiolica reached its maturity and lapsed to decadence.

The foundation of the various factories, or

botteghe, during this period is noticed, together with historical sketches of the ecclesiastical or noble virtuosi whose love of art left us so many of the treasures of our museums and collections, and without whose aid the great artist-potters would have wasted their lives on such commercial productions as many similarly gifted men are now doing, owing to the scarcity of the highly-cultured patron. The patron, indeed, was formerly often as much the creator of the work of art as the artist who laboured on it. Then follows a notice of the discovery of the method of making porcelain in Europe, with a description of the Medician variety.

The manner and materials of production, forms, decoration, uses, etc., are principally derived from the MS. of Piccolpasso, written in 1548, which presents, at first hand, nearly all the information on this art given to us since by Passeri, and subsequently by Signor Giuseppe Raffaele and other writers. The Cavaliere Cipriani Piccolpasso was a master craftsman who, but for his book, would have been unknown to posterity. Precious though his works may have been, lost as they are amongst other unsigned examples of the Castel Durante factory, in his exposition of the potter's art he has left us a gem of the first water. We are brought back three and a half centuries, and are conducted by this courtly *cavaliere* through his factory, shown all his processes, told all the secrets, even to the terms of the invocation of heaven before firing—after having duly consulted the almanack in order to avoid adverse signs of the zodiac. Even more, he speaks confidentially of himself as driven to work in order to relieve his mind from constant thought of his beloved lady, and complains that he "knows no lustre that would paint her golden hair, nor a black that is not inferior to her beauteous lashes." We leave him as we would leave an intimate friend, with whom we have become acquainted only by a fortunate hazard.

The important subject of collectors and collections is closely connected with the history of the development of the art. It was for compliance with the fashion for the display of works of art on the *credenza* or high-backed sideboard, that the greater part of this pottery was made. Such pieces were known as *piatti di pompa*, or sumptuary plates, and were different from the ordinary wares, or *dozzinale*, which were doubtless used for general purposes in the houses of the higher classes.

The possibility is mentioned that the fine Urbino pieces which Sir Andrew Fountaine procured from Cosimo III. de' Medici, reverted to that family upon the marriage of Vittoria, granddaughter to Francesco Maria II., with Ferdinand de' Medici, after the duchy had been absorbed into the Papal States.

The general breaking up of the collections in the Italian palaces which had been in the possession of the families from the time of their production Mr. Fortnum attributes to the "greed of collectors and demands for public museums, which stimulated the activity of dealers" in ransacking almost every house in Italy for its ceramic and other treasures. A list is given of the palaces and museums of Italy where collections of Italian pottery can be seen, followed by those of Spain, Germany, Holland, Sweden, France, and England, concluding with a notice on the private collections in England of the present, and those of the past which the cupidity, necessity, or indifference of inheritors has caused to be dispersed.

The varieties of the wares are comprised within the two great families of glazed and enamelled pottery which, growing in the countries surrounding the shores of the Mediterranean, show an unmistakable kinship in form and decoration. The nomenclature of the vitreous glazed wares, the Persian, Damascus, Anatolian, Rhodian, and Siculo-Arabian, are for the most part solved, though others are left open for future evidence. Not the least important of these is the abandonment of the term *Persian*, formerly promiscuously applied to nearly every Oriental art work—whether pottery, textile, or metal—which was ornamented with almost naturalistic flower forms, no trouble being taken to inquire whether the flowers thus used were to be found in Persia or were even used by the Persians in their decorative work.

The most flagrant instances of such impulsive conclusion is found in the so-called Rhodian wares, the introduction of which local tradition ascribes to certain Persian prisoners captured from a Turkish vessel by one of the galleys of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. That the Lindos factory owed its foundation to the advent of Moslem potters there is little doubt. But as the decorative forms used by them were those of the mainland, and the scheme of colour peculiarly that which was the glory of Constantinople—differing from the more sober harmonies of Broussa and Damascus—there can be no question that the Rhodian wares were but a coarse variety of those of Constantinople, where, in the Eyoub quarter, the potteries still exist from which were produced the gorgeous coloured tiles and hanging lamps of Turkish faience. These have never been surpassed elsewhere. It is almost unnecessary to add another proof of the fact that at no period or place in Persia was any ware made similar to that of the so-called Persian potter-captives of Rhodes.

The enamelled or tin-glazed family to which maiolica belongs is subdivided into the Hispano-

Moresque and Italian lead- or tin-glazed wares. Of the former, Malaga, Cordova, Barcelona, Valencia, the isles of Maiorea and Sicily are to be noticed; and the *locale* of the chief existing examples, with the principal points in their histories, are duly stated in Mr. Fortnum's book.

The Italian or true maiolica followed. It begins with the *sgraffiati* and *graffiti*, or incised wares, of which noble examples exist in the Sèvres, Louvre, British, South Kensington, and Ashmolean Museums. Then come the enamel painted wares—the masterpieces of Italian ceramic art—commencing with those of Tuscany, where Caffaggiolo, Siena, Pisa, Asciano, Monte Lupo form a worthy group, well followed by the factories of the duchy of Urbino, the leading *botteghe* of which were Pesaro, Gubbio, Castel Durante, and Urbino, the birthplace of Raphael; together with the States of the Church, with Diruta *en chef*, and the Marches, where Faenza gives us the term *faience*. Mr. Fortnum, in describing Pesaro and Caffaggiolo, having already warned us against the too common error of ascribing to a newly-discovered *fabricque* examples of doubtful origin, or including within the scope of the characteristics of a well-known factory everything which may be similar to signed pieces from it of unstal design, again returns to our guidance when giving the history of the Castel di Diruta, or Deruta, factory. The first documentary evidence respecting this we owe to the investigations of Professor Adamo Rossi and Count Conestabile, obtained among the archives of Perugia—which were published in 1872, too late to be included in Mr. Fortnum's earlier work.

The dealer's weakness—or, rather, his strength, for is he not wise in his generation?—is for a name to conjure by. Whether such be that of an artist or of a locality, it becomes for a time all-important in exciting interest, and by its virtue he raises the commercial value of the object he wishes to sell. The late M. Eugène Piot—"cet amateur si délicat, qui doublait un marchand des plus habiles," to use the words of the late M. Alfred Darcel—having discovered fragments of lustred wares in excavations in the rubbish-heaps of the old potteries at Diruta, hastily adopted the conclusion that all the early lustred wares, including those *bacili* with *madreperla*—which, mainly on the statement of Passeri, had been hitherto ascribed to the potteries of Pesaro—were the production of Diruta and nowhere else. This mischievous attempt at narrowing objects of a kind to one factory, so often repeated in art historical textbooks, is again proved to be due to the vanity or mistaken patriotism of a discoverer or local historian.

The northern duchies follow—Ferrara, Este,

Modena, and Mantua—and throw a light upon the extraordinary devotion to art in Italy of the fifteenth century. Here Alfonso I., who married Lucrezia Borgia and suffered more misfortunes than most rulers in those troublous times, yet found time and means to establish at his castle in Ferrara a factory for maiolica, and is credited by Piccolpasso with the invention of a brilliant white glaze, afterwards known as the “bianco di Ferrara.” Indeed, there is some reason to believe that the Duke also ranks amongst the early makers, if not the inventors, of porcelain in Italy.

The duchies conclude with Este and Modena—the latter factory so old as to be mentioned by Pliny—and, finally, Mantua. In the archives of the latter are many records of factories, masters, and foreign immigrants, with sumptuary laws for the protection of the trade; but no amount of research has yet succeeded in identifying pieces of the maiolica made there. Since the South Kensington Catalogue of 1872 much light has been thrown upon the production of artistic enamel pottery in the Venetian States.

Principally owing to the researches of Signor Urbani de Ghelftof, there has been brought together a mass of information respecting the early wares which preceded the maiolica, the first mention of which in Italy was found in a stringent law, enacted on March 27th, 1474, that prohibited all pottery except crucibles and “majolica che viene da Valenza”—which Mr. Fortnum considers would seem to denote a particular quality of the wares, enriched with metallic lustre. As an illustration of one of the records, mention is made of a gleaming from the archives of Modena, where the great Titian is commissioned by Alfonso I. of Ferrara—through his agent at Venice, Tebaldi—to procure a quantity of glass

of Murano and of earthen and maiolica vases for the ducal pharmacy, Titian himself undertaking to superintend the execution of the work. On June 1st, 1540, Tebaldi writes: “By the boatman, Giovanni Teresa, I send to your Excellency eleven great, eleven medium, and twenty smaller vases of maiolica with the covers, commanded by Titian for your Excellency’s pharmacy.” The plain of Lombardy, through Piedmont and the States of Genoa, all had their factories, and of these Pavia was not behind the rest; and it would seem that at Savona and Genoa the manufacture of ordinary pottery expanded and received a new artistic impulse in the latter years of the sixteenth century by the arrival of artist-potters from Pesaro, Urbino, Faenza, and Castel Durante.

The list of factories concludes with those of the Neapolitan States, where glazed pottery was made from a very early period, the royal factory of Capo di Monte, established as late as 1736, and Castelle, where there had probably been an extensive ceramic industry from the earliest times. The factories of Palermo and some of the minor southern places close the list.

The concluding chapter of Mr. Drury Fortnum’s book deals with the literature of maiolica and ceramics, and is followed by a valuable appendix, containing 552 woodcuts, which fairly well represent all the known marks and monograms on the various examples of maiolica in public and private collections. The old 1872 list of works consulted, containing references to Italian and Spanish maiolica and kindred wares, has been reprinted, with additions brought up to the present date, and, with a very copious index, completes a monumental work, which takes a leading place for all time as a text-book and guide to this most precious branch of the potter’s craft.

C. PURDON CLARKE,

Director of the South Kensington Museum.





STUDY FOR THE GUARDIAN INSURANCE POSTER.

(By Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A.)

THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

NOTES ON THE SPANISH AND ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

BY THE EDITOR



ALTHOUGH there are here no examples of Juan de Pareja, nor of Herrera, Zurbaran, or Ribera, nor even of the later painters Goya and Fortuny, the great Spanish school is brilliantly represented in the Wallace collection by three of its greatest masters.

The first in order of date as well as of importance is the great Velazquez, Herrera's pupil, by whom are eight characteristic canvases, all well selected, and purchased within a comparatively short interval of time. There are three portraits of Don Balthazar, Infante of Spain. The first is that in which he is represented as a boy mounted on a black charger in the Tennis-court of Madrid, watched by a cavalier whom a page attends, with other figures standing round. This picture was bought in Spain in the year 1847 by S. Woodburn, the dealer, for Samuel Rogers, acting on Wilkie's strenuous recommendation. Nine years later, in 1856, the Roger collection was dispersed, and the picture passed into the Hertford Gallery for £1,270. The second portrait comes from the Standish collection and that of King Philippe (to whom it was bequeathed), at the sale in 1853, at a cost of £1,680. It shows the Prince, at that time only three years old, standing with his left hand on his sword and in his right a bâton, the child himself attired in a grey frock adorned by a violet scarf. This work is as well known as the first-named picture, nor is it less famous than the third portrait, which was for four years in the collection of Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, and which in 1848 was acquired by the Marquess of Hertford for £682. The portrait of Gaspar de Guzman, Duke of Olivarez, is the sketch for the life-size equestrian portrait now in the Prado Museum. It perhaps belonged to Colonel Hugh Baillie's collection, at the dispersal of which in 1858 it was sold for £598, and three years later, at the Scarisbrick sale, for £262. In the Old Masters collection at the Royal Academy in 1872 was seen the portrait of "A Spanish Princess." The picture so called is a portrait of the Infanta Marguerite

—a full-length life-size standing figure, attired in a black dress with white sleeves; it came from the Higginson collection. This "Spanish Lady with a Fan" is not to be confounded with the more celebrated "Dame à l'Eventail," in which the fan hangs downwards, while the eyes, looking searchingly from beneath the strongly-marked brows, haunt for all time the memory of the beholder. It is that other picture which belonged to the Buonaparte collection, in connection with which it was engraved by Pistrucci in 1812, and thereafter passed into the Aguado Gallery in 1839 and was then re-engraved by Leroux. The Count last-named, if I am not mistaken, acquired it for £51, but when his gallery was dispersed, in the month of March, 1843, Lord Hertford had to pay no less than £525 for it. It was seen in the Royal Academy in 1888. The Portrait of Philip IV. of Spain I take to be the sketch which was in the Hugh Baillie collection and was sold thence for £152. Finally, there is the "Landscape, with a Boar Hunt," which is the sketch for the great picture in the National Gallery. It was at one time in the collection of Lord Cowley; thence it passed into the hands of Lord Northwick; and at his death in 1859 it was acquired for the Hertford Gallery for £325.

Alonzo Cano, who was Velazquez' contemporary and was employed by that same Olivarez family, the head of which the greater master so often painted, combined much of the grace and delicacy of Carlo Dolci with the grand treatment of Michael Angelo. We may especially congratulate ourselves on the acquisition of this work, as no picture by this hand is to be seen in the National Gallery. It represents the "Vision of St. John," one of the series of subjects drawn from the Apocalypse. We see his vision of the angel and the great city of Jerusalem suspended in the heavens—a liberal enough version of the text. The picture is one of unusual interest, and fine alike in composition, expression, and colour. It was at one time in the celebrated collection of the predatory Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia.

We come now to the eleven admirable examples of the genius of Murillo, who owed so much to the kindness and encouragement of Velazquez. I say eleven works, but two other than these were acquired by the Marquess of Hertford—the Duke of Buckingham's picture of "The Miraculous Conception," which was sold when the Stowe collection was

dispersed for little more than £58, and a "Riposo," which was acquired at the Hope sale in 1849 for £819. First among these works comes the "Adoration of the Shepherds," great in both senses, which, when the Saltmarsh collection (to which it had come from the Boursault collection) was sold at Christie's in 1846, occupied the place of honour with magnificent effect, and was subsequently acquired by Lord Hertford for £3,018—a sum probably but a tenth of what it would now fetch if put up to public auction. This picture is not, as has sometimes been assumed, the great work engraved by Hubert: that is now in the Prado Museum at Madrid. The Wallace version came from the Aguado collection and was bought from Spain, together with the several following, through the indefatigable exertions of that enterprising genius, the great dealer-importer, Mr. Buchanan. Together with the "Annunciation" and the "Charity of St. Thomas," it was once the cherished treasure of the Capuchins of Genoa, by whom both were cheerfully converted into cash. They were brought over in 1805 by the exercise of skill and stealth, and the "Adoration" was chosen by Mr. Champenowne for his private collection, at the estimated price of £800. The "Annunciation" was also in the Aguado collection, and later on in that of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe, and it was superbly engraved by M. Lefèvre. "Joseph Lowered into the Well by his Brethren," which has moved to enthusiasm the staid eloquence of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, among more impulsive critics, was by Mr. Buchanan made over to Mr. John Cave, of Bristol, who paid £800 for it. At the sale of the latter's pictures in 1854 the Marquess of Hertford secured it for £1,764. "The Charity of St. Thomas of Villanueva"—the oil study for the fresco at the Capuchin Convent at Seville—is one of the finest works of the master in this country. It was acquired from Mr. Buchanan and entered the gallery of Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, who paid him £1,000 for it; and at the Wells sale in 1848 it was knocked down for £2,992, when Lord Hertford was the successful bidder, paying for it in all £3,150. "The Virgin and Child in Glory, with Saints" (not a sufficiently discriminative title) was adjudged to Mr. Walsh Porter for £800. This picture also was at one time in the Aguado collection. Colonel Hugh Baillie, who owned an unusual number of fine Murillos, was at one time possessor of two more of those in this collection—the first, "The Holy Family and St. John the Baptist," and the second, "The Virgin and Child." The latter, which he had lent to the British Institution in 1823, and which again figured there in 1854, passed at his death into the Allinari collection, and thence to Lord Hertford for £1,575. The other "Virgin and Child" came from the collection of Mr. William Williams Hope, at the sale

of whose gallery in 1849 the Marquess of Hertford bought it, through Mr. Mawson, for £609. It was on that occasion that the same purchaser acquired Murillo's "Repose of the Holy Family" already alluded to. There is a third "Virgin and Child," and an "Assumption of the Virgin" which belonged to Sir J. Braekenburg, and at his sale in 1848 passed into the Hertford collection for £892. And, lastly, there is the "Marriage of the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph," which was seen at the "Old Masters" at Burlington House as recently as 1888.

Beside these Titans, Paret y Aleazar is hardly to be ranged. Although a consulting architect, he was a painter and designer by training, and there is fine quality in his work. That his "Spanish City" has merits may readily be believed from its presence here. But it is on the works of Velazquez and Murillo that the reputation of the Wallace collection, in respect to its Spanish section, may fairly be allowed to rest.

In comparison with these two great masters the Italian schools are not so nobly represented, no doubt; but as not fewer than nineteen painters are included, and the number of their works aggregates as many as forty-seven, it cannot be considered that, generally speaking, they are disproportionate in scope. Chief among these masters of Italy, numerically speaking, is Antonio Canal—whom an infatuated public persist in naming "Canaletto"—by whom there are seventeen pictures of the highest quality. Indeed, it would hardly be an exaggeration to assert that in this collection alone there are as many fine "Canalettos"—that is to say, by Antonio himself, and not by his nephew Bernardo—as in the whole of France. Antonio Canal, as everyone knows, was a scenic artist who took to painting easel pictures of his native city, and who showed in its representation such a felicitous feeling for its character, such an unsurpassable knowledge of linear perspective, such brilliancy of atmosphere and purity of colour, that he gained immediate applause, and succeeded in retaining it. All these works, therefore, are views in Venice, and the majority of them are on or close to the Grand Canal. Yet the spectator does not tire of them or of their vivid life. One "View on the Grand Canal" comes, I believe, from the Casimir-Perrier collection (£115), and another from the Bryce collection (£288); "The Boat Race in Carnival on the Grand Canal" is probably that which was knocked down at the Searisbrick sale in 1861 for £325; while "The Custom House and Church of the Madonna Della Salute" and "The Doge's Palace and Piazzetta" are doubtless those which passed from the collection of Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, in 1848 for £178. Although Lord Hertford never hesitated at great prices when he determined to buy a picture, he

was never deterred from acquiring a fine thing by the fact that its value was low in the market.

Antonio's admirable pupil, Francesco Guardi, is not less perfectly represented than the master whose work, in the direction of freedom, he to a great extent improved upon. Guardi had the limpidity of his teacher and a love of brilliant light and dark shadow common to Marieschi, and he concealed to a great extent the carefully calculated and accurately lined out perspective distinctive of his master. His artistic virtues may be appreciated in the ten canvases in the Wallace collection—all of them views in Venice (including "The Doge's Procession to the Lido to wed the Adriatic"), and more than one of these examples was drawn, as in so many other cases, from the Wells and Scarisbrick galleries. The Raphael-esque charm of Sassoferrato—a simplicity doubtless acquired by the constant copying of "The Heaven-born Sanzio"—may be seen in three examples, all of them versions of "The Virgin and Child." Lord Hertford, as a good judge, doubtless saw that in this subject Sassoferrato was at his best, and could appreciate the pious charm of the Mother and the chaste rendering of the Infant Christ. One of these pictures, the circular one, was acquired from the collection of the Marquis de Montcalm of Montpellier in 1848 for £215; and another, with the figure of St. Katherine of Alexandria, from the Earl of Orford's sale in 1856 for £1,076.

The Titians are two in number; there is in the first place the beautiful sketch for the "Danaë" which is now in the Gallery at Naples—a picture which is not so coarse as that which he executed for the Prince Philip of Spain in 1554 and sent to him when he was in London on his intended matrimonial tour: a work now in the Gallery in Madrid. There is another version of the same subject in the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, and yet another attributed to the master in the Gallery at Glasgow: but the authenticity of the latter has been doubted from Dr. Waagen onwards. The Wallace "Danaë" is that, I imagine, which from the Belvedere collection of Naples was in 1859 put up for auction at Lord Northwick's sale and was bought in for £42. In addition to this is "The Rape of Europa," the study for Lord Darnley's picture at Cobham, which study was at one time in the Dawson Turner collection and was sold in 1857 at the dispersal of Mr. G. T. Braine's collection, and

knocked down to Mr. Mawson, for Lord Hertford, for £341. This picture appears to be the same as that which five years earlier was sold at the William Jones sale for £288, having belonged successively to the Robit, Hibberd, and Ottley collections. Salvator Rosa is represented by a



A LADY WITH A FAN.
(From the Painting by Velazquez.)

single canvas, but a picture which is amply sufficient to maintain his mighty reputation. This work is the grand "Landscape, with Apollo and the Sybil," which from the Julien collection passed into the possession of Lord Ashburnham. When the last-named collector died and his pictures were sold in July, 1850, this fine example of the great romanticist was added to the Hertford Gallery at a cost of £1,785.

The vigorous and manly sweetness of expression which characterises so much of Andrea del Sarto's work is to be seen at its best in the magnificent "Virgin and Infant Saviour with Children," a picture which by itself justifies the Latin tribute paid to him on a print of one of his pictures—"diffusa est gratia

in labiis tuis." This picture is a celebrated one: it is one of those in which Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Champenowne were interested in importing from criticism that Bronzino is a kind of Italian Holbein, is perhaps that of "Leonora di Toledo," which before 1856 was in the collection of Mr. Samuel Rogers.



JOSEPH LOWERED INTO THE WELL BY HIS BRETHREN.

(From the Painting by Murillo.)

Italy in 1805, and in which Mr. Holwell Carr shared, when at their solicitations he assumed a portion of the risk. It was painted in 1528, and is recognised as perhaps the finest example of the master in England. In course of time it passed into the Aldobrandini Gallery for £1,260; it was one of the gems of King William II. of Holland's Gallery, and when that famous collection was sold by auction in the year 1850, it was the object of a spirited contest between the bidders, and after not less than half an hour's struggle was knocked down to Mr. Mawson, acting for Lord Hertford, for the sum of £2,521.

By Leonardo da Vinci is a "Virgin and Child" painted on panel, and of "the school of Raphael"—for Sir Richard Wallace was too true a collector to deprecate any doubt that might be cast upon a picture—is a portrait of an unnamed man. Of Giulio Romano's "Holy Family" it may be said that it is characteristic, and that the beauty of the Virgin is, as usual, as tender as that of Raphael, but inferior in sentiment. The example of Bronzino is the portrait of "An Italian Lady" which is sententiously inscribed with the Latin proverb to the effect that "Beauty is a false and a vain grace." This portrait, which to some degree may be said to bear out the

Carlo Dolce is seen at his best in the picture entitled "Sacred Studies." This is probably the picture better known as "St. John Writing the Apocalypse," which at the Lord Northwick sale was bought, nominally by Mr. S. Scott, for £2,165; if so, the picture may be positively stated to have come from the Riccardi Palace, whence it passed successively into the collections of Prince Lucien Buonaparte and Sir S. Clarke. Carlo was fond of this literary presentment of saints; St. Jerome, St. John, and St. Matthew have all been painted by him with pens in their hands.

"Venus and Cupids," or, as it used to be called, "Venus in the Clouds," is the Wallace example of the sweet and refined art of Francesco Albano. This little picture, which measures no more than twelve by fifteen, was bought by Lord Hertford in 1849 from the collection of the Marquis de Montcalm of Montpellier for £388.

It is often said that Cima da Conegliano painted in the style of Bellini; it would perhaps be fairer to call him the De Credi of the Venetian school. In either case, however, no slur upon his originality must be imagined. The Wallace picture is, without doubt, one of the finest examples that ever came from the master's brush, and represents "St.

Katherine of Alexandria standing on a pedestal with the Wheel." It was acquired by the Marquess of Hertford at Lord Northwick's sale in 1859, and cost him not less than £840. The artist's name appears on the picture in Latin. This work was shown at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition, with the other items of the Hertford Gallery, in 1857.

Of Domenichino also was a superb example owned by Sir Richard Wallace: this is what he called unpretentiously "A Woman in Eastern Costume," but which is more commonly known as "Sybilla Persica." This work, which, by the way, is in an extremely fine Venetian frame, came to the Stowe collection from the Orleans Gallery, and when in 1848 the Duke of Buckingham was compelled to sell his pictures, Lord Hertford bought it for £724. It is interesting to compare this work with the "Cumæan Sybil" in the Tribuna at Florence, by reason of the resemblance in design and treatment.

Giorgione's "Venus Disarming Love" is among the most beautiful of his works—the appreciation of which has been proved in a very practical manner in the auction rooms. This picture was at one time in the Orleans collection, and when in 1802 it was sold with the Sir Simon Clark collection, under the title of "Cupid Stung by a Bee and Complaining to Venus," it was knocked down to Lord Suffolk for £94 10s. Eight years later, at the disposal of the Walsh Porter collection, Mr. Webster bought it for £336. In 1859, when Lord Northwick's pictures were sold (and many of them bought back by the owner), Lord Hertford acquired "The Wounded Cupid" for £1,312. It may be added that the picture is also known by the name of "Cupid Wounded by his own Arrow."

In the choice of no master is more care needful than in the case of Guido Reni; but a fine example, executed before the master painted merely for money, is worthy of a place amongst the greatest of his craft. Especially in his treatment of "The Holy Family" may his highest qualities be found combined with a refinement and delicacy of drawing which stops well before the often sickly sweetness of Carlo Dolce begins. With this fact in mind, no doubt, did Lord Hertford

select his "Virgin, Infant Saviour, and St. John," which is eloquent of the chaste graces of the master. Guido's pupil Cagnacci is represented by his "Tarquin and Lucretia," a subject which was in the collection of Sir William Hamilton when it was disposed of in 1801. Judged by the measure of the cheque-book, Cagnacci has never been properly appreciated in this country.

Finally we have Luini, who, so far as Englishmen are concerned, was "discovered" and raised to his proper pinnacle by Professor Ruskin. This picture, I believe, was in Lord Northwick's collection, and was in 1859 acquired by Mr. S. Scott for the sum of £210. It is an extraordinary example of what "high finish" is and ought to be, free from the defect of niggling or smallness, but as broad as there is any need for, and completely in harmony with the style of painting.

In my next and final paper I propose to deal with the Dutch, Flemish, and remaining schools.



VIRGIN AND INFANT SAVIOUR WITH CHILDREN.

(From the Painting by Andrea del Sarto.)

THE ART MOVEMENT.

ART AT NANCY.

BY HENRI FRANTZ

OF all the provincial towns of France, Nancy and Limoges are almost alone in having a group of really original artists of whom they may boast: artists who have only slightly felt the influence of

prise, has opened roads to younger artists. These, of course, have not always remained mere imitators; they have sometimes been able to expand some of his conceptions and carry his ideas further; still the first impulse and inspiration came from him. Nowhere is his influence more apparent than in the making of glass where the Messrs. Daum have also made their mark. Their merit would no doubt be all the greater if there were no Monsieur Émile Gallé; but they have, notwithstanding, a stamp of original individuality. Their blown glass, as a rule, shows a tendency to practical utility, without losing its artistic quality, and these decorators seem always to keep in view the use to be made of the piece produced. The science of glass-making is especially seen in the happy and delicate colouring of the glass, while the decoration is adapted to show off the material, and seems to have no other end in view.

In a jug decorated with orchids by Monsieur



VASE: "ELSA'S DREAM"

(By Messrs. Daum.)

other schools while they themselves, though preserving their individuality, form a body of intelligent workers with very perceptible points of contact and certain characteristics in common.

The fact that a distinct artistic movement has found a focus at Nancy is not attributable to mere chance or secondary considerations of convenience. It has its origin in a tradition some centuries old. Lorraine of yore gave birth to such artists as Claude le Lorraine, Jean Lamour, and Lillier Moreau. Instead of imitating Paris, this province has preserved its individuality, with the taste and tendencies bequeathed to it by its elder sons. Moreover, a genuine school of art is growing up there, forming craftsmen capable of effectually seconding artists, and contributing an important element to their creative efforts.

The initiator, the indisputable and undisputed master, of the Nancy school is Monsieur Émile Gallé. It is he who, in various branches of enter-

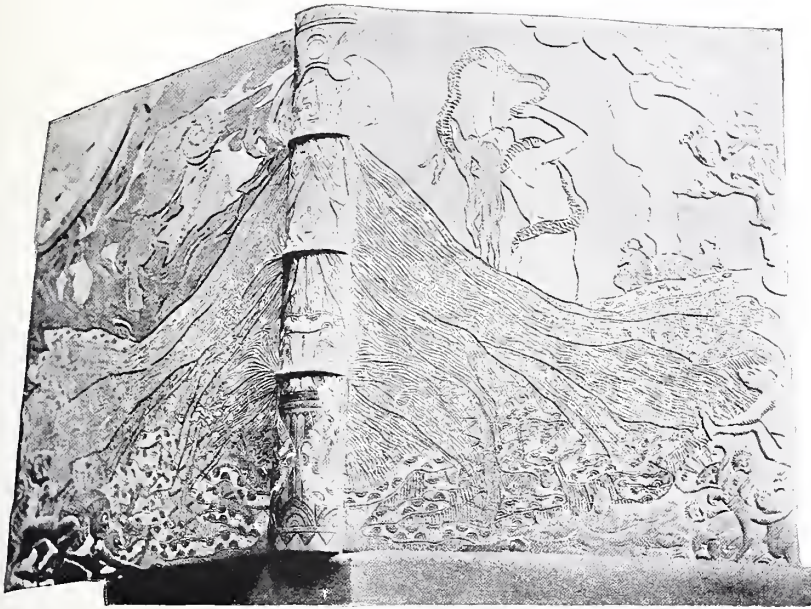


ORCHID JUG

(By Messrs. Daum.)

Daum, we see one of the most attractive processes employed by this artist. The glass is "flashed" in several layers of different colours, engraved to various depths as may be desired, in a way that

allows of considerable modelling and very curious combinations of hue. Other pieces show another important in Monsieur Daum's glass-work, and we often have to recognise the elegant talent of Monsieur Jacques Gruber, a young artist of marked individuality and great promise.



COVER FOR "SALAMMBÔ."
(Designed by Victor Prouvé.)

element of taste, namely, a certain literary influence which has affected many artists and craftsmen of Nancy. We see not only the world of plants and flowers in Monsieur Daum's glass: other ideas are found mingling with these designs of blossoms or foliage. Such, for instance, is the vase, of which the subject is "Elsa's Dream" (in the first act of "Lohengrin"), where the maiden in her dreams sees the triumphant and lordly knight coming towards her. As this is a very pure and vague vision, the figure of Lohengrin is, like the other part of the vase, shrouded in whiteness, and scarcely visible against the background. As a rule, I must own, figures do not seem to me appropriate to this kind of decoration. Flower and vegetable forms must always be the leading features in blown glass work and the best source for inspiration for form. Nevertheless, a group of so much character and charm might almost make us forget this principle. The draughtsman's part is no less

the covering of the book more intimately with its contents, and to assimilate the ideas of the author as we see in the superb binding of "Salammbô" by

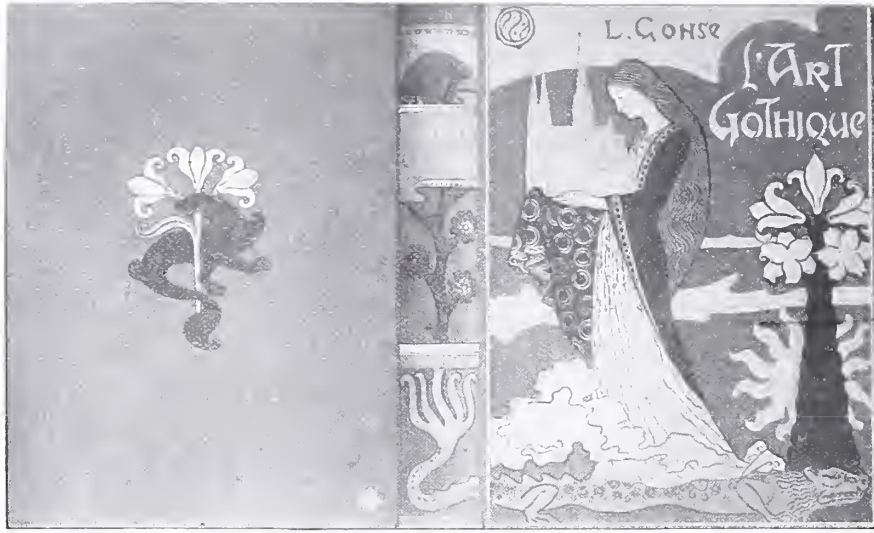


BOOK COVER.
(Designed by Victor Prouvé.)

Prouvé—a worthy cover of Flaubert's greatest work.

Messrs. Louis Guingot, Hestaux, Jacques Gruber,

A casket wrought by Messrs. Prouvé and Martin shows an interesting combination of fancy, grace, and strength. The fact is that Monsieur Prouvé is

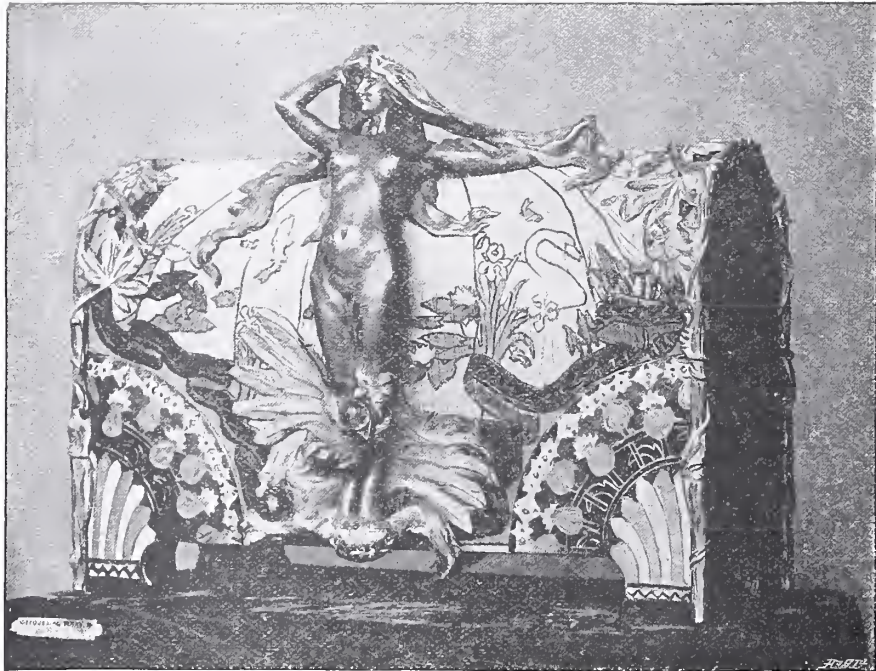


COVER FOR "L'ART GOTHIQUE."

(Designed by Grasset. Executed by René Wiener.)

and René Wiener equally deserve mention. The last-named has obtained the assistance of artists who might have something in common with the

not only a decorator, but a painter of powerful inventiveness, of wild and expansive visions, and that Monsieur Camille Martin contributes an ele-



CASKET.

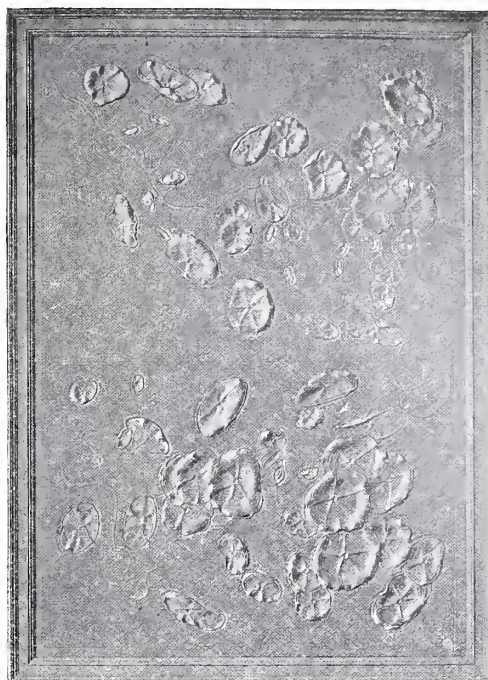
(By MM. Victor Prouvé and Camille Martin.)

authors of the books to design appropriate bindings; thus the mystical talent of Monsieur Carlos Schwabe has devised the cover for Zola's "Rève" and Monsieur Grasset that for "L'Art Gothique."

ment of subtlety and elegance. The subject of the designs on this casket is "Personal Adornment;" hence everything that concerns the theme, or that forms a part of such adornment—a subject happily

chosen for a case intended to contain trinkets. On one side a peacock with a rainbow tail symbolises feathers: on the other, an ingenious piece of leather-work imitates water, with an arabesque of plants round it. In the middle we see the principal figure, a graceful, slender woman, her hair all loose, as she is carried in frenzied flight by a chimera that holds in its mouth the precious gem for which men risk their lives.

Monsieur Pronvé, again, in his bronze cup shows such a flow of imagination as is rare in our day. We find a curious analogy between him and the great painter Delacroix. Monsieur Pronvé, both as a painter and a sculptor, excels in rendering an



BLOTTING-CASE.

(By René Wiener.)

impression of exaggerated motion, of violent action. His cup called "Night" shows a woman's head with streaming hair, flying away like a shooting star. Under her locks, crouching in a Dantesque group, are the Passions and Torments, the gloomy attendants of the night, and above all a group of Love, which includes other figures—Crime, Misery, and Terror. It is needless to expatiate on the fancy and passion shown in this work, or the excellent sense of form and feeling that characterises it as a whole and in the minutest detail.

In a quite different class of ideas we must mention, among the artists of Lorraine, Monsieur Émile Busière, a sculptor who is also highly successful as a



SIDEBOARD (SEE NEXT PAGE FOR DETAIL).

(By Louis Majorelle.)



STUDY FOR A PANEL IN EMBOSSED LEATHER.

(By Victor Frouvê.)

potter, though he has not wholly devoted himself to ceramics. Monsieur



DETAIL OF SIDEBOARD. (See p. 95.)
(By Louis Majorelle.)

Émile Bussière's works hitherto have been chiefly decorative vases, and his last production, exhibited at the Salon, was far from remaining unnoticed. No artist derives from the study of nature a greater feeling for simplicity. It is the sovereign motive of all his work. Monsieur Bussière is simple in purpose, in form, and in style; yet not with conventional simplicity, like those who merely imitate the earliest craftsman, but from an invincible and instinctive singleness of mind. Apart from this, his taste seems to lend itself—within certain limits—to the art of the time of Louis XV, but with less excess of elaboration.

At Nancy we also find a touch of originality in the decorative treatment of furniture. Next to Monsieur Émile Gallé, Monsieur Louis Majorelle borrows from the art of

Japan, and adopts from plant-growth most of the designs he employs in marqueterie on his furniture. Can any richer subject be desired than the vegetable world, with its simple and vigorous growth, which Monsieur Majorelle has made good use of, either alone or mingled with forms of animal life? To carry out his idea with greater exactitude, Monsieur Majorelle treats the technique of inlay in a new way, using only the natural hues of the wood. His style and manner are very marked in the piece of work here shown. A garland of clematis and wild geranium surrounds the mirror, developed here and there into a more important design; and two female figures are seen, one on each side, plucking the flowers. The little girl stoops gracefully to cull the daisies; the other figure, an older maiden, pulls a branch of clematis with a fine, free gesture; and the general tone, which is rich and sombre, seems to give the impression of a fine summer evening.

It is greatly to be regretted, as we see these worthy efforts, that architecture in France does not seem in any way



CABINET.
(By Louis Majorelle.)

alive to such influences, nor eager to march in step with these minor arts. Architecture being the indispensable setting for furniture, artistic craftsmen, in creating novelties, are constantly pulled up

idea which we derive from them, Nature alone gives the answer. It is Nature that has made them all single-minded and their expression clear; from her they derive their variety of means and



BRONZE CUP: "NIGHT,"

(By Victor Prouvé.)

short by difficulties which fetter and cramp their ideas, instead of finding support and help. It is not alone in the decoration, but also in the constructive design, of his furniture that Monsieur Majorelle draws from vegetable structure. The form of a leaf, merely, often serves as an inspiration, and may be traced in the whole form as well as in the details of some of his pieces.

Monsieur Vallin in his enamels and pottery shows both taste and science. But this artist has not yet found his own road; he has hitherto confined himself to a very intelligent imitation of earlier styles. From this study, and from some very interesting attempts in a more independent manner, we have no doubt that in the ripeness of time he will rise to original creativeness.

If we now take a comprehensive view of these craftsmen and their works, and seek the spring whence their talent has arisen and the common

processes, always returning to the infinite forms of Nature.

At Nancy—and this is another proof that we have there a very genuine and original impulsion in art—regular exhibitions are held to which all the artists of the town send their productions, and, as they look at their fellow-craftsmen's work, find in it fresh suggestions for invention, and fresh reasons for ambition. They preserve their original bent in proportion as they refuse to be influenced by the great capital.

As in the small republics of ancient Greece, this little group of artists is sufficient to itself. Moreover—and it is an observation which seems to me of true interest in concluding this sketch, as proving the native vitality of these workers—the artists of Lorraine are sons of its soil, and this accentuates the strong individuality and noble traditions of the school of Lorraine.



BUILDING TRADES EXHIBITION.

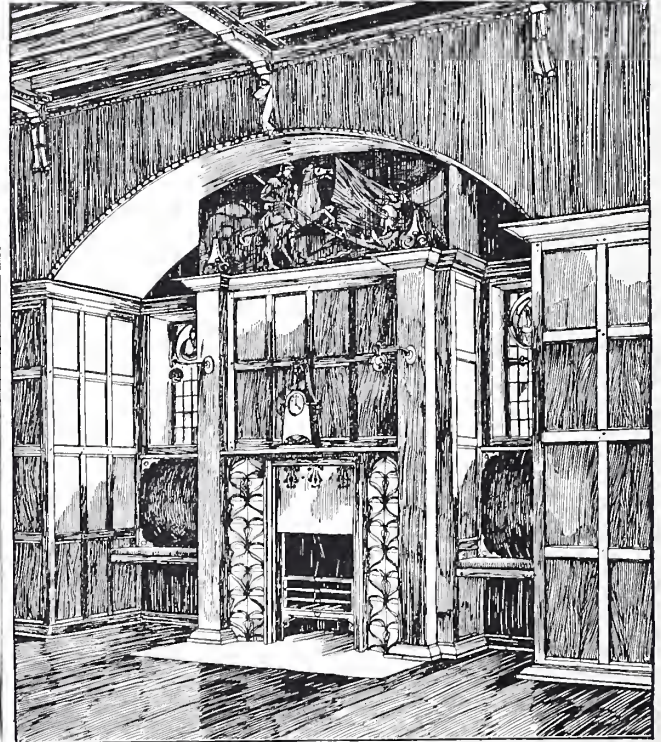
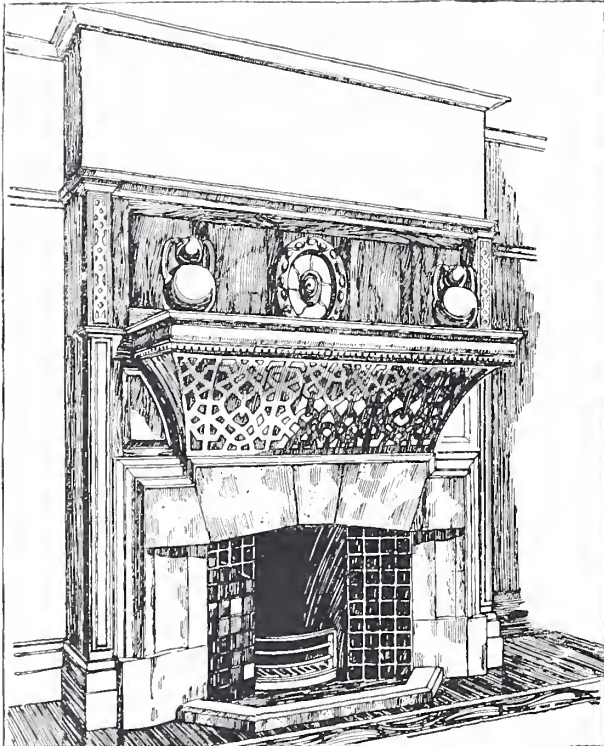
At first sight the interior of the Agricultural Hall at Islington, during the recent Building Trades Exhibition, seemed to present an interminable array of bricks, tiles, slates, all sorts of stone and marble in slabs and in fragments, chimney-pots, drain-pipes, and every conceivable sanitary



TILES DESIGNED BY C. F. VOYSEY
(Executed by the Pilkington Tile Co.)



TILES DESIGNED BY O. B. BRYAN.
(Executed by Bratt, Colbran, and Co.)



WOOD CHIMNEYPIECES. (Executed by J. P. White.)

Trades Exhibition, seemed to present an interminable array of bricks, tiles, slates, all sorts of apparatus—all these amidst engines and machinery galore. The promoters, indeed, congratulated them-



CHIMNEYPiece AND FIREPLACE.

(Designed by O. B. Bryan. Executed by Bratt, Colbran, and Co.)

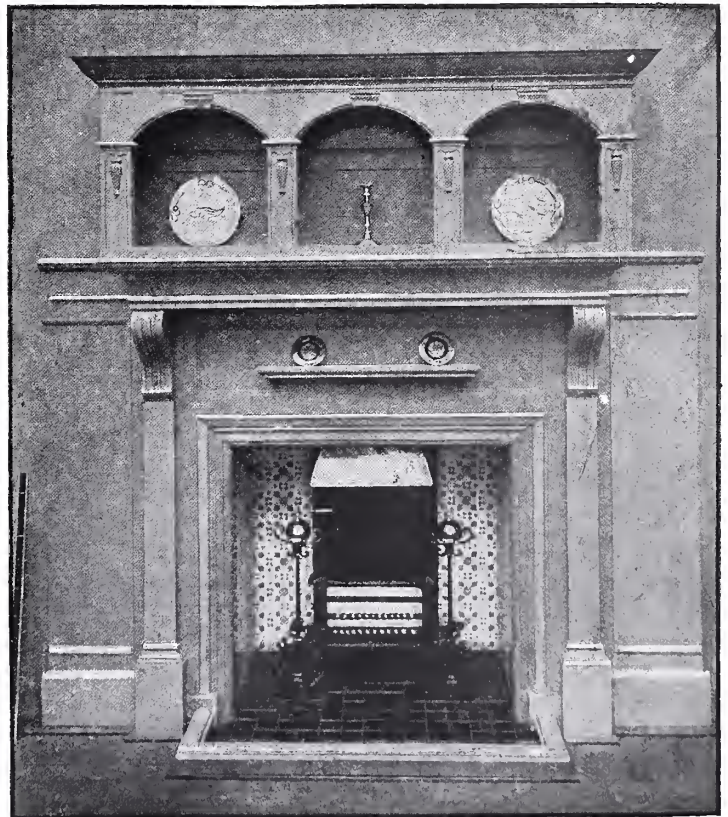
selves on the comprehensive character of this year's exhibition as compared with that of 1895, the whole area of the ground space at the recent show being occupied by exhibitors. Among these, Mr. John White, of Bedford, exhibited a number of wooden chimneypieces, of which branch of manufacture he makes a speciality. Designed by different artists—Mr. Voysey, Mr. Lethaby, Mr. George Jack, Mr. Quennell, and Mr. G. Ll. Morris—these mantels are distinguished, for the most part, by one good quality in common: an architectural character produced by broad, severe lines and an absence of irrelevant and fidgety detail.

Worthy also of commendation is the work of Mr. George Wragge, of Salford, who not only uses various metals—iron, copper, brass, aluminium, and pewter—but also produces various effects with bronzing, and so on. His door-furniture—in the way of hinges, lock-plates, etc., from designs by Mr. Edgar Wood, architect—is particularly original and excellent.

There is a certain individuality about the mantels of Messrs. Bratt, Colbran, and Co., of Finsbury, though the standard of the wood-work of the firm scarcely comes up to their metal-work. In an ornamental wrought-iron grate and fire-dogs the solidity and general character of the material was well preserved; while some admirable copper hoods were shown, designed on simple lines, without any attempt at ornament beyond a row of round bosses along the lower rim—just the kind of decoration needed to relieve the severity of form and at the same time to bring out the lustrous qualities of the metal in the firelight. Of painted tiles supplied by this firm, the "Bird" pattern, founded on the net principle, and the "Carnation" are both decorative and suitable for their purpose.

The Pilkington Tile and Pottery Co. exhibited one or two specimens of artistic tiles in low relief, designed by Mr. Voysey, and another set in two shades of brown, a skilful adaptation of Greek ivy-leaf and fret, by Mr. Lewis F. Day.

Messrs. Mensaque's Spanish tiles, reproductions of old Moorish designs from the Alhambra, the Alcazar at Seville, and the



CHIMNEYPiece AND FIREPLACE.

(Designed by O. B. Bryan. Executed by Bratt, Colbran, and Co.)

Mosque of Cordova, though beautiful in themselves, are necessarily less suited than any of the above-mentioned for use in English houses.

The design selected was less satisfactory than one or two among the unsuccessful designs exhibited in the gallery of the hall. On the whole, it must be



TILES DESIGNED BY L. F. DAY

(Executed by the Pilkington Tile Co.)

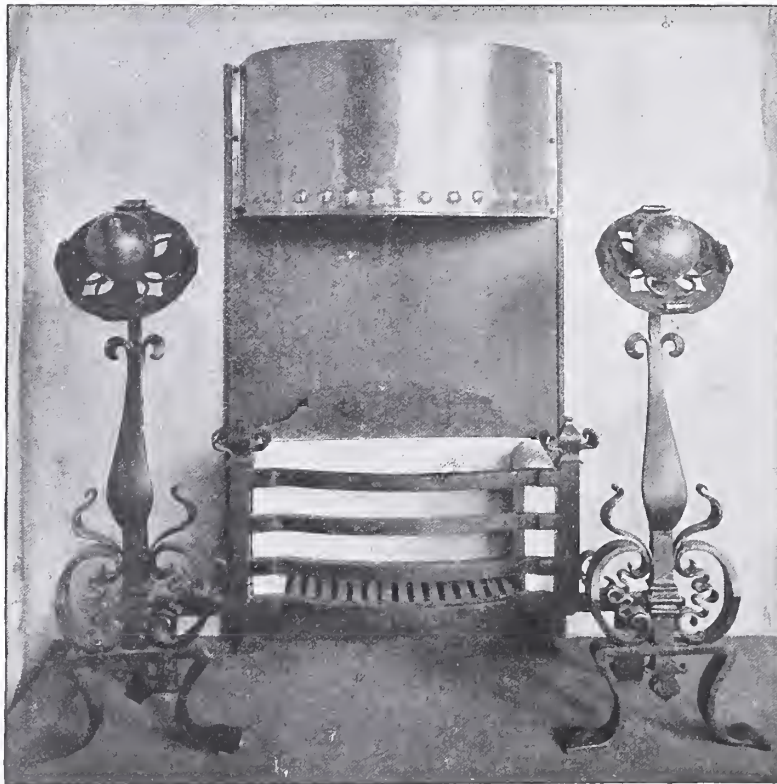


TILES DESIGNED BY O. B. BRYAN.

(Executed by Bratt, Colbran, and Co.)

I must not omit to notice a feature, now become indispensable at every exhibition—viz., the poster.

confessed, however, that the poster designs were disappointing and below the mark. AYMER VALLANCE.



WROUGHT-IRON GRATE AND FIRE-DOGS

(Designed by O. B. Bryan. Executed by Bratt, Colbran, and Co.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[40] **HOW MANY WORKS BY RUBENS, VANDYCK, AND TENIERS ARE THERE IN GREAT BRITAIN AND ABROAD?**—A good deal is said nowadays of the hurry in which our artists are supposed to be to gain money and reputation—how shamelessly they scamp their subject pictures and multiply their portraits. It would, I think, be of high interest if you, Sir, or one of your readers, would test the charge by looking into the matter, and by ascertaining the total number of works produced by Rubens, Vandyck, and Teniers—I suppose the most productive of those most productive of old masters, the Netherlanders. This would prove or disprove the statement. And (if it is not asking too much) if you could show how those pictures are distributed—geographically, I mean—you would add to the value of the answer.—**HERBERT L. CLEMENT.**

* * * We readily respond to the question of Mr. Clement; but, to save ourselves the labour entailed in such a reply, we have made up the following table from that compiled by Professor A. J. Wauters in his "Flemish School of Painting" (1885). The grand total of the works of these fine painters in the countries named, it will be seen, amounts to not fewer than 2,107, all of them accepted as genuine. About 100 more should be added for other countries.

	RUBENS.	VANDYCK.	TENIERS.	TOTAL.
Great Britain ...	201	367	252	820
Germany ...	185	124	102	411
Austria ...	93	71	46	210
France ...	76	35	55	166
Russia ...	63	38	40	141
Spain ...	66	21	52	139
Belgium ...	74	26	17	117
Italy ...	45	45	13	103
Total ...	803	727	577	2,107

[41] **E. LE BIHAN.**—I have an oil painting of the Pennine Alps, with the Lake of Geneva in the middle distance. A rosy glow is just passing off the snowfields. The only defect is the spur of the Jura range on either side of the foreground, giving a stagey appearance to the picture, which otherwise has considerable merit. It is signed "E. Le Bihan." Can you give me any information about the artist?—**PENNINE RANGE.**

* * * The querist probably refers to the well-known painter of France, M. Alexandre Le Bihan, who, a pupil of Cabanel and of Gleyre, began his career as portraitist, sending two ladies'

portraits to the Salon of 1869. In 1870 he exhibited a landscape, and again in 1872—"Marianne, Finistère." His "Pilgrimage in Brittany" appeared in 1875, and in the following year his "Storm on the Coast of Brittany." Since that time portraits and landscapes have come from his brush in almost equal numbers. M. Le Bihan was born in Langonnet, Morbihan, in 1839.

[42] **COUNT KALCKREUTH'S "CASTLE OF THE HOLY GRAAL."**—In an article published in the *Eclectic Magazine* for April, 1870, copied from *Tinsley's Magazine*, I find reference to a painting at "the last exhibition at the Royal Academy" by Count G. Kalekrenth. It was called "The Castle of the Holy Graal." Is there any reproduction of it in any art magazine of the period? I shall feel obliged for any information.—**ALICE EVELYN ELLIS, Newton Centre, Massachusetts.**

* * * We are not aware of any reproduction of this picture, but an inquiry addressed to "Count Kalckreuth, Secession Exposition, Munich," would probably clear the matter up. The painter of this picture was the Director of the Academy of Painting of Weimar. The work hung in Gallery III. at the Royal Academy of 1869. Even at that time it was thought to be florid and grandiose; but, with its great range of mountains steeped in the blazing sunlight, it was as effective as it was large.

[43] **BIOGRAPHIES OF LADY ARTISTS.**—What books are there devoted solely to the biographies of lady artists and of other female workers of this country?—**A LADY STUDENT.**

* * * In the first place, there is "English Female Artists," by Ellen C. Clayton, published by Tinsley's in 1876 (2 vols.)—from which, by the way, the name of the Hon. Mrs. Damer is, curiously enough, omitted. There is also "Women Artists in all Ages and Countries," by Mrs. Ellet, of which the second edition was published by Bentley's in 1860—a work including a good deal of information. "Women of the Day," by Miss Frances Hayes, published by Chatto and Windus in 1885, comprises the greater number of lady artists at that time before the public, and further information is to be found in similar publications.

[44] **WHAT IS A "DITRIGLYPH"?**—In view of the diversion of opinion as to the meaning of "Ditriglyph," will you be so good as to settle it for me

in THE MAGAZINE OF ART?—AMATEUR OF ARCHITECTURE.

* * * The answer is simple enough. Glancing at random through glossaries of architecture, we find in Mitchell's "Rudimentary Manual" "an arrangement in Doric entablature, or, rather, in the intercolumniation, by which two triglyphs can be placed between those immediately over the columns." In Bosc's "Dictionnaire Générale d'Archéologie" it is given as "the space between two triglyphs, so that the term is synonymous with *métopie*;" and in Mr. Mollett's English edition of the work the same definition is retained, *métopie* being explained: "A kind of panel between the triglyphs in the Doric frieze," plain or carved. Weale's "Rudimentary Dictionary of Terms" explains it as "An interval between two columns, admitting two triglyphs in the entablature." M. Adeline, in his "Lexique," does not mention it at all, but in Elmes's "General and Bibliographical Dictionary of the Fine Arts" it is defined as "A space comprehended between two triglyphs." It is, perhaps, this incomplete definition which has confused the querist, but this is the only discordant note in what is otherwise—and must necessarily be—an harmonious concert.

NOTE.

THE MYSTERY OF COPYRIGHT DEEPENED.—A decision of considerable importance on the Law of Copyright in photographs was given by Mr. Justice Collins, in the case of "Melville v. Hulton," recently tried at the Liverpool Assizes. The Copyright Act says that the "author" of a photograph shall be entitled to copyright, but that if a photograph be "made or executed for or on behalf of any other person for a good and valuable consideration the person so . . . making or executing the same shall

not retain the copyright thereof unless it be expressly reserved to him in writing signed . . . by the person for or on whose behalf the same shall be so made or executed . . . but the copyright shall belong to the person for or on whose behalf the same shall be so made or executed." In the case referred to, a photographer sued for infringement of copyright in a photograph he had taken of one Frederick E. Bacon, a well-known athlete. His claim to the copyright was based on the allegation that he, the photographer, was the "author" of the photograph, and that, as he had received no "payment" from Mr. Bacon, the section quoted did not apply. The defendants contended, however, that "valuable consideration" for the sitting was given and *was represented by the distinguished position held by Mr. Bacon, which made his photographs worth 1s. 6d. each; and that, as the plaintiff had not reserved the copyright by agreement in writing, he was not, according to the terms of the section in question, entitled to retain it.* The judge adopted the view of the defendants and gave judgment in their favour. This decision may have a far-reaching effect. It has hitherto been understood that a photographer was entitled to the copyright in a photograph unless he received valuable consideration in the form of *monetary payment* from his sitter; but if the law as it has now been laid down by Justice Collins is correct, the status of the individual photographed becomes an important factor in determining what constitutes a "valuable consideration." If photographers have to decide as to the degree of notoriety attaching to their various sitters, one may well conceive that they will regard the decision with something approaching dismay. It would seem that the enigmatical problems furnished by our Copyright Law are without end, and that the need for drastic reform becomes more and more pressing.—GILBERT E. SAMUEL.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—JUNE.

An Echo from the Law Courts. A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"If Mr. WALTER SICKERT were a moralist, he would probably reflect that men's indiscretions are apt, as the maxim has it, to "come home to roost." A not entirely dissimilar charge to that which he and his friend Mr. PENNELL thought fit to bring—groundlessly, as we have always thought—against Professor Herkomer, Mr. Sickert subsequently brought against Mr. Pennell. Mr. Pennell brought his action, and Mr. Sickert was mulcted in damages and costs, not only because the criticism he applied to Mr. Pennell's action was believed by the Court to be overstated, but also because he himself had, on one occasion at least, indulged in the very practice which he publicly condemned in his friend. Mr. Whistler sided with Mr. Pennell, but there is, in my opinion, not a

doubt that Mr. Sickert's general contention is absolutely correct—namely, that an artist can produce subtler results from drawing upon the stone direct than by having that drawing transferred to the stone from lithographic paper. It is to be observed that Mr. Charles Shannon and Mr. George Thomson, both practical lithographers, supported Mr. Sickert's view, joining issue with Mr. Whistler, who is said to have given up the use of the stone itself since his residence in Paris, and who sends his transfer paper to London to be put on the stone and printed. It is, of course, hopeless from the beginning ever to expect a judge and jury to appreciate the subtleties of a process or even of a 'proof'; 'artistic merit' is with them an expression to scoff at; and the so-called common sense of the legal mind cannot realise

the vast difference in value dependent on the brilliancy of an impression or the "state" of a plate.

The National Gallery. THE National Gallery Report for 1896 has just been issued, and gives proof of sustained popularity and development. The protest

against the delay in the extension of the Gallery is for once omitted, doubtless in view of the imminent inauguration of Mr. Tate's National Gallery of British Art, which, we suppose, will relieve the National Gallery to the extent of one or two rooms. We also observe that the Appendix usually given, showing the details of the number of pictures copied, has also been suppressed. In all other respects the Report is satisfactory, whether in respect to the addition of pictures, to the acceptance of works by HILTON and MARTINEAU for Mr. Tate's Gallery—a novel proceeding, often, it is hoped, to be repeated—or to the success of Sunday opening. As it is our practice to record the new acquisitions month by month, we need not again refer to them, nor need we dwell upon the interesting details of administration here set forth. It may be observed that more than 500,000 persons visited the Gallery during the year; that

the number of students' attendances was 20,000, and that 1,000 oil-colour copies of pictures were made—400 from the works of old masters, and 600 from those of modern painters. Over 13,000 catalogues were sold, those of the British and modern schools greatly predominating. Had we not perfect confidence in the judgment of Sir Edward Poynter, we would be tempted to ask whether the same severe standard is exacted as of yore, or whether some of the comparatively unimportant works hung in the Octagon Room are entirely worthy of the great distinction offered them.

The National Gallery of Scotland. THIS national collection, which is under the charge of the Board of Manufactures, has just been subjected

to a thorough overhauling; and the buildings, which had been considerably damaged by the boring of a railway tunnel under them, have been repaired and the interior suitably decorated. The floor has been laid with parquetry, the walls covered with a soft red embossed paper, certain heavy cornices have been remodelled, and the ceiling has been simply treated. The gallery, as is well known, contains many valuable paintings, notably examples by TITIAN, TINTORET, and Italian artists of that period, by REMBRANDT, WATTEAU, GAINSBOROUGH, ETTY, RAEURN,

and other noted Continental, English, and Scottish artists. But mixed up with these were spurious and doubtful works and copies unworthy of a place in a national collection, and there were others which had fallen into a more or less decayed state owing to the use of bituminous substances in their painting, through the action of gaslight, and owing

to dust and smoke, to which the gallery, standing as it does in the Princes Street valley above the main line of the North British Railway, is peculiarly exposed. A committee of the Board, consisting of Sir George Reid, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and Mr. J. R. Findlay of Aberlour, have carefully examined the whole state of the gallery, and on their recommendation over one hundred pictures have been withdrawn from the collection. Eight of these are portraits, which will be transferred to the Portrait Gallery, and of the best of the others it is proposed to form a loan collection, to be at the disposal of provincial galleries. The rest of the pictures now forming the collection, reclassified according to their schools, freshened up, reframed, and protected, many of them, by glass, have been rehung in the National Gallery, and look admirable against the rich-toned



THE WAY TO THE RIVER.

(From the Painting by Alfred Grey, R.H.A., in the Royal Hibernian Academy.)

background. The diploma pictures of the Royal Scottish Academy, which formed a part of the national collection, will be placed in two of the rooms of the Royal Scottish Academy Gallery, which can be thrown *en suite* with the principal gallery. They may form the nucleus of a collection of Scottish pictures which many are anxious to see formed. What has now been done is understood to mean that a more active policy has been inaugurated in regard to the management of the National Gallery. A grant will probably be asked from Parliament for the purchase of new works, and the movement may ultimately result in the Royal Scottish Academy rooms being appropriated to meet the growth of the National Gallery. The Academy possibly might find a home in the building of the Royal Institution adjoining, at present used for a number of miscellaneous purposes.

Patriotism v. Merit. THE result of the Florence Exhibition has, we are informed, been a great disappointment to the better class of Florentines, as it may well be to Englishmen. Universal unprejudiced opinion, it appears, gave the palm to the display of the English school, and it was confidently expected by the Italians themselves that the prize would be awarded to the English artist whose

work created an extraordinary sensation. We are assured by our Florence correspondent that many members of the Committee have protested strongly against the award, which, it is asserted, has been made on the simple principle of keeping Florentine honours and money in Italy. In these circumstances, unless an adequate explanation is forthcoming from Florence, we cannot advise English artists to submit their work again to such a tribunal. It is to be understood, however, that these remarks are not to be applied to the exhibition at Venice where, it is understood, the awards are made with proper fairness.

The Wallace Collection.

It is announced that the Government have decided to acquire the freehold of Hertford House for the proper display of the WALLACE Collection. This is the view we ourselves have taken as the best, and we have but little doubt that with structural alterations and the proper adaptation of the courtyard to exhibition purposes, the problem of the housing of this magnificent collection will be satisfactorily solved.

Acquisitions at Leeds.

AN ancient bronze statue of more than usual importance has just been added to the permanent collection of this Gallery. The donor, Mr. Ernest W. Beckett, M.P., while travelling in Japan last year, had the opportunity of acquiring it from one of the older temples there, and he has now generously presented it to his native city. It is ascribed to the time of the SHÖGUN YORETOMO, twelfth century, or about the same period as the great Daibouts of Kamakoura, which is, perhaps, the supreme masterpiece of art in the Far East. It is cast in several pieces, and fixed together by means of rods and screws, as was the Japanese custom at the period. The patina is of an exceedingly delicate golden-green, there evidently being a very considerable amount of gold in the composition of the bronze. The subject is a goddess who, in the legends of the country, is said to have created Japan. She stands on the back of a dragon, which she charms with the music of a lute; under this influence the monster sways its head wildly backwards and forwards and literally dances with excitement. Ribbons of seaweed encircle the goddess's head in the form of a nimbus, and also cling to her garments on either side. These are doubtless emblematic of the origin of the island. The size of the bronze is, in height, 79 inches; in width, 46 inches. Two other important Japanese bronzes were also, some time ago, presented to the same Gallery by the late Mr. Henry Oxley and by his son, Mr. J. W. Oxley, J.P. These bronzes, being *koros*, or incense burners, form a pair, and in general outline are identical. The sculptured decorations, however, while preserving a certain symmetrical unity of design, differ entirely in details; no two figures, in fact, being alike. Broadly speaking, each *koro* divides itself into three tiers, each tier being cast in two separate pieces. These are not screwed together as in the case of the earlier work, but merely rest on or fit into each other. The lower tier is decorated with five figures in full relief; the centre tier with a panel of six figures in low and high relief, and a single figure, as a wing, in the round on either side. On the upper tier again there are five figures in the round, and behind these, in low relief, the inevitable dragon. The dimensions of these magnificent *koros* are—height, 6 feet 9 inches; width, 3 feet. The patina is of a very deep brown—practically black—as is mostly the case with Japanese bronzes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. On the rim of the upper tier is a device or crest of a Shōgun who was buried at Nikko in the sixteenth century, and it is to this period the *koros* are ascribed.

The Guildhall Exhibition.

IN commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Mr. TEMPLE has brought together at the Guildhall a representative collection of English pictures, worthy alike of the occasion, of the art, and of the City. That the exhibition might be better is an observation that might be passed on this and on every other loan exhibition that ever was held. To say that it is worthy is high praise; and the Guildhall will probably be an artistic Mecca for months to come. From WILKIE, MACLISE, CONSTABLE, TURNER, and Mr. FRITH (his earliest commission), down to the art of the present day, as modern and foreign as Mr. SARGENT's, there is here a very remarkable panorama of popular favourites and lesser-known masterpieces. Prominent amongst the latter is Mr. G. F. WATTS' "Aurora," a little golden Murillo-like canvas exquisite alike in line and colour, with delightful little sportive *amorini* lightly poised in the limpid air. Those who would study afresh the Pre-Raphaelite school and such dexterous followers as Mr. ARTHUR HUGHES, Mr. BURTON, and Mr. JOHN BRETT, have what may, perhaps, be a last opportunity in London for many years to come. There are, of course, in this collection pictures which are popular because they are fine, and a few pictures which are popular because they are—popular. The former greatly outnumber the latter, and the catalogue of the Gallery is to a remarkable extent a catalogue of the high accomplishment of the English school. DAVID COX's "Vale of Clwyd;" MILLAIS' "Ferdinand lured by Oriel," "St. Bartholomew's Day," "The Blind Girl," "Chill October," "The Sisters," and "The Gambler's Wife;" WALKER's "Old Gate;" Mr. ORCHARDSON's "Young Duke;" Professor HERKOMER's "Entranced;" Lord LEIGHTON's "Cymon and Iphigenia;" Mr. ALMA-TADEMA's "Women of Amphissa;" Mr. SARGENT's "Mrs. Hammersley;" WILKIE's "Penny Wedding" (sadly disappointing); Mr. ABBEY's "Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne;" COLLINS' "Rustic Civility;" MÜLLER's brilliant "Chess Players;" JOHN PHILLIP's "Spanish Volunteer" and "La Bomba;" TURNER's "Departure of Adonis for the Chase," "Going to the Ball," and "Returning from the Ball;" LEWIS's "Commentator of the Koran;" LANDSEER's "Sick Monkey;" CONSTABLE's "Fording the River: Showery Weather" (now exhibited for the first time); MASON's "Harvest Moon;" CECIL LAWSON's "Hop Gardens of England;" ALBERT MOORE's "Topaz;" Mr. WATTS' little "Rider on the White Horse;" Mr. SWAN's exquisite "Piping Fisher Boy," and "Tigers at Dawn;" HENRY MOORE's "Newhaven Packet;" Sir EDWARD POYNTER's great "Dragon of Wantley;" Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES's "Bath of Venus;" ROSSETTI's "Beloved," and "A Vision of Fiammetta;" Mr. HOLMAN HUNT's "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" FORD MADOX BROWN's "Last of England;" Mr. FRANK DICKSEE's "Paola and Francesca;" Mr. WATERHOUSE's "St. Cecilia;" and Mr. STRUDWICK's charmingly-conceived and sweetly-executed "Passing Days." These are some of the more striking pictures that invite the enjoyment of the wise visitor to the Gallery.

It may fairly be said that the current exhibition of the New English Art Club is of greater interest and of greater excellence than any of its immediate forerunners. Mr. CHRISTIE and Mr. TONKS both exhibit very remarkable achievements by overcoming great difficulties wilfully set up; the one with brilliant vigour, the other with dainty elegance. There are many others however who, while exhibiting remarkable qualities or originality and invention, of colour-sense and power, of happy arrangement, and achieving an unexpected measure of success by the

exercise of their particular talent, fail—as they always must, and to the end will fail—of absolute triumph through the lack of that Academic training which they apparently affect to despise. They do not realise that the severe work of schools involves an adhesion to those rules for ever afterwards, and they forget the value of the master's axiom that anatomy should be learnt in order that it may be forgotten. The result is that the greater number of the exhibitors who succeed in avoiding conventionality do not succeed in their works in producing much more than sketches. Such, frankly, are Mr. Brabazon's charming exercises in colour; and there are others of the kind, if not of the quality. But there is little doubt that the rest would, for the most part, resent with surprise and indignation our suggestion, which we deliberately make, that the works they show are not completed pictures. There are, of course, exceptions: complete may be accounted Mr. ANNING BELL's coloured *gesso* of a "Mother and Child," Mr. RUSSELL's delicate drawing of "A Lady Reading," Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN's pen drawing, "A Midsummer Moon," and Mr. WAY's fine lithograph—rich as a mezzotint—called "Rise of the Waning Moon." Then there is Professor FRED BROWN's "Easy Pose" (of a young nude model), a little picture of charming quality; and Mr. HENRY TONKS's delicately brilliant "Blind Man's Buff," and his tender and graceful "Rent in the Gown." There is a fine harmony of strong colour in Mr. HARTRICK's "Pansies and Sweet Peas," detracted from, though it is, by the head of the girl; and a study of "September Flowers" in a landscape, not less notable, by Mrs. Hartrick. Mr. BARNARD's little "Reading Station" is good alike in composition, colour, tone, and drawing; and Mr. CHRISTIE's graceful and important allegory already alluded to, called "Vanity Fair"—a difficult subject most skilfully realised—lends distinction to the exhibition. Apart, quite apart, from these is Mr. C. W. FURSE's notable experiment in blue, white and violet, in his portrait of "Mrs. Cane." Mr. FRANCIS BATES's "Sketch in Berkshire"—no more than a sketch is it—is a delicate and scholarly study of greens; and Mr. GEORGE THOMSON's "Blue Gown," a forcible, if somewhat uncouth, essay in blues. In "The Minister's Daughter" Mr. J. CHARLES has sought to discount the action of time and varnish; M. RENOR still aims at persuading his public that Nature's favourite tints are the primaries; while Mr. STEER, in his "Spanish Lady," follows Goya at a distance without Goya's vivacity and without—we may say without offence—quite all the Spaniard's genius. But Mr. J. L. HENRY's otherwise admirable landscape of "Walmer," excellent in the sky and in the colour of the sea, is utterly spoilt by the ignorant perfunctoriness with which the woolly sea is drawn, or left undrawn. Mr. WILSON STEER's portrait of "Mrs. Peagram"

is excellently well begun, but left when half-way through, a testimony (to our way of thinking) to the artist's inability or indisposition to finish his work. In short, there is much here to interest and much that promises notable achievement in the future. But we have said as much this ten or fifteen years. When will the promise be fulfilled?

The eleventh exhibition of the Ridley Art Club is for the first time proudly held in the Grafton Gallery. The club, indeed, seems to have outstepped the limits of its original intention and has admitted amongst the students and amateurs, of whom it at first consisted, professional artists, such as Mr. ST. CLAIR SIMMONS, Mr. HAIFÉ, Mr. JAMES E. GRACE, Mr. JACOMB HOOD, Mr. CHEVALLIER TAYLER, Mr. ROLSHOVEN, Colonel GOFF, and others, who threaten to overwhelm the youngsters. Notable among the younger members is that brilliant Academy student, Mr. HAROLD SPEED; and charming fancy is shown by Miss GLOAG in "The Miracle of the Roses," in which the flames—hardly, however, suggestive of fire—turn to roses upon the bushes before the maiden.

Mr. W. H. BARTLETT in the Haymarket and Mr. GRAHAM PETRIE in Bond Street have exhibited series of landscape of a certain interest. The former has depicted scenes during the spring months in England and France in remarkable variety, but it must be admitted that his views are better than his figures—a curious circumstance in view of Mr. Bartlett's usual ability. Mr. Petrie's drawings and pictures, which he entitles "Landscape and Lagoon," have been done in Italy and England,

and display considerable vigour and truth of observation.

Mr. CHARLES SHANNON's collection of lithographs and drawings in chalk and *sanguine* have lent peculiar distinction to the room at the Fine Art Society. It is true that his drawing of the figure is often indefensible, but there are two qualities in his work which are undoubted, and which will always retain for it a high value and an individual interest. The one is the singular grace and aspect of *grande allure* characteristic of the drawings; and the other a command of the stone which renders him, so far as we know, by a great deal the most skilful, sympathetic, and poetic lithographer at work in this country. It is not merely that he knows and practises the manipulation which has become classic in the hands of the modern lithographer; it is that he has a perfect command of the stone and renders his little figures with a delicacy which is equal to the extraordinary subtle qualities of his silvery proofs. The series of "The Bath" is altogether charming.

Mr. MACLEAN's periodical exhibitions of painting are always interesting by reason of their miscellaneous character. English works and foreign always compose the show, and offer opportunities of comparison not often to be obtained elsewhere. We must admit to



ANCIENT JAPANESE BRONZE STATUE.

(Presented to the City Art Gallery, Leeds, by E. W. Beckett, Esq., M.P.)

being more interested, perhaps, in Sir E. J. POYNTER'S "Dolce Far Niente" than in any other work, for the chief reason that we have here a little technical masterpiece, which we know to be equalled in no other work of the painter. In quality of colour and painting of accessories the President may here challenge comparison with some of the Dutch masters, while the arrangement reminds one of those fine things which Mr. Whistler painted in the early days of his strength. It is a work by which Sir Edward should be represented in the National Gallery of British Art. ADOLPHE SCHREYER has a picture of "Arab Lion Hunters," in the manner of Delacroix; and ALBERT

of them being that of "Mrs. Brougham Leech." Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL, Miss PURSER, and others have contributed good studies, a very striking one being the "Thekla" of Miss ALICE HANDCOCK. The animal painting is excellent, the veteran Mr. WILLIAM OSBORNE being at his best in several of his contributions, and Mr. ALFRED GREY'S numerous cattle pieces being up to his usual high standard. As regards landscape, not so much can be said, for only few very attractive works have been sent. Mr. J. J. INGLIS has one large and ambitious outdoor study "Borrowdale," which irresistibly claims attention; Mr. ALEXANDER WILLIAMS has several strong transcripts of the



ANCIENT JAPANESE KOROS.

(Presented to the City Art Gallery, Leeds, by J. W. Oxley, Esq., J.P.)

NEUHUYS proves himself a worthy disciple of Israels. There is a fine little marble group of DALOU'S "Charity"—unfortunately rather too deeply pointed—which is the more interesting and valuable, as the larger work at the Royal Exchange is rapidly perishing from climate and weather.

The sixty-eighth annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, now open in Dublin, consists to a very much larger extent than usual of the work of members of the Academy and of Irish artists—a circumstance due in a great measure to the unpleasant fact that for some years back the sales have been comparatively few, and most of the exhibits have, therefore, had to be returned to the contributors. The collection is a noteworthy one as regards portraits. Mr. DOYLE PENROSE'S life-size "Lord Russell of Killowen" is masterly in many respects, and in being given the place of honour it has not been in any way treated beyond its manifest merits. A worthy companion to it is Mr. WALTER OSBORNE'S "Sir Thomas Moffett," President of Queen's College, Galway. Mr. CATTERSON SMITH has several striking portraits, the best

of Western Ireland; and Mrs. WEBB ROBINSON has a couple of Cornish bits full of feeling. Of imaginative works there are not a dozen which call for notice, Mr. J. M. SWAN'S "Prodigal Son" dwarfing the rest by reason of its weird and pathetic suggestiveness and its masterly technique. The sculpture is less prominent than usual. The President, Sir THOMAS FARRELL, has only one contribution, "Playmates;" Mr. ALBERT BRUCE JOY has a noteworthy study of the late Archbishop of Canterbury; and Miss SILAW, Mr. OLIVER SHEPPERD, Mr. MANLY DEANE, and Mr. JAMES are represented by small and excellent works.

Miscellanea. THE following works have been purchased for the Chantry Collection:—"In a Fog," by Mr. D. FARQUHARSON; "Pilehards," by Mr. C. NAPIER HEMY; "Colt-Hunting in the New Forest," by Miss LUCY C. KEMP-WELCH; and "The Nymph of Loch Awe"—a figure in marble—by Mr. F. W. POMEROY.

MESSRS. C. NAPIER HEMY, SAM T. G. EVANS, J. HENRY

HENSHALL, and J. R. WEGUELIN have been elected members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours; and Messrs. HUBERT COOP, CECIL ALDIN, ENOCH WARD, S. GRANT ROWE, JAMES TOWNSEND, and C. F. LOWCOCK, Members of the Royal Society of British Artists.

We regret that the name of Mr. FRANKLYN A. CRALLAN, the author of the article and drawings on "Wood Carving at the Carpenters' Hall," published in our May number (pp. 43-45), was inadvertently omitted.

A Dürer Society has been established with the view of publishing in annual portfolios, by aid of modern facsimile processes, the works of Albert Dürer and his school, especially such as have not hitherto been available or accessible to publishers. The Society welcomes the accession of members, but beyond 250 the number will not go.

THE death has occurred of Monsieur CHARLES-OLIVIER DE PENNE, at the age of sixty-six. A pupil of Léon Cogniet and Charles Jacques, he was a well-known exhibitor of pictures dealing with hunting scenes. His "Halt of Bohemians" is in the Luxembourg; and there are two of his works in the present Salon.

SECOND "MAGAZINE OF ART" PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE subject for the next competition is a
 Design for a Show Bill or
 Small Poster for "The Magazine of Art."

The conditions of the competition are:—

1. All Artists, Designers, and Students are qualified to compete.

2. The First Prize will be the sum of £25; the Second, £15; the Third, £10; and Ten Prizes of Three Guineas each.

3. Dimensions of the Poster when reproduced to be thirty inches high by twenty inches wide (including margin), and upright in shape. These proportions, but not necessarily the actual size of the drawing, must be strictly kept, but no design may be less than the size stated above. The amount of margin must similarly be indicated.

4. The design may consist of ornament without figures; or figures (or figure) may form part of the decoration.

5. The title and wording—viz. "The Magazine of Art"—must occupy a prominent position in the design, and must be in clear readable letters. The design must include a space of at least one-fourth of the whole surface of the poster, for the announcement of the contents of the Monthly Parts or other matter, and it must bear the imprint, "CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED: LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE."

6. Designs must be sent in addressed to the "Art Director, Messrs. Cassell & Company, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.," not later than July 31st, 1897, together with a Coupon issued in this Part of "THE MAGAZINE OF ART." Each design must bear a motto or a word, not the name of the designer, and must be accompanied by a

scaled envelope, bearing on the outside the same word or motto, and enclosing the name and address of the designer. This envelope must bear the words "MAGAZINE OF ART" COMPETITION. It will not be opened until after the adjudication.

7. All correspondence respecting this Competition must bear on the outside of the envelope the words "MAGAZINE OF ART" COMPETITION.

8. The Proprietors of "THE MAGAZINE OF ART" cannot pledge themselves to adopt any one of the designs; and if none of them is found suitable, they reserve the right to withhold the First Prize.

9. The Winning Designs will be reproduced in "THE MAGAZINE OF ART" in such a way as appears most advisable, as well as such selection of the remaining designs as may seem desirable. The name of the designer will in each case be given, if no objection be made by the artist.

10. The Winning Designs will become the property of Messrs. Cassell & Company, who will be prepared to consider the purchase of such of the others as they may select for that purpose.

11. Any number of Colours from one to five may be used. Preference will be given to the Design the effect

of which is produced by the smallest number of Colours.

12. The Prizes will be adjudged by Mr. JOHN SPARKES, Principal of the Royal College of Art, South Kensington; Mr. EDWIN BALE, R.L., Art Director to Messrs. Cassell & Co.; and Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN, Editor of "THE MAGAZINE OF ART."

13. The result of the Competition will be announced in the Part of "THE MAGAZINE OF ART" published September 25th, 1897.



"SIMPLICITY."

LEWIS BAUMER.

"THE QUIVER" POSTER DESIGNS.

THE five "highly commended" designs crowded out of last month's issue are here reproduced. Mr. Baumer's poster, with a white figure and lettering

on a green background, is very successful and fully justifies the motto the artist adopted. Monsieur Moores' designs ("Red Scarabæus") were effective

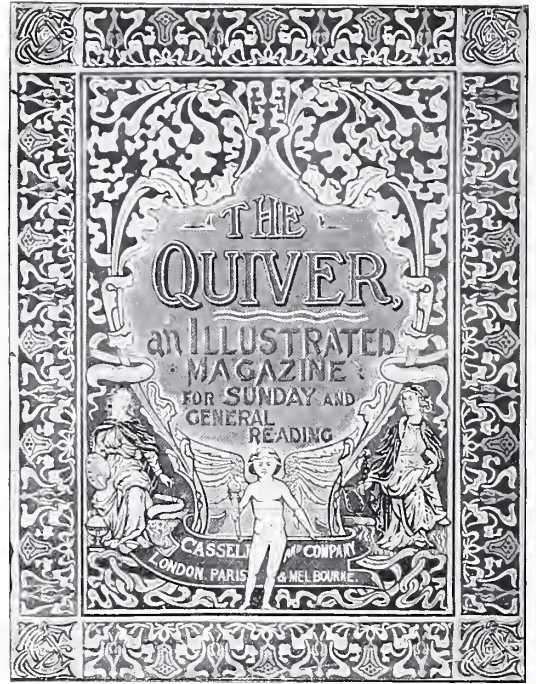
in colour, but a distinct contrast to Mr. Baumer's in treatment. One of the most delicate and refined

American, represented by Mr. Louis Rhead's work, was undoubtedly very strong, and his methods of



"FACTA NON VERBA."

DUDLEY HEATH.



"ETNA II."

W. ELLIS.

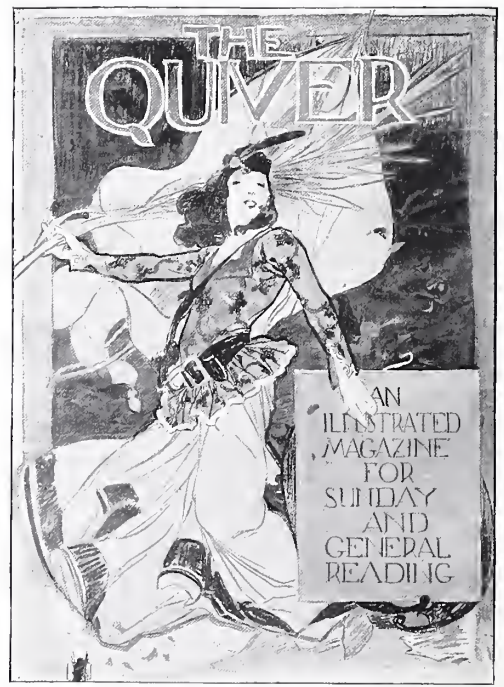
drawings sent in for competition was Signor Auguste Sezanne's ("Hope"). The reproduction shows something of this, but the greater charm is in the colouring.

colouring were largely adopted. But perhaps the works of Grasset and Chéret were used mostly as guides by competitors: the calm decorative treatment



"HOPE."

AUGUSTE SEZANNE.



"RED SCARABÆUS II."

A. J. MOORES.

It would be difficult to say to which of the various schools of poster-designing the greatest influence on our competitors must be ascribed. The

of the former finding as much favour as the freedom and gay colouring of the latter. Originality, however, was not lacking, as these reproductions amply testify.

THE ROYAL COLLECTIONS. DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

ANYONE who proposes to write an account of the artistic treasures of Windsor Castle naturally turns to see how a foreign connoisseur bent on the same purpose was influenced by the sight of that splendid place. In 1851 Dr. Waagen, the author of the "Art Treasures of Great Britain," made his final visit. He writes back to his friend in Germany—for the book is in the form of letters—"The appearance of Windsor Castle is truly astonishing. On an eminence which commands the country far and near, the mighty towers and walls with their battlements . . . rise in the grandest and most picturesque outline. It has all the appearance of a grand fantastic scene of the Middle Ages, realised by magic; or of a castle in which the old kings of chivalry held their court. . . . It is a palace worthy of the sovereign of England." Englishmen and lovers of art, for whom, in this sixtieth year of her gracious Majesty's reign especially, Windsor Castle has such historic and loyal associations, may be excused for recalling his enthusiasm. The mere external aspect of the Castle excites the fancy beforehand, and when to the love of the historic and the picturesque is added the love of art, the delight of lingering over its multitudinous and varied treasures may be imagined. Not many have the good fortune ever to see the great mass of more intimate artistic objects which are scattered over the fine series of stately drawing-rooms—the Crimson, the Green, and the White; to wander through the noble Corridor, filled with splendid furniture in

Boule work, lacquer, and gilt wood, magnificent porcelain of the East and of Sèvres, and fine bronze and marble busts of every date; or to pass from

great chambers hung with tapestries through dimly lighted ante-rooms and passages, in the dark corners of which may lurk treasures unsuspected but by no means to be missed. Dr. Waagen complains of the Egyptian darkness that prevailed on the day of his last visit. It is a question whether under those circumstances the Castle and its vast extent are not the more impressive. The prevailing gloom enhances the delight of discovery and suggests possibilities in every alcove and corner. Apart from movable objects of art, apart from pictures and tapestries, the walls, ceilings, doorways, and fireplaces have



HENRI IV. (Bronze.)

permanent adornments of the greatest interest and value. On them, perhaps, we find the most abiding traces of historic sequence. The library, with its beautiful Elizabethan stone fireplace and decorated ceiling, and St. George's Chapel, begun as it now is in 1474, are the oldest and most unaltered. From them we turn to the State ante-room, profusely ornamented with its wonderful wood-carvings in relief of the time of Charles II., by that master of the chisel, Grinling Gibbons, and its ceiling painted by Verrio. Then there are the drawing-rooms. Their great doors are panelled with the exquisitely intricate work of the Chippendales, brought from Carlton House, and their fireplaces make a prodigal display of the priceless metal-work of Gonthière. From these, again, we come to the Grand Reception Room,

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resplendent with the gilt ornament of the style of Louis XV., and lovely for its proportions alone; and lastly to the more modern decorations of the noblest Waterloo and St. George's Halls.

It is excusable to suppose that, corresponding with this variety of styles, the objects of art contained by these fine rooms would be of every date—that we should be enabled to trace the history of Windsor Castle without a break from its earliest foundation. There should be the rude trestles and benches of the age of William the Conqueror, and the massive carved oak furniture of the Renaissance. From the Jacobean and Carolean styles we should find our way to the French influences of the last century. A moment's reflection, however, will convince the reader that, though there actually still exist within the Castle many fine things of different dates reminiscent of the Stuarts and of William III., such a complete historic sequence of artistic objects is impossible. A palace is not a museum. It has its uses, to which its furniture and ornament must be adapted. From time to time these deserted rooms and corridors must be put in order to receive Her Majesty's guests in a fit and proper way. A confused jumble of ill-assorted furniture would make a by no means suitable background for the glitter of brilliant uniforms and the sheen of satin dresses. A certain logic of splendour is necessary in a palace, and fashion has always had it so. Moreover, the reverence for things old is a growth of modern date. Before our time the mere fact that a cabinet or chair or sofa was out of the fashion was enough to relegate it to the garrets. Of late years the garrets have been ransacked and the neglected furniture—now recognised as works of art—resuscitated. In the royal palaces the artistic feeling of the late Prince Consort insured that nothing should be neglected, and many unknown treasures were discovered; while at the present day the same interest is felt for them by the members of the royal family, the same loving care is taken of them by competent hands.

But it was not always thus. To take a parallel case, Louis XIV., when he was at the height of his

glory, lavished money on the decoration of his palaces. Does anyone suppose that a clean sweep was not made of most furniture that dated from an earlier reign? The first general inventory of the furniture of the French Crown was decided on in

1663. Not till 1673 was the first list completed, and very soon we find that the silver plate was nearly all melted down for the wars of 1689 and of the Succession in Spain. This, perhaps, was inevitable; but we learn from M. Jules Guiffrey's publication of the "Inventaire Général" that the maker of the inventory, Gédéon du Metz, notes the disappearance of such things as old tapestry with perfect indifference. Let us hear what M. Williamson, "Administrateur du Mobilier National," which was once the "Mobilier de la Couronne," has to say upon the point. His book with its beautiful illustrations is well known to lovers of furniture. Very germane to our subject are his remarks, for owing to that very misfortune which he deplors have our own royal collections been enriched with their



GEORGE IV.

magnificent treasures of French art. It is a mistake to suppose, he gives us to understand, that the Administration of the Garde Meuble can illustrate at need all the interesting types of successive periods which have slipped by since its institution. It has not been able to safeguard in its storehouses all the magnificent things which have become obsolete during the last two hundred years. In France, as in England, "the respect for ancient things dates only from yesterday." Of seventy-one fine pieces of furniture in the style of Boule recorded in the inventories after the death of Louis XIV., only a few remained on the death of Louis XV. Of the hundreds of cabinets, chests, and screens extant in 1715, practically none remained in 1775. Louis XVI. commissioned many new works of art, but the fate of one important one at least is on record. Napoleon I. in 1809 rejected the "armoires à bijoux" made by Riesener in favour of the Empire Jewel Cabinet, which is the last piece illustrated in M. Williamson's book. Much was given away to foreign potentates, ambassadors, and others. We were ourselves acquainted with a fine

Oriental vase with magnificent Louis XV. brass mounts, which was found in a bazaar at Constantinople a few years ago. No doubt it had been a

records of the "ventes à la criée" from 1741 to 1792 fill a large book. Why were these sales so systematically pursued? Because each sovereign



OUTSIDE OF EBONY "RUBENS" CABINET.

present to the reigning Sultan, and had by him been given to some palace favourite, or else purloined and sold. Much, again, was dispersed by auction. The

thought it his duty to support contemporary industries, and was influenced also by the desire of novelty.



CHIPPENDALE DOORWAY IN THE WHITE DRAWING-ROOM

Then came the final crash of the Revolution, to which Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace owe so much. From Baron Davillier's interesting little pamphlet, "La vente du Mobilier du Château de Versailles pendant La Terreur," we gather that the enormous sale of confiscated furniture and works of art lasted a whole year all but fourteen days. It began on August 25, 1793, a Sunday, "cette dispersion à jamais regrettable," in accordance with a decree of the Convention. Prices were payable in assignats. "We may imagine at what low sums objects of art and luxury were knocked down during a period when no one was sure of keeping his head upon his shoulders." As if to emphasise the terrible nature of this barbarous sale, it took place in rooms in the Cour des Princes, at Versailles, originally occupied by the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe. The catalogue contained the astonishing total of 17,182 lots, and a single lot often included the whole furniture of a room, or an entire service of Sèvres porcelain. Two members of the Convention were always present, to take note, amongst other things, perhaps, of any undue sympathy with the fallen régime. Objects

with the royal arms or the fleur-de-lis upon them, as was, of course, the case with much of the royal furniture, were sold on the expressed condition that "ces signes de la féodalité" should be destroyed. One day a portrait of the Emperor of Austria was received with cries of "Au feu, au feu!" and was burnt there and then. Scoundrels made fortunes at their beloved country's expense. "Commissaires artistes," whom we should designate as "experts," were sent to value objects preserved as either "necessary to education," such as clocks, or suitable for exchange. Oriental porcelain escaped because it was not branded with the signs of royalty, but Sèvres china "fell under an incomprehensible ostracism." One of the valuers was a well-known curiosity dealer named Langlier. This worthy valued a Sèvres vase "fond bleu, forme de nacelle," which, says Davillier, was probably a specimen of the famous "nef ou vaisseau à mât," a vase somewhat in the shape of a ship, "si recherché des amateurs," at the price of a thousand livres. One hundred thousand would be its probable price to-day, and we shall have to describe it, or else its own brother, amongst the possessions of the British Crown. Doubtless Langlier intended to buy it in himself. The Abbé Gregoire, speaking before the Convention, said outright that knaves ("des fripons") had made sudden fortunes out of the "Mobilier National." The mere list of objects stolen, destroyed, or spoilt,

would fill several volumes. The smaller objects, such as medals, gems, enamels by Petitot, and jewels were their usual prey. Sometimes, to save appearances, they substituted pastes. The seals of government were useless. What was the good of them when the agents of the municipality used buttons and copper money for the purpose? A caricature of the time represents two worthies, by name "Aristides et Brise-Scellé," or Break-Seal; another read

"Amis! quelle moisson s'offre à notre courage
Laissons là les lauriers—mais courrons au pillage!"

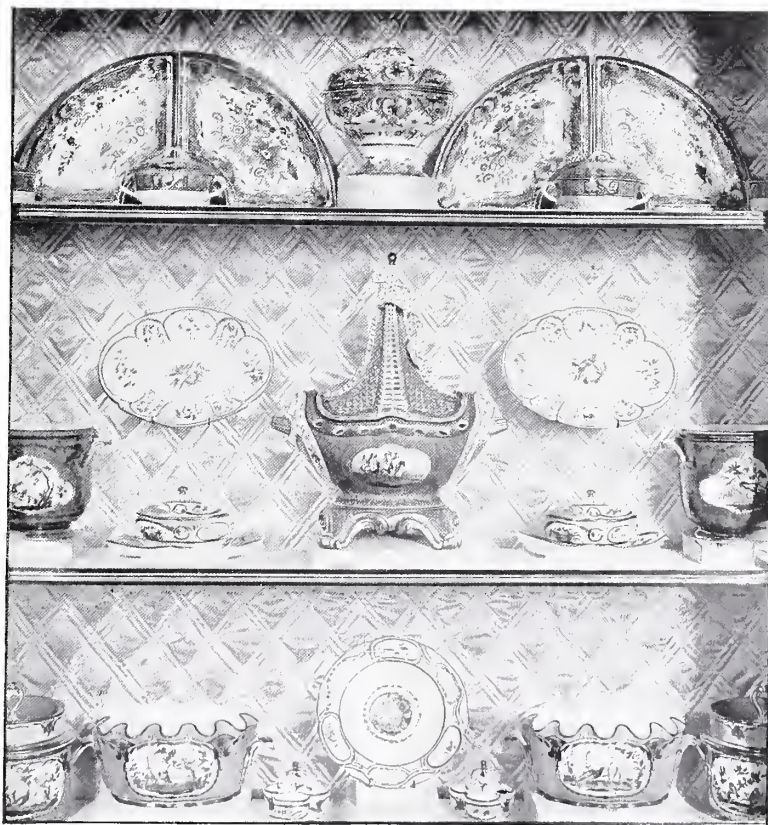
The "experts" also feathered their own nests by separating the parts of lots, such as fine books or scientific instruments, and buying them for a song as "incomplete." Honest men were sometimes bribed not to bid, and in one case some ruffians did to death ("assommèrent") a man who ran up the price. Many things which were reserved were given in exchange to upholsterers for new furniture, or to contractors who had claims against the State. Thus to a certain Lanchère, a contractor for military transport, the

Comité de Salut gave clocks, carpets, marble statues, commodes, secrétaires, and consoles of the finest taste and highest value. The man's father had been a cab-driver at Metz. After all this it is refreshing to find that in some cases, as we shall see later, fine things came back to their original makers or, at any rate, to men capable of appreciating them. And some buyers were scrupulously honest. All the plate had been sent to be melted down at the mint—which is the reason why Louis XV. and XVI. French plate is now so rare and valuable. The cases that had contained the plate were sold, and one day the auction was stopped for a moment because a poor citizen wished to restore a single silver spoon which had escaped the valuer's notice.

So much of the actual Crown property was destroyed that the bulk of the present French national furniture consists of what was confiscated from the nobility, and not of original royal possessions. This explains one of the difficulties in the way of putting a maker's name or a history to the furniture of the present Garde Meuble, or indeed to that of our own royal collections. No information was preserved about the property confiscated from private families. The Revolutionary taste was for grandiose works of art. The smaller and more intimate objects, the little writing and occasional tables covered with delicate Sèvres plaques, the porcelain mounted in ormolu, these were neglected by the Brutuses of the Convention. Where is all this now? As M. Williamson says, there is more of the royal French furniture out of France than within its borders. When the noble families were refugees they did all they could to realise their property. Wealthy buyers of other countries were brought up in admiration of the taste of French art which throughout the eighteenth century guided that of Europe. The Revolution was their opportunity, and many were the fine things that found their way to England. The Jones collection at South Kensington is one splendid storehouse of things that then first came over the Channel. The Hertford House collection is another. To the taste of His Majesty King George IV. are largely due the priceless possessions of the Crown. The series of French furniture at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace is unsurpassable. We

shall give later on some notion of the value of single pieces in these magnificent collections which it is our task to describe.

As this article is introductory to a more detailed and historical description, we may be pardoned for laying stress on certain considerations which it is well for us to bear in mind. There is some danger of making too definite mental classifications of styles and periods. A new era does not necessarily begin because a century ends, nor is an old style banished as a matter of course with the accession of a new king. It is perfectly true that young monarchs have their personal predilections and set a fashion which is followed by their court. Individuals, however, survive when kings die, and an artist cannot force himself always to change his style when he has reached the prime of life to suit the exigencies of fashion. The manner for which a craftsman has gained his reputation is usually that which he follows to his death irrespective of kings and centuries. He has his different "periods," but radical changes are not common in the life-history of decorative art-craftsmen. There is no such thing as a precise dividing line in fashions and styles such as our logical minds love to create. There is, indeed, a much greater tendency for styles to overlap. Louis XV. was king for fifty-nine years in all, but



CABINET OF CHINA, WITH REPLICA OF THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE SÈVRES
VAISSEAU À MAT IN CENTRE.

the style of Louis XVI. was in existence for fully fifteen years of that long reign. This reaction against the extremes of Rococo, apparent in the more perpendicular and reserved design of decorative art, which we associate with the comparative simplicity of Marie Antoinette, was observable a decade and a half before she was queen.

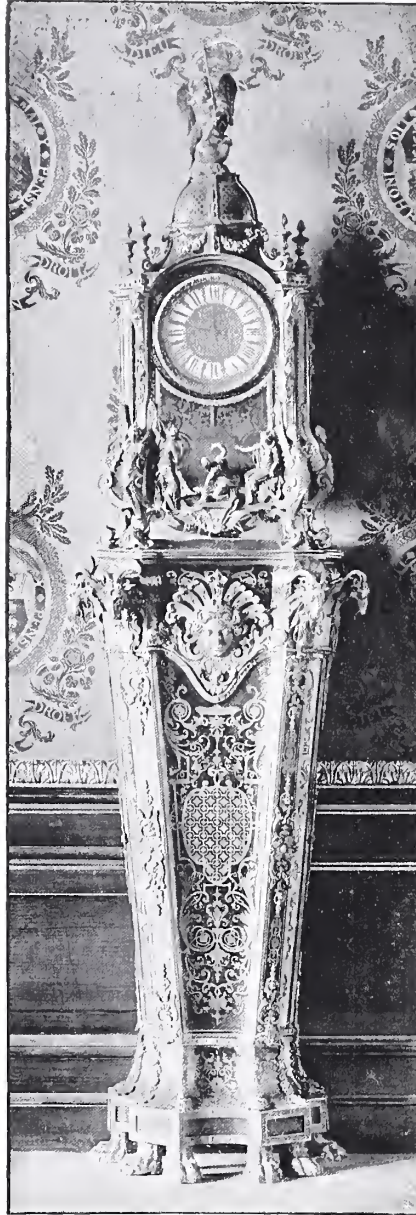
There exists, however, a great and obvious distinction between the furniture and other objects of decorative art of the Renaissance and that of the period of Louis XIV., though we shall be able to trace, in some ways at least, the really gradual transformation. Renaissance furniture was constructed under the dominant influence of architectural ideas. There are people nowadays who go so far as to say that nothing good is done or likely to be done except under that influence. This is a hard saying not borne out by comparatively recent furniture constructed under the influence of the last Gothic revival. No one can refuse to admire the arches and columns of fine French Renaissance furniture; but if we are to consider the utilitarian principles of ornament which are dear to a section of the designers of to-day, we may very pertinently inquire, "What is the use of the arch and the column in furniture? Would it not be much more usable and convenient if it were stripped of its superabundant heavy mouldings and pillars?" This is the question which the furniture makers of the period of Louis XIV. seem to have consciously or unconsciously asked, and definitely answered for themselves at last in the most unmistakable manner. But there were gradual steps in the process, and perhaps history will be found to have had something to do with it.

When a nation has command of the sea her merchantmen can voyage in safety to distant lands. They bring back all manner of tropical products, amongst them mother-of-pearl, ivory, tortoiseshell,

as well as ebony and other foreign woods. By 1665 the Dutch were so powerful that they were able to sail into the Medway and burn some English ships at anchor there. Their merchant fleets had brought back specimens not only of the woods but of the birds and flowers of the tropics. So far back as 1636-7 had occurred the marvellous tulip mania, during which men speculated in bulbs as on the Stock Exchange, and paid fabulous sums for a single specimen. The fine shapes of these tropical birds and flowers caught the fancy of the designers and makers of furniture, who began to cast about for ways of making use of them; and so before long we find the tulip realistically reproduced in coloured woods, and the parrot and monkey facing each other and disporting amidst endless curves of brass and white metal and tortoiseshell. Indigenous woods are banished. The ponderous carved oak cabinet gives way to lighter things, and its material becomes the basis for veneer.

Marquetry, or inlay, or veneer was, of course, no new invention. The Italians had performed wonders. The Venetians borrowed perhaps from Persia and India their inlay of ivory, metal and wood in geometrical patterns. The Florentines in the fifteenth century were also remarkably skilful at what they called "Tarsia." Is it not on record that Brunelleschi, architect of the Duomo, taught the inlayers the uses of perspective? At Milan were

made cabinets of ebony ornamented with repoussé ironwork, parcel gilt and damascened with gold, such as the splendid piece belonging to Mr. Salting's collection at South Kensington, which dates from the middle of the sixteenth century. The Spaniards imported from Italy and Germany, and also reproduced themselves the products of those countries. Large cabinets of ebony, most elaborately carved in low relief, were the fashion from perhaps 1630 to 1650. They were doubtless of Flemish origin. The



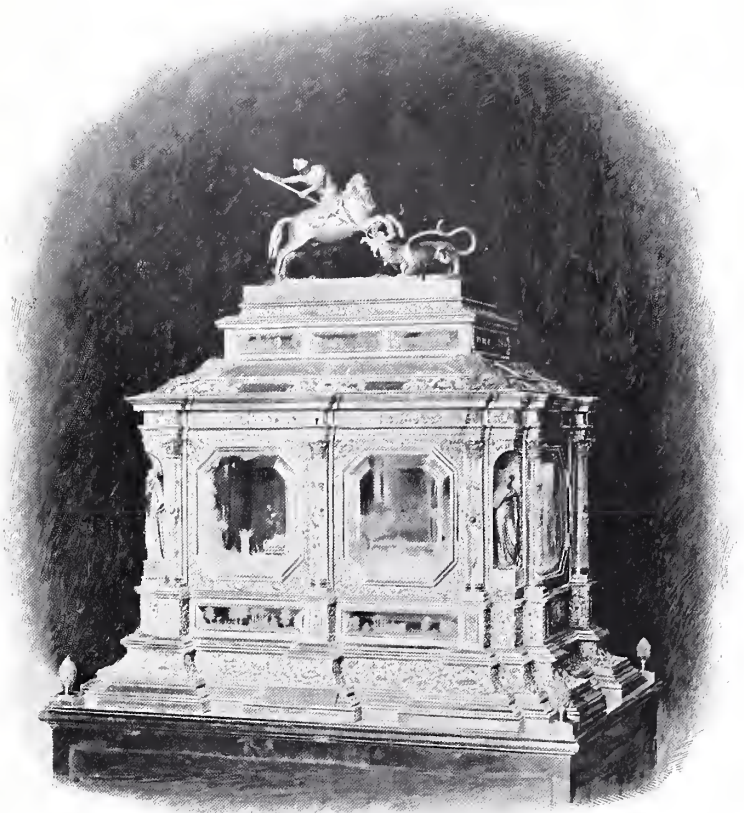
BOULLE CLOCK.

fine specimen (No. 1,651) in the South Kensington Museum is styled either French or Dutch. The magnificent example at Windsor, of which we give an illustration, was perhaps specially made for Charles I., and is erroneously called "The Wolsey Cabinet." It is certainly Flemish, and is much more correctly associated with the name and period of Rubens. The evidence of two interior panels will almost enable us presently to give its exact date. The insides of these cabinets are inlaid, and have columns cased in tortoiseshell. Here we have the materials and the technique, though not the style of design, which was to continue fashionable so long in association with the name of A. C. Boule.

The voyages of the Dutch, whose independence was recognised by Spain in 1609, and acknowledged by all the Powers at the Peace of Munster in 1648, seems to have given a fresh impetus to the art of inlay. Terburg has recorded for us in that wonderful picture of his at the National Gallery the ratification of the treaty. It is obvious that the broken surfaces of Renaissance architectural furniture were not suited to inlay, though we must not forget that wonderful cabinet on columns and arches in the South Kensington Museum (No. 27) with elaborate marquetry of various woods and intricate little carved pear-wood panels. It has the Tudor emblems of the rose and the portcullis, and is said to be English of the first half of the sixteenth century. But its finish seems almost too elaborate for English work of that date. In this instance the inlaid detail is so important as to fight with the architectural design. The later inlayers were inclined to place more stress upon their particular craft. Flat surfaces were approved, or, at any rate, surfaces which were not sharply cut up. So we find that the new style of French furniture of the eighteenth century, which is one of the chief glories of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, follows the impetus of the Dutch marquetrists. It is furniture of flat or curved *lombé* surfaces admirably adapted to display the skill of the inlayer. We gradually see the last of the recessed and arched cabinet on many massive legs with cross-pieces which is a reminiscence of the Renaissance. It lasts through the reign of Louis XIII. and part of that of Louis XIV., and then gives way to the simpler *sécraire* and table bureau with

drawers only in the framework upon which the table slab is placed. The slightly recessed centre drawer of many a fine Boule table is all that remains of the deep arched architectural style, and is preserved merely as a corrective of too great insistence of straight lines.

The question arises why French taste should have imposed itself upon the rest of Europe so com-



FLORENTINE CASKET CONTAINING GENERAL GORDON'S BIBLE

pletely at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is a difficult question to answer, but certain considerations may explain to us why, if the French nation has not been really pre-eminent in painting, it certainly took for a whole century and more the lead in sculpture, and especially in the minor arts. Colour is not one of the characteristics of French art. That would seem to have been for the last hundred years an English prerogative, just as music for the same period has been that of the Germans. But in form since the end of the Renaissance the French have taught us all. Precision and lucidity are the qualities of their beautiful language. Its structure makes it an admirable prose vehicle, unsurpassed for scientific or intellectual exposition, but it seems to us to fail in the heights of poetry. The same thing, though it is always risky to draw

close analogies, may be said of French art. In the scientific and structural part it is invincible. For everything that may be expressed with definiteness it is thoroughly adequate. It is perhaps this very perfect adaptability which has caused its possessors so often to be content with skilful accomplishment that lacks the real fire of poetic feeling and genius. But for demonstrative splendour, for the task of adorning palaces with tasteful glittering ornament

is largely due the pre-eminence of the French in decorative art. Their theory of government was then, as it is now, to protect and foster native industries. Now the inherent connection between art and industries, sadly severed as it has been of late by the progress of machinery, still exists. Two hundred years ago it was a very living principle. "Arts and industries"! Why should they not be fostered together? It is true no amount of govern-

ment assistance can create a genius, but short of that much may be done. Sheraton, at any rate—one of our greatest English cabinet makers—was certainly of this opinion. In his "Dictionary" (1803) he says that cabinet-making in France "is more strikingly improved than any other branch of mechanical trade whatever." He does not presume to call it an art. "Yet I pretend not to say," he naively adds, "that this is the surest symptom of the future flourishing state of that kingdom." Certainly cabinet-making can hardly be made use of for political prognostication; but, apart from that, there certainly must have been some force, at the time, in the sug-

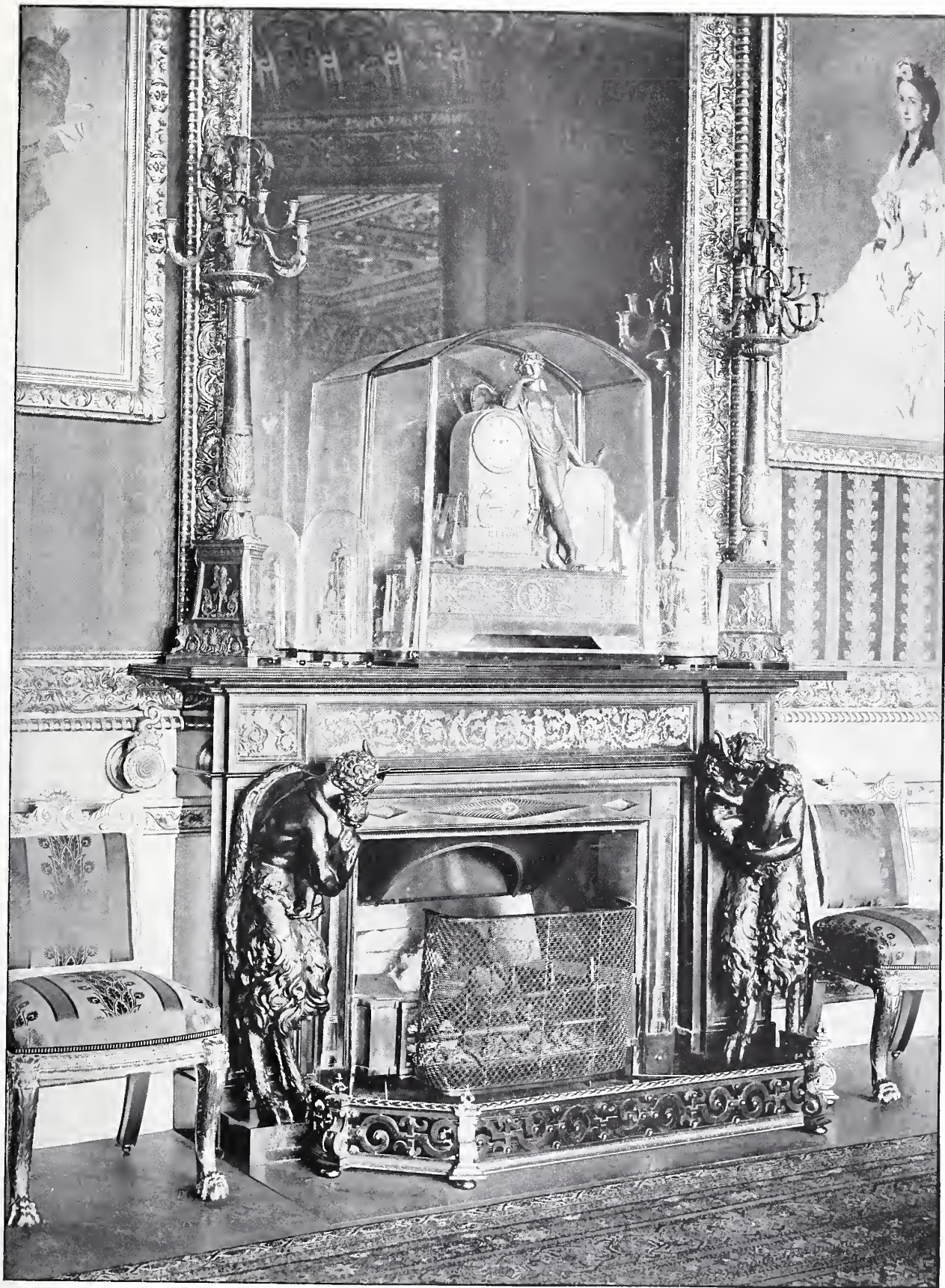


SILVER TABLE, PRESENTED TO CHARLES II BY THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

gestions he makes for the improvement of British cabinet-work. He praises the French system of artistic direction "so that the work may not be executed in a poor style," while advising English craftsmen not to be led away by French fashions, but to improve their own. He was, perhaps, a little sanguine when he said, "After all, I am of opinion that if our noblemen and gentry would contribute as much to the encouragement of a national brass foundry (as they do to other objects) . . . we might have as elegant brass-work for cabinets cast in London as they have in Paris. It is in this article they excel us, and by which they set off their cabinet-work, which without it would not bear a comparison with ours, neither in design nor in neatness of execution." If in the matter of design he is certainly prejudiced, it will be found that, on the whole, Sheraton is right about the construction of English wood-work as compared with French.

that shall suit the environment of kings and princes living in the public eye, the French of the eighteenth century needed no lesson. Other nations felt their inferiority, and bowed to France. That, on the whole, art flourishes contemporaneously with a nation's greatest glory may be accepted as a working principle, though, with the peculiar conditions of Italy during the Renaissance in our minds, we must not accept even this unqualified. It is enough to say that with the victorious career of Louis XIV. an impetus was given by the building of palaces to decorative art which lasted throughout the eighteenth century. Nor is this to be attributed merely to a king's love of display. There was a more serious purpose in it than that, though doubtless the desire of shining was largely in the mind of "Le Roi Soleil." But at an early period there was a master-mind behind him. To Colbert, the great minister and financier,

gestions he makes for the improvement of British cabinet-work. He praises the French system of artistic direction "so that the work may not be executed in a poor style," while advising English craftsmen not to be led away by French fashions, but to improve their own. He was, perhaps, a little sanguine when he said, "After all, I am of opinion that if our noblemen and gentry would contribute as much to the encouragement of a national brass foundry (as they do to other objects) . . . we might have as elegant brass-work for cabinets cast in London as they have in Paris. It is in this article they excel us, and by which they set off their cabinet-work, which without it would not bear a comparison with ours, neither in design nor in neatness of execution." If in the matter of design he is certainly prejudiced, it will be found that, on the whole, Sheraton is right about the construction of English wood-work as compared with French.



FIREPLACE IN THE CRIMSON DRAWING-ROOM, WITH ORMOLU WORK BY GOUTHIERE.



STATE ANTE-ROOM DOORWAY, CARVING BY GRINLING GIBBONS.

When we come to the really important matter of framing a cabinet or *secrétaire* so that its drawers may go in and out as smoothly as they should, there is very little doubt that even the best French work cannot vie with that of England in interior work. In "face-work"—all that was meant to show—it is supreme.

It might be thought that when Sheraton advocates a national woodyard on account of the great capital required for keeping a large stock of fine and rare seasoned woods, his recommendations would at the present time—by reason of the gigantic size of modern trade undertakings—be obsolete. The truth, however, is that it is as difficult as ever it was to be sure of the seasoned material necessary for the finest work. It does not pay to keep materials in store for fifteen years. Customers see, for instance, two cabriole-legged tables of apparently the same design priced at £10 and £100 respectively. It is natural that they should prefer to pay the former price when they are incapable of appreciating the difference

between the two articles. Such considerations as the colour and durability of the ormolu mounts, the fitting of the veneer, the construction of the table, are lost on them. Yet it is for this you have to pay. If anyone is inclined to sniff in ignorance at the masterpieces of eighteenth century decorative art on the ground that he can pick up the same thing in all the shops for a £10 note, we should like to submit to him one or two considerations. First of all, these masterpieces, by their faithful workmanship, have stood the test of the wear and tear of a century at least, and many of them much more. Then they are the archetypes which have inspired everything in the same style which has since been produced. For the mere successful copying of them, in single instances, thousands have been paid. Next, if our objector will go to Christie's and note the prices which are disbursed for genuine pieces of ordinary character, his eyes, we predict, will be opened. And lastly, we shall show him illustrations of objects which are as works of art absolutely unique; the prices of them—if ever they came to be sold—would have to be reckoned in tens of thousands.

These things were made in the days when time was no object. Men like Sheraton and the best French artists took a pride in their work. "I mention these things," he adds to what I have quoted above, "with a view to national credit and benefit of trade, and not from my own desire to recommend any extravagant steps in the purchase of grand furniture: for I can assure the reader, though I am thus employed in racking my invention to design fine and pleasing cabinet-work, I can be well content to sit on a wooden bottom chair provided I can but have common food and raiment wherewith to pass through life in peace."

Of such were the genuine artists who ministered, too often to their own ruin, as we shall see, to the glories and luxuries of the great during the eighteenth century. For such the soil might be prepared by a paternal government. Now it is more especially in the minor decorative arts that the logical, scientific, and official methods characteristic of the French spirit can be brought into play—in every art, that is, where the whole need not be executed by a

master-mind. If a master-mind—even though not quite a genius—can be found to direct the work, so much the better.

This seems to have been Colbert's idea. He carried it out in the institution of the Gobelins, founded in 1662. This was very much more than a mere manufactory of tapestries. I shall have more to say upon it from that point of view when I come to speak of the fine Gobelin and Beauvais tapestries in the royal collections. For the present the Gobelins must be considered rather as a governmental centre of art—not at all like our own present department, be it well understood—and at the head of it was placed Charles Le Brun, "Premier Peintre du Roy."

The illustrations in this first number are rather intended to give some idea of the variety of the royal collections than to follow that historical sequence to which I propose in subsequent chapters to adhere as closely as possible. Where so much fine artistic work is expended on doorways and mantelpieces, the casual observer is apt to pass the most beautiful things by. In the Corridor, a gallery 175 yards long, completely packed with works of art, are found the fine historic bronze busts. That which we reproduce is Henri IV., by a French or possibly Flemish artist of the school of Barthélemy Prieur. The acanthus-leaf work on the armour is splendidly crisp and rich. Here, too, is found the ebony cabinet I have mentioned, a most grand and imposing piece. It stands nearly eight feet high, and is closed by two large doors. The twisted legs on which it is supported are columns carved with amorini and birds so high in relief as to be in places actually detached. The treasures of the interior I shall reserve for another occasion, when some further illustrations will be given. Not very far off in this same corridor is the beautiful Florentine seventeenth century casket with crystal panels of Dutch or German engraving. These are

mounted with silver mouldings and crystal columns with capitals of silver gilt. A female figure in silver gilt stands in a niche at each corner. The whole is profusely enriched with minute floral designs in repoussé metal work completely covered with enamel, and surmounted by a St. George killing the dragon. A special interest attaches to this casket, for enshrined in it is the Bible which General Gordon had with him at the last.

The large glass-fronted cabinet in the Rubens Room contains a centre panel of extremely fine Boule work, with its brass inlay magnificently inlaid. This panel has an oval plaque in ormolu representing Joseph interpreting Pharaoh's dream. Placed on it is a candelabrum in ormolu, which M. Williamson says is a copy. It is, in any case, a very decorative and elaborate piece of work,



ONE OF THE "FOUR SEASONS" CANDELABRA.

and consists of a Cupid disporting himself beneath three oak trees intertwined and supporting branches for candles. On each side of it are two large white Dresden china vases, with their ground completely studded with small flowers, and adorned with coloured birds in high relief.

From the Corridor is approached the fine series of drawing-rooms, the doors of which are all adorned with Chippendale panels of the minutest delicacy of wood-carving. They came from Carlton House, which was demolished in 1829, and the wonder is that such fragile things, which one could break with one's little finger, have lasted so well. The doors

Thomire, the well-known "ciseleur" of the Empire period. But in the Green Drawing-room are to be found more precious treasures of the kind still. The candelabrum we illustrate is one of a series of four representing the "Seasons," the value of which is about £5,000 apiece.

The doorway illustrated on page 118 leads into the Rubens Room. You can see a part of the "Family of Sir Balthasar Gerbier" in the distance. The carving over the door in almost complete relief is by that mighty predecessor of the Chippendales, Grinling Gibbons. There is a great quantity in this "State ante-room," which, with its ceiling painted to



GLASS-FRONTED CABINET WITH BOULE PANEL.

are white in ground, and the ornament is gilt. The one illustrated leads from the White Drawing-room to the Green. It should be noticed that each panel is different in design. The under-cutting is marvellous, and worthy of the fireplaces whose friezes are decorated with ornolu work by the incomparable Gonthière. Our illustration is from the Crimson Drawing-room. The bronzes at the sides are fine work, probably of the period of Louis XIV. According to the "Inventory of Interiors," which rises on this occasion into poetry, they represent "infants found by satyrs in the woods, who, with that touch of nature which makes the whole world akin, have brought them to the fire to warm." The candelabra on the mantelpiece, with shafts and panels of lapis-lazuli, are nearly five feet high, and the work of

match by Verrio, is said to have been the dining-room of Charles II. On the left is a piece of good Gobelin tapestry. This fine tall clock (page 114) in the grandiose style of Louis XIV., which, if it were for sale, you might perhaps have for £2,000, is inside the Rubens Room. With its masterpieces of painting, its crimson damask hangings, and Boule and lacquer ornolu-mounted furniture, this is one of the handsomest apartments of all. I conclude this preliminary series with a silver table presented to Charles II. by the citizens of London. This table, three feet six inches long, has its top completely covered with an elaborate design of tulip and acanthus leaf. Anything to be compared with this particular style of furniture is, I fancy, only to be found amongst the treasures of Knole House.

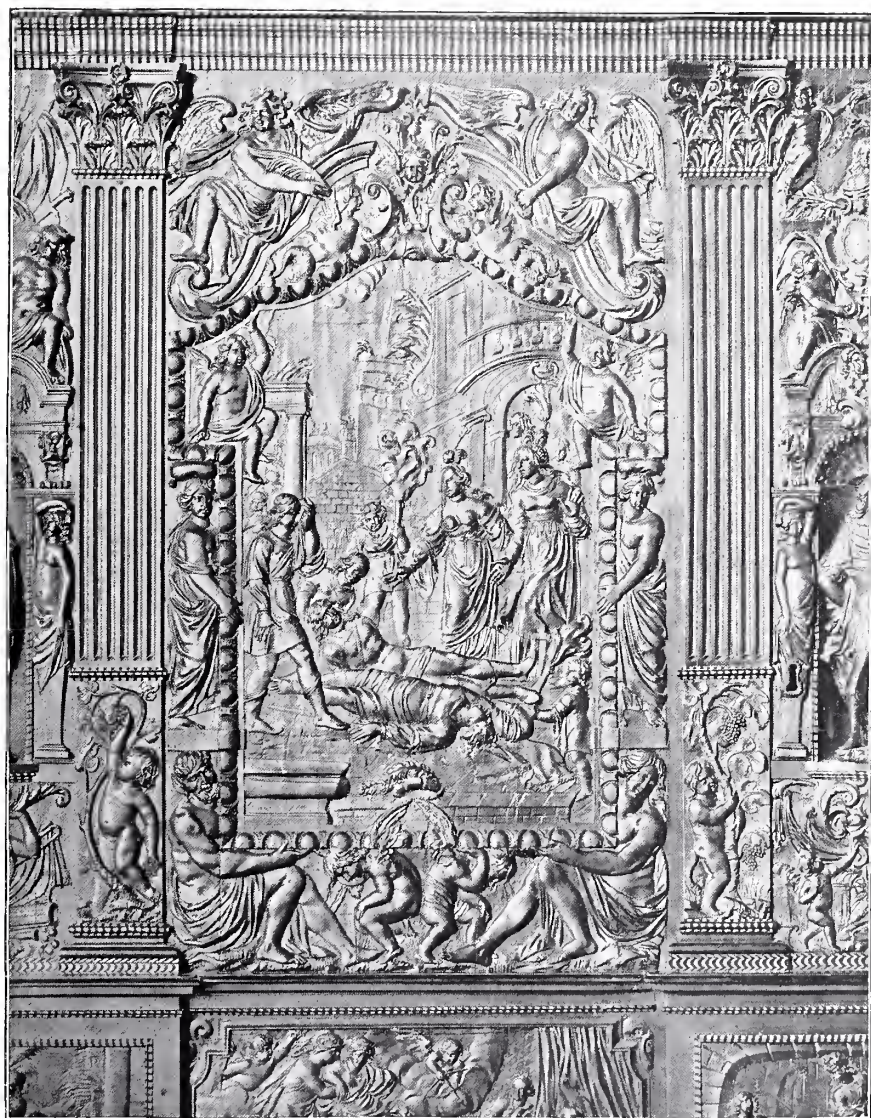
THE ROYAL COLLECTIONS.

DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—II.

BY FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

THERE are, both at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, notable specimens of furniture which mark the transition from the late-Renaissance to the styles of the eighteenth century. In our first article was given a general view of the imposing ebony "Rubens" cabinet. It is, perhaps, not necessary to inquire into the subjects of all the numerous reliefs with which this monument of patient and artistic work is covered. These motives are partly Biblical, partly classic, and in either case sufficiently obscure. What concerns the artist is the amazing skill with which the obstinate ebony has been carved. The comparative flatness of the design, when compared with the massive sculpturesque dressers and cupboards of the sixteenth century—such as those of the Burgundian school and that of Lyons—was no doubt dictated by the material. When, however, one considers the modelling of the figures in the niches, or the complete relief of some of the detail on the twisted columns of the base, the conclusion is that the man or men who carved this cabinet did practically what they pleased with their material. And how splendidly seasoned and selected must that have been! The conscientiousness and completeness with which this work is finished cause constant surprises. Most people would have thought that the elaborate decoration of the outside doors, with their fluted Corinthian columns, would have been sufficient. If you look at the inside of these same doors, you find designs almost as elaborate, though, as was necessary, in lower relief. The flower-

and scroll-work is done with a "veiner," and is almost like engraving. The panels in the centre represent—one, an annunciation, in which Henrietta Maria is the principal figure; the other, the pre-



DETAIL OF EBONY "RUBENS" CABINET.

sentation of his son to Charles I. by the Queen. These panels, in which the likeness of the king at least is striking, are sufficient evidence as to the approximate date. The inside of the cabinet contains six large drawers on each side, all with elaborate figure reliefs and brass head handles. The insides of all these drawers are completely veneered

with various woods in geometrical patterns. Below these, again, are to be found, on the one side a chess-board, on the other a backgammon-board. It will be seen that there is an interior recess, with two elaborately carved doors, disclosing the tortoiseshell and gilt columns and mirrors generally found in these cabinets. The floor is laid with squares of ivory and ebony, running back in artificial perspective. The backs of these interior doors are inlaid with ivory, but an unsuspected addition has concealed the original work. There are several drawings on the doors and in the recess of ancient Roman architecture, with water and small figures. These are signed "Clérisseau fecit Romæ, 1763," and are typical of his style, which had a great vogue. Charles Louis Clérisseau was an architect and painter in water-colours, born at Paris. He accompanied Robert Adams to England, where he remained some time, and made the drawings for the "Ruins of Spalatro," published in 1764. Returning home, he published "Antiquities de France," "Monuments de Nîmes," and other works. In 1783 he was appointed architect to the Empress of Russia. "He is, however," says Bryan, "best known to the world by his fine drawings of the remains of ancient architecture in water-colours, which are held in high estimation." They are executed with great facility in *gouache*, but are cold and opaque in colour. He died at Paris in 1828, in his ninety-ninth year. We should have preferred to see the ivory inlay of our cabinet unencumbered, but there fixed are Clérisseau's works—interesting in themselves, though they do date 140 years after the shrine which contains them—and there they will probably remain! This cabinet, as we have said, is Flemish. There is a fine specimen in the South Kensington Museum (No. 1651) which may be French or Flemish. In the Palace of Fontainebleau are two. One is figured in M. A. de Champeaux's book, "Le Meuble" (Fig. 8, Vol. II.), and has the same series of six Corinthian columns in the upper part, but it hardly approaches the magnificent elaboration of the Windsor example. It does not seem to be conclusive evidence that a piece is of French workmanship because, as in the case of the South Kensington cabinet, the word "L'Endymion" is found beneath a panel of Diana and Endymion. It is, perhaps, safer to attribute such works to "l'école franco-flamande," even if in the Fontainebleau example the annular ornaments round the lower columns are found in Philibert Delorme's design for the construction of the Palace of the Tuileries.

The next two illustrations of an ebony cabinet, profusely ornamented with gilt mounts, seem to mark a step nearer to the period of the early eighteenth century, in style if not actually in date. This

charming cabinet is not so imposing in dimensions as the other, as it is only five feet nine inches high, by four feet six wide. It is, however, wonderfully decorative and, with its ormolu mounts—especially the "enlot" ornaments between the pillars of the base—suggests and vies with the most embellished of French ormolu-mounted furniture. It has a flatter front and more simple mouldings than the last, and will accustom us to the simple, straight-shaped "armoires" in the more reserved of Boullé's style. The ormolu caryatids "appliqués" of the four round columns of the base remind us of what we shall see when we arrive at the Empire. This cabinet has two large folding doors decorated with pierced and chased ormolu mounts inside and out, representing arabesques, masks, and mythological subjects. There are fourteen drawers in the body of the cabinet, three in the frieze, and three in the frame. The recess in the centre is beautifully inlaid with marqueterie and enclosed by a door. As with the Rubens cabinet, no trouble has been spared to make the work as good as possible. It is of the same period and Flemish origin as the other. The resemblance to the first is disguised a little by the absence of the Corinthian columns in the upper part and the addition of the multitude of mounts. It is, however, perfectly obvious in the general shape of the lower portion and the proportions of the whole.

A valetudinarian would be delighted with the completeness of the appointments of the little medicine cabinet which makes our fifth illustration. It opens at the top, and the front, and the sides, and discloses all the requirements of a chemist's shop, including scales, "spatula," numbers of silver or white metal canisters with pretty little mounts, and, last of all, a cup or mortar of pure gold, which seemed to us to weigh a pound and a half at least. It is probably Augsburg work of about the same date as the other two cabinets. The pine-cone plate mark of that celebrated city, with a smith's initial L. R. in a monogram, is found on the fittings of precious metal. This interesting plaything has only recently been unearthed from the Castle stores. There is no evidence as yet to tell us to whose needs it was constructed to administer.

At Buckingham Palace we shall find the remaining cabinets in the royal collections which precede the late seventeenth-century and eighteenth-century examples. It is true that a cabinet at Windsor purports to have belonged to Mary Stuart, and to contain a purse of her own making and a lock of her hair. These contents may very well be there. It is an ebony veneer cabinet with plain heart-shaped ornaments "appliqués" in relief of red tortoiseshell, and was bequeathed to her Majesty by Robert, eighth Lord Belhaven and Stenton. The cabinet is said to

have been brought from Paris, and given by Queen Mary to the Regent Lord Mar, from whom, through the marriage of his great-granddaughter Mary

Stuart. This, however, does not preclude its containing very genuine relics.

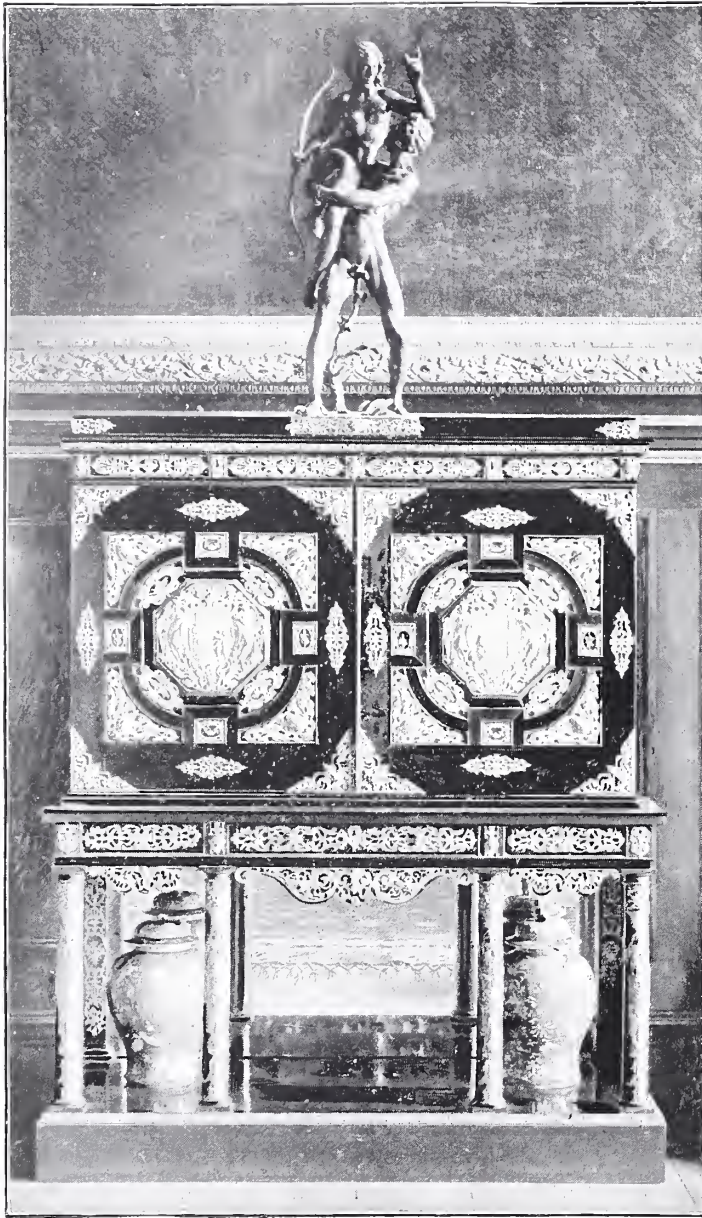
We reproduce also the second of the two



DETAIL OF EBONY "RUBENS" CABINET.

Erskine with William Hamilton of Wishaw, it passed to the Belhaven family. Its Louis XV. legs assist the conviction that the cabinet is nearly two hundred years later in date than the age of Mary

beautiful silver tables, which are only to be matched by the silver-work at Knoke House. This is on four chased caryatid legs with round gadrooned or "mullied" feet. The foot-rail, in shaped curves, is



EBONY CABINET (FLEMISH) WITH GILT MOUNTS (SHUT).

chased, with raised fruit, flowers, mouldings, and a massive pineapple in the centre. The top slab is most elaborately engraved with the royal arms of William III. There is a large trophy in the centre, supported on the left by a rose and *fleur-de-lis*, and on the right by the thistle and harp. Each of these pairs of emblems is surmounted with crowns supported by Cupids. Underneath the royal arms is the cypher \overline{W} and motto "JE MAIN TIEN RAY." There is much cross-hatching in the engraving, which makes it rather mechanical in effect, but it is wonderfully spirited. A reproduction of this in electrotype is to be found in the South Kensington Museum.

There is no doubt that Louis XIV. possessed much silver furniture of this description before the

needs of his war expenditure sent it all to the mint. Amongst them was a table designed by Baslin, and chased on the top slab with a figure of Apollo driving his four horses. Other figures represented the four quarters of the world. At the ends were the king's arms, and in the centre a sun-face and medallion of Louis XIV., surrounded with Cupids seated on dolphins. It is probable that the inlaid furniture of André Charles Boulle, which will now occupy us, was commissioned by the king in part to replace his *meubles d'orfèverie* turned into money. As late, however, as 1691 such silver furniture was being made, for the "Livre Commode" of that date praises the "*meubles d'orfèverie, fabriquez avec grande perfection par M. de Lannay, orfèvre du roy, devant les galeries du Louvre.*" It adds: "M. Boul (*sic*), his neighbour, is making *marqueterie* work of singular beauty."

We must beware of supposing that Boulle was the originator of the style of inlaying tortoiseshell and brass, which his genius enabled him to develop to its highest possibilities. He was probably only one amongst a number of clever artists who worked in the same manner for Louis XIV. We know that Colbert imported two Dutchmen, Pierre Golle and Vordt; that Jean Macé had the lodgings in the Louvre which were allotted afterwards to Boulle; that two other Dutchmen, Jacques Somer and Oppenord, also enjoyed the royal favour, and that Philippe Poitou worked under Le Brun at the Gobelins. All of these, with Combord, another of the king's cabinet makers, probably worked in the same style; and

Pierre Golle actually collaborated with Boulle in the work on the Grand Dauphin's private apartment. M. Henry Havard, whose little monograph "*Les Boulle*" is the latest industrious compilation, asks whether Boulle has not rather unjustly "synthetised in his own person the glory which ought to be more equitably divided amongst his numerous and rather obscure collaborators." The world is not always strictly just in such respects, but there is not much doubt that Boulle was the giant among this clever band of artists, who have, after all, no greater claim than he, as their works cannot now be identified.

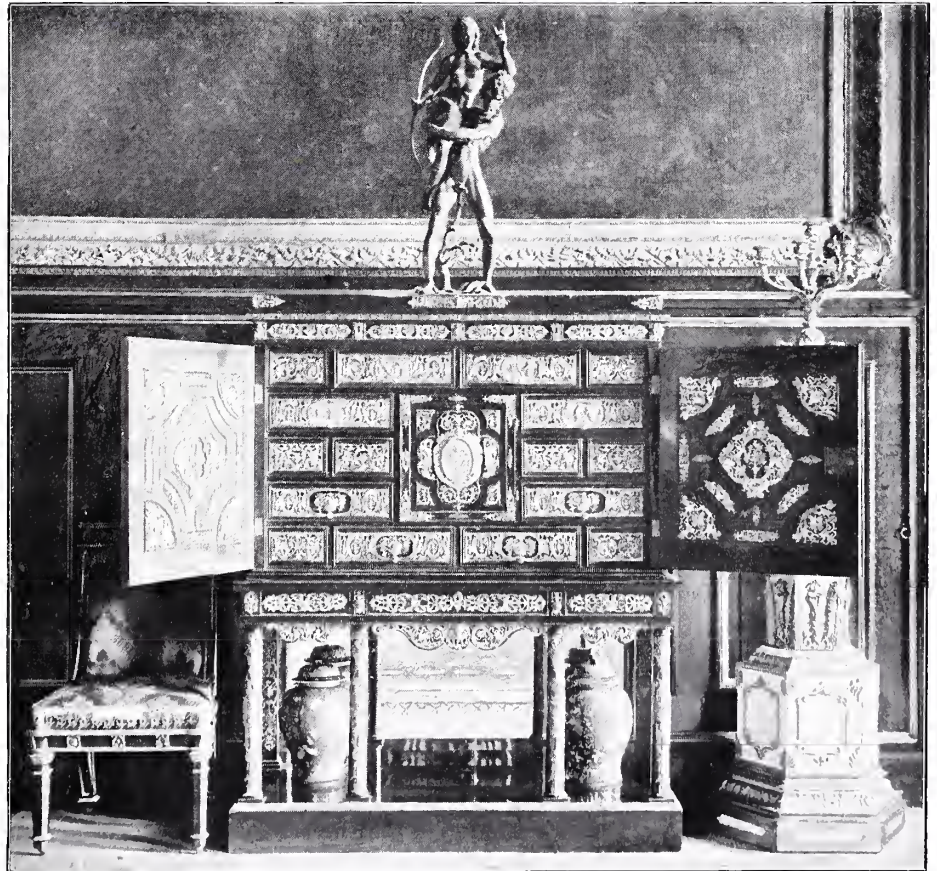
Remarkably little used to be known about the family whose name has become the generic title of a particular kind of inlay. The name itself had at

one time almost ceased to be recognised as such. People were accustomed fifty years ago to speak vaguely of *meubles de boule* as they might say "*meubles d'acajou*;" whilst a novelist went a step further, and spoke complacently of "*meubles en bois de boule*" without exercising his mind as to what species of wood that might be. M. Charles Asselineau was one of those who, in his little pamphlet published in 1853, and now very rare, gathered together the few facts about André Charles Boule then known. He himself gives to Nestor Roqueplan, writing in 1834, the credit of having "restored the name of Boule." M. Henry Havard is able to correct Asselineau in certain biographical details, though he does not attempt much in the way of artistic criticism. It appears that at the commencement of the seventeenth century a Protestant family of the name of Boule lived in Paris, and in 1619 a certain Pierre Boule had lodgings in the galleries of the Louvre, and the title of "*Ébéniste du Roi*." Thus it will be seen that the great Boule was not even the first of his name to earn distinction as a cabinet-maker. We must make our protest here against this last expression being taken in its present industrial sense. The furniture which the artists of Louis XIV. designed and constructed meant works of art. To appreciate the position of these craftsmen, one must get out of one's mind the arbitrary distinctions which have been drawn between fine arts and industries. It is of fine art as exemplified in furniture of which we are speaking.

Pierre Boule married Marie Bahuche, sister of Marguerite Bahuche, who was widow of Jacques Bunel, "*premier peintre*" of Henri IV., and occupied after the widow's death her lodgings in the Louvre. He was the son, as we learn from a marriage contract, of David Boule, who came from near Neufchatel, in Switzerland. Thus it seems that Pierre Boule was a Swiss by birth. M. Havard suggests that by the sound of the name it should be the

same as that spelt Boel, pronounced very like Boule, and very common in Flanders and the Low Countries. These provinces, he adds, are the native place of French marqueterie. Stabre (Staber), *ébéniste* of the King in 1608, was Flemish, and Jean Macé went to the Low Countries to perfect himself in his vocation. The name has been variously spelt Buhl, Boule, and Boule. French connoisseurs have chosen the last. The notion once prevalent that the family came from Italy is exploded.

Pierre Boule had many children, but only two of them could, by considerations of date, possibly be the fathers of André Charles Boule, who was born in 1642. Their names were Jacques and Paul, and they were born in 1618 and 1621. We find from the great artist's marriage contract, discovered by Jal ("*Dictionnaire critique de biographie et d'histoire*"), that André Charles Boule's father was named Jean. This makes it, at least, doubtful whether he could have been the son of either Paul or Jacques, and so grandson of Pierre, who was *ébéniste du roi* in 1619. As, however, André Charles was not quite sure about his own age, which he perhaps understated to bring it a little nearer to the twenty years of his wife, when he was married in 1677, it is quite possible that he may have



EBONY CABINET (FLEMISH) WITH GILT MOUNTS (OPEN).

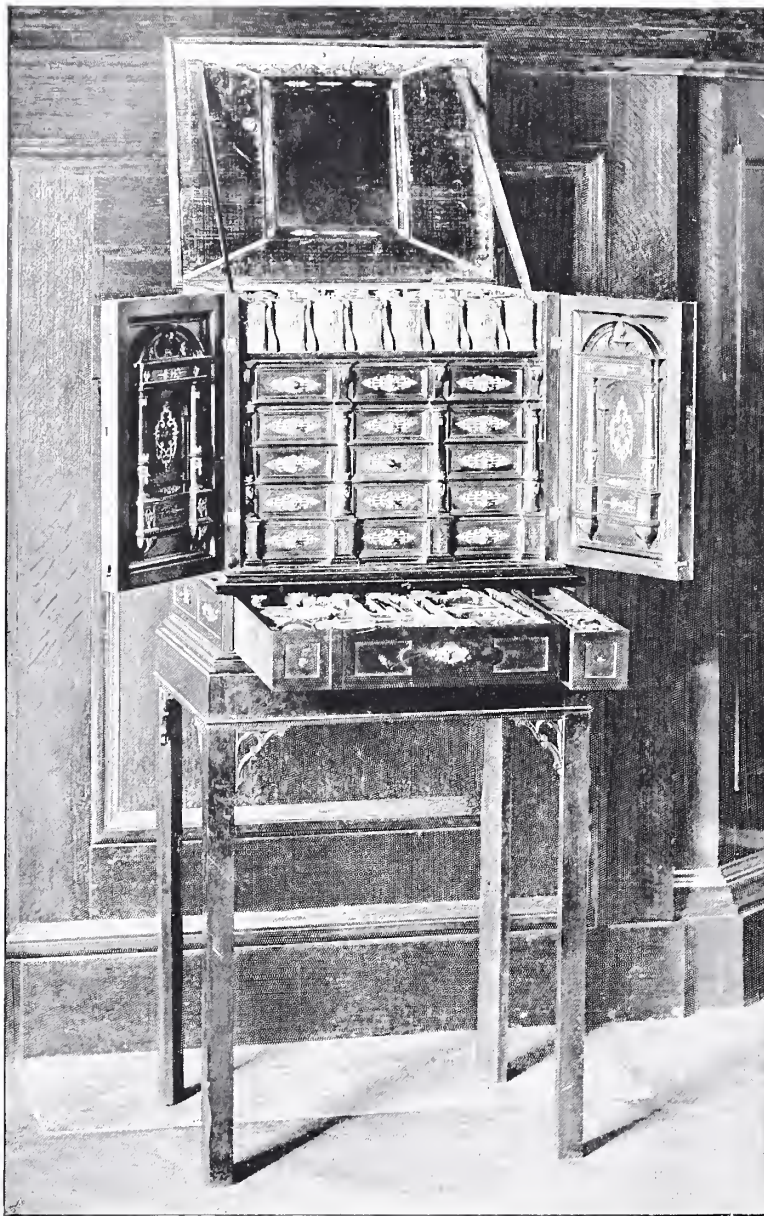
called his father Jean when it was really Jacques. Whether grandson or not of the *ébéniste du roi*, he was in all probability no very distant relation. It is significant that one of the witnesses to the contract, his cousin, was another Pierre Boulle. The

of cabinet-making. Hence he had what M. Asselineau appropriately calls "*une vocation mixte*," by which he means that André Charles did not scorn to bring talents capable of achieving distinction in painting or sculpture to the improvement of the

"minor art" of decorative furniture making. Artists are only too ready to neglect such arts as this as beneath their notice. Boulle might have become a painter of "machines," such as those of Le Brun. By confining himself to furniture and decoration of all kinds in wood and metal, he could not fail to produce striking results. He would be content, perhaps, if he were alive to-day and saw the prices (£12,000 for a couple of cupboards) paid for his masterpieces. For not many pictures are such colossal prices so freely given. M. Maze-Seneier does not hesitate to style him "*un artiste hors ligne*."

In 1672 Boulle was granted lodgings in the Louvre. These were instituted by Henri IV. as a series of privileged studios or workshops, in which the cleverest workmen and artists might be lodged at the expense of the crown. "This great king has established in his own palace," says Sauval, "a colony of sculptors, architects, tapestry-makers, and the like, who occupied the galleries of the Louvre" with the intention of lodging "*les plus grands seigneurs et les plus excellents maîtres du royaume, afin de faire comme un alliance de l'Esprit et des Beaux-Arts avec la Noblesse et l'Épée*." However fanciful this may be it shows in what high estimation these craftsmen of the decorative arts were held. In a letter patent of 1608 the king speaks to this effect:—

"We expressly had the construction of our Gallery of the Louvre so disposed that we might be able conveniently to lodge a number of the best masters to be found in painting, sculpture, goldsmith's work, clock-making, gem engraving, and other excellent arts . . . in order to make, so to speak, a nursery of craftsmen (*une pépinière d'ouvriers*) from which under the teaching of such good masters others might emerge and spread themselves over the kingdom fully competent to serve the public." The advantage of these lodgings did



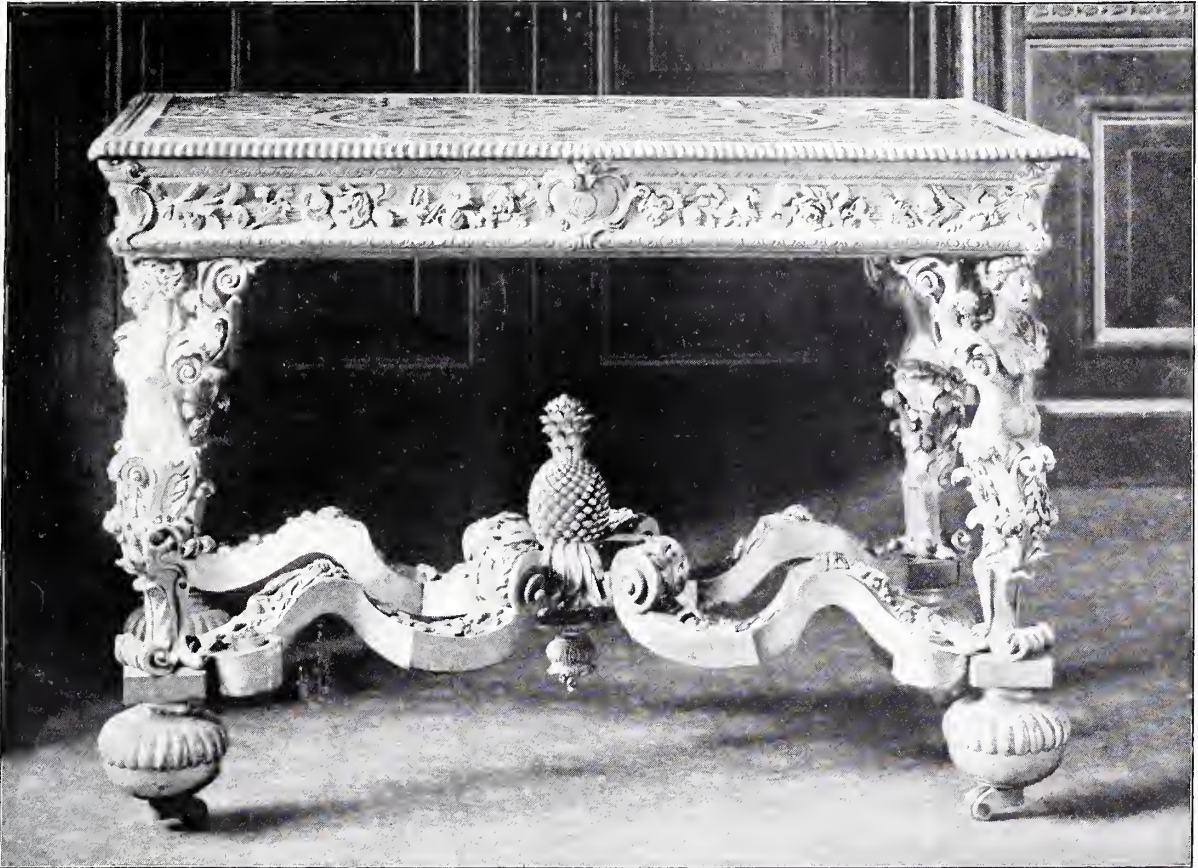
MEDICINE CABINET (GERMAN).

point is that André Charles Boulle seems to have come of an artistic family, which would partly account for his strong instinct towards the same career. Père Orlandi ("*Abecedario Pittorico*," 1719) is the contemporary authority as to his natural genius. He gives us the invaluable information that André Charles "had by nature the most felicitous disposition towards the fine arts," and that he would have been a painter if his father had not insisted on his succeeding him in his profession

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not lie solely in the saving of rent. Besides giving them this mark of his esteem and protection, the king freed his royal workmen from the restrictions of the trade guilds and the superintendence of the syndics of the corporations. This position of independence could not fail to be of the utmost importance for the advancement of art. Far be it from us to deny that the most beautiful objects were made under the auspices and in spite of the

allowed them to take two apprentices, who should become masters in time, just as they would if they had served under native craftsmen. M. Havard says—"This was a glorious emancipation, reserved for a select number as a privilege of exceptional value." It, in fact, obviated the necessity for that division of labour which is of the essence of industrialism and very fatal to art. The trades union confines a man to one particular province. The



SILVER TABLE OF WILLIAM III.

harassing restrictions of the old guilds and corporations of art craftsmen. There could, however, be no doubt that the clever foreign workmen introduced afterwards by Mazarin and Colbert must have excited great jealousy amongst the native artists of Paris. These same letters patent of 1608 state that the new arrivals who have not been received as master-workmen by the Paris closed corporations "find themselves at present in such a bad situation, that they are hindered from working for private patrons." Neither were their apprentices under them received as masters in due course. So, for these reasons, Henri IV. lodged his *protégés* in the Louvre, and ordained that they might work for whomsoever they wished without being hindered or visited by other masters. He also

inlayer must not put his hand to the joiner's work; the brassfounder is forbidden to be at once a modeller, caster, chaser, and gilder. It is easy to understand how impossible it would have been under these circumstances to produce the furniture of the style of Boulle, in which several methods of decoration combine to produce their effect. If the artist had been hampered at every turn by restrictions, fair enough for industrial purposes perhaps, but which prevented him from carrying out his design in his own way, the decorative art of the eighteenth century would have been the worse for it. That of the nineteenth has suffered fatal consequences thereby, though the hurry of our time and the refusal of patrons to pay a decent price for honest and sincere artistic work is also largely to blame.

Savary des Brullons ("Dictionnaire de Commerce"), quoted by M. Havard, has a most interesting paragraph. He defines what an *ébéniste's*, or cabinet-maker's functions were. "He affixes the metal mounts" (amongst other functions) "with which his furniture is adorned, but it is the sculptors or founders who cast them and trim them, and the gilders upon metal who gild them with gold leaf or in ornoulu." Now Boulle and the artists of his time were capable, when they chose, of doing all these things for themselves, in their own workshops, with a better ultimate result than if they had got their mounts wholesale from some foundry at the other end of Paris. This passage from Savary is confirmed, says M. Havard, by the records of proceedings of the cabinet-makers, in which "artisans of different industries are found constantly interfering and becoming, on the strength of the regulations for the division of labour, the compulsory assistants of the chief producer." "This sort of document"—we quote now from the "Dictionnaire de l'ameublement et de la décoration"—

"explains how it happens so often that furniture from various manufactories has an analogous character or family likeness. The same fomder has furnished the models to two competitors, and they have been obliged to use the same general shape to show them off." It explains how the *ébénistes*, lodged at the Louvre or the Gobelins, could produce more perfect furniture than their colleagues in the city of Paris. Not being subject to strict conformance to the trade rules, these favoured craftsmen could practically have to live with them modellers, sculptors, chasers, and founders who worked exclusively for them, according to their needs, and at their direction; and they could even, when genius helped them, exercise all these functions themselves, and without the help of other artists." This is how Cellini and the artists of his day were accustomed to work. No wonder, when he could see so much carried on in a single studio-workshop, an ambitious apprentice felt the impulse to versatility; no wonder if he became an artist such as was André Charles Boulle.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P.

(Concluded).

VI.—MODERN FOREIGN MASTERS.

By F. G. STEPHENS.

PARTING from the British and deceased masters' works, to which our previous observations have been directed, and approaching the choice examples which group themselves under the present heading, is as if we passed from one atmosphere into another and quite different one. This is the case not only because the capital specimens of the latter class of which Mr. Quilter is the fortunate owner are more diverse in themselves, the outcomings of various schools, each

with its own aim in design, more resourceful and generally speaking, more masculine than our own, but

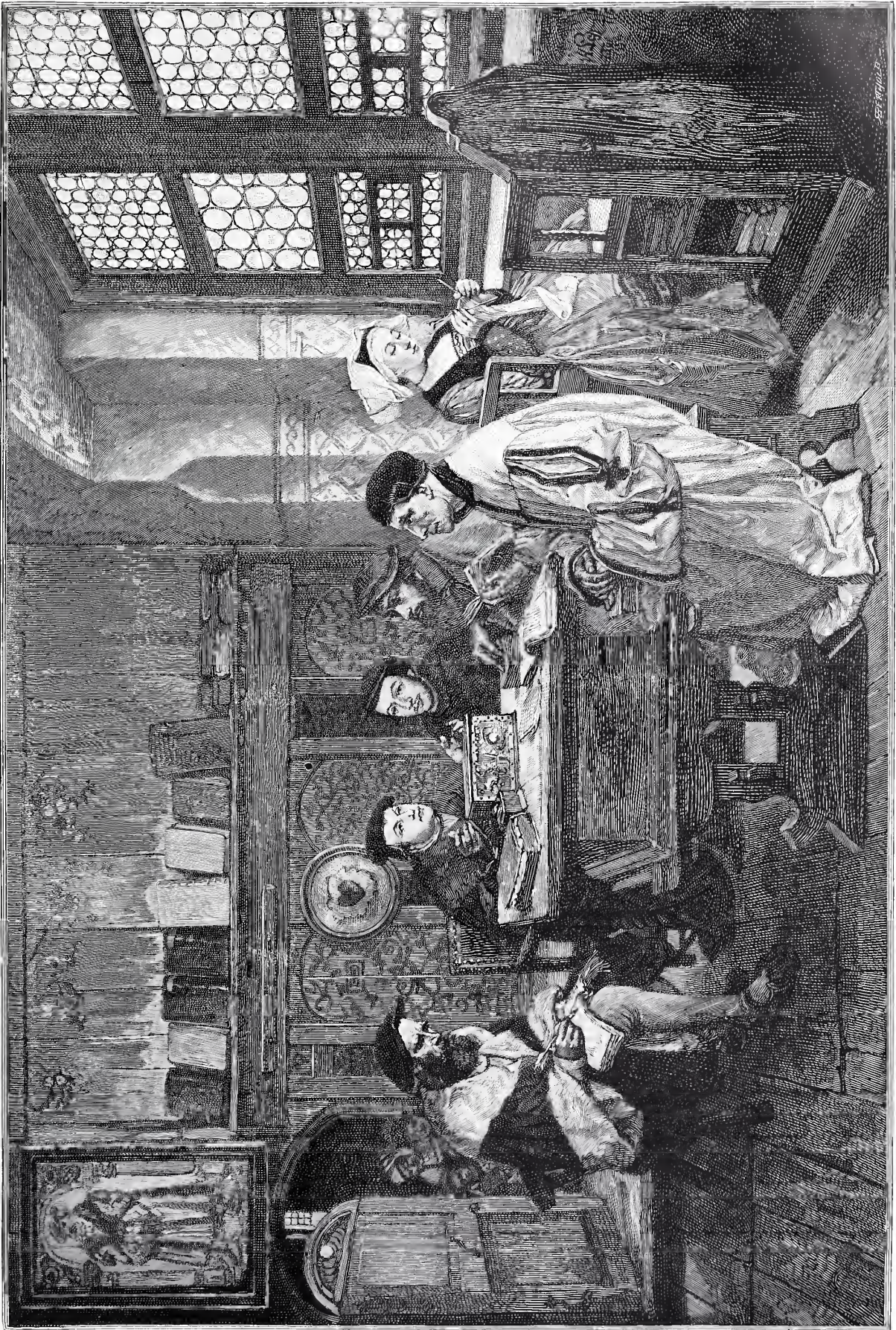
because they represent epochs of artistic development with a more ancient inheritance than ours, and possessed of higher aims than have, till of late, prevailed in this country. Continental artistic culture has, at least in respect to



CALM ON THE SCHELDT.

(From the Painting by Pierre Jean Clays)

painting, in the Low Countries and in France, to which most of Mr. Quilter's pictures refer, known no considerable break since the end of the fourteenth



LUTHER.
(From the Painting by Baron Leys. Engraved by Professor Berthold)

century, when Hubert Van Eyck developed the timid and tentative labours of the illuminators into something not at all unlike that which Baron Leys and M. Van Haanen have practised in our own time, as it is exemplified in the pictures before us by those masters respectively,* and, in a less degree, by Heer Israels' "Washing the Cradle," which serves as a frontispiece to my essay. It is true that, if the former two painters look back to the earlier masters

Velde and Jan Van de Capelle as his models: so the elder Isabey, who by his sparkling "My Lady's Parrot" is well represented here, had for his immediate patterns the ever-charming Watteau, his countryman, Fromentin, and our own compatriot, R. P. Bonington, whose prototype was Paolo Veronese. Van Marcke refers us to Cuyyp and that great living mistress of animal painting whose triumph is in the "Labourage Nivernais." Corot is the



BRETON PASTURES.

(From the Painting by Van Marcke.)

here named for their models, the third and last of them is a sort of Rembrandt come to life again. M. Van Haanen, though an Austrian by his birth, and partly French of the school of Delaeroix by his training, is so closely allied to Leys, with a dash of Fortuny to boot, that, with Leys, he looks back to the Low Countries as the source of his technique, the homeliness of his subjects, and the exuberance in his colouring, as well as for a certain voluptuousness which, though veiled, is manifest in the forms, looks, and actions of those strapping wenches it is his delight to paint.

Indirectly, the French masters whose work is before us refer to the Italians of the sixteenth century, much as M. Clays refers to W. Van de

* The engraving of "The New Dress," by C. Van Haanen, is held over until next month.

modern Claude, with a more exquisite touch and more delicate draughtsmanship. Millet hints at Prud'hon and, remotely, at Rembrandt and Correggio, and his friend Diaz de la Pena is, or was, a follower of Hobbema when he painted landscapes and of the later Italians when figures were his themes. All these painters owed much to their models, who were more or less remote, and they had an inheritance of art far longer and greater than our English artists could boast of, although they took Sir James Thornhill, who was manifestly Hogarth's master and teacher, for the harbinger of a school which created Turner and Millais, the latter of whom was, like Browning's subject, "never out of England," and knew very little of the old masters, and yet was actually the only Englishman of whom it can be said that he founded a school of any sort.



MY LADY'S PARROT.

(From the Painting by Isabey.)

In art, as in social politics, it is a great thing to be able to claim an inheritance of centuries of culture. The painters of any nation who have flourished for a lengthened period must needs not only have justified themselves, but have educated their public in the sense of that term which is now accepted. In this way, too, three or four centuries of artistic culture have done their work so effectively in Italy, France, and the Low Countries, in respect to training the national intelligence, that what they do must, in the very nature of things, be much better appreciated and understood than is the case in Great Britain, where the source of art-feeling and the culture which belongs to it is only removed from our time by, say, a century and a half. Nearly two hundred years have elapsed since Louis XIII, the Gothic afflatus having ceased to operate, and following the example of Francis I, essayed to develop art by importations from Italy. Francis I

had obtained casts in bronze from some of the most famous antique statues, and at Fontainebleau, as well as in Paris, these works were duly honoured and studied. The French *Academie* is the original of all the like institutions which flourish now from London to St. Petersburg: our Royal Academy, which is only one hundred and thirty years old, being one of the most important versions, so to call it, of that great foundation of Louis XIV which, of all his schemes, is least changed and redounds most to his honour.

One of the most important results of the lengthened studies of such artistic bodies as I refer to is the great development of an artistic quality of the very first order, of which the illustrations before us exhibit a much greater amount than is discoverable in any of the other groups for which the reader is indebted to Mr. Quilter. This precious quality is commonly recognised under the name of Style. Every illustration now in view shows more or less of it. In some of them it is still more potent and abundant than in others. The works of Diaz, Daubigny, Corot, Millet, and Van Haanen are best off in this re-

spect; Van Marcke, Clays, and Leys were less fortunate in the same direction, but only comparatively so. One and all these painters seem, judged by their works, to have lived, so to speak, in larger rooms, to have breathed a loftier atmosphere, and to have had more extensive views than any but the very ablest of our English masters, the productions of several among whom are conspicuously wanting in that sense of largeness and freedom which is thoroughly characteristic of the higher ranges of Continental studies in design. Accordingly, as I take it, the influence of style is that missing element in the British pictures we have engraved which has very much to do in making us sensible of that change in passing from one category of art to the others which has been alluded to above. In fact, I venture to think the categories are more widely differentiated by this means than by any other which presents itself to the student

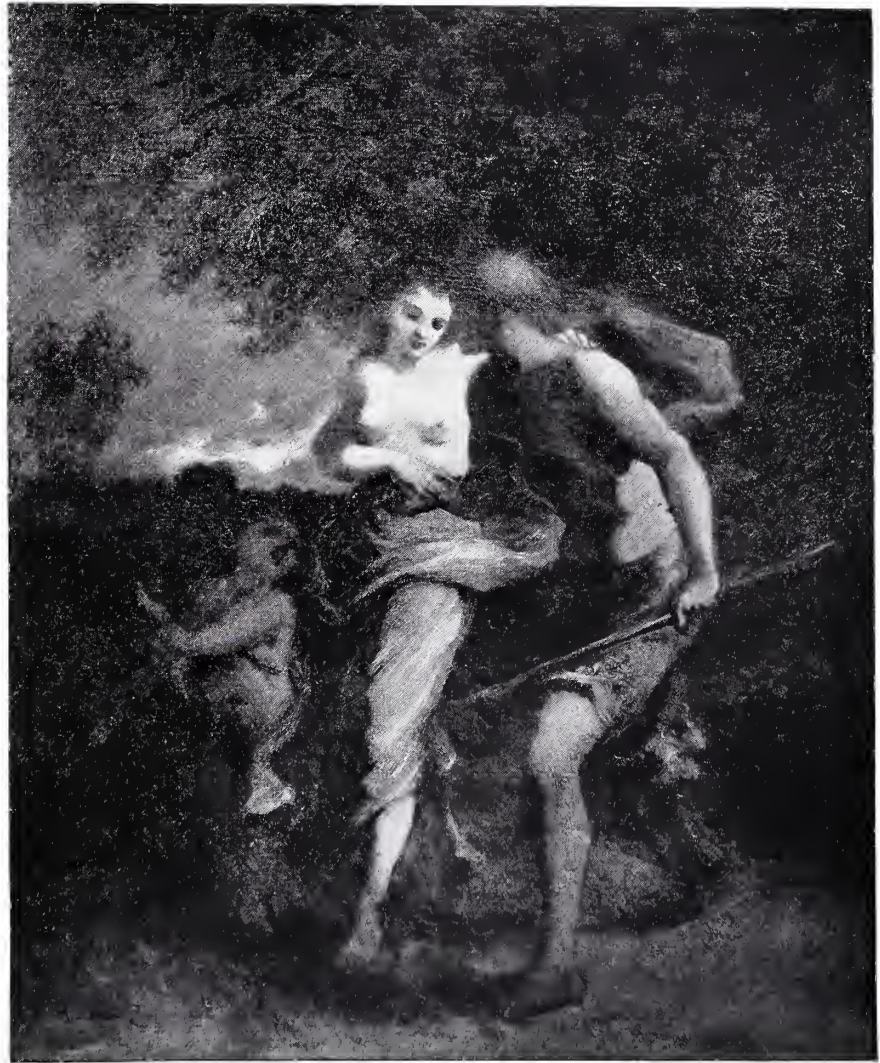
who has experienced the effect of the transition in view. Not only is the influence of style manifest in the designs, compositions, and other technical elements which it is within the range of wood engraving to reproduce, as in the very excellent cuts before us, but that influence is by no means less manifest in respect to the coloration of the originals of our engravings, an element which they could not, at least directly and completely, reproduce.

Turning from these large and lofty considerations to those still valuable features which concern the pictures in view severally, and their painters, it will be most convenient to take them in groups according to their classes of subjects, beginning with the brilliant and animated piece of genre here called "My Lady's Parrot," which is one of the most charming specimens of art in respect to which the French school has, since the days of Watteau, its prototype, had no rival. The design is explained by the illustration, which must necessarily fail in rendering the sparkle of the ladies' silks, satins, and jewellery, the sumptuousness of their beautiful faces and busts, the vivid yet harmonious colouring and crisp touch—in this approaching more nearly than any other master of this century, Fromentin himself not excepted, the technique of the master of Valenciennes.

Baron Leys' "Luther," one of his most important though by no means one of his largest pieces, is well represented in the engraving on p. 129. Luther, with the gentler Melancthon at his side, is disputing on some point of doctrine with a Catholic ecclesiastic of high degree. The one keeps his temper (which he did not invariably succeed in doing), while his dogmatic opponent loses his. The elaborate archæology, the force of tone and colour, the thoroughness of the painter's studies of character, involving exact portraiture, and his simple way

of telling his story, always distinguish the art of Baron Leys, who was a legitimate descendant of Van Eyck. One of the subtlest points here is the face of the lady who listens with extreme attention but continues to knit.

It was said of Millet, whose reputation culminated with the world-famed "L'Angelus" that, when in youth and in a state of dire impecuniosity, he gave his rare skill to painting nudities, which found a ready market with the picture dealers. Fastidious and pious as Millet was, this sort of trade jarred upon his moral sense, and he turned from it with rare courage after overhearing a conversation between two artistic loungers before a shop-window where one of his own naked nymphs was exposed. "Who is this Millet?" said one of the two. "Oh," said the other, "a fellow who always paints naked women!" After that Millet faced starvation, but no more nudities. The proper title of Mr. Quilter's



GROUP

(By N. V. Diaz.)

picture is "Jeune Fille attrappée par des Amours." Corot, who died in the same year as Millet, It is one of the best known Millets, and most was born in 1796, and thus saw more changes than



ON THE OISE.

(From the Painting by Daubigny.)

animated is the design in which the half-reluctant nymph is dragged onwards by the laughing Cupids. fell to the lot of his more popular because more easily understood contemporary. The title of the



VILLA PAMPHILI.

(From the Painting by Corot.)

Millet was born in 1814, and, dying in 1875, witnessed a perfect artistic revolution. lovely idyl which is before us describes its origin very fairly. It is known as "Souvenir de la Villa



WASHING THE CRADLE.

(In the Collection of W. Cuthbert Quilter, Esq., M.P.)

Pamphili, Rome," and is an epitome of the purest classic of this French landscape painter, a consummately delicate and subtle draughtsman, a master of the loveliest harmonies of tone, a wizard when weaving exquisite fabrics of the light, of silver, and of delightful greys. The poetry of the "Souvenir" proclaims itself to all who care to listen. It is a perfect contrast with the sterling prose and solid naturalism of Van Marcke's "Breton Pasturage," which shows that this recently deceased painter was not unworthy to be named with Mlle. Rosa Bonheur herself when cow-painting was in question. He was a leading pupil of Troyon, and generally painted as in Mr. Quilter's picture. The prose and brightness of M. Clays' sunlit view, called "On the Seheldt," are his peculiar qualities and seen at their best in this case. The frontispiece,

which is a good reproduction of Heer Israels' "Washing the Cradle," may be said to describe itself—so distinct, and yet so pathetic and natural, is every feature of it, so

complete is its homely sentiment, and so simple and effective is the treatment of this epitomising illustration of one of the most popular of modern

painters of domestic anecdotic themes, which he never failed to treat with sympathy, taste, and vigour. Heer Israels was born in 1824, became a pupil of Kruseman at Amsterdam and of Picot in Paris. He has painted so many pictures to illustrate the hardships of a peasant's and a fisherman's life, that he is a sort of Dutch Millet, but not so good a painter. Nevertheless, more than one of his works is, at least, as intensely pathetic as the much better known "L'Angelus" of the famous Frenchman. It is against him that he is a mannerist and not seldom a sentimentalist, with a decided vein of prose pervading his mind, and often very manifest in his pictures. Apart from these shortcomings, Heer

Israels is a capital artist, who has painted rather too many pictures to please the dealers and their clients.



VENUS DISROBED.

(From the Painting by J. F. Millet.)

CURRENT ART.

THE NEW GALLERY.

THE general complaint which is so often heard that the New Gallery is no more than a nursery for the Royal Academy, and that it no longer bears the distinctive character at one time belonging to the Grosvenor Gallery, is based upon a lack of appreciation of the march of academic progress. We have more than once pointed out in these columns that the awakening of Burlington

House to the necessity of recognising all honest expressions of art has followed on the reform movement of ten years ago which Lord Leighton, with so much taste and insight, yet with so much discretion, assisted—if he did not actually initiate it—within the sphere of his own influence. In considering, therefore, the exhibition now on view in Regent Street, the public must judge of it not as the expression of what was once adjudged as the

non-academic and ultra-poetic in art, but as a display of what our painters in general are about: in fact, as a small and friendly rival of the Academy itself.

kind, it is, in appearance, little more summary in method than a Romney, and infinitely more skilful. The lamplight study of "Mrs. George Batten

Singing," though less pleasing—for the lady might almost as well be yawning, or dying, or sneezing—is not less a tribute to the artist's subtlety of colour and modelling than to his characteristic elegance of presentation. Beside these works, Mr. Von Glehn's "Mrs. Austin Oliver," clever and dashing though it is, pales as the work of a minor artist before a greater, though his methods are not dissimilar. The beauti-

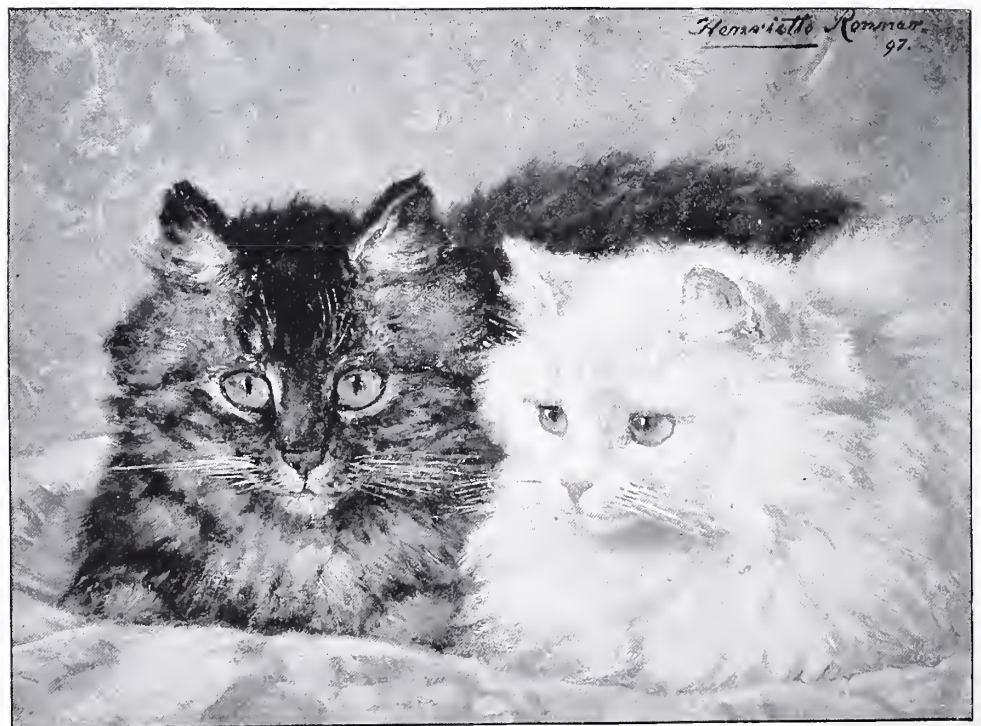
fully reticent portrait of "Mrs. G. F. Watts," by her husband, shows with exquisite simplicity the delicate silhouette of a refined and intellectual face; beside



THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

(From the Painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, in the New Gallery. From a Photograph by F. Hollyer.)

And, in truth, there is here sufficient of interest to render a visit to it a necessity to every lover of modern painting. In the section of portraiture alone there are at least a half a dozen canvases which, as examples of the best now being done according to modern notions, demand the respectful attention of the spectator. It is needless nowadays to discuss at length the artistic attitude of Mr. Sargent or of Mr. Shannon, or to meet the argument of certain of those who, keeping their eyes upon the past, declare that "if Velasquez and Van Dyck were right, Sargent and Shannon must be wrong." The brilliancy of the former's "Mrs. George Swinton" is beyond dispute; the lady as she stands at her ease in a vivacious, almost defiant attitude, lives upon the canvas. The work is a triumph of dexterity, yet for all its *verve* and impressionism of the highest



CATS.

(From the Painting by Henriette Ronner, in the New Gallery.)

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THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.
(From the *Painting* by Arthur F. Novell, in the New Gallery.)



THE SECRET.

(From the Painting by Baron Rosencranz, in the New Gallery.)

in which the modelling is suggested rather than indicated, and the air and aspect of it dignified and stately if neither elegant nor attractive. Mr. Shannon, on the other hand, is elegant and attractive both in his "Mrs. Charles Buxton," and especially in "The Marchioness of Granby," whose beautiful and thoughtful face have an added romance which, however, is almost carried to affectation. Her son, the young Lord Ross, standing beside his dog, is another challenging work: but there is "pose" about this too, which, however, may be characteristic of the boy's weird personality. The grace of Mr. Boughton's portrait of Miss Esuë Robb, in seventeenth century costume, renders this work one of the most charming in the exhibition, and, we believe, earns for the artist a higher position than he has yet taken. The firm drawing and robust colour in Mrs. Swymerton's heads, and the drawing, not less firm, but infinitely more graceful, in Mr. Tuke's "Miss Kitson," and the delicate treatment of the heliotrope dress, maintain the level of the portraiture; and to these must be added the delightful daintiness of Miss Mary L. Gow's tiny full-lengths in water colour, and Mr. Alma-Tadema's brilliant little full-length of Mr. Maurice Sons playing the violin in the artist's studio. This little portrait is one of the most completely excellent which Mr. Tadema has exhibited for some years.

Good landscape pictures are unusually numerous this year. The balmy atmosphere and subdued

silvery sunlight of Mr. Alfred East's "Spring Idyll" place the canvas among the highest of the artist's best and blithest works. The quality of Mr. Robert Allan's sunlight in his "Summer Days" must be acknowledged; and the fine colour harmony of "Blue and Silver and Gold," by Mr. Leslie Thompson. In "A Summer Idyll" Mr. Edward Stott has worked out his picture in excellent colour, advancing steadily as a poetic painter of romantic landscape; and Mr. Fred Hall, in his picture of cattle driven to "The Drinking Pool," achieves with success what many have failed to achieve—the rendering of powerful sunlight chiefly by the aid of primary colours used with knowledge. Mr. Alfred Parsons, with his broad landscape called "Allotments;" M. Fernand Khnopff, with his formal and mysterious "Sous les Sapins;" Mr. William Padgett, with "A Village in Holland," and "On the Dunes, Pas-des-Calais" (which would have been better, the former, if it did not so closely follow Jacob Maris, and the latter, J. F. Millet); Professor Costa, and Mrs. Corbett, and Miss Alma-Tadema, with her miniature "Sunshine in the Highlands"—showing a touch as dainty and firm as that of her father—justify our verdict upon the section of landscape.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones's "Pilgrim of Love" is filled with the sentiment of romance, which is, perhaps, the most valuable quality of this painter's art. The colour is tenderly subdued, painfully subdued, perhaps, yet infinite in its subtle variety of sad

greys and browns, more subtle, so far as sentiment goes, for a picture of Love absent than of Love present and helpful. But, as ever, there is dignity in Sir Edward's art, there are style and beauty in his design, and the eagerness of the pilgrim as he emerges from the tangle of bare and cruel briar, and the wistful welcome upon the face of rose-crowned Love with his attendant whirling cloud of sombre birds, fill the picture with a spirit of sad sweetness which at least is haunting, though it be not entirely comforting. Neither does Mr. Watts indulge in a rich palette in his beautiful little work of "Paris on Ida," not less admirable in composition than delightful in its style and luminousness.

For colour exquisite and generous, though restrained chiefly to the blues, violets, and greens, and purples, which he affects with so much distinction and peculiar charm, we must turn to Mr. Waterhouse's "Mariana in the South." Of singular beauty of type, Mariana has thrown herself with passionate emotion kneeling before the great round mirror—but not, one may imagine, quite in that hopeless despair conveyed in the story. The picture may not be faultless, but it is not far from perfection of its own kind, and the work is undoubtedly one of the two or three principal achievements in the exhibition. Mrs. Anna-Tadema contributes a

pleasant modern-antique Dutch subject in "A Ring at the Door," an excellent example of her sparkling yet solid art. Mr. Napier Hemy has finished a Leys-like picture of "A Flemish Calvary, A.D. 1550," which he has had twenty years on hand; Baron Roseneranz, a weird girl holding a casket, which he calls "The Secret;" Mr. Herbert Draper, a *piquante* and mischievous "Foam Sprite" riding a dolphin upon a wave-crest; and Mr. David McGill—a young painter, if we are not mistaken—a highly promising picture of the nude which he calls "Les Illusions Perdues," the chief fault of which lies in the crude colour of the drapery.

Mr. Arthur Nowell scores his first notable success with his great picture of "The Expulsion from Eden." It is so clever a work that it is to be regretted that his success is not greater, not more absolute. The charm of grouping of Adam and Eve is not to be questioned; their attitude and movements are at once expressive and pathetic, the landscape in which they are placed is well imagined, well executed, and pleasing in colour. Indeed, colour, especially in some parts of the picture, is the most remarkable of its several merits. The attendant angels are in themselves not less agreeable. And yet the picture does not quite harmonise in its parts. The principal figures are conceived in the modern



AN IDYLL OF SPRING.

(From the Painting by Alfred East, R.I., in the New Gallery.)

spirit. The angels themselves are rather of Italian type, but their attitudes and arrangement have a somewhat Renaissance flavour. Nevertheless, the picture is, as we said, a notable achievement. Besides these works are canvases in which quaintness appears to be the quality chiefly aimed at. Apart from Mr. Strudwick, with his "St. Cecilia," executed in his well-known manner, there is the little school of modern mediævalists, who appear to have taken their cue from recent Salons: Mrs. Marianne Stokes, with her green "Primavera," like a misal illumination on a large scale; Mr. Southall, with his "Man with the Sable Brush," like a primitive German; Mr. Harold Speed, with his portrait of "Mr. Voysey," sensitive and true; and Mr. Gotch, with his "Jubilate Deo" and "Magnificat." They are charming enough in their way, but their way is hardly that of strong modern painters with modern ideas, for the revivalism does not strike the spectator as altogether sincere.

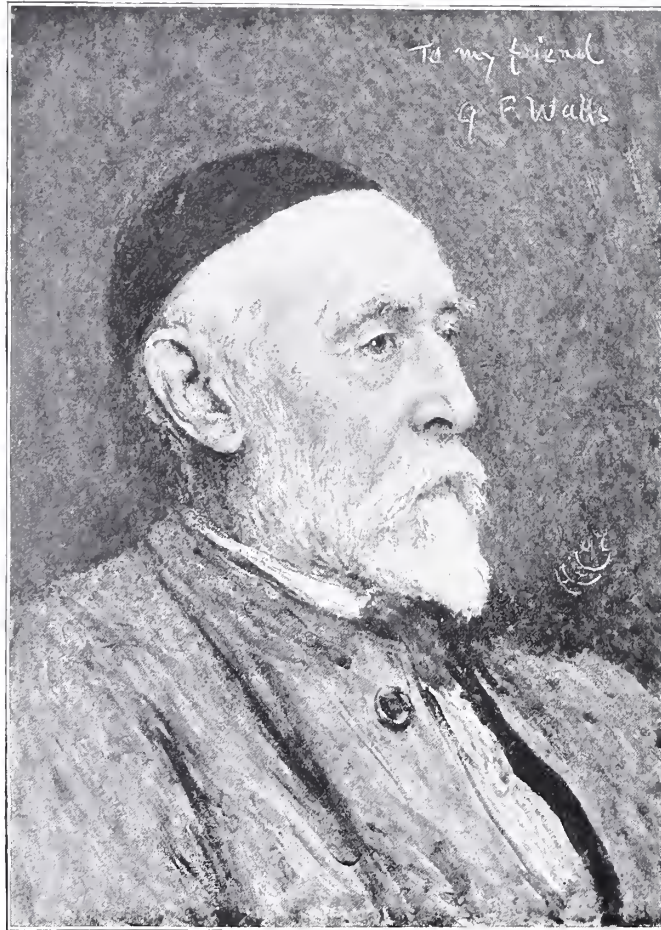
Attention should be paid to the remarkable display of modern maiolica by Signor Cantagalli.

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES.

It is curious to observe that it is in the older of these two institutions, the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, that we have strongest evidence of the hold that "advanced" views of art are taking on what is usually considered as the most conservative branch of the fine arts in England. Mr. Melville's extremely clever rendering of "A Spanish Bull Fight," unnecessarily coarse—almost brutal indeed, in the treatment of the features—is as audacious a thing as is to be seen in any gallery. There are many things more insane, but few more daring, than this attempt to render the excitement of the crowd and the dazzling brightness of the

sunlight arena—so bright that a patch of white paper suggests to the spectator that he has been blinded by the intensity of the glare. The "Italian Landscape" of Mr. Robert Little, pleasing in its harmonious colouring and Turneresque composition, would have astonished the great artist whose work it is intended to recall, by reason of the coarse squareness of touch, and the consequent uncer-

monious thrusting back of the spectator to a distance of several yards. And we have the delightfully sunny impressionism of Mr. Robert Allan in "Market Day at Moret," as well as his vigorous and powerful sea piece, "Fresh from the Sea." In none of these drawings is there any wilful "sloppiness," any intention to shirk the skill of craftsmanship on which true art must always be based. A certain effect has been aimed at, and has been obtained by what the artist thought were the best and fittest means: while, on the other hand, there is the precision of touch that belongs to the craftsman who rejoices in his craft. This characteristic



G. F. WATTS, ESQ., R.A.

(By Professor Herkomer, R.A., at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.)

We see in portraiture—in Mr. Herkomer's admirable likenesses of Mr. Watts and Mr. Basil Bradley, both of them highly stippled without sacrifice of breadth, in this quality approaching the productions of the great masters of miniature. The same principle is, to a certain extent, carried out in landscape by Mr. Thorne Waite, who, master though he is of the practice of his art, lacks somewhat the richness of colour scheme, whereby he withholds from his work considerable interest. No such fault could be found with Mr. North's "King Arthur's Pool," brilliant as a gem, and rich in the bright glow of golden sunlight, against which, however, the figure tells with feeble effect. The work is one of infinite delicacy,

and affords an interesting contrast to the cold and formal statement in Mr. Callow's old-world presentment, the "Casa d'Oro," or to the bright, limpid views of the Lake of Geneva by Sir Edward Poynter. In "Our Fleet at Venice" Miss Clara Montalba gives us an excellent and delightful impression of what Venice is *not*, suffusing it with a moisture which is not characteristic of the city, and

the view from Agra Fort is shown—a red glory of a plain spread out at the spectator's feet, with, as the *clou* of the picture, a white fairy palace in the distance closing in the vista. This is a drawing which should be seen alone. Then we have Mr. Brewtall's "Glory of the Heavens," a lurid sunset over the wavelets breaking on the shore, and great threatening clouds whisked round and toyed with



FRESH FROM THE SEA.

(From the Drawing by R. W. Allan, R.W.S., at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.)

adorned with soft lights incompatible with the rich depths of the woolly and watery shadows. Miss Montalba's methods are very pretty, but we cannot accept their results as real nature or even as true art. Mr. Waterlow's view of nature is infinitely more veracious, and quite as poetic, and his "Hillside, Connemara," is an admirable transcript of sunlight and breeze. Mr. Herbert Marshall proves once more that colour is as dear to him as town architecture, and we cannot quarrel with him if he imports as much incident of the palette into his view of the Tower of London as he does into the red roofs and market produce of his scenes of Holland. Mr. Albert Goodwin also loves to play upon colour, and rarely has produced happier and more striking contrasts than in his delicate exercise in silvery grey shown in his romantic "Amsteg, St. Gothard," and in the glorious sea of golden colour in which

by the wind right up into the yellow-blue sky. And lastly, there is Mr. George Clausen's "Earth and Sky," seriously detracted from, in our opinion, by the solid, balloon-like clouds.

As various in manner and treatment as are the landscapes to which we have referred are the figure subjects, but their number is not so great, nor, generally speaking, is their quality so good. Sir John Gilbert is once more to the front, and his "Standard Bearer," despite the overforced blue of the sweeping flag, is full of that ease and sense of style that distinguish all the work of this extraordinary artist. Mr. Henshall's "Doubting" is a very excellent study of an old woman, full of character in the head and hands. And in his drawing of the "Nubian Harper" Mr. Carl Haag demonstrates once more his extraordinary gift for precise drawing and power of rendering glowing Eastern light, which for

many years past has been repeated with unflinching accuracy. Mr. Tom Lloyd, Mr. Macbeth, and Mr. C. E. Frith contribute character drawings. Mr. Napier Hemy, hardly less infallible than Mr. Haag, produces a series of studies of the sea, all admirable in effect; but the mixed method of his "Misty Weather" robs his work of the necessary luminosity, and renders it heavy by comparison. It remains for us to bear witness to the fine quality of Mr. Swan's drawing of "A Himalayan Tiger and Tigress" at rest in the jungle. It is a sombre work, in which the great beasts are, as they should be, the chief points of colour and interest, admirably drawn, as well composed, as true in the suggestion of the flabbiness of relaxed muscle as in that of reserved force and intensity of life. The work is an imposing little masterpiece which would take its place in any surroundings.

Lacking in some sense the tradition which usually makes itself felt in the gallery with which we have just dealt, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours follows out the line it has laid down for itself. Glancing down our annotated catalogue, we find few of the more notable workers who are not members of the society. Mr. Cockram is an outsider; Mr. Fosbrooke, Mr. Richardson, Miss Kemp-Welch, and Mr. W. Collins, an ambitious painter of "intention," who prefers to add moral thought to academic exercise—these are among the more able of the few to whom membership has not hitherto been extended.

Doubtless the most successful piece of work in the whole exhibition is Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Miller's Daughter," exquisite alike in handling and workmanship, brilliant in light, dainty in colour, delightful alike as a study of a figure, and of leaf and tree drawing. Each leaf has not less character in its way than the head of the golden-haired girl; and the artist's touch over all is dainty and delicate as anything he has ever produced. Sir James Linton maintains his power of rich, yet sober and

harmonious, opulence in his large drawing of "Rosalind;" and he has infused more character than usual in the finely conceived male figure in "Shylock and Jessica." Professor von Bartels is seen at his best in that class of subject of which he is enamoured—a fine, strong rendering of a Dutch interior, like a work of Israels, without the gloom of sentiment

and colour that usually distinguish the works of that master. The strange rhythm of Mr. Robert Fowler's "Daffodils," which represents a green girl lying in a green landscape; the grace of Miss Hammond's drawing of "Cupid's First Shaft," which has imagination and pretty fancy without foolish prettiness (though the colour appears somewhat tortured); the excellent yet delicate draughtsmanship and incisive character of Mr. Rainey, and the charming tone of Mr. MacIver Grierson's "Reflections," comprise the more notable of the figure pictures.

For sincere and successful rendering of local colour and local effect there is nothing to surpass Mr. Edwin Bale's two Italian landscapes, the one of sunshine and the other of moonlight, felicitous alike in reproducing that quality of atmosphere and light strange to northern eyes. Mr.

Wimperis and Mr. Orrock are represented by drawings that maintain the high average of their work; and in "Warley Place" Mr. Alfred Parsons suggests with unusual skill, and with clear, transparent wash, flower forms as well as flower colour. Mr. Bernard Evans adds one more firm and robust view of "Fountains Abbey" to his many versions of that Mecca of artistic pilgrimage—a work in which he tends somewhat too much to simplification. Mr. Edwin Hayes has for years been painting St. George's Channel and the home waters; it is an agreeable change to find his painting ground moved farther into Italian seas. Finally, we have the remarkable study by Mr. Arthur Severn—"Storm Clearing Off, Near the Lizard"—a fine drawing of a great breaking wave.



ROSALIND.

(From the Drawing by Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.)

A NEW LIGHT ON ALDERMAN BOYDELL AND THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.

BY ALGERNON GRAVES, F.S.A.

JOHN BOYDELL was born in 1719 and, having determined on being an engraver, apprenticed himself to Mr. Thoms. Although he was most industrious he never attained to a high rank in his profession; he had, however, great business capacity and a devoted love of art. These he turned to good account by becoming the first publisher on a large scale, and during his career he did more to encourage the movement of art of this country than any other man before or since. It is acknowledged that the climax of his efforts was the Shakespeare Gallery, and I feel that some particulars of that gigantic enterprise would be of interest. A short time back I discovered in our cellars a parcel that had evidently not been disturbed for nearly three-quarters of a century. This parcel contained a mass of documents relating to the early history of my house, and more particularly to the production of the Shakespeare Gallery—one paper of great interest is what appears to be the copy of a speech made at a trial to enforce payment from a subscriber to the work, and I therefore give it *in extenso*—

“In so important a cause as the present a few prefatory words may be necessary. The great undertaking that is the subject of the present suit arose from a conversation at the table of Mr. Josiah Boydell (now Alderman) in November, 1786, in the presence of Mr. West, Mr. Romney, and Mr. P. Sandby, Mr. Hayley, Mr. Hoole, Mr. Braithwaite, Mr. Nicol, and the late Alderman Boydell and their host. The literary part of the company were joining with the professional gentleman in complimenting the Alderman on having lived to see the whole tide of the commerce in prints with the Continent entirely changed from importing to exporting! and that effected in one life time by the Alderman’s great exertions, and by his liberal en-

couragement to engravers and artists of this country of more than £300,000.

“The only answer the Alderman made to these compliments was, that he was not yet satisfied with what he had done, and that, old as he was, he should like to wipe away the stigma that all foreign critics threw on this nation—that they had no genius for historical painting. He said he was certain



ROMEO AND JULIET.

(From the Engraving by J. P. Simon, after the Painting by J. Northcote, R.A.)

from his success in encouraging engraving that Englishmen wanted nothing but proper encouragement and a proper subject to excel in historical painting. The encouragement he himself would endeavour to find if a proper subject were pointed out. Mr. Nicol replied that there was one great National subject concerning which there could be no second opinion, and mentioned Shakespeare. The proposition was received with acclaim by the Alderman and the whole company. Such was the origin of the greatest undertaking of its kind that was ever carried on in this or any other country, which has cost one private family considerably over £100,000, who formerly had by their talents and encouraging liberality turned the tide of the commerce of England in prints in favour of their own country. It is



THE TEMPEST.

(From the Engraving by J. P. Simon, after the Painting by H. Fuseli, R.A.)

indeed true that this great undertaking was carried on in an ill-fated period for Continental connexions, upon which they confess their whole commerce greatly depended, but they little foresaw that any of their countrymen and subscribers would desert them in the day of need in so great a National undertaking, and are at once mortified and ashamed that they are obliged to apply to the laws of their country for that justice from some subscribers that their own honour should have pointed out. It is supposed that these gentlemen will set up in their own defence that the work did not answer their expectations. Now if they can produce a similar work of *equal extent* in this or any other country of equal or superior execution, that objection may be well founded. But the plaintiffs are sensible it is impossible, and here challenge them to the trial. They indeed had a right to expect—and from the liberal they received it—some indulgence in a *first* attempt to call forth the talents of the nation in historical painting. They by

no means pretend to say that every young artist has displayed the same degree of abilities—it was unnatural to expect it. But the undertaking that drew forth and gave encouragement to such painters as Hamilton, Wheatley, Northcote, Opie, Smirke, Westall, etc., ought to have some credit in this country.

“Of the general merit of the pictures of the Shakespeare Gallery it may perhaps be not thought impertinent to repeat the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds—delivered to Mr. Edmund Burke, in the presence of a person who is now ready to vouch the fact, especially as that opinion was delivered before

any of his own paintings adorned the gallery. In reply to Mr. Burke's observation that the whole was a very extraordinary undertaking, Sir Joshua said, 'It is so I confess; it surprises me. I am sensible that no single school at present in Europe could produce so many good pictures, and if they did they would have a monotonous sameness; they would be all Roman or Venetian, Flemish or French:



A WINTER'S TALE

(From the Mezzotint by R. Thew, after the Painting by W. Hamilton, R.A.)

whereas, you may observe here, as an emblem of the freedom of the country, every artist has taken a different road to what he conceives to be excellence, and many have attained the goal.' This was the criticism of a great artist, at once true and liberal. . . ."

Amongst the papers discovered were many receipts from Royal Academicians, a selection of which are given in facsimile as illustrations to this article. Those by Sir Joshua Reynolds were missing, so a copy of the entry in the private ledgers now in my possession is given instead.

This splendid collection of pictures was exhibited in a gallery built in 1789 (on the site of Mr. Dodsley's house in Pall Mall) by Alderman Boydell for their reception, and ornamented with a bas-relief of the apotheosis of Shakespeare executed by Thomas Banks, R.A., at a cost of 500 guineas. The collection

1789
Mr. Alderman Boydell for the
Death of Cardinal Beaufort 500^g 6.
Mr. Alderman Boydell for the
Fairy or Robin Goodfellow 105^g 3.

Joshua Reynolds
May 12 1772

(From Sir Joshua's Private Ledger.)

could scarcely have been shown at one time, as the execution of the commission extended over many years, and the pictures from time to time must have been in the hands of the engravers. It is a curious fact that, although the latter were of the highest rank, yet the names of Richard Earlom and William Woollett—the chief exponents of mezzotint and line-engraving, and almost exclusively in the employ of the Alderman—do not occur in the list. It will be seen from the following most interesting letters from the Alderman to Sir John W. Anderson (Member of Parliament for the City of London) and from Josiah Boydell, that it was their intention to have presented this unique collection to the nation; and it was always my late father's intention to have re-collected them for presentation to the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon, but in this he was only partially successful, and left about a dozen to the gallery he assisted in founding. The following letter, read in the House of Commons, appears to me so interesting that I give it in full:—

" Cheapside, February 4th, 1801.

" DEAR SIR,—The kindness with which you have undertaken to represent my ease calls upon me to lay open to you, with the utmost candour, the circumstances attending it, which I will now endeavour to do as briefly as possible. It is above sixty

July 5. 1788 Received of Mr. Boydell
the sum of fifty pounds on account
by me J. F. Rigaud

(Receipt from J. F. Rigaud, R.A.)

years since I began to study the art of engraving, in the course of which time—besides employing that long period of life in my profession with an industry and assiduity that would be improper in me to describe—I have laid out with my brethren in promoting the commerce of the Fine arts in this country above £350,000. When I first began business the whole commerce of prints in this country consisted in importing foreign prints, principally from France, to supply the cabinets of the curious in this kingdom. Impressed with the idea that the genius of our

Jan 26 1780
Received of Mr. Alderman Boydell the
sum of fifty pounds on acct.
50.0.0.
W. Wheatley

(Receipt from F. Wheatley, R.A.)

own countrymen, if properly encouraged, was equal to that of the foreigners, I set about establishing a *School of Engraving in England*, with what success the public are well acquainted. It is, perhaps, at present sufficient to say the whole course of that commerce is changed, very few prints being now imported into this country; while the foreign market is principally supplied with prints from England. In effecting this favourite plan, I have not only spent a long life, but have employed near forty years of the labour of my nephew, Josiah Boydell, who has been

Recd of Mr. Ald. Boydell the sum of 500 guineas being
part of payment for a Picture of the
May 1st 1792 J. Graham

(Receipt from J. Graham, R.A.)

bred to the business, and whose assistance during that period has been greatly instrumental in promoting a School of Engraving in this country. By the blessing of Providence, these exertions have been very successful, not only in that respect, but in a commercial point of view; for the large sums I regularly received from the Continent, previous to the French Revolution, for impressions taken from the numerous plates engraved in England encouraged me to attempt also an English School of Historical

Painting. I had observed with indignation that the want of such a school had been long made a favourite topic of opprobrium against this country among foreign writers on national tastes. No subject, therefore, could be more appropriate for such a national attempt than England's inspired Poet and

(Receipt from H. Fuseli, R.A.)

great painter of Nature, Shakspeare; and I flatter myself the most prejudiced foreigner must allow that the Shakspeare Gallery will convince the world that Englishmen want nothing but the fostering hand of encouragement to bring forth their genius in this line of art. I might go further, and defy any of the Italian, Flemish, or French schools to show, in so short a space of time, such an exertion as the Shakspeare Gallery; and if they could have made such an exertion, the pictures would have been marked with all that monotonous sameness which distinguishes those different schools. Whereas, in the Shakspeare Gallery every artist, partaking of the freedom of his country, and endowed with that originality of thinking so peculiar to its natives, has chosen his own road to what he conceived to be excellence, unshackled by the slavish imitation and uniformity that pervade all the foreign schools. This gallery I once flattered myself with being able to have left to that generous publick, who have for so long a period encouraged my undertakings; but unfortunately for those connected with the Fine arts, a Vandalick Revolution has arisen, which, in convulsing all Europe, has entirely extinguished, except in this happy island, all those who had the taste or the power to promote those arts; while the tyrant that at present governs France tells that believing and besotted nation that, in the midst of all his robbery and rapine, he is a great patron and promoter of the Fine arts; just as if those arts that humanise and polish mankind could be promoted by such means and by such a man. You will excuse, my dear Sir, I am sure, some warmth in an old man on this subject, when I inform you that this unhappy Revolution has cut up by the roots that revenue from the Continent which enabled me to undertake such considerable works in this country. At the same time, as I am laying my case fairly before you, it should not be disguised that my natural enthusiasm for promoting the Fine arts (perhaps

(Bill drawn by R. Smirke, R.A., on Alderman Boydell.)

buoyed up by success) made me improvident. For, had I laid by but ten pounds out of every hundred pounds my plates produced, I should not now have had occasion to trouble my friends or appeal to the publick; but, on the contrary, I flew with impatience to employ some new artist with the whole gains of my former undertakings. I see too late my error; for I have thereby decreased my ready money and increased my

stock of copper-plates to such a size that all the print-sellers in Europe could not purchase it, especially at these times so unfavourable to the arts. Having thus candidly owned my error, I have but one word to say in extenuation. My receipts from abroad have been so large, and continued so regular, that I at all times found them fully adequate to support my undertakings at home. I could not calculate on the present crisis—which has totally annihilated them. I certainly calculated on some defalcation of these receipts by a French or Spanish war, or both; but with France or Spain I carried on but little commerce—Flanders, Holland, and Germany, who, no doubt, supplied the rest of Europe, were the great marts; but alas! they are now no more. The convulsion that has disjoined and ruined the whole Continent I did not foresee—I know no man that did. On that head, therefore, though it has nearly ruined me and mine, I can take but little blame to myself. In this state of things I throw myself with confidence upon that publick, who has always been but too partial to my poor endeavours, for the disposal of that which, in happier days, I flattered myself to have presented to them. I know of no means by which that can be effected just now but by a Lottery; and if the Legislature will have the goodness to grant a permission for that purpose,

(Receipts from James Northcote, R.A.)

they will at least have the assurance of the even tenour of a long life that it will be fairly and honourably conducted. The objects of it are my pictures, galleries, drawings, &c., &c., which, unconnected with my copper-plates and trade, are much more than sufficient to pay, if properly disposed of, all I owe in the world. I hope you, my dear Sir, and every honest man, at any age, will feel for my anxiety to discharge my debts; but at my advanced age of eighty-five I feel it becomes doubly desirable. I am, dear Sir, with great regard, your obedient and obliged servant,
"JOHN BOYDELL."

Mr. Josiah Boydell begins the preface to the Shakspeare by stating that by the death of his much lamented uncle, Mr. Alderman Boydell, it has unfortunately fallen to his lot to give the subscribers of the Shakspeare some account of the rise and progress of that work, which originated in a conversation that took place in the year 1787.

"It certainly was the late Alderman's intention, as well as my own, to have presented the Shakspeare Gallery to the publick, for the improvement of young artists in historical painting, the whole to have been immediately under the patronage of the subscribers to the Shakspeare. But the

imperious circumstances of the times, as he has truly stated, rendered his liberal and patriotic purpose abortive.

"Messieurs Boydell and Nicol beg leave to inform the subscribers to the Shakspeare that the medal which they mean to have the honour of presenting to them is now finished at the mint of that ingenious and valuable member of society, Mr. Boulton, of Birmingham. It has been somewhat delayed by his great public undertakings in his line; but they flatter themselves that its beauty will make amends for the delay.

"They intend that the name of each subscriber shall be engraven on the medal presented; and that this may be done with accuracy they entreat the favour of every subscriber to

unable to glean any particulars, but if it was ever completed there is a possibility of its being in some long-forgotten parcel in the cellars at 6, Pall Mall, where it may some day see again the light of day.

"On Monday, January 28, 1805, the ticket 8,004, drawn this day in the Boydell Lottery, was a prize of the Shakspeare Gallery, containing the whole of the large pictures now exhibiting, together with all the estate, right, and interest of Messrs. Boydell in these premises." Mr. Tassie, of Leicester Square,



THE BOYDELL MEDAL.

sign his name with his own hand on a sheet of Vellum which will be presented to him for that purpose; or this may be done at No. 90, Cheapside, or No. 58, Pallmall, where the medal may be seen.

"And, now this great national work is concluded, they cannot take leave of their subscribers without returning them their most grateful thanks for their long-continued and generous support. They once thought of doing more; as it is, they must content themselves with knowing that they have put it in the power of every subscriber to possess, in his own library, a monument to the memory of the immortal Shakspeare, which has cost them considerably above one hundred thousand pounds. The encouragers of this great national undertaking will also have the satisfaction to know that their names will be handed down to posterity as the patrons of native genius, enrolled with their own hands in the same book with the best of Sovereigns, the father of his people, the encourager of all good works. They flatter themselves that, some hundred years hence, the autographs of all the first men of taste who lived in England at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, with their Sovereign at their head, will be deemed of no small curiosity, especially when this circumstance is celebrated by a medal struck for that especial purpose.

"March 25, 1805.

"JOSIAH BOYDELL."

The medal mentioned in the above letter, given as one of the illustrations, is taken from the impression presented to the Rev. G. Romney, nephew of the Academician, now in my possession. As regards the volume of autographs, I have been at present

a gentleman celebrated for his love of the arts, was the fortunate holder, and on the 17th, 18th, and 20th of May, 1805, the pictures were sold by Mr. Christie in 57 lots, and the total amount realised during the three days was £6,181 18s. 6d. Thus this great collection was scattered like autumn leaves. The prices at which they were generally sold display a striking contrast to the prices which were paid for painting them, though two of them by Sir Joshua Reynolds fetched more than their original purchase-money; one of them, "Puck," for which the artist was paid one hundred guineas, was purchased by Samuel Rogers, Esq., for £215 5s.; the other, "The Death of Cardinal Beaufort," for which 500 guineas was paid, was purchased for the Earl of Egremont for £530 5s. That many valuable pictures did not produce a larger sum than they were sold for must be attributed to their being so large, as for large pictures the apartments of this country were then not generally adapted. The fine piece of sculpture, for which Mr. Banks was paid 500 guineas, was reserved by Mr. Tassie to be presented for a monument over the remains of the venerable Alderman Boydell, and this offer was at the time accepted by the family. This idea was, however,

for some reason never carried out, for the bas-relief remained on the front of the building during the time it was occupied by the British Institution (1806-1867); it was then sold, when the building was pulled down, and my father, Mr. Hemy Graves, decided to purchase it and have it erected on the side of his premises; he was, however, outbid. The purchaser presented it to Shakespeare's Garden at Stratford-on-Avon, where it now is.

There is one fact that strikes me as worthy of comment in connection with this lottery, and that is that it foreshadowed the present Art Union of London in the way in which it was carried out. In previous times lotteries were a species of gambling, and many lost that a very few might win; but Boydell now conceived the idea that every one should receive something for his subscription, and gave three engravings for every three guineas subscribed.

In conclusion, I may, perhaps, bring my father,

who ultimately succeeded to the Alderman's business, into comparison with him. My father was born about a year after the Alderman's death, and curiously enough lived two months longer, for the Alderman died at the age of one month short of eighty-six, and my father lived to one month over that age. Boydell was intimate with Reynolds, West, Romney, Fuseli, Northcote, and other great painters of the end of the last century; and my father was intimate with Lawrence, Turner, Wilkie, Landseer, and others of the first half of this century. Boydell encouraged and employed the best engravers of his time, such as Earlom, Woollett, Heath, Sharp; and my father did the same for S. Cousins, T. Landseer, C. G. Lewis, D. Lucas, Miller, Willmore, and the best men of his time. Both were connected with the City of London, and the house to which they both belonged produced two Lord Mayors of London, viz., Alderman Boydell and Sir Francis Graham Moon.

LORD LEIGHTON'S ADDRESSES.*



COMMENDABLY short space of time elapsed between the death of Lord Leighton and the presentation to the public of those discourses which, after his accession to the Presidency, he delivered to the students at the prize-giving on

each "gold-medal year"—that is to say, on the 10th of December of every alternate year, from 1879 to 1893 inclusive. It cannot be pretended that these elaborate and highly wrought essays upon various phases of art and artistic history and philosophy will come much as a surprise to the general public. They were notoriously intended for the nation rather than for the students to whom they were nominally addressed, but beyond whose immediate appreciation for the most part they must certainly be considered; and being regularly published in the *Times*—which always set up its proofs before the evening of their delivery—they were more easily read by the country on the following day than hearkened to by the pupils on the evening itself. For our own part we must admit from experience that much of their beauty was lost upon the hearers. The reasoning is often so close, the scholarship sometimes so searching, the diction more

often than not so highly polished, and the literary composition so elaborate, that attention was often diverted from the subject of the address to the manner of its delivery; and whether the discourse was regarded as one of instruction, of argument, or of exposition, it lost much of its force by the very ease and fluency of the oratorical effort.

For this reason, if for no other, the publication of the text of these addresses in a convenient form is to be welcomed for its own practical value, not less than as the bequest of the President to every reader in the land. It is matter for regret that this notable literary production has been set forth in so bald a manner, with neither preface nor index, nor even descriptive headings of the subject matter of each discourse: but these latter defects will be more than compensated for if the reader is thereby coerced into carefully studying the pages for himself and drawing up such indications as he may need for his own use. We can at least testify to the verbal accuracy of the text, after comparing some of it with the original MS.

It may be well to remind the reader—and art students in particular—of the subjects of each address. The first deals with "the position of art in its relation to the world at large in the present and in the past time, that we may gather if possible from this survey something of its prospects in the future." In this address that note of catholicity

* "Addresses Delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy," by the late Lord Leighton. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., Ltd. 1896.)

of his artistic views was struck by the President at his first utterance, and not less than his enlightenment appears the range of knowledge that he thenceforward displayed and the philosophic mind he brought to bear upon the subject of art. He speaks in an optimistic strain and ends with a striking encouragement to his young "fellow artists" to proceed confidently towards their aim, borne up by deep study and reverent admiration of the great men who have gone before, imitating none and self-reliant. In the second discourse (1881) he embarks upon the complex question of the true relation of Morality and Religion to Art, declaring boldly in favour of the view that divorces Art from Ethics. In the hands of so powerful a dialectician the proposition, once laid down, could not be otherwise than fully and conclusively proved: but, curiously enough for so temperate a man, he takes but the extreme view of his opponents—namely, that art is prostituted if used for any other than an ethical purpose—and ignores the contra-argument that art is not necessarily outraged if employed to illustrate an ethical conception, or even to point a moral.

In 1883 he proceeded to consider "the relation of artistic production to the conditions of time and place under which it is evolved, and to the characteristics of the basis to which it is due." The subject is handled with the firm grasp and curious ease which distinguished the speaker. He belonged to the modern school of historians, and regarded his subject not from an anecdotic, but from a philosophical and scientific point of view, taking care to infuse into his remarks as much simple logic and human interest as they permitted him. Indeed, human interest lay at the bottom of the plan of these discourses, for the development of art to him was always but a manifestation of a racial civilisation, and not a mere excrecence of such and such a period. He is not satisfied to speak of any expression of art as a phenomenon of the age: he always looks for the conditions of the people from which that expression was put forth and for its motive, so that he was necessarily led into a study of comparative history and carried into a consideration of collateral facts. In this discourse the outline was sketched of the arts of Egypt, Assyria, and Greece, as representing the three great phases that carried it to its culminating point. In the address of 1885 the subject is continued, and art is followed through her rise and fall in Rome, and a moral powerfully drawn from the causes of the decadence.

In the following address, delivered in 1887, Italy is again the soil to be trodden; but the art not of the Cæsars but of the Renaissance, of which the

glories called forth all the enthusiasm of which the artist was capable. In the discourse of 1889 we are transported to the peninsula of Spain, and listen to a masterly sketch not only of Spanish art itself and its characteristics, but of its birth and the circumstances attending its birth. The discourse is not only vigorous, it is in parts humorous and even sprightly, and is, perhaps, more completely designed and carried out than any that went before. The inquiry of two years later treats of the art of France, of which the highest expression was rather in its architecture than in other forms. It is here, perhaps, that it might be possible to question some of the details of fact presented to us, yet not more here than elsewhere is it easy to traverse a single broad statement or challenge a conclusion. French Gothic receives worthy treatment at the author's hands: indeed, his admiration is so often and so strongly expressed that it is not surprising in his last address—that of 1893—to find that when he comes to the consideration of German art, and essentially of German Gothic, he should express a diminished appreciation for the flamboyancy and *chargé* characteristics that somewhat hurt a taste refined by prolonged devotion to the purest arts of Italy and France. Here the series comes to an end, for, in consideration of his illness, Lord Leighton was exempted by his fellow-Academicians from the labour of composing a further essay in the autumn of 1895. His intention, therefore, of carrying on his survey of the world's art by taking into successive consideration the arts of the Low Countries and of England, was frustrated, and the synthetic scheme, as a completed whole, interrupted.

Nevertheless, the work as it stands is in itself complete, and, so far as it goes, affords one of the most admirable philosophic expositions of the world's art that could be desired. Obviously, detail has not been entered into. Art has been broadly treated as consisting of architecture, painting, and sculpture, whilst such other expressive manifestations as pottery and glass-painting are considered where necessary, and are accorded their proper place. The value of this book—which, we need hardly say, is worthy of being placed side by side with the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds—lies not only in the accuracy of its statement and the scholarship of its presentation; it consists above all in the elevated note which the President struck and maintained throughout, not as a result of effort, but as the utterance of a noble personality—an elevation inspiring to the students he addressed, and not less a tribute to the lofty conception taken by the President of his office and of his art. S.

THE FITZROY PICTURES.

THE Fitzroy Picture Society has issued a new set of drawings in its attractive series. Keeping the primary idea of simple linear designs before

C. M. Gere, the picture being printed from blocks by Messrs. Jeffrey and Co. The third illustration is from a design (43 by 24½) by Mr. Christopher W. Whall.



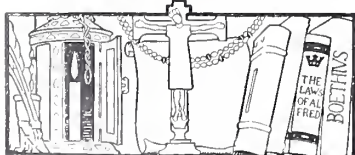
WORK: THE CITY.
(Designed by Heywood Sumner.)

them, the artists concerned have produced results which cannot fail to attract and interest the children for whose benefit they are intended. A bold attempt

which is coloured by hand. One of the best of the new pictures is "The Nativity," by Mr. Heywood Sumner. It is arranged in three panels: in the centre



ALFRED THE KING



(Designed by C. M. Gere.)

is made in some of these pictures to connect the ordinary scenes of daily life with art, and from the illustration given here of one of the "Work" series, showing a street corner of the City, it will be seen how far it has succeeded. "The Plough" and "The Railway" are two other subjects treated under "Work," and which are not less effective. The pictures are 37 in. by 24 in. in dimension, and each copy issued is coloured by hand. Mr. Heywood Sumner is the designer of this series. "Alfred the King" is the work of Mr.

George Bell and Son.



(Designed by Christopher W. Whall.)

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—II.



FOR our part, we experience a deeper satisfaction, if not a greater enjoyment, in visiting the Royal Academy than in a pilgrimage through the two Salons of Paris, for the simple reason that, generally speaking, English effort is sincere and French effort very often is not. What is chiefly wanting in England is craftsmanship and ideas; in France, the lack is of honesty of purpose—a disease less curable far than the defect of British art. It is far easier to reconcile ourselves to deferred excellence of handling than to tolerate deliberate “sacrifice of the potentialities:” the former, Time will eradicate; the latter is as much more difficult of remedy as it is of palliation. There is incompetence enough in all three exhibitions, but in England, at least, it arises from mere backwardness; while in France it is lively endeavour—of a sort—gone hopelessly astray. With us it is rare enough to find a “coxcomb” who, in Mr. Ruskin’s words, will “fling a paint-pot in the face of the public;” across the Channel scores of them will readily fling that and every form of absurdity and joke that will pass muster with the jury, if only the antic is likely to succeed in attracting that public’s attention. If there is nothing fair to show, what is foul—rather than nothing at all—may be freely cultivated. With us, at least, though the exhibition may not always extort admiration, it invariably claims respect. For that reason we usually hear with some impatience the offhand verdict of “a poor Academy” which, with an air of superiority, slips glibly from the lips of inferior and superficial judges. Pictures and methods *à sensation* are what best please the mass of the public, whose taste is always ready to be tickled by showy audacity and meretricious handling. Clever advertisement invariably catches the vulgar; but it is greatly to the credit of our artists that mere advertisement is so rarely attempted. If the Academy is “poor” in the number of its first-class works, it is rich in the fixed purpose of honestly achieving legitimate success; and herein lie its salvation and its promise.

To the majority of these first-class works we have already referred; but in a multitude of others we see the ever-rising level of technical accomplishment, the feeling for good colour, and that sense of poetry which mark the genuine work of art, be it

a great or a little one. In landscape there is this year not so much to claim approval. Mr. Hook may have done better in the past than in his “From Shore to Field,” and Mr. Murray may have been more impressive than in his broad views of Hampstead, which he has discovered anew, but at least the pictures are worthy of the hands that painted them. In “The Silence of Morning” and in “The Sleepy River Somme” Mr. Alfred East once more asserts his mastery of style in landscape—in the one picture striking the joyous note of spring, with its delicate greens and tender blossoms, and in the other a more sombre key, in its whole gamut. For ten years we have drawn attention to the solid quality of this painter’s work, and it is with pleasure that we observe his steady advance towards maturity. Mr. North pushes still further his profound study of tree-form and colour, and the maze of line in his gem-like “English Western Valley” and other canvases. He obtains effects closely akin to those he achieves in water-colour, though by methods, of necessity, entirely dissimilar, proving that his demonstration of the science of that form of landscape which he chiefly loves comes from the artist rather than the painter; it is above those considerations of mere technique by which so many others are limited. Mr. Waterlow, in “Autumn Floods,” and in others of his contributions, shows steady gain alike in sentiment and in facility—a striking improvement, indeed, since he was elected an Associate; and Mr. Sant strikes new ground in his masterly little study, “Ham, near Dovedale.” Mr. Ridley Corbet hardly sustains his reputation with his “Vespers,” agreeable though it is; for, in the influence it shows—now of George Mason, and now of Signor Costa—*lèche*, and with the firmness of neither; it lacks the individuality of the painter himself. Nor is Mr. Adrian Stokes much happier in his “Mountain Mist,” save in the record of effect. Snow-painting is not successful once in a hundred times, and when that hundredth chance is achieved, the effect of age is invariably fatal to the result. Among the younger and lesser known landscape-painters, four appear to us to offer singular promise. Mr. J. S. Hill paints sunlight on to his fore-shore in “When the Tide is Out;” Mr. Spenlove’s huge “Dawn of Night,” perhaps a little “rank” in the painting, heralds power, ability in composition, and a fine feeling for landscape; Mr. Arnesby Brown’s “Herald of Night” presents a delightful sense of poetry in a picture of exquisite repose; and

Mr. Swanwick, in his "Evening after a Hot Day," painted with a curiously limited palette, realises with fine precision and easy confidence the effect at which he aims. It is a picture which will not be forgotten. Several other landscapes seem to claim mention here, but their merits are rather supplementary than leading items in the exhibition. If rumour is to be credited and a notable work by Monsieur Harpignies, submitted to the Selecting Committee, has been rejected, a most unfortunate blunder has been made, and the section of landscape has been robbed of one of the successes by the leading landscape-painter of France—a regrettable mischance, whether considered as a question of artistic propriety or of courtesy and hospitality.

In the section of portraiture, French artists have their say, but the message is not of the very highest sort. In M. Benjamin-Constant's portraits of Mr. Frederick Ayer and of the Earl of Ava he gives us the tones but not the quality of flesh, and Monsieur Comerre's Society portrait of Mlle. Gayraud-Pacini shows the defects as well as some of the merits of French execution. There is far more character than in any of these in Mr. Orchardson's "David Binning Munro, M.A., Provost Oriel College, Oxford." Somewhat over-delicate though at first sight it appears, far greater firmness, as well as tender painter-like colour, is to be seen in Mr. Watts's "Dorothy Eleanor, daughter of James MacCallum, Esq."—a remarkable study of the grace, innocence, and freshness of "pulpy youth," displaying as well fine appreciation of refined and delicate silhouette. Mr. S. J. Solomon is another painter who makes his mark by sound painting and subtle treatment of tones and values. His portraits of Mr. Frampton, A.R.A., of Mr. Raphael Tuck, and Mrs. Adolph Tuck display a suppleness of brush, an eye and hand for modelling, and a newly-acquired delicacy which promise well for future achievements. The graceful canvas of a young girl holding a pyx, by Mr. T. C. Gotch, is of a far more conventional kind, comparable with the artist's fancy portraits of the last few exhibitions; gracious in its delicate colour, it does not offend by its highly-finished surface and deliberate execution: it is a modern decoration as firm and yet as tender as a drawing of M. Boutet de Monvel. More graceful still is the charming figure of a dancing little girl in Mr. Mouat Loudan's fancifully named "Butterflies." It savours of the agreeable modern adaptation of the Velazquez child-portrait made popular already by Mr. Sargent and Mr. Shamon—a pretty child, only half-conscious of being posed, having her hair tied up with a bow at the side, and holding high, in either hand, her long fully-pleated skirt, ready to step a graceful measure. The

picture is a harmony in pink and neutral greys, and is the best work yet executed by a painter whose development, though exceptionally slow perhaps, is steadily evolving. Mr. Percy Bigland and Mr. Harold Speed are among the younger men who have made their mark: the former, with his vigorous portrait of Dr. Wilks, the President of the Royal College of Physicians; and the latter, with a likeness of Mr. Edward Speed. The insight here shown is as notable as the draughtsmanship and the correctness of the values: had the tones been purer the work would have been of a high order. But, as all imitators of Mr. Whistler well know, the admixture of lamp-black covers a multitude of artistic sins and shrouds in an appearance of profundity what may be little more than artistic limitation. Incompetence, however, as is evident from his other work, none can charge against Mr. Speed; he should rise above the temptation of subterfuge, of which, indeed, he stands in no sort of need. Mr. Frank Bramley, and those pillars of the Academy, Mr. Oules and Mr. Luke Fildes, all contribute portraits characteristic of the method and style of each.

It is in the section of subject- and figure-painting that the defection of our leading artists is most felt. "What business had they *not* to have their pictures ready for the Academy?" was Mr. Ruskin's comment on the young Pre-Raphaelites more than forty years ago when, as in the present year, the public was disappointed of the sight of expected pictures not exhibited. This year, at any rate, the younger painters have the greater chance, and there can be no doubt that two or three have fully availed themselves of the opportunity. No work from a young hand is more remarkable than that of Mr. Byam Shaw, whose "Love's Baubles" is admirable alike in draughtsmanship and in composition. We can see in it, of course, many influences: the Pre-Raphaelitism of Millais and Holman Hunt, the realised facial expression of Ford Madox Brown, the forceful drawing of Mr. Sandys, the emphatic glory of vivid colour, more proper to stained glass than to oil-pictures, combined with a humour all the artist's own. Mr. Shaw will not continue to paint like this; but whether he goes on "playing the fifteenth century Botticelli with modern feeling" (according to the exclamation of a rapturous spectator), or turns to a treatment more in accordance with present-day ideas, he will certainly make for himself a very considerable place in modern art within a very few years. His picture of "The Comforter," a young man sitting by the death-bed of one beloved, while the figure of Jesus Christ, in a solid vision beside him, consoles his intense grief, proves power, feeling, and originality, as well as ability and pent-up vigour.



HELMSDALE
(From the Painting by Colin Hunter, A.R.A.)

Mr. Bacon has shown as much self-confidence, if not as much originality, in his finely conceived "Peace be to You." Obviously inspired by "La Cène" of M. Dagnan-Bouveret, especially in the suggestion of the lighting, it is a work of much force and earnestness, not only in the treatment of the subject, but in the expression of the heads of the Disciples. The principal defect in the picture is the gesture with which Christ displays His maimed

admirable is certainly "The Sea Maiden," silvery light on nude figures on the seashore, a problem which Mr. H. S. Tuke has attacked, though with less success, in "Beside Green Waters." Mr. Draper's "Calypso's Isle" makes less attempt to solve the problem, so as to convince us of its actual truth, but in this picture of a mermaid lounging on a sea-girt rock, the many-coloured waters that surround the Isle of Sark with such beauty of their limpid



A STUDY.

(From the Painting by G. Spencer Watson.)

hands, which is not equal in dignity with the rest of the composition. Mr. Goetze's religious picture, "The Divine Sower," is not so reticent in treatment, but it is extremely able in its own way. Mr. Lorimer is always interesting, but his yellow picture, "A Dance," falls short in several particulars. He has grappled cleverly with the difficulty of the colour problem, but the grouping does not hold together, and the principal figure appears to be far too tall. (A peculiar incident in this canvas that may be noted—unusual enough in painting—is the stereoscopic effect of landscape beyond the window-panes. The exact distance between the window and the tree beyond can be calculated almost to a foot.)

Of Mr. Arthur Hacker's two pictures, the more

tints have been introduced with singular felicity, and rendered with a robust vigour and firmness of touch little cultivated nowadays by painters of the younger school. Mr. Spencer Watson, a young painter, is on the right path; his drawing of head and figure is excellent, and when his hand and method are more matured he will render good account of himself. His "Fantasy," a variation of the subject of Cupid and Psyche, presents admirable qualities of design and colour, and the treatment of the nude is as "fair and gentil" as the lines he quotes. Mr. Ernest Normand's large composition of "Rivals," the principal object of which is to contrast the fair and dark skins of beauties of the seraglio, succeeds rather in its

Bouguereau-like attitude towards art than as a demonstration of brush-work or of colour-arrangement. The "Rivalry" of Mr. Orchardson is of a very different sort, full of distinction, but little charming in the subject, and painted in glazes so thin that one fears for the future of the work. But if only Mr. Sargent would consent to take a lesson from Mr. Orchardson in the treatment of his floors!

The Hon. John Collier has realised with considerable felicity the effect of candle-light and its play upon the faces and evening dress of the four male "Whist Players." It was a picture worth painting, and it has been done well. Rich colour is to be found in Mr. Brangwyn's "Venice;" yet, while fully admitting the skill with which the fine and virile harmony has been obtained, we must express our belief that the artist is carrying too far his *parti pris*, and is sacrificing his undoubted talent to a mannerism which is far more conventional and far less decorative than he appears to realise. Mr. La Thangue strikes the spectator less with his "Gleaners" than with his "Travelling Harvesters," though both are works of solid excellence. The former



DISTANT CAPRI.

(From the Painting by John Brett, A.R.A.)

inevitably recalls the great work of Millet, but the latter stands on its merits of painted sunlight, admirable grouping, character, and genuine sentiment. With this picture may fairly be named the beautiful little "Wood Gatherers" of Mr. W. H. Gore, bathed in the twilight of a summer's evening. Mr. Arthur Lemon is always interesting, always artistic in the handling of his subjects. His picture of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, which he calls, by the quotation of the squire's words: "The devil of any knight, giant, or man can I see of all those you talk of now"—is thoroughly in the spirit of Cervantes if not altogether in the Spanish note. There is a good deal of the artist's centaurs suggested in the crazy knight's shaggy mount, and no Iberian sun is shining on the plain. Nevertheless, the picture realises, better than most illustrations of the great romance, the character of its chief characters, and, wholly apart from the subject it professes to commentate, it is a work of considerable merit, free in touch, and full of air and light. Besides these pictures, the church interior of the Chevallier Taylor; the ambitious study by Mr. Charles Sim of "Childhood" disporting itself in a field, and there burying a doll on an inexplicably foggy afternoon; and, especially, Mr. Arthur Buckland's excellently conceived canvas, entitled "The Valley of Flowers," the chief characteristic of which lies in the fact that what colour it contains is over-subdued—are among the more important items contributed by the younger men: for the clever "Fantaisie en Folie" by Mr. Robert Brough, a sketch of much charm of colour and texture, notable for the *spirituel* placing upon the canvas, is hardly a work to be discussed as a complete picture. In very antithesis to such a work are the two studies of feminine grace by Sir Edward Poynter, "The Message" and "Phyllis," whom Horace celebrates; and the two superb object-lessons of painters' craftsmanship by that prince of craftsmen, Mr. Alma-Tadema: the first, "Watching;" and the other, "Her Eyes are with Her Thoughts, and They are Far Away." The problems of light in pictures so different as Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Christmas Eve" in the street of a Cornish fishing village, and in Mr. Boughton's illustration of mediæval ceremonial, called "After Midnight Mass, Fifteenth Century," are the more interesting for being wrought by men of unusual ability and experience.

Military painting in England suffers from the objection of artist and of public to meet with the horrors of war upon canvas. The public has no stomach for the gore which runs so freely in French pictures of the sort; nor do buyers encourage the sale of them. Mr. Crofts may put all the spirit he can into his Waterloo picture, "The Attack on the

Gate-house of the Château of Hougoumont," but the more ghastly aspect of the incidents of war are carefully suppressed. Mr. Wollen and Mr. Caton Woodville both, curiously enough, illustrate Norman Ramsay's charge at Fuentes Onoro, and give all the circumstance and fine enthusiasm of an heroic charge; but, after all, "*c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" We do not deplore the absence of details which make the gorge rise and the face blanch, but we cannot ignore the fact that battle painting in England can never be realistic, never even wholly sincere. The subject is to be set down among those that are "unpaintable," or, at least, which are to be treated with a reticence and selected with a fastidiousness that tie the artist's hands and rob him of the freedom necessary for the successful accomplishment of his task. No doubt Mr. A. C. Gow, R.A., takes the wisest course. He prefers to paint his figures at rest, when the spirit is calm and the blood cool—in outward appearance, at least—as when the commander-in-chief is surrounded by his staff, or, defeated, after the unseen battle, he is making his bloodless way to the rear. How admirably, with what exquisite deliberateness Mr. Gow works out such subjects we can once more see, whether in "Waiting for Prince Charlie" (the better of the two pictures) or Napoleon "On the Way to Exile." But in these finely drawn and delicately executed canvases it is forced upon us that the bridles are as self-assertive as the horses' heads, and the uniforms as the men inside them. It is a defect, no doubt, yet one not dishonourable to the artist himself, and infinitely useful as a lesson in fine and accurate draughtsmanship to a race of painters among whom delicacy and precision of touch are virtues by no means common.

Since Henry Moore died fine pictures of the sea, and marine-painting in the broader sense, have been sadly lacking on the Academy walls, but this absence has rarely been more felt than this present year. Mr. Colin Hunter touches his highest level in his lake-scene, "The Pool in the Wood, Helmsdale;" and Mr. Robert W. Allan, with his "Wild North Sea," gives the truest piece of storm-tossed sea in the whole Academy. Mr. Hayes maintains his reputation with a picture in his well-known manner, entitled "Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen," and Mr. Dudley Hardy achieves success with "The Queen's Highway," a powerful picture of the muddy composition water and sand. Mr. Somerseales hardly retains the position he conquered a few years ago; and Mr. Brett's "South Stack Lighthouse: the Wind Athwart the Tide," though a brilliant, is yet a somewhat unsympathetic rendering of the sea, too hard in its character, too scientific, it seems to us, in its intention.

Nor in the section of animal-painting can the Royal Academy be considered to shine. The fine Scotch kine of Mr. Peter Graham, the superbly sinuous beasts in Mr. Swan's little picture of "Tigress and Cubs at a Torrent," Mr. Austen Brown's "Calves" (in a rather over-"juicy" canvas), and Mme. Romer's ever delightfully aristocratic cat and kittens in "A Cosy Corner," would, perhaps, be held to represent the best of studies from life, but for the remarkably clever composition of Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, of "Colt Hunting in the New Forest." The very complicated line of the crowd of unbroken ponies rushing towards the spectator, urged by the mounted men who drive them, the skill in the arrangement, the observation imported into the work, the appreciation of colt-life and colt-character, to say nothing of a vigorous craftsmanship rare in a young lady, all prove that we have here, as we have said on a former occasion, a young artist of singular promise. She is not to be hailed—for some while, at least—as a second Rosa Bonheur, though there is no reason why that distinction should not be conquered by her, for the colour and workmanship are hardly inferior to that of the French painter at the same age. We have here a young painter who, by hard work and persistent application and careful development of her undoubted talent, may

achieve a great position. If, however, she allows herself to be carried away by foolish applause and exaggerated praise, she will probably find herself stunted in her artistic growth—her evolution as an artist fatally cut short. The warning is before her in Lady Butler, whose success seemed even more assured than Miss Kemp-Welch's. The proof is here in Lady Butler's "Steady the Drums and Fifes!" hung, to the Academy's discredit, in a place of honour in the present exhibition. It would, assuredly, make an interesting black-and-white illustration of Cardinal Manning's definition of "the highest courage;" but it is a mere travesty of painting, which we should have passed over in silence but for the action of the hanging committee in challenging attention with it. This action is a concession to the public unworthy of a great teaching body; one which, it seems to us, the professors will have some difficulty in justifying to the students in their schools.

We propose to consider the sculpture—an unusually interesting display—in a final article.

[NOTE.—Reproductions of the majority of the pictures here referred to, as well as of the greater number of paintings and sculptures in the exhibition, will be found in the Supplement to THE MAGAZINE OF ART, *Royal Academy Pictures*, 1897, of which the publication has just been concluded.]



THE GOLDEN SHORE.

(From the Painting by Julius Olsson.)

THE ART MOVEMENT.

GILBERT MARKS: AN ARTIST IN SILVER.

FOR long years the artist-craftsman has been smothered by commercialism and by the competition of machine-made productions, so that it is

to an exhibition of his work now being held at 80, Aldersgate Street.

It will be seen from the illustrations that Mr.



SILVER ROSE JUG AND BEAKERS

a pleasing sign of our time that he is once more obtaining due recognition, and that his work is meeting with private appreciation. We have on one or two occasions called attention to the skill

Marks for the most part adheres to the forms in his designs by which he has achieved his past successes. Going direct to nature, he skilfully transfers the blossoms of wild flowers to his graceful cups



TROUT BOWL.



POPPY BOWL AND SILVER STAND.

of Mr. Gilbert Marks as a designer and worker in silver, and once again it is a pleasure to refer

and other objects. The poppy and wild rose are still his favourites, and there is no cause for wonder



SILVER CASKET PRESENTED TO THE RT. HON. THE SPEAKER BY THE SKINNERS' COMPANY.

(Designed by George Frampton, A.R.A. Executed by Gilbert Marks.)

when we see the charming effect which he obtains from them in his designs. The set of two beakers and jug, and the beautiful dish, are highly typical examples. But the "honeysuckle jug" is not less successful, and a "daffodil bowl" in the exhibition also ranks as one of the artist's happiest efforts. In this the artist has introduced a bronze stand, and the combination of the two metals in the design forms a contrast that is distinctly pleasing. The "trout bowl" is, we think, a new departure for Mr. Marks, and one that it is to be hoped he will follow up and develop.

The lamp (executed for Sir Samuel Montagu) and the casket (illustrated on p. 159) are not in the exhibition. They are, nevertheless, excellent

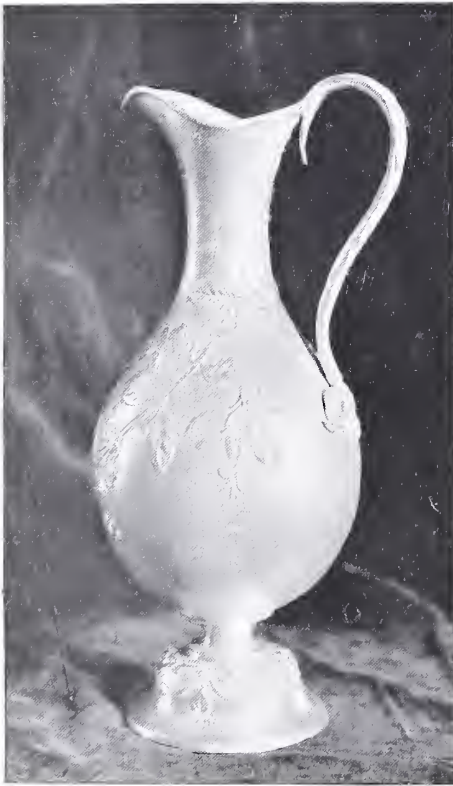
was presented by the Skinners' Company to the Speaker of the House of Commons, along with its scroll of freedom.



ROSE DISH.

The casket is in beaten silver, the body being riveted at the four corners into a frame, which in turn is riveted to the base. The hasp and hinges are fastened in the same way, and all the ends of the rivets and pins are of gold. The tree decoration is worked in repoussé round the four sides, the motto of the Skinners' Company—"To God only be all Glory"—being beaten from the metal and appearing behind the trees. Treated in the same way is the inscription—"The Gift of the Skinners'

Company of London to the Right Honourable William Court Gully, M.P., Speaker of the House of Commons, 28th April, 1897"—which is wrought round the second stage of the lid. Set in the top is a translucent enamel—a conventional tree, in gold on green. The casket has an inner lining of satin-wood with ivory edges. The bow and pipe of the key are chased in gold in a further treatment of tree form, and the bit is of steel. In front on either side of the hasp are two enamels bearing the arms of the Company and of the Speaker in their proper colours. Another enamel is placed between the hinges at the back,



HONEYSUCKLE JUG.



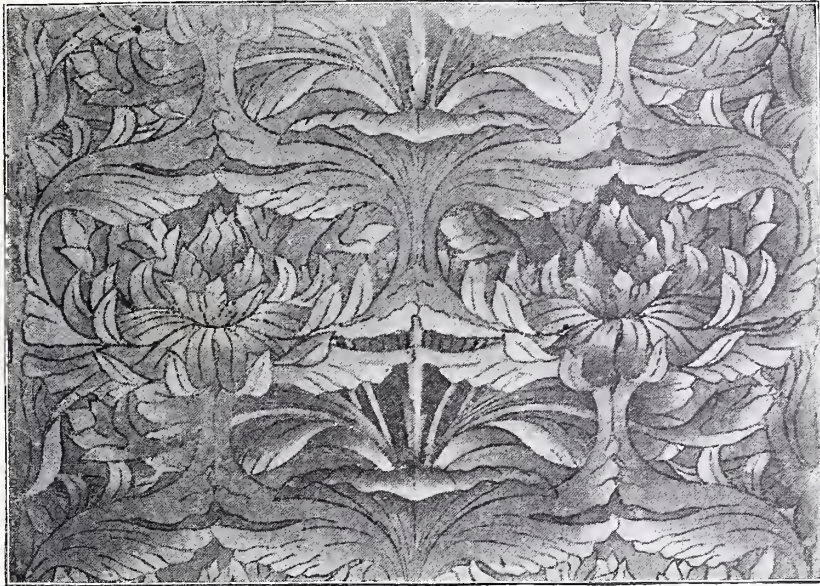
STANDARD LAMP FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT.

examples of Mr. Marks' artistic talent. The latter was designed by Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., and

and records the fact that the casket was "Designed by George Frampton—made by Gilbert Marks."

STENCILLING IN HOUSE DECORATION.

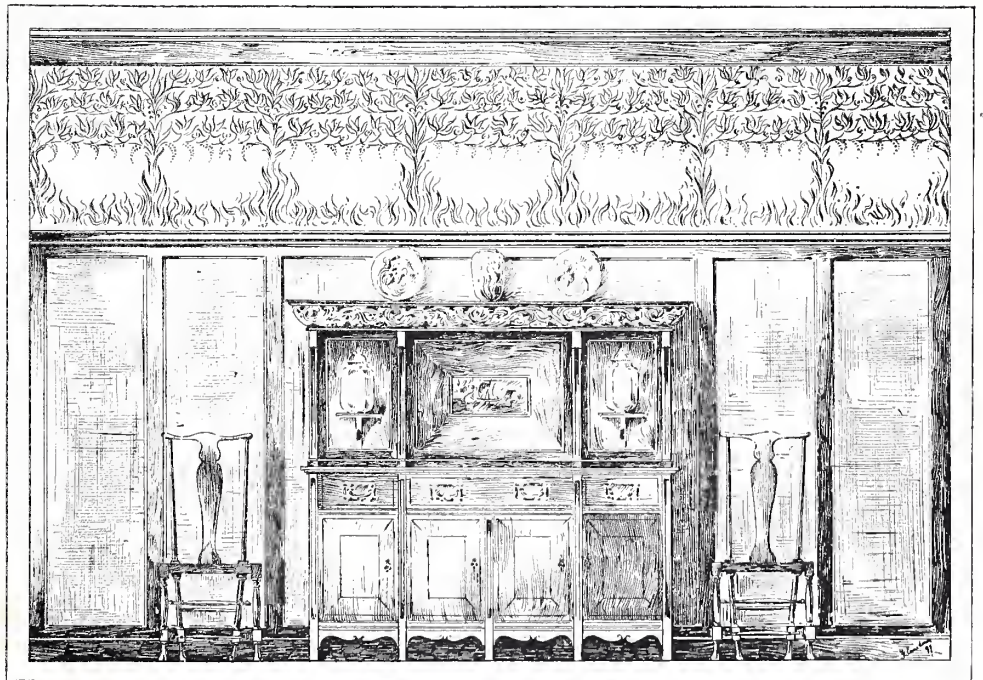
WE have within the last few months drawn attention in these pages to one or two varieties of stencilled stuffs for curtain hangings beyond that produced by block printing. The material used is a stout canvas linen which readily absorbs the colour. A different stencil is used for each shade. This particular design, worked out on curtain lengths, has a most handsome appearance; it is good in design and delicate in colour.



STENCILLED CURTAIN STUFF.
(Designed by A. L. Gwatkin.)

and wall decoration. We are given to understand that the firm of Messrs. Green and Abbott, of Oxford Street, was the first to introduce this class of work, for which they took out patents; but they claim that inasmuch as their specification included an outline round the design, an opening was left for others to step in and share the profit accruing from the omission. Their first design was made for them more than four years ago by Mr. Gwatkin, and of this we give a reproduction. Worked in blue and brown, the effect is excellent: a delicate gradation of tone is obtainable altogether

Through the courtesy of Canon Wilberforce we have been enabled to photograph and illustrate the unique dining-room at his house in Dean's Yard,



DESIGN FOR ROOM WITH STENCILLED FRIEZE

Westminster. Up till the time that the Canon took up his residence, this chamber was used as a coal



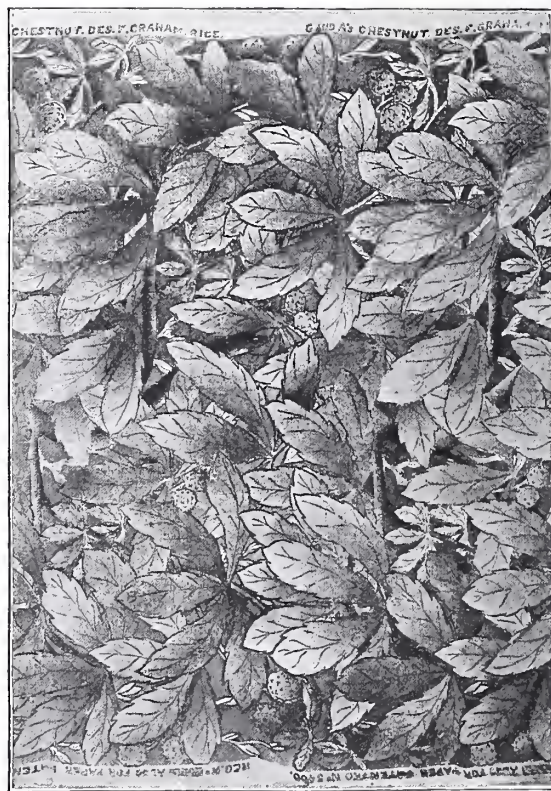
STENCILLED BORDER ON LINEN WALL HANGING

cellar, it being filled with earth to the level of the present wainscoting. Mr. Green, seeing the possibilities lying therein, went to work upon it and transformed it into the handsome room seen in our illustration. The building is part of the extensive additions made to the Abbey by Abbot Litlington in the fourteenth century, and as a record of this circumstance the Abbot's coat of arms has been placed on the centre tile of the hearth, as well as on the copper front of the grate. The oak panelling has been carefully modelled upon a fragment found in the excavating process, and the oak chimneypiece has been designed upon the same lines of free simplicity. The chamber is well lighted by three windows, and is singularly comfortable-looking in spite of the bare stone walls and roof.

The pieces of tapestry shown on either side of

the chimneypiece have a curious history. They were unearthed, with others, from a cellar in the precincts of the Abbey in a bad state of dilapidation. It has been found that up to forty years ago they used to hang in Westminster School—their history antecedent to that time cannot be traced—when the authorities, finding that the boys were disfiguring them by inscribing their names in ink, had the tapestries removed. With little less vandalism they were packed away in a cellar, and have only just been brought to light again. Messrs. Green and Abbot have restored them as far as possible without introducing any more work than was absolutely necessary to hold them together; and the Canon has three of the pieces in this room, while the others have been placed in the Deanery. From a cursory comparison, we should think that these hangings date from the same time as those in the Jerusalem Chamber, but of course are sadly disfigured by the scribbles of the Westminster boys.

The oak doors of this room are modelled on a design by the late Mr. Street which he executed for



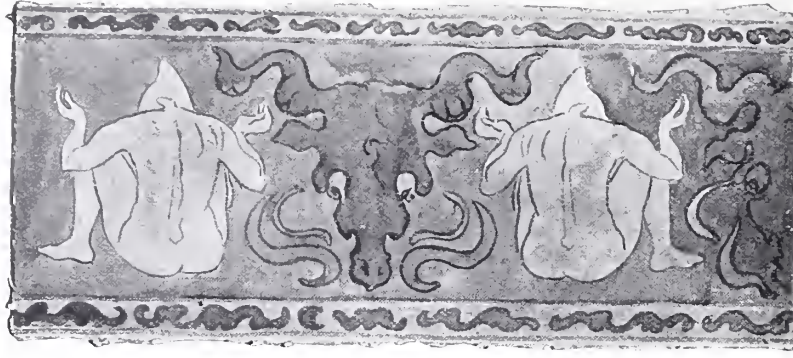
THE CHESTNUT FRIEZE

(Designed by F. Graham Rice)

a former church of Canon Wilberforce's, and it need only be said that they form a worthy entrance to this charming room.



DINING-ROOM AT 19 DEAN'S, YARD, WESTMINSTER. (See p. 162.)



DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY FRIEZE

PAUL ELIE RANSON.

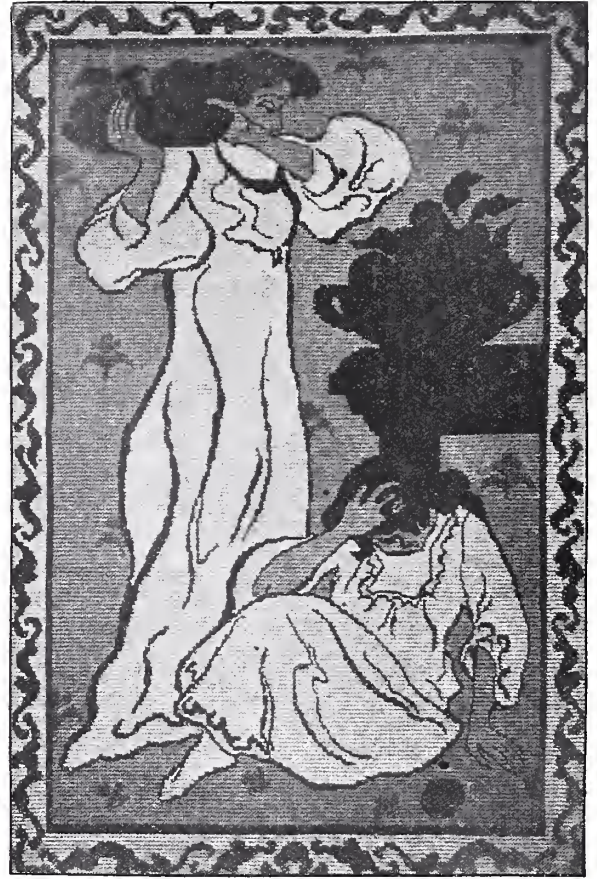
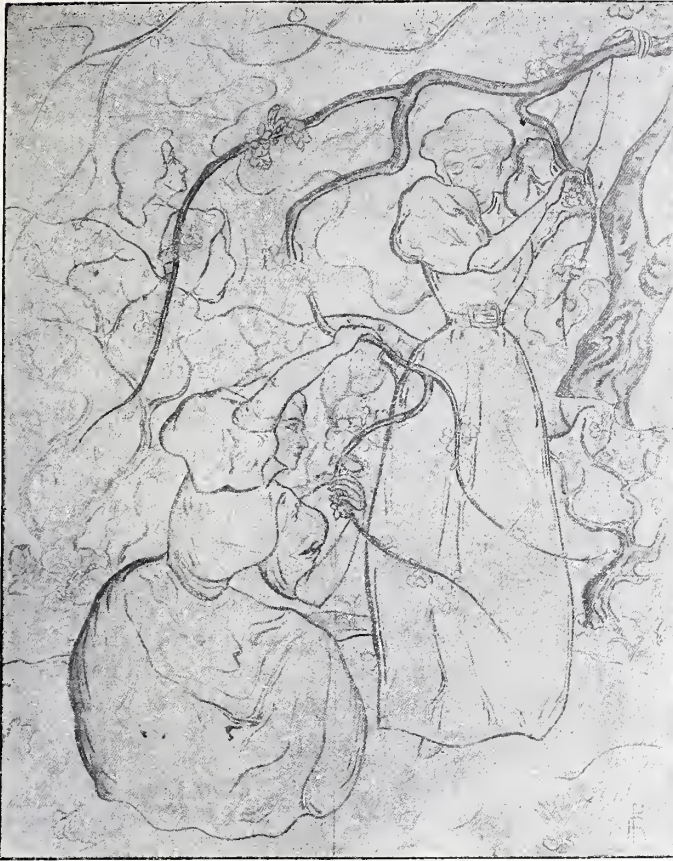
BY PRINCE BOJIDAR KARAGEORG VITCH.

PAUL ELIE RANSON is certainly one of the most interesting artist-craftsmen of our time. Trained first at the School for Decorative Art and afterwards at the Italian Studio, the young painter, whose work was very delicate in tone and subtly individual in composition, got tired of seeing his pictures always hung in the worst places—the places to which innovators without interest were consigned. Being greatly attracted by the decorative uses of painting, he began to translate his water-colour, pastel and oil pictures into tapestry, giving these decorative pieces a very definite style and tone—a slightly monotonous and subdued tone—brought

into harmony, each piece in a distinct key of paler or brighter colour, to form a satisfactory background to persons and furniture in front of it. These tapestries are copied from pictures fully painted and thought out, not from mere sketches, and are coarsely worked on ordinary canvas in thick worsteds; but the stitches are made to imitate brush-work, quite deceptively, with the caressing touch that gives roundness to modelling. The stitches are even, and all in one direction for the ground, the distance, and the sky; but infinitely various in the falls and draperies, producing excellent modelling, rich effects of texture and a fine play of light and

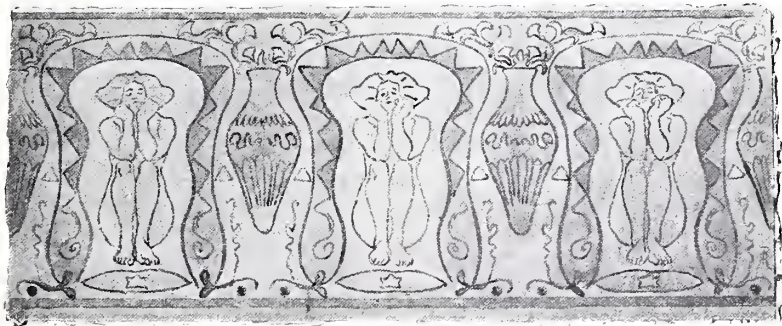


DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY.



DESIGNS FOR TAPESTRIES.

shade. The whole is very artistically blended, the stitches being quite lost in the finished work, and the result very satisfactory from the point of view of its use as



DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY FRIEZE.

tapestry, as a background. Every figure, every object in these hangings by Ranson, is firmly outlined

with the same shade of colour, merely by the different length and direction of the stitches.

in dark colour, almost black, and this, by isolating it from the picture, enables the artist to give the requisite modelling with hardly a difference of tone, sometimes



DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY FRIEZE.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[45] **COSWAY'S SIGNATURE.**—Did Cosway ever sign his miniatures in front? Mr. Lumsden Propert, in his "History of Miniature Art," says no. I observe that the very first miniature in the South Kensington Museum collection ascribed to Cosway is signed in front, at the right, "Cosway." I remember seeing some years ago a miniature signed in this way, and also inscribed at the back, "*Ridus Cosway Primarius Pictor Serenissimi Walliæ Principis pinxit. 1790.*"—THOMAS SMEDLEY.

*+ Mr. Thomas Smedley inquires whether Richard Cosway, R.A., ever signed his miniatures on the face, and in reply we may state that we know of but one genuine miniature so signed. There is a miniature in the Whitehead collection that is not only fully signed on the back with Cosway's usual pompous superscription, but is also signed on the face with an unmistakable autograph. It is a very elaborate, highly-finished miniature, painted in quite a different style to Cosway's usual work, and resembles an enamel in its execution. It was probably experimental work, and we imagine that either Cosway feared it would not be recognised as his production, or else he was unusually proud of it and therefore affixed his signature to its face. No other miniature amongst the hundred that we have seen is so signed. The one at South Kensington Museum, to which our correspondent alludes, is a genuine work, but the signature is a later addition to it and quite spoils the miniature. Cosway usually signed his miniatures on the oval of paper affixed to the back of the ivory miniature. This autograph is very characteristic. It usually reads thus:—

Ridus Cosway R.A. Primarius Pictor Serenissimi Principis Walliæ.

In some cases he added F.S.A. after R.A., either alone or preceded by "et." Sometimes he changed the position of the last two words in the sentence, making it read:—

Walliæ Principis.

On one delightful drawing of the Madonna and Child he proudly wrote:—

Ridus de Cosway Armiger Primarius Pictor Serenissimi Principis Walliæ.

One miniature we have seen signed:—

Ridus Cosway Principal Painter to the Prince of Wales and to all the Royal Family.

And one is actually signed as follows:—

Richard Cosway R.A. and F.S.A. greatest miniature painter in the world.

This is dated 1816, at the time of his most serious mental trouble. His drawings are some-

times signed in full, but often marked only with a very tiny monogram of R. C., hidden away in a corner of the work. The C is drawn as a large capital, and the R is a smaller capital within it.—G. C. W.

[46] **M. HARPIGNIES AND THE MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR.**—I see it stated that M. Harpignies is the recipient this year of the "medal of honour" at the Paris Salon, and that some hint is given as to a hidden meaning in the distinction thus bestowed. It would oblige me, and doubtless others of your readers, if you would explain the circumstances, and state who is this distinguished artist of whom so little is known in England.—COMPTON NEWTON.

*+ M. Harpignies, with M. François and one or two other painters, belongs to the front rank of French landscape-painters. Born at Valenciennes in 1819, he became the pupil of Jean Achard, of Grenoble. Since 1853 he has been a constant exhibitor at the Salon, nearly always taking for his subjects Fontainebleau, the Bourbon country, and Auvergne. His "Souvenir de la Vallée Egerie" is a decorative panel executed for the Paris Opera House in 1870, and a considerable number of his paintings are in the Luxembourg ("The Coliseum," "Moonrise," and "A Torrent in the Var"), and in the museums of Lille, Grenoble, Orleans, etc. He received medals in 1866, 1868, and 1869, and a second class medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1878, eventually being appointed Officer of the Legion of Honour. The circumstance to which our querist refers is the alleged rejection at the Royal Academy this year of a picture submitted by M. Harpignies for exhibition. M. Harpignies is an old man, but it is hardly possible that his work could be bad enough for rejection, when some of the poor pictures on the line are taken into consideration. On the contrary, it is asserted that the artist sent one of his best works, which had already been received elsewhere with applause. It seems more than likely that M. Harpignies has not been rejected in the strict sense at all, but is one more victim—and a distinguished one, too—of the regulations of the Academy in respect to selection, the reform of which is now under discussion; and that in the mass of "doubtful" pictures his fine canvas was overlooked. But how it was not accepted outright in the first instance cannot well be explained away. It is now alleged that the great honour bestowed on M. Harpignies is to be considered

partly as the indignant though courteous protest of the artists of France against our English blunder, and partly as a sort of compensation offered to the artist for the slight to which he has been subjected. How far this is accurate we are unable to assert, but we have received from Paris a strong expression of opinion in the direction which we have indicated.

[47] **"ACCEPTED," "DOUBTFUL," AND "REJECTED" AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—It would be interesting at this period of the year, when we are hearing so much bitter comment on rejection of pictures by artists, if you would give us some figures that would enlighten us as to the process.—"X."

* * * The information sought for by our correspondent "X" (presumably intended for the Academy's mark of rejection) cannot rightly be given by us, inasmuch as the details are private to the members of the Royal Academy. We have, however, no objection to giving the particulars asked for, for the year 1888, as the "Report on Exhibition" for that year has already been made known to the public:—
"The Council commenced selecting on Monday, April 2, and finished on Tuesday, April 10. At the conclusion of the selection it was found that they had—

" Accepted	602 works
Made doubtful	2,900 ..
Rejected	5,825 ..
Inadmissible	58 ..

"Total sent for Exhibition 9,385 works
"An increase on 1887 of 870 works."

"Inadmissible" is generally held to refer to the violation of the regulations, whether as to shape or description of frames, the covering of glass, and so forth.

[48] **THE WHITE OF EGG AS A VEHICLE.**—When, at the time of the Van Eycks, oil supplanted the white of egg as a painting-medium, it was believed that the change would be sempiternal. I should be glad to know if it is not true that the prophecy has been fully realised, and that white of egg is, as a medium, totally unknown to, or at least unused by, modern painters.—NOVELIST.

* * * We cannot endorse the romance of our correspondent. Although repudiated by the vast majority of painters, the white of egg is still in use by a small, though yet a distinguished minority. In England, it is true, it is very little employed, but in France it has a greater popularity: not, certainly, as a substitute for oil so much as a reinforcement of water-colour. In the recent exhibition of the Société des Aquarellistes Français, held at the Avenue des Champs Elysées, M. Dinet exhibited five "aquarelles

à l'œuf," and M. Vibert six. Figures and landscapes comprised the works thus painted, and undoubtedly considerable added force was developed. There is, however, a sort of sticky appearance about the result which is not pleasing, and which is not got rid of even when the device of varnishing such a drawing is adopted. It is not likely that egg-painting would be appreciated in England as a recognised method of work: but as a curiosity it would perhaps attract some attention and support.

[49] **LEFT-HANDED ARTISTS.**—I see it stated that Monsieur Jan Van Beers works with his left hand. If this is true, is not the circumstance a very rare one?—ENQUIRER.

* * * M. Jan Van Beers certainly does paint left-handed, but his case is by no means unprecedented, or even rare. So long as A.D. 69 Timpilius surprised his patrons by holding his brush in his left hand. Putting aside artists who, like Holbein, Amico Aspertini, Rugendas, Fuseli, Antonio Sole, were practically ambidextrous, and those who, like Cornelius Ketel, abandoned without any particular reason the use of the right hand for that of the left, there remains a very considerable number whom accident or misfortune drove to educate their left hands to do the work of the right. Thus Jouvenet, like M. Vierge in our own day, was forced by the paralytic condition of his right arm to work with his left: and Mazzola, up to his death in 1838 the Director of the Imperial Gallery of Milan, who would only consent to the amputation of his right arm, which the doctors declared necessary, after he had satisfied himself that it would be possible for him to acquire the necessary skill to paint with his left hand. It may also be mentioned that the late Louis Haghe, Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, used to draw with his left hand, as a congenital affection had deprived his other hand of fingers. Through illness Patrick Nasmyth also had to adopt the left as the painting hand: and Frederick Tayler, P.R.W.S., was also left-handed. Several artists and draughtsmen of note of the present day, whom it is not necessary now to particularise, draw with their left hands. Finally it is stated, but we cannot vouch for the fact, that Sir Edwin Landseer was ambidextrous.

[50] **THE ROYAL ACADEMY COUNCIL IN 1887.**—Will you or one of your readers be good enough to state of what members of the Royal Academy the Council of that body consisted in 1887? And who were the visitors in the modelling school?—AN R.A. EXHIBITOR.

* * * Besides the *ex-officio* members, the Council consisted of the following members of the Royal Academy. In their first year, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. H. S. Marks, Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, Mr. Norman Shaw, and Mr. W. F. Yeames. In their second year, Mr. J. C. Hook, Mr. W. Calder Marshall, Mr. J. Sant, Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, and Mr. H. T. Wells. The visitors to the Life School (modelling) were Mr. H. H. Armstead, Mr. T. Woolner, Mr. C. B. Birch (Associate), Mr. T. Brock (Associate), and Mr. W. Hamo Thornycroft (Associate).—ONE OF THEM.

[51] **NONAGENARIAN PAINTERS.**—I should like to know whether countries other than England can show an artist who lived, as Mr. Sidney Cooper has done, to be past ninety years of age. I should be grateful for such a list, for which I have a special purpose.—RUPERT M. CHAMPNEYS (Paris).

* * * The instance of Titian at the age of ninety-six will of course occur to everyone. Among foreign artists may be mentioned the names of Calvi (105), Fivré (92), de Largillière (90), Leisman (94), Aerts (93), Sophonisba Anguisciola (93—the great Italian female artist to pay his homage at whose feet Vandyck journeyed to Genoa when she was old and blind); G. Morandi (90), C. Natali (94), Appiani (90), Dominique Nolle (96), Snellincks (94), Francesco Podesti (94), Edmond Geffroy (91), Jacopo Sansovino (93), Soliméné (90), Tiarini (91), Trevisani (90), and Bamestier (99). Among painters of the English school are G. Knapton (90), W. Shipley (90), James Ward (91), W. H. Pickersgill (93), J. Linnell (91), R. Smirke (93), Lambert Western (90), and John Taylor (99). Had our correspondent asked for the names of octogenarian artists of note, we should have had reluctantly to decline to satisfy him; for the practice of the art is conducive to longevity, and we could not have spared the necessary space.

[52] **PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.**—I have an engraved portrait of Her Majesty, oval shape, a proof before any letters. It represents the Queen in profile, with her hair plaited and brought round the ear. When I bought it, which was about thirty years ago, there was written on the margin "Eng^d by Ryall from a miniature by Ross." As I have not seen this picture reproduced in any of the Jubilee publications, I beg to ask if this is scarce.—H. W.

* * * The Ross Ryall Portrait of the Queen is by no means scarce, and we are informed by a well-known firm of print-sellers that "fifty proofs can be supplied at once if you require them." The portrait is reproduced in the June number of *The Century* magazine.

[53] **DURABILITY OF COLOURS.**—I enclose a copy

of a specimen of colour taken from "An Accidence, or Gamut of Painting in Oil and Water Colours," by Julius Ibbetson (1803), with the following extract from p. 16:—"Flake white . . . I always bring it down with Naples yellow to the colour of cream or masticot before I place it on my palette." I ask for information as to whether the cause of the fearful discoloration shown is due to the flake white or the N. yellow, or both combined? The latter, I think, because (1) the next specimen in the book, pure Naples yellow, stands unchanged, or nearly so: and (2) in the specimen given of "raw sienna and N. yellow" mixed there is again a mottled result of brown and yellow, whereas the specimen of pure raw sienna is unchanged. As these colours (oil) were laid on ninety-four years ago at least, their testimony as to durability may be of some interest. The specimen of vermilion is bright and unchanged; it is the brightest of all the specimens. Light red and burnt sienna are unchanged, Prussian blue unchanged; but all (vermilion excepted) are evidently darker than when laid on, Prussian blue especially and V. brown. This specimen of N. y. and fl. wh. has deterred me from using N. y. at all. (1) May I ask whether N. y. is liable to discoloration with zinc white? (2) Are all or any of the cadmiums safe colours, alone or in mixture? Does zinc white affect them in a bad way?—ANTIPODES (B.A. Branfill, Nelson, N.Z.).

* * * Away from home and from my notes and specimens, I am unable to answer the queries of "Antipodes" with completeness or precision. But I may, at least, make one most important statement: the Naples yellow almost universally employed at the present day is an entirely different pigment from that referred to by Ibbetson. The latter owed its colour to antimoniates of lead, the former to sulphide of cadmium. It is to the lead present in the true old Naples yellow that its discoloration, especially in some commixtures, is due. Exposure to air and light generally restores the original hue in the case of this pigment when used in oil, and warm solution of peroxide of hydrogen never fails to remove the tarnish. I may add, in further response to "Antipodes," that zinc white does not injuriously affect any species of Naples yellow, and that the permanence of the various cadmium colours cannot be dismissed in a sentence. In oil many of the varieties—light yellow, orange and orange-red—are permanent; as water-colours, the pale yellow especially, and the orange-red, to some extent, are liable to deterioration. But to answer the queries fully I should have to copy out some pages of my book on "The Chemistry of Paints and Painting."—A. H. CHURCH.

A FRENCH VIEW OF ENGLISH ART OF 1897.

By HENRI FRANTZ.

IT would seem that as the Royal Academy and the New Gallery are, like the two Paris Salons and the Munich Exhibitions, the general expression and definite result of the achievement for the year of the artists of the country, we should be enabled to deliver a few remarks on contemporary English art, based on the general display in these galleries.

Here, as in the Salons, we are struck by the number of artists who paint without achieving their escape from the commonplace, without impressing us with any sense of the necessity for their productions. This revelation on a large scale of the more technical acquirement of art is one of the distinctive signs of the period, when everything seems tending to a level and to the gradual elimination of individuality. We are far from the happy days when art was the consecration of a few, and the artist was one of the elect serving the altar of Beauty. These men became artists because they were called to it by all the highest aspirations of their nature, to satisfy their thirst for an ideal they had seen, and to which they strove daily to come a little nearer. Each work had its birth in the depths of individual mind or temperament; no other necessity intruded its claims.

In our time, alas, art has become a manufacture. Men are not born artists; artists are made. Diligent study takes the place of natural gifts; men paint without feeling urged to it by a genuine vocation; the myriad necessities of modern life weigh heavily on the artist. This is why so many of the canvases in the Royal Academy and the New Gallery might be absent without any detriment to the show as a whole—or rather to its advantage.

This does not mean that I would condemn in a mass a generation of artists who have qualities so eminently characteristic of the English race. In most of these painters—and it is their great merit—we are struck by genuine conscientiousness, a desire not to startle the spectator, but to produce a piece of good and solid workmanship. See the landscape-painters, for instance; they go on sincerely in a beaten path, on the lines either of the masters of English landscape or of the Barbizon school, but without adding anything of their own—without the least spirit of originality or selectiveness. We feel that they have not sufficiently freed themselves from their early academical training—the education which every artist must shake off as he arrives at maturity, if he is to follow the guidance of his own promptings. Hence we see a general chalkiness of colour and a type of handling

which, though careful no doubt, is also heavy. They overlook the first task of the landscape-painter, which is, above all else, to interpret nature, not to reproduce it literally. The artist's imagination should serve as a prism; he should transfigure nature by his personal aspirations, and show her to us not as she is, but as he feels her.

In the portraits, on the other hand, we find the "qualities of this defect"—I mean of this rigid sincerity. Some of these painters seem to have inherited all the traditions that are the glory of their country, while preserving their individuality. Mr. Sargent has painted a portrait which may fairly be regarded as one of the wonders of the time. Mr. Orchardson shows in his work a supreme distinction of style with a subtle sense of colour and a conspicuous sobriety of treatment; the portrait of Professor Mitchell, again, by Sir George Reid, has the noble dignity of the great classical painters.

In a lesser degree of perfection Mr. Shannon displays indisputable skill in his numerous works, which are often somewhat careless but always interesting; and some younger artists—among them Mr. Wilfrid von Glehn—are painters of real promise. All this is in striking contrast to our French portrait school—M. Carolus-Duran or M. Boldini, who ignores the most elementary laws of plastic art; or M. Gandara, who paints elegant but soul-less dolls.

What enables the foreigner to come out of the Royal Academy or the New Gallery not un comforted, in spite of a great number of mediocre or bad pictures, is that in certain paintings—those of Mr. Watts, Mr. Sargent, Sir George Reid, Sir E. Burne-Jones, and Mr. Waterhouse, for instance—talent is recognisable in its most perfect form. Herein lies the difference between the Royal Academy and the corresponding exhibitions in France and in Germany. It is not altogether free from the strange and disastrous effect which in this *fin de siècle* seems to taint all men and their works, the desperation which is as an echo from La Bruyère's bitter and depressing philosophy—"Everything has been said; all comes too late."

Still there are some painters, such as Mr. Watts, who save the case, whose individuality is so splendid, so spontaneous and healthy, that there is much still to be looked for from the race that can produce such a man. The art of Mr. Watts is so noble that his pictures rise up in our memory like a light eclipsing all the rest, and reviving the rare impression made by them at first, that we have been permitted to gaze face to face on the mysterious and supernatural power which we call Genius.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—JULY.

The South Kensington Scare.

WERE the Select Committee into the administration of South Kensington Museum to achieve nothing else, the alarming interim Report which has been presented, and which has brought home to the public the dangerous condition of the Museum buildings, would be amply sufficient to justify the appointment of that body. It is too early to state what the outcome will be—whether the Treasury will shut up the Museum and distribute its treasures among the provinces; whether it will use its influence to deflect or even to stop supplies; whether it will at once set about completing the buildings; or whether, satisfied with the closing of the institution, it will allow matters to lie dormant once more. Stringent action of some sort, however, may be expected to follow. But the public must, through its parliamentary representatives, make the Government understand that it will not permit any such thing as a permanent dispersal of this incomparable collection; that London is not to be deprived of its main source of artistic study and inspiration; and that no tyrannical action (which, we understand, there is some fear to apprehend) will be permitted. Our suggestion may appear somewhat cryptic: we trust we shall have no cause to explain further. Meanwhile, we hope that the public will see that there is some reason for taking a greater interest in the course of the enquiry than they have yet manifested.

Art in the Theatre.

GRANTED that Napoleon's Court was really as garish in its toilettes and its upholstery as the latest Lyceum production would seem to prove, it is impossible not to wish that, in presenting *Madame Sans-Gêne*, the management could have seen its pictorial possibilities from, let us say, the "Orchardson" point of view. Even the prologue in the laundry scarcely suggests the grim atmosphere of the "Terror," and in the later scenes theatricalism is paramount. It must, however, be conceded that Sir HENRY IRVING comes off very creditably in a gallant attempt to reconcile his conflicting personality with that of Buonaparte.—Curiosity as to the decorations of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE'S brand-new *Her Majesty's Theatre* has rather discounted the conspicuous artistic merits of his initial production, *The Seats of the Mighty*. The *mise-en-scène*, for which Messrs. HANN and JOHNSTONE are responsible, is praiseworthy throughout, the picture of the prologue at Versailles being specially admirable in its colouring and grouping. The too obvious sky-borders of Act i. spoil an otherwise capital scene, and the dancing dress worn by the supposed Madame Conrinal in Act ii. is of the up-to-date music-hall variety rather than a pseudo-Oriental travesty of the Louis Quinze period. Reverting to the presumably incomplete decorations of the auditorium, a sense of continuity is lacking; the gold arabesques *appliqué* on the red velvet tableau curtains are too assertive in character, and the act-drop, copied from the Gobelinus tapestry, representing Dido and Æneas, is ill-fitted to the proscenium frame, and appears altogether disproportionate to the entire scheme of decoration.—*Victoria and Merrie England*, the new Alhambra ballet, secures by its *à propos* title and the co-operation of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN an exceptional measure of attention. The spectacle commences well, and the assembly of white-robed Druids in a glade of oaks, in its simple dignity and appropriateness, strikes

a note of promise that the subsequent scenes fail to redeem. The various episodes of the ballet are inconsequent, and the May-day revels in a scene that suggests a Surrey common of to-day, rather than a village green of Elizabeth's reign, are too confused in subject and too ostentatiously dressed to be convincing. A Wagnerian interlude of Herne the Hunter, ushered in by admirably contrived lightning, and succeeded by wood-nymphs of the conventional Alhambra pattern, leads up to a wintry picture of the Stuart period—bringing home the yule log. Here again the "unities" are unnecessarily violated by the introduction, amongst the mortals, of frost fairies whose dresses are perhaps the happiest efforts of design in the ballet—good alike in idea and execution. The curtains that close this scene are next parted to show a tableau of the Queen's Coronation, which might easily be made still more impressive. The final picture of the ballet has not inspired Mr. RYAN with a very striking ensemble, and the backcloth is distinctly feeble. Evolution by small samples of our Services at home and abroad, together with Mr. Russell's elaborately costumed Colonial fantasies, carrying pale Union Jacks, bring the ballet to a close. The idea of the development of the British race, culminating in the splendid civilisation of our Victorian era, hinted at in the opening scene, might have been worked to far greater advantage, and would assuredly have afforded braver opportunities to the scenic artist and the costumier.

THE report for 1896 of Sir John Soane's Soane Museum. Museum has recently been issued. It draws attention to the fact that the building is now open four days in the week instead of two, for six months in the year instead of three, as originally settled by the Act of management. The attendance during the year was 4,860, and it is a significant fact that in classifying the nationalities of the general public who visited the museum, the United States of America heads the list with 787. The number of students working in the museum was largely increased last year, for the figures for 1894, 1895, and 1896 are 12, 107, and 209 respectively. The list of trustees had to be greatly altered during the year by the deaths of LORD LEIGHTON, SIR JOHN MILLAIS, and SIR BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON, and the resignation of SIR WILLIAM FLOWER. Their places have been filled by SIR EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A., SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD, and Professor A. H. CHURCH.

THE chief feature of the sale of Sir J. Pender's collection was the high prices given for the four Turners. The "Mercury and Herse" and "The Wreckers" sold for £7,500 each; "The State Procession" for £7,000, and the beautiful "Venice" for £6,800. The noted "La Gloria," by J. PHILLIPS, R.A., was purchased for £5,900 for the Scottish National Gallery. There were some surprising fluctuations in prices, MILLAIS' "Proscribed Royalist," which sold in 1862 for £525, fetching £2,000; MACLISE'S "Sleeping Beauty," which realised £895 in 1865, going for £96; W. COLLINS'S "Card-Players," sold in the same year for £200, was bought for £30; and a TROYON showed a depreciation of 1,200 guineas on its last sale.

THE latest exhibition of Mr. MORTIMER Exhibitions. MENPES at the Dowdeswell Gallery once more reveals the peculiar merits of this clever and original artist.

A second sojourn in Japan has given an opportunity for the exercise of his peculiar talent, which is steadily developing qualities of very high excellence. Mr. Menpes has a fine eye for character, for composition, and for dramatic subject; his colour-sense is at once powerful and subtle; he manages the lighting of his little pictures with remarkable skill, and he draws with happy precision. Besides this, his little oil pictures glow like gems, and his water-colours are in their way hardly less luminous; they present, moreover, an interest of technique that will attract

and the same artist's exquisite "Miss Linley and her Brother," which has been seen before at the Grafton. A sketch of "Edmund Kean," by G. CLINT, R.A., is a strong piece of work, and a "Head of Jack Bannister," said to be by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, is also of fine quality. Among the modern portraits are Mr. J. S. SARGENT's magnificent "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth;" Mr. S. J. SOLOMON's "Mrs. Patrick Campbell," shown at the Academy a few years ago; as well as the Hon. JOHN COLLIER's "Miss Julia Neilson," and Mr. ALMA-TADEMA's clever "George



VENICE: THE GIUDECCA, SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE, AND SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE.
(From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner, recently in the Pender Collection.)

all artists, and hardly be lost upon the general public. Many of these pictures of Japanese life are of unprecedented size for this painter, and are handled with breadth and vigour. The pictures of actors are full of observation, and the action they portray full of energy. In such water-colours as "Fragrance of the Night," "Bridge of the Crossing Moon," "The Young Moon," and "Purple Night," Mr. Menpes shows himself a delicate and even a fine colourist; in such pictures as "Out in the Rain" he gives a taste of his sense of humour; and in "Showers," "Playfellows," "The Fire Worshippers," a concentrated form of human interest, along with an appreciation of colour, *finesse* of modelling, and a skilful treatment of reflected lights; and dominating all, a suggestive sense of sympathy that raises the character of this collection beyond any of its forerunners. The reed-pen drawings should not be unacknowledged.

The Exhibition of Dramatic and Musical Art at the Grafton Galleries contains much of interest to the student of the development of the English stage and a few really good things for the art-lover. Among the subject-pictures stand out prominently two of the Boydell Shakespeare series—"Puck," by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and "Imogen," by R. WESTALL, R.A.; but it is in the portraits that the strength of the exhibition is to be found. Among these are the well-known "David Garrick," by GAINSBOROUGH,

Henschell." Sir Henry Irving, of course, figures largely, the most striking portrait being Mr. WHISTLER's representation of him as Philip. There are two by EDWIN LONG, R.A., one as Hamlet having been clumsily lengthened by five or six inches. The striking portrait of "Coquelin as Don Cesar de Bazan," by MADRAZO, is one of the best of the foreign contributions, and a fanciful painting of "Madame Sarah Bernhardt," by M. CHARTRAN, probably ranks as the most amusingly flattering portrait in the gallery.

The annual exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association was held as usual last month in the Albert Hall. Taken as a whole, we have nothing but praise for the useful work accomplished by the various classes connected with the Association. As on previous occasions, certain of the classes stand out prominently for the excellence of their work, and we would mention specially the embossed leather bindings sent up from Leighton Buzzard. Miss BASSETT has again designed some beautiful covers, which are executed with a delicacy and refinement scarcely to be surpassed by the best known professional bookbinders. The Kent County Council classes again take precedence with their wood-carving, and from Porlock Weir there were some very clever friezes of hunting scenes in embossed leather. From Langdale (Westmoreland) there were some good embroidered linens, one especially fine

from Garry Hill (Ireland), with a design of oak leaves and acorns delicately worked. The Aldeburgh class also had an excellent display of needlework and embroidery, which formed a chaste contrast to a garish show of embroidery in coloured wools and a liberal use of tinsel from Holcombe (Devon) exhibited on a neighbouring stall. An attractive poster, designed by Miss I. L. GLOAG, was to be seen at the exhibit of the British School of Weaving.

The versatility of Mr. DUDLEY HARDY is again exhibited in the collection of his works at Messrs. Clifford's galleries. The serious side of his art is well represented in over forty oil- and water-colour paintings, some sketches in Morocco—particularly "Evening: Tangier," "Return from Market:



OUT IN THE RAIN
(By Mortimer Menpes.)

Tangier," and "The Rug Market"—being gems of colour. The major part of the space is occupied by drawings, of which reproductions have appeared in weekly papers, and which, although trivial enough, are, of course, clever.

MESSRS. SHEPHERD have a choice collection of works of early English masters at their gallery in King Street, which includes a beautiful "Woody Landscape" by Old CROME and a good "Landscape, with Ruined Priory," by GAINSBOROUGH. A fine portrait of "Mrs. Siddons," by G. H. HARLOW, would have been a valuable addition to the Grafton Gallery exhibition. Among the modern works there are two representative specimens of HENRY MOORE'S marine painting; and "The Brimming River," by Mr. C. W. WYLLIE, "A Village by the Sea," by Mr. BLANDFORD FLETCHER, and "The Trysting Place," by Mr. A. GLENDENNING, call for special mention.

At the Imperial Institute is to be seen an interesting collection of paintings and drawings illustrative of yachts and yachting. Mr. R. T. PRITCHETT'S water-colour drawings are good alike from the artistic and yachtsman's point of view. There are some characteristic examples of Mr. W. L. WYLLIE'S and Mr. E. DE MARTINO'S work here also.

Mr. LOUIS J. RHEAD has been holding another exhibition of poster designs, and has once more displayed his

extraordinary versatility of talent in this direction. In design, colour, and method of lettering they were perfect as posters, and although varied in style and effect, they all bore unmistakably the stamp of the artist's individuality.

Reviews. In his "*English Illustration: The 'Sixties: 1855-1870*" (A. Constable and Co.), Mr. GLEESON WHITE has paid the tribute of the present generation to the great artistic achievement of the last. The book is an encyclopedia of that noble work on wood by Millais, Leighton, Charles Keene, Fred Walker, du Maurier, Frederick Shields, Frederick Sandys, Whistler, Ford Madox Brown, Arthur Hughes, North, Pinwell, Houghton, Fildes, Poynter, Holman Hunt, Lawless, Rossetti, Morten, William Small,

Tenniel, and the rest of the brilliant band who made the English illustrated press, newspaper and magazine, the great monument of national artistic expression of the age. This great school of artists on the wood gave birth to the great school of wood-cutters, who improved on the conventional, if admirable, work of their predecessors by virtue of the general emancipation which was then introduced. There is no need here to follow Mr. White in the careful selection he has made of representative publications and representative artists. We can but bear witness that the taste displayed is irreproachable, and the knowledge practically complete. In this superb volume are a vast number of illustrations which, more eloquent even than Mr. White's testimony, bear witness to the genius of the period he deals with. How much fine art is here—what passion—what beauty, and skill! How is it that these men—Houghton, Sandys, and their compeers—are recognised only by connoisseurs, and are still unappreciated by the great public? This excellent book may help to set things right, far more for that public's sake than for the artists'. *Their* work is done—it is here, and their reputation is safe. In woodcut and photo-

gravure we have here a constellation of talent that no country can surpass in the same art and within a like period; and that Mr. White has so thoroughly carried out his task is matter for inter-congratulation. We may object that the block of "Unknown" authorship is by A. R. Fairfield; that the summary dismissal of "Routledge's Annuals" means consequently the dismissal of little-known work by du Maurier, Walter Crane, and others; we may protest against the almost scornful treatment of Cruikshank, "Phiz," and Leech, and we may pass over such slips as "North, R.A.," "Gilray," and so forth; and finally we may remark on the fact that some of the blocks are not so well printed as the care bestowed on their production would lead one to expect. The reason is that woodcuts such as these should be printed on the good old *soft* paper they were intended for. The book is a delightful possession, and should have a wide recognition.

We have ourselves for years past dealt in our columns with what we call "the romance of art," those entertaining facts and incidents which constitute now the amusing, now the exciting, sometimes the trifling, at others the tragic accompaniment of the history of art. Mr. FREDERICK S. ROBINSON has had the happy idea to bring together in a volume, which he entitles "*The Connoisseur*" (Redway),



THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.
(By Mortimer Menpes.)

a number of papers conceived somewhat on the same lines. They are, as he himself says, "essays on the romantic and picturesque associations of art and artists"—"anecdotes" they would have been called by a former generation. Collectors and collections; patrons and artists; forgeries and prices; art, war, and religion; gems and jewels; art historians—Pliny, Vasari, and Walpole—these afford admirable subject for a writer with a sense of the picturesque and a happy turn of the pen. Such a one is Mr. Robinson, who, in his lively pages, deals with his texts with irresistible brightness, and, if he tells us little that is new, marshals facts with skill, and sets forth his stories with telling effect.

"*History of Sculpture*," by Prof. VAN DYKE (Longmans, New York).—This is a college text-book, and a most convenient book of reference. Some such work was badly wanted, and for a time this will supply the need and prove very useful. Its compiler has, however, tried to compress too much into the pages; and although the chapters on ancient sculpture are excellently well written, yet those which succeed them will bear amplification. We had only space for testing one part of the book; and when we found no mention of Cibber and Rysbrach, of Roubiliac, Nollekens, Banks, Wilton, or Bacon, we were obliged to consider that the English school had not received justice. The author has also entirely overlooked the remarkable renaissance of sculpture in Belgium, and the names of Van der Stappen, Lalaing, Jef Lambeaux, Meunier de Dillens—men who have arisen since 1830—should have received notice. The work is a "Baedeker" of sculpture, very well printed, charmingly illustrated, but is such tightly packed "pemmican" that its value is diminished by the evident effort of compression. Why was it not half as big again, and properly indexed?

The new volume of "The Collector Series" is Mr. FREDERICK WEDMORE'S

charming volume on "*Fine Prints*" (George Redway). Mr. Wedmore is one of the few professional writers in England with a truly refined and appreciative knowledge of prints—possessing that more eclectic sense proper for the cult. As a guide he may be confidently commended to the reader, who will not fail to admire the delicacy and tact with which Mr. Wedmore handles the necessarily commercial side of the subject. He deals adequately with the great Dutch and French periods of etching, the recent revival of that art in England, our great period of mezzotint, and line-engraving in Italy, as well as the prints of Turner, lithographs of the present day, and famous woodcuts of the past. So complete is the survey that we are the more surprised by the omission of all reference to the great English masters of line-engraving—Faithorne, Woollett, and Strange; or to George Cruikshank as an etcher in pure line. Nor do we find any allusion to the later Italian master, Volpato. Possibly the

subject is too wide to be treated with completeness in such a volume. The illustrations are well enough for reference, but in most cases they are too much reduced to allow of the lines telling otherwise than as tones. Mr. Wedmore's share of the work, however, is admirable; and a word should be said for the beautiful title-page designed by Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN. We must protest against the perforation of the words, "sent for review," stamped by the publisher through the half-title, which is not only an insult to the reviewer, but a disfigurement to the book.

The example set by William Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones in reviving the decorative border and conventionally treated illustration as embellishments for the pages of books has been followed by numerous designers of varied



SHOWERS.
(By Mortimer Menpes.)

degrees of competency, from Mr. Charles Ricketts and Mr. Aubrey Beardsley downwards. Messrs. Dent and Co., who are displaying both energy and taste in the beautifying of books issued at low prices, have recently brought out "*The Book of Ruth*" and "*The Book of Job*"—the former decorated by Mr. W. B. MACDOUGALL, and the latter by Mr. GRENVILLE FENN. We cannot honestly say that either artist shows much originality in his task. The borders of the former are heavy, inappropriate and ill-understood, and the pictures themselves poorly inspired by the text. Mr. Fenn's text is far better as decoration and infinitely better as illustration. Though the reminiscences of Blake, of Mr. Walter Crane, and others are too obvious, Mr. Fenn's work is of a most promising kind, and encourages us to hope for great things from his skill, imagination, and sense of beauty. The new fashion of "editing" standard books provides a learned and critical introduction to both these dainty volumes.

A second edition of Mr. COSMO MONKHOUSE'S "*Earlier English Water-Colour Painters*" has been issued by Messrs. Seeley and Co. We know of no critic save Mr. Henley who has the gift of writing with such conciseness and directness, while at the same time with so much temperateness and freedom from prejudice. This volume, we need hardly remind the reader, is no long treatise, but within its covers takes a survey of the English art of water-colour from the eighteenth century up to and including the work of David Cox and Müller, and their work. The survey, complete and adequately illustrated as it is, results in a history that appeals not less to the student than to the general reader. We have dipped again into Mr. Monkhouse's volume, and must own to the rare experience of finding little or nothing from which the critic can dissent. Mr. Monkhouse disclaims any intention of dealing with the later professors of the art, warned off by the bulkiness of Mr. Roget's "*History of the Old Water-Colour Society*." We submit that the very extent of the latter work is the more reason that Mr. Monkhouse should exercise his gift of close writing and clear exposition upon a sequel to the book before us. We may be permitted to express some surprise at the omission of William Payne—save in a mere allusion—from this delightful company.

A small book on "*Pictorial Photography*," by Mr. H. P. ROBINSON (Percy Lund and Co., Bradford), is well worth the careful reading of every photographer who desires to be able to call himself "artistic." The author has far more knowledge than most of the photographic brotherhood as to the relation of art to nature. He knows and acknowledges that nature is not art, and that to be an artist one must study art more than nature, and that to be able to photograph from nature, no matter how well, does not prove that the photographer is an artist. It is not necessary to enter into the discussion as to whether photography can ever be called *art* in the highest sense. A great man once defined art as "nature after having passed through the alembic of an artist's brain." The photographer's wooden box is a poor substitute for the artist's brain. This book does its best to show the photographer what he may do to make up for the poverty of the substitute.

Mr. WALTER ARMSTRONG has contributed to the "*Portfolio Library*" an important essay on the Life and Work of Velasquez. The first section—namely, that of the Life—forms the first portion of his essay; the second, a monograph on the painter's art, follows. Mr. Armstrong has done his work admirably, but in his account of the great master we see little that we did not know before, whether from the pages of the Justi or others. The new work,

however, is an extremely useful one, excellently printed and well illustrated.

Few men have had such opportunities of seeing the curious and interesting things that are to be found scattered up and down the world, especially in the Eastern portions of it, as Mr. WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I., who for many years has been a special foreign and war correspondent to the *Illustrated London News*. A book of his recently published on "*The Praying Wheel*" (Macmillan and Co.) contains an enormous amount of information about a most curious mechanical contrivance, which in the East is employed by the votaries of various forms of religion. Very little has up to now been written about it, and Mr. Simpson does not profess in his book to have exhausted the subject. He considers only that by gathering together all available information he has made a contribution to the study of a most interesting subject which has received very little attention. The book is admirably illustrated by the author.

The latest work on Japanese illustration—" *Japanese Illustration, a History of the Arts of Wood-cutting and Colour Printing in Japan*," by EDWARD F. STRANGE, M.J.S. (George Bell and Sons)—will be welcomed by the collectors of Japanese prints as a convenient handbook for reference, accompanied, as it is, by reproductions of the prints of the various masters (some in colour) and by the Chinese character of the artists' names. Mr. Strange seems to have had, as all writers on the subject, many difficulties to contend with, one being the fact that some of the artists have adopted different names at various stages of their career, a second complication arising from the fact that they occasionally took their master's name on his death, and a third being the demand of enterprising print dealers for signatures of more distinguished artists, for which they found a readier sale. When we add to this the circumstance that in many cases the prints were by artisans too low in the social scale to be deemed of any importance, it will be at once recognised how difficult it is to trace out the history of many whom we should consider to be real artists. That they, or even some of the better-known artists, were not generally appreciated in Japan is shown by the remark of his Excellency the Japanese Ambassador at one of the meetings of the Japan Society, when he stated that these colour prints were purchased by the retainers and servants of the Daimio, when they paid their annual visit to the Shogun at Yedo, *to take home as presents to their children*. Mr. Strange has succeeded, at all events, in laying down more definite grounds for the labours of future writers, of whom we hope he will be one. He has produced a work full of valuable information, printed in large clear type, and admirably illustrated.

What publishers could pay to the memory of an artist Messrs. Macmillan have paid in the "*Life and Letters of Frederick Walker, A.R.A.*," by Mr. J. G. MARKS. The book is a handsome one; the illustrations are numerous and adequate (all but the dreadful retouched process-block of "At the Bar" on page 225); thumb-nail and pencil-sketch, letters and studies, water-colour and oil-picture—all are here in a profusion which reflects, with great judgment, not only the life work of the painter, but his humour and his habit of thought. Wood-cut, process-block, and photogravure combine to represent adequately our "English Phidias in Paint," and to show his claim to the great reputation that belongs to him. Where the book fails is in the accompanying text. Mr. Marks's "excuse for the biography" is not sufficient: he admits himself improperly qualified. "In no sense," says he, "is the book a dissertation on Walker as a painter, or an attempt to estimate his place

in the world of art. It is simply an endeavour . . . to give a picture of the man." We need say no more on this head, merely pointing out, as we had to point out in the case of Mr. Pinnington's "George Paul Chalmers," that a biography inadequately performed means a biography still unwritten. It is fortunate that Mr. Claude Phillips has already done this service in the *Portfolio*. Looking at the matter, however, with Mr. Marks's eyes, we must admit that he has succeeded in giving the reader an excellent portrait of the man. He has sadly overweighted himself with a vast number of Walker's letters too trivial to print—at least, in their entirety—and his method of arrangement is tiresome. But those who read the book through will certainly arrive at an understanding of the young genius's character and personality which will reconcile them for having to linger for so long among the delightful illustrations to this book.

The latest of Messrs. George Bell and Sons' "Technological Hand-books" deal's with "*The Art and Craft of Coach Building*," written by Mr. JOHN PHILLIPSON. The book is well illustrated with carefully-prepared working drawings executed, for the most part, by Mr. JOHN PHILLIPSON, Junr.

An attempt is being made in "*Golden Sunbeams*" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) to popularise decorative illustrations. In the April number there are two cleverly executed drawings, "The Legend of the Crown Imperial" (by T. H. R.), and "A Nonsense Rhyme." The magazine is well printed and is rubricated.

The annual English biographical dictionary which, under the editorship of Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN, has been evolved out of the little "*Who's Who?*" (A. and C. Black) of previous years, is a publication deserving of all praise. Considerable space has been given to the artistic community in this greatly enlarged issue, and, although not so complete in this section as it will doubtless become both as to subject and detail, the work as it stands is of high practical utility and interest.

We omitted by an oversight to mention that all rights in the works reproduced in the article in the last number of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* devoted to Mr. REYNOLDS STEPHENS are specially reserved to their respective owners. We are requested to make this statement; but we desire it to be understood that, not less than these illustrations, all blocks appearing in these pages are equally copyright.

Viscount HAROLD DILLON has been elected President of

the Society of Antiquaries in succession to the late Sir A. W. Franks.

H.M. the Empress Frederick of Germany has given permission for her six drawings now being exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Piccadilly, to be sold for the benefit of the Crown Princess of Greece's Hospital at Athens.

Obituary. THE death of the President of the Society of Antiquaries is a severe loss in the world of art and archæology, as it falls to few men to possess the even balance of mind that raised Sir WOLLASTON FRANKS above

the petty differences of schools and glamour of knowledge restricted to a single style which prevents the appreciation of honest effort and work in other directions than that of its extremely narrow path. The son of a naval officer, the future President, who resided at Rome, passed his childhood amid surroundings which could not fail to impress his mind with a love for the monuments of antiquity. When he was a scholar at Eton, and afterwards a student at Cambridge, the charms of mediæval archeology secured his devotion, and when he was only twenty-three he published his first work, "*Ornamental Glazing Quarries*," and commenced the great collection of rubbings of monumental brasses which he afterwards presented to the Society of Antiquaries. During his college career he



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

(By Zoffany. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. Room XVI, No. 1,487.)

joined the Ray Club, which at that time included several other young men who afterwards made their mark on the century's record. Huxley was one of these. In 1850 the Society of Arts held a Loan Exhibition of Mediæval Antiquities in their rooms in the Adelphi, and, as secretary of this exhibition, Sir Wollaston Franks began the practical work which he continued without interruption until his retirement from the British Museum last year. The success of this Loan Exhibition, the pioneer of a brilliant series, was greatly due to his knowledge of the subject, and led to the offer of an appointment as assistant in the British Museum, which he accepted in 1851. His forty-five years of masterly activity in that institution is in itself the history of a public servant, who, possessed of ample private fortune, worked as few can. With talent, energy, and means, and, above all, with a personality so sympathetic that none could but agree with him, he induced all to help his work as readily as he was to assist each and every one of all ranks and degrees of knowledge who claimed his generous and painstaking assistance. It was to this readiness to receive and impart knowledge that he became the centre

of all interested in Art History, for his Medieval Archaeology extended far beyond its origin, and continued to almost modern times. His help to such collectors as Christy, Slade, and Henderson led to the bequest of their collections to the British Museum; whilst he had the gratification of presenting during his own lifetime several magnificent collections, and of assisting other institutions when in need. Sir A. W. Franks was without a rival in his knowledge of the Ceramic arts of all ages and countries. These he studied severally, considering no variety as devoid of interest. He formed a representative collection of

purchase of the celebrated Ardebil carpet for the South Kensington Museum. Want of space forbids any further details, except that a life-time of seventy-two years was spent in constant work, assisted by a keen observation and a remarkable memory. As a President of the Society of Antiquaries he was unequalled, and nowhere will his absence be more keenly felt than at their weekly meetings in Burlington House, where every member enjoyed and valued his personal friendship. Their collections and library continually received from him additions of value; but, above all, the influence of his genial spirit during the term of his presidency will never be forgotten by those who have been fortunate enough to be able to be present at the Society's meetings, over which Sir Wollaston Franks so ably presided. C. PURDON CLARKE.

The death has occurred of Mr. JOHN BALLANTYNE, R.S.A. He was the son of Alexander Ballantyne, a member of the celebrated family of Scotch printers, and exhibited his first picture at an early age at the Royal Academy. He occupied a good deal of his time making copies of the old masters in the Continental picture galleries and executing a series of portraits of celebrated painters in their studios—one of which, that of Sir Edwin Landseer, was presented to the National Gallery by Sir W. Agnew. He was elected a member of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1845.

Mr. R. A. BROWNIE, whose work as a caricaturist under the initials R. A. B. is well known, has died at Edinburgh. He was trained as a mechanical and architectural draughtsman. On coming to London he exhibited some work at the New English Art Club, but of late years established himself as a black-and-white artist, his work appearing principally in *The Sketch* and *Judy*.

Mr. GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, F.S.A., the well-known architect, has died at the age of fifty-eight. Son and pupil of Sir Gilbert Scott, he has done much distinguished work in his profession and also as a writer upon his art, his "Essay on the History of English Church Architecture" being a classic. Among his most important works are the Duke of Norfolk's church at Norwich, St. John's Church, Kennington, the parish church of Milverton, Leamington, St. John's College, Oxford, and Peterhouse, Cambridge.

The death is announced at Paris of one of the most distinguished French landscape painters, M. FRANÇOIS LOUIS FRANÇAIS, at the age of eighty-two. He was born at Plombières, in the Vosges, and he first gave his attention to wood engraving, the early part of his life being a severe struggle for existence. His first picture at the Salon, "Une Chanson sous les Saules," was seen in 1837, and not long afterwards he gained repute by a "Sunset in Italy" which was purchased for the Luxembourg. He was a pupil of Jean Gigoux and Corot, and his representations of nature entitle him to a position in the first rank of landscape painters. He was awarded a medal of honour at the Universal Exhibition of 1878, and again at the Salon of 1890. In 1853 he was created a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and an Officer in 1867. He was elected in 1890 a member of the Academy of Fine Arts in the place of Robert Fleury, and he was also a member of the Institute of France.



THE LATE FRANÇOIS LOUIS FRANÇAIS.
(From a Photograph by Fiorillo, Paris.)

Oriental porcelain, which was lent to the South Kensington Museum (Bethnal Green Branch) for several years, and wrote for it a handbook and catalogue, which has become one of the text-book publications of the Science and Art Department. After presenting this collection to the British Museum he started the formation of another of European porcelain, which, when complete, was also lent to the Bethnal Green Museum, and its handbook, published last year, completes the history of porcelain. He also made a rich collection of Persian and the so-called Rhodesian ware, besides acquiring many specimens of Arabian and Syrian glass, all of which, with the European porcelain, he has presented to the British Museum. From an early period Sir A. W. Franks collected rings, and these, with the mediæval and Renaissance plate which he has bequeathed to the British Museum, are supposed to be of a value of over £30,000, together with the Japanese works of art and a collection of book photographs. He was especially strong on Celtic art, and the British Museum owes to his work and liberality the important collection of Celtic works. Besides his liberality to the British Museum, he joined the Syndicate which secured for the South Kensington Museum the valuable objects at the Fontaine sale, which otherwise would have been lost, and later on he joined several gentlemen in contributing the balance required to complete the

THE ROYAL COLLECTIONS.

DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE: THE CLOCKS.

BY FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

NO historical sketch of the artistic treasures of Windsor Castle would be complete without a reference to the decorative clocks which it contains. Leaving André Charles Boulle for a moment, we propose to devote a chapter to them. To the designer the timepiece should be of the greatest interest on account of the inexhaustible possibilities of form afforded by its wooden or metal and marble case; yet, owing to the inability of artists and mechanics to understand each the other's point of view, invention of new designs for clock-cases seems to have come almost to a standstill, and in our shops to-day little else is to be seen but repetitions of the English and French styles of the last century. There would not be so much cause for complaint if manufacturers, though incapable of realising the artistic side of a business and commissioning new designs, had even made adequate use of the very great choice of shape which the ingenuity of former designers has given them. It might be said that there is at least safety and satisfaction in adhering to a good, if often used, model. So there would be if any effort were made to approach the perfection of the original; but a walk down Bond Street will reveal a multitude of timepieces which look attractive enough at a distance, but reveal on a closer inspection the exasperating coarseness with

which they have been cast. No attempt has been made to finish their ormolu mounts with the chisel of a sympathetic chaser. A perfunctory "matt" here and there mechanically applied is usually the most that you can find. The gilding which was the pride of the last-century workman has been reduced by the electro process and the principles of economy to a pale, dull reflection of its former excellence: while in the cases of wooden clocks really tasteful inlay is not to be discovered. That, too, is confined to those patterns which can be reproduced in numbers by one operation of the saw. However showy the new-made clock-case of to-day, it is, as a rule, but an irritating travesty of the honest artistic workmanship of former times.

We have nothing to do in this brief sketch with the scientific problems of the clock-maker except in so far as the requirements of his profession influence

the shape of the case which contains his skillful mechanism. In this it may be supposed at least that the English horologist is able to hold his own with his forerunners in England, France, and other countries. But in proportion as the clock itself is improved in accuracy, the effort after an artistic setting is neglected. The excellent rule that the clock-face should indicate the time with the utmost clearness is responsible for the desperate



ANNE BOLEYN'S WEDDING CLOCK.

monotony of the ordinary English white enamelled dial of the present day. With its blue steel hands and uncompromising figures it is

just wanting, at its best, in the little finesse of details which render the French clock-faces superior. It is only necessary to compare a French clock which has its original dial by Le Roy, Lépine, or Cronier, with one which has been modernised, to see at once how the mere omission of a maker's name tastefully written, or the alteration of the "minute points" from dots to dashes may spoil the general effect.

Our subject being chamber clocks, we must pass over the gradual development from the gnomon, sundial, water-clock, and sand-glass, all of which were but intermittent timekeepers, useless without sunlight or by night, likely to be

stopped by the cold, or requiring a constant attendant. We may imagine the wonder and enthusiasm excited by the invention of the clock with wheels worked by a weight. Some associate the discovery with an Archdeacon of Verona who lived in the ninth century, and was blessed—appropriately for one who devoted himself to recording the tranquil lapse of time—with the name of Pacificus. But Pope Sylvester II, who lived in the tenth century, has also been credited with the invention of the clock. There is, however,

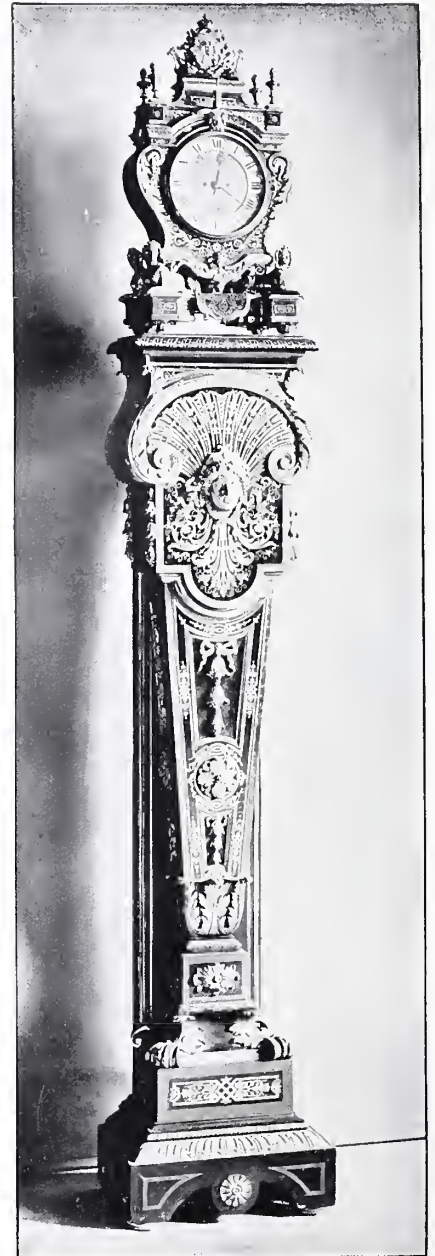
no authentic instance of a clock till at least two centuries later. One is said to have been put up in Westminster Hall in 1298, which was paid for out of a fine levied on a chief justice for dealing too leniently with a poor man.

The French claim priority for a clock made by Beaumont, a mechanic, in 1314, and placed on a tower which defended the Bridge of Caen; and twelve years later an English Benedictine monk named Wallingford made one for the Abbey of St. Albans, which, Denison says, was probably of a new construction. What with Jehan de Dondis, who in 1344 placed at the top of a tower in Padua the clock which was to make his name immortal, we have a considerable choice of first inventors to encourage controversy. But the point to dwell on is the immense usefulness of these rough and rusty old timekeepers. The sound of the church or monastery bell became, before the chamber

clock was fortunately invented, the signal for every action of the day. The "Sonneries" or chimes of Matins at midnight, "Laudes" at



LOUIS XIV BOULLE CLOCK.



LOUIS XIV BOULLE CLOCK IN RED SHELL AND WHITE METAL.

three, "Prime" and "Tierce" at six and nine, "Sexte" and "None" at twelve and three, "Vêpres" and "Complies" at six and nine at night, were universal; but each parish had, besides, its special ringings suited to the needs of its inhabitants. So general, says M. Havard (*l'Horlogerie*), was the custom of making the

chief acts of public and private life coincide with the church chimes, that when the Provost of the Merchants, Etienne Boileau, was commanded by St. Louis to codify the statutes of the different corporations, he set down these bells as the appointed signal for work in the different trades. The bakers could begin to bake "si tost come matines de Nostre-Dame somant;" the "faiseurs de boucles à souliers" must stop work "à l'heure de vespres sonnans en la paroiche on ils demeurent, et en quaresme au premier cop de complie sonnans à Nostre-Dame." Trades were much localised, and were situate in separate quarters of the city. The fringe or tassel makers engaged not to work or make others work when once the curfew had tolled at Saint Mery; the millers stopped their mills on Sunday as soon as "Peau bénite" had

sounded at the Chapelle de Saint Leufroi, near the Pont au Change; and the silk-workers left their workshops when the "aumone" sounded at Saint Martin des Champs.

Imagine, then, the effects of an interdict when the bells no longer sounded, and in the melancholy silence people were at a loss to know when the labours of the day should begin or end; when the curious automata beloved of the Middle Ages, such as those of Strasburg made in 1372, the "Jaquemarts" of Dijon, "Hans von Jena," or "Martin et Martine" of Cambrai, no longer struck their

bells or performed their antics at the appointed hour.

To a society likely at any moment to be dislocated by interdict the invention of the chamber clock may have come as a veritable release from tyranny. This was made in the spirit and by the makers of those monumental cathedral and city clocks

which necessitated a constant attendance for the rewinding of their roughly made and ill regulated works.

As the chamber clock was worked by a weight, and consequently had to be hung somewhat high in a room, the rules which by experience men found suitable for calculating the size of the dial, the length of the hands and the hour figures in cathedral and church clocks so as to insure legibility, apply also, though in a more limited degree, to the smaller timepiece. As in a sun-dial or a clock in a high church tower the view of the face must be unobstructed by projecting architecture either below it or at the sides, so in the chamber clock the golden rule is, to insure a prominent position for the face. So we find that while the clock was hung high, the dial was made of a considerable size. The works being somewhat

of a novelty, were purposely not concealed entirely in a case but could be seen at the sides. When the sight of the works became familiar, it was recognised that they ought to be protected from dust and damp. They were accordingly enclosed, generally in a wooden case with side doors. The front of this received the clock-face. A dome at the top was necessary to contain the bell. This naturally led to the demand for pillars to support the dome, and a good base to support the pillars. Thus by degrees the clock-case took the architectural form of a little building.



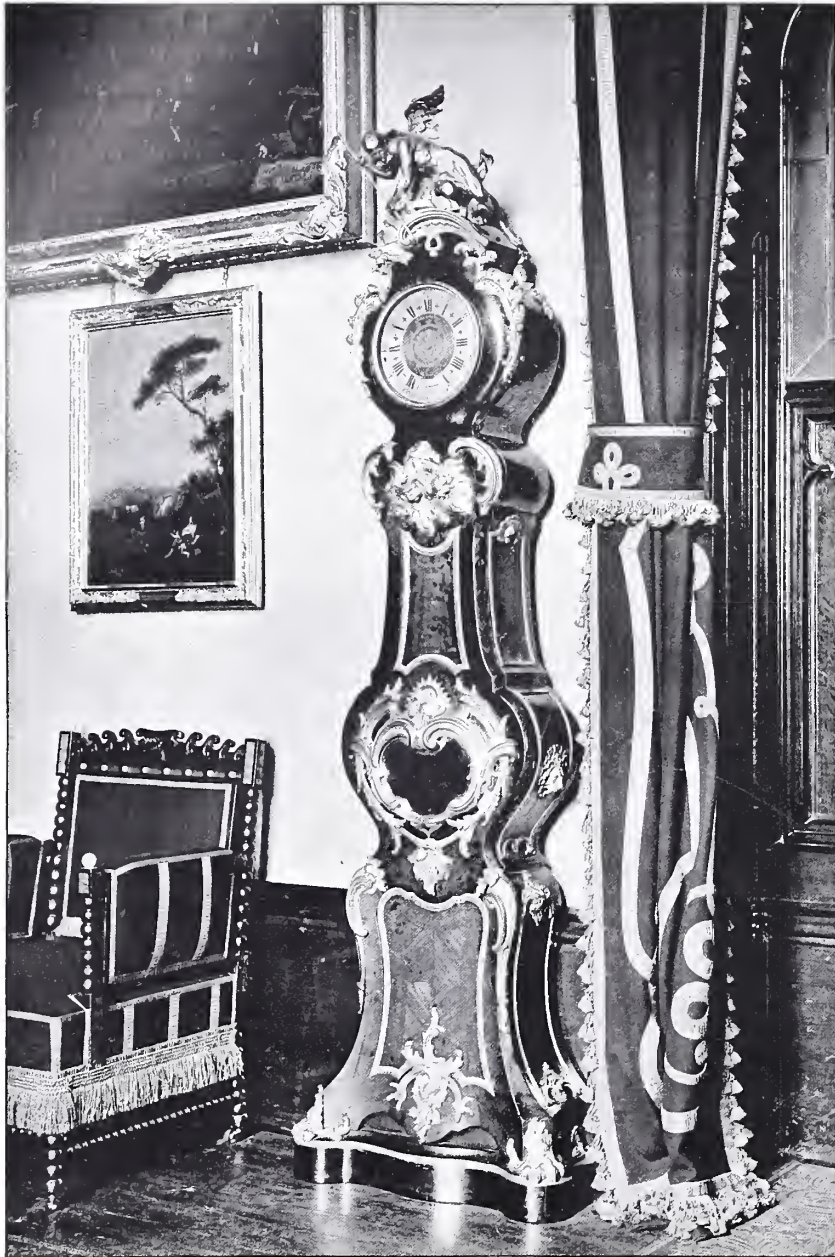
BOULLE CLOCK

The first and most historically important of the Queen's Windsor examples illustrates this shape to perfection. This is the clock which Henry VIII

lovers' knots on the one, and H. A. alone on the other. Round the tops of both is the motto "Dieu et mon Droit," and round the bottom "The Most Happye." This little clock, ten inches high, is not entirely perfect, and is propped up on an unsuitable modern bracket which we have forborne to illustrate. The face has been tampered with, but on the whole it is in good condition. The modelling of the metal is rough but "fat" and effective. This interesting relic of an unhappy queen was bought for her Majesty from the sale of Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill. Harrison Ainsworth wrote of it: "This love token of enduring affection remains the same after three centuries, but four years after it was given the object of Henry's eternal love was sacrificed on the scaffold. The clock still goes. It should have stopped for ever when Anne Boleyn died." Its present place at Windsor is in that charming little passage-room, dimly lighted but harmoniously decorated with white panels and portraits of the period of Holbein, which leads from the Corridor vestibule past the private chapel to the St. George's Hall. In historical interest it could only be equalled by that silver bedside clock which the unhappy Charles I gave to Mr. Herbert on the very morning of his execution.

The invention of the fusee and spring, which with greater compactness regulate and work the wheels in place of the more clumsy weights, dates as

far back as 1500 or even earlier. It was, however, at first only used for small table clocks, such as a charming little Gothic example in chased iron of about the date of 1450, to be seen in the Museum of Bourges. Some of these spring clocks have horizontal upturned faces, and are more or less box-shaped, square, or round. A sweet little hexagonal German one (No. 2,377) at South Kensington is a good example. Others like that of Philip II of Spain, as figured in a MS. in the Royal Library



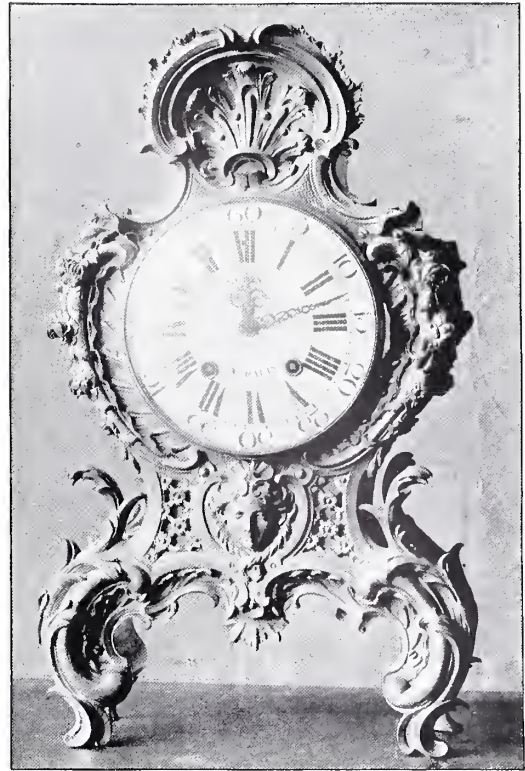
LOUIS XV INLAY CLOCK BY LE ROY.

is said to have given as a present to Anne Boleyn on her wedding morning. It is in gilt metal—silver perhaps—pierced and chased. The dome supported by pillars is surmounted by a lion rampant holding a shield engraved with the royal arms of England quartered with those of France. A door at each side is also finely engraved with the royal arms. Our illustration does not show the lead weights, which are partly cased in copper gilt and beautifully engraved in devices with H. A. and true

at Brussels, are mounted like chalices, or candlesticks, or toilet mirrors. Others, such as the Munich clock dated 1587 in the South Kensington Museum (No. 2,379), again, are more in the architectural style of the clock of Anne Boleyn. It is said that one belonging to Louis XI was stolen from his room by a nobleman who had ruined himself by gambling. He hid it in his sleeve, but was betrayed by the striking of the bell. This was probably a clock of great value, with case constructed perhaps in gold and set with pearls and cameos, as were some of the portable sun-dials and sand-glasses mentioned in the earlier inventories. The dials of these small clocks were called "montres" d'horloge "parce que ces cadrans montraient l'heure." In the seventeenth century these charming little table clocks gave way to watches, but as early as 1550 clocks practically like large watches were being made. On the other hand, we find Louis XIV as late as 1684 in possession of a regular "horloge de table." There is no end to the variety of their shapes, from the Augsburg griffin clock (No. 35) to the Florentine castellated one (No. 637), both in the South Kensington Museum.

The invention in 1647, by Huyghens, of the pen-

to the opposite extreme, and revelled in automata and curiosities. Now, however, correctness of



CLOCK IN ORMOULU, BACKED WITH CRIMSON SILK.



BOULLE CLOCK, WITH FIGURES OF CUPID AND TIME.

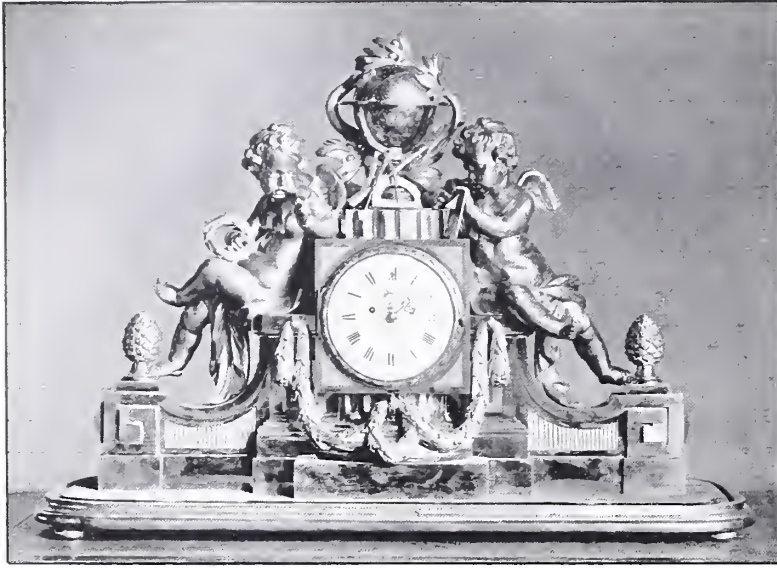
dulum led to immense increase of precision in clocks. It is curious that the early clock-makers, instead of aiming at simpleness and accuracy, had gone

time-keeping was studied, and in the next hundred years more progress was made than in the five preceding centuries.

The increasing length of the pendulum, and the desire for concealing it and the weights, and perhaps protecting them from dust, led to the perpetuation of the tall clock with case resting on the floor. At Windsor are to be seen magnificent examples. In the earlier specimens a very definite division was preserved (as will be noticed in the illustrations of this article) between the clock-case proper and the long, tapering pedestal upon which it stands. The two are separate parts, with a space between. It was perhaps only when the longer pendulum came into use that the clock-case proper and its lower part were definitely joined together. Transitional instances are to be found in which the upper case still has short ormolu feet, but the space between is filled in with wood and fits close to the pedestal, or, as the French call it, the "gaine."

The very fine Boulle example in the Rubens Room was reproduced in our introductory article. It is a splendid example of a Louis XIV clock suitable to the great rooms which were the fashion

during the reign of the Grand Monarque. The engraving of the brass inlay is magnificent all over, even to the inside of the case behind the pendulum.



ORMOULU CLOCK, WITH CUPIDS AND CELESTIAL GLOBE.

The clock-case proper is appropriately decorated with a figure of Time above and the three Fates below the face.

A similar shape of dome, similar figure of Time, and sphinx supports to the clock-case, are found on another astronomical clock with a less elaborate Boulle pedestal, which we illustrate here. A great feature of these Boulle clocks is the inlay on the back of the case, which shows through the glass below the clock-face. It glows out of the shadow behind the pendulum with a subdued warmth of tone, in beautiful contrast with the glittering points of the outside ormoulu mounts and inlaid brass, which are in full light. Fully to appreciate the fine effect of this beautiful style, one should contrive to see it by lamp or candle light, so that the golden reflection from inside the case strikes full against the eye. There can be no doubt that the skilful designers such as Daniel Marot, Bérain, and Le Pautre had the exigencies and advantages of artificial light well in view when they thought out these masterpieces of decoration.

If the width of the pedestals of the two clocks we have mentioned seems a trifle too pronounced to suit all tastes, admirers of a more slender form can have no fault to find with the perfectly lovely design which forms our next illustration. "This," as M. Williamson, the French authority, notes in the inventory of clocks, "is the finest clock at Windsor." It is also the slenderest in form that we have ever seen, but any tendency to exaggeration

in that direction is redeemed by the splendid coherence of the design. Rather over seven feet in height (7 ft. 2¼ in.), it is perfectly proportioned in its every detail, as well as in its general dimensions. The pedestal is a combination of the straight and the tapering. The dull red and silver-grey colour of this beautiful clock, with its profusion of red shell and white metal finely engraved, is delightful. The ormoulu mounts are very sharply chased, and the whole piece is a splendid example of the finest and most legitimate finish—that, namely, in which no fault can be found either with design or execution. The clock-case proper, with its curved outline, is rather in the style of those clocks with curved sides, and resting upon a wall bracket *en suite*, which for some obscure reason were called "à la Religieuse." We give an illustration of a rather rough but vigorously executed Boulle and or-

moulu clock, with curved sides and surmounted by a child's seated figure, which originally had, perhaps, its bracket to match. The tall clock before us,



VASE CLOCK.

completed above by a sun-face and crown, is probably, from its style, one of those which the Marots designed for Louis XIV. John Marot was an architect and engraver, born at Paris in 1620, who worked for that king; Daniel, his son, born at Paris in 1650, is, says Bryan, "usually styled architect to William III." The upright acanthus leaf or mould mount which clasps the tapering lower case is a detail characteristic of his style of clock-case design. It is difficult to find fault with the present example, at once slender and compact, in which each member leads into the next with the variety and *finesse* of the highest decorative art.

In later curving-shaped tall clocks of the period of Louis XV there ceases to be any distinction between the clock-case and its lower part. The two are made one; and whether it is that the curved style of Louis XV is unsuited for tall clocks, or that the makers of that period were more concerned with mechanical problems than artistic case-making, the later clocks are inferior to those of the period of Louis XIV. We illustrate one of a pair in the corridor at Windsor. Its elaborate movement is "inventé en 1736 par Julien Le Roy, de la Société des Arts." Its companion, with the same angulated mahogany or kingwood veneer, and ormoulu mounts, is by "Ferdinand Berthoud, Paris." It was Le Roy who conceived the unfortunate idea of varying the monotony of the circular dial by making it oval. His so-called masterpiece is in the Bibliothèque de l' Arsenal at Paris, and is only prevented from being a fine clock by the abortion of the oval dial. Considering that it was always open to the designer to counteract the circular form of his dial by inserting it in a square or oblong or oval, this *tour de force* can only be regarded as an unfortunate aberration. There is something weak in the too closely repeated curves and drum shapes of the Le Roy and Berthoud clocks in the corridor at Windsor which stamps them, though handsome examples, as inferior in design to those of the period of Louis XIV which we have described.

M. Havard deplors the fact that the huge size of the earlier clocks has insured their destruction. There are a clock and a barometer at Buckingham Palace, standing close to each other, which are within two inches of being ten feet high. Those that have been preserved are not always the best;

and amongst the inferior ones M. Havard places all those in which, like the Le Roy and Berthoud clocks, the lower case is the receptacle of the long pendulum which then came into use. The scientific clock-maker was more anxious to express in the outside case the internal mechanism than to produce a work of art. M. Havard compares the curving Louis XV clock—such as that of Passeman, upon the ormoulu of which both the Caffieris, Jacques the father and Philippe the son, signed



CLOCK WITH WHITE MARBLE PLINTH.

their names—to a lay-figure with the arms forgotten. When, later still, the tall clock-case became, as in England, little more than a mere straight box, it is sometimes "like a mummy-case or a coffin stuck up on end."

With the change of social life from large galleries into sitting-rooms and boudoirs of less pomp but greater comfort, there ceased to be room for the tall clock, or, rather, fashion placed the clock upon the mantelpiece, and made both smaller in proportion to the dimensions of the room. Mirrors took the place of the pictures and heavy carved reliefs of the overmantels of Louis XIV. The clock becomes as much an object of ornament as of use; but, by a curious piece of conservatism, the undecorated back, which used to be against the wall, was now allowed to reflect itself in all its nakedness against the mirror—an illogical form of

construction which continues even to this day. Now comes the era of all sorts of variety of shape and subject, from the cartel clock, practically a timepiece framed in metal like a picture, to the lyre-shaped and vase clocks, of which we give illustrations. In the South Kensington Museum, we may mention for purposes of comparison, is an early Louis XIV massive lyre clock (No. 130), and a late vase clock (No. 518) made for the Comte d'Artois. The clock-face, which, with its hour figures showing up strongly on white enamelled plaques affixed to a ground of engraved brass, had been considered of supreme importance, loses consideration in comparison with the subject. The accessories of the Louis XIV clock had been suitably chosen from those which are symbolical of Time, such as the old man with the scythe, the three Fates, the Sun, the Chariot of the Hours; but after about 1750 any subject becomes admissible. Such motives as that of "France governed by Wisdom, crowned by Victory, and according her protection to the Arts," are found together with the "Rape of Europa," "The Three Graces and Love," "A Country Music Party" (this last in Dresden porcelain), and the story of Andromeda. There is "Venus admired by a Love, with Cupid on a Chariot drawn by Doves," and the "Creation of Man," "Innocence," and "A Girl mourning for a Dead Bird." Every shape and motive, rococo in style or otherwise, is to be found in the periods of Louis XV and Louis XVI.

Of our remaining illustrations, the Boulle clock surmounted by a cupid, and with Father Time holding a balance below the face, is a large example more than three feet high of an earlier date than the rest. The ormoulu mounts are good and the diaper work nicely engraved. The next in date is the upright clock by "Gudin à Paris," of ormoulu in rococo style, and of a popular pattern, of which we saw a specimen the other day priced at £200. Like the one we illustrate, the pierced diaper

pattern below the dial was backed with crimson silk. The bold hour figures, with the minute numbers outside them, and the prettily designed hands, make the face of this clock remarkably legible, but, at the same time, not monotonous. Its height is over two feet.

The ormoulu clock with a winged boy on each side of the dial, and a globe and mathematical instruments above it, is of another popular type in which such emblems largely figure. It is of a well-designed pyramidal shape, but rather spoiled by the plain heaviness of the plinth with its pine-cone extremities.

The Oriental blue vase clock is an instance of abominable maltreatment. Its ormoulu mounts are finely chased and gilt, but it is ruined by a hideous English dial, which bears the fateful name of Vuliamy, London. The same treatment has been meted out to the really charming little timepiece with a white marble base, upon which are seated two female figures ending in acanthus scrolls and holding a festoon, which seems to support the circular drum that contains the works and dial. White marble, which became very popular for clocks, is, if properly

graced with ormoulu, as in this case, very effective. Only when large spaces are left with their dead whiteness unwarmed with ormoulu does marble become distressful to the eye.

We conclude with a specimen of the popular lyre pattern, which reflected much credit on its ingenious inventor, whosoever he was. A happy thought prompted him to encircle the dial with the pendulum, and make it represent the strings of the lyre. When enamelled and mounted with diamond pastes, these clocks are of a very handsome appearance. We must not forget that the clock faces enamelled with flowers "à la Dauphinie" were also very popular, but for further illustration of the varieties of French design in clocks we must refer to the Buckingham Palace collections.



LYRE-SHAPED CLOCK.

AT THE SALON OF THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

BBROADLY speaking, the visitor who yearly undertakes his artistic pilgrimage to Paris is led involuntarily to draw a general distinction between the two great Salons: at the Champs Elysées he looks for composition and subject, more or less conceived in the traditional spirit of art; at the Champ de Mars he expects to find the latest declaration, the most recent *on dit*, of the *chercheur*—the seeker after new methods, new ideas, new arrangements. In a sense, the Republic of Art may be said to be divided into parties, Conservative and the Radical, each in hearty opposition to the other, and both—out of their conflict—forcing on the art of France along its destined path. No onlooker can hope by his pen either to spur on the one party or restrain the other; for good or evil, art keeps moving—but whether hastening towards the awful pit, as is seemingly foreshadowed in M. Henri Martin's vast Pied-Piper sort of eccentricity, "Vers l'Abîme," or dallying, like moon-struck Titania in M. Gervais' monster canvas, beside Bottom-like banality, it would prove but foolish partizanship to assert. There is a vast amount of talent and cleverness in both exhibitions, experiment and originality being greatly in excess at the Champ de Mars, and earnestness and sincere perseverance at the Palais de l'Industrie. At the former, where "subjects" are relatively few, novelty of aspect and treatment are employed to arrest attention; while at the latter, method is held of less interest than the idea and the vigour of its realisation.

This claim to the suffrages of the public—as opposed to the appeal to fellow-artists, fellow-experimentalists, even fellow-jesters—must obviously be founded on something more than mere technique. It involves not painting only, but ideas, strikingly carried out. The more striking is the painter's conception, the more surely will it create a sensation—and artistic sensation in Paris is commonly accepted as artistic success. One sensation must obviously be followed next year by another, if the painter is

to maintain his position, so that we find here the motive for much that is outrageous (in English eyes) the source of those productions which startle us, not so much by the skill they display, as by the Jack-in-the-box character of their first effect of



CONSOLATION TO THE AFFLICTED.

(From the Painting by Alexander Struys.)

subject or technique. The value of these productions can generally be determined by the rapid evaporation of the interest they arouse—be their *motif* mock philosophy, unexpected nudity, outrage and violence, or the horrors of the battlefield and the charnel-house.

It is a military nation, is France, and a people passionately devoted to "sensation;" and when these two main characteristics find common ground as such characteristics are apt to do, in the art or literature of the day, they resolve themselves into

an expression of the heroic, the startling, or the horrible. For a hundred years or more—in fact, since the mild influence of Watteau and Grenze began to decline—public taste has tended to find a compensation for the grace, elegance, and beauty inherent in a considerable section of the race, in the scenes of violence, of gory horror, and of lust which even great dramatic skill of treatment has not always saved from being loathsome. This year there is a momentary lull in the production of these appeals to the love of horror; but, assuredly, too much significance cannot be attached to the mercy for a short while vouchsafed: a people's characteristic passions never die a sudden death. Artists who cannot charm will go on painting pictures which will shock certain members of a public that loves to gape with awe or shiver with emotion. French flesh has been made to "creep" throughout a century, and it is hardly likely that it will willingly allow an abrupt cessation of this exciting description of carnal progression.

Against these bold buccaneers in paint, against these pictorial Bashi-Bazouks, Thackeray inveighed more than fifty years ago. "They are like the Black Brunswickers, these painters!" he exclaimed, after a careful survey of French contemporary art, "and ought to be called *Chevaliers de la Mort*. I don't know why the merriest people in the world should please themselves with such grim representations or varieties of murder, or why murder itself should be considered so eminently sublime and poetical. It is good at the end of a tragedy; but, then, it is good because it *is* the end, and because, by the events foregone, the mind is prepared for it. But these men will have nothing but fifth acts, and seem to skip, as unworthy, all the circumstances leading to them. This, however, is part of the scheme—the bloated, unnatural, stilted, spouting, sham sublime that our teachers have believed and tried to pass off as real, and which your humble servant and other anti-humbuggists should heartily, according to the strength that is in them, endeavour to pull down." Not so stilted and unnatural nowadays, to be sure, in their clever, glorified representations of crime and misery, but still as relentlessly bloodthirsty in their pictorial renderings of what Lord Portsmouth, we are told, was used to call "black jobs." Not for a long while have French painters stopped short at the illustration of mere murder—with its "sublime expression," its display of gesture and of muscle, and its conventional trickle of blood—latter-day realism has left such cold, insipid scenes of classic tragedy very far behind, and has added all the repellent details proper to the subjects in vogue. As has been said, gore is this year somewhat at a discount, though M. Georges Cain

maintains tradition with "La Mort des Derniers Montagnards," wherein five victims of the Reign of Terror cheat the guillotine by committing suicide with the same knife, which they pass heroically from hand to hand. He is well supported by M. Delahaye's "La Coda"—German soldiers during the war of 1870, whose merrymaking is turned to ghastly slaughter by the bursting of a shell. M. Mansion's impaled tiger, M. Schmid's sorceeress on the rack, M. Thorma's execution of soldiers, even M. Etcheverry's "Birth of Pegasus"—all are used to accentuate the realistic side of suffering or of violence, not so much in the elevated style of true tragedy as in the more realistic and less lofty spirit of melodrama.

But even sensation palls after a while, so that every few years must necessarily see some sort of cessation in the strain after sudden effect. We have come upon such a year, when artists apparently feel that they and the public whom they so assiduously serve require to take a little breath. It must be remembered that in France artist and public are more closely in touch than is the case with us, and the status of the painter is unquestionably higher and more reputable with the people than in England. The very populace realise and appreciate to how great an extent France owes to her artistic genius the high place she occupies among the nations of the world. Art is there a serious and a glorious business. With us it is regarded as serious, certainly, by the few, but as mere trifling by the many; nor have the people of England, as a race, yet come to understand that national glory, even national prosperity, may issue from the studio, just as from the workshop and counting-house of the nation. In England, the names of half a dozen painters are all that *le gros public* can succeed in committing to memory; the better educated can fluently discuss a score with some knowledge, if with little appreciation. In France the painter appeals to a circle far wider and far better educated in the importance of art. Even those who do not fully understand or appreciate it realise the necessity of keeping *au courant* with the artist's work, and while they honour the worker they follow his career. Society in Paris may not perhaps throw open its doors quite so wide to the successful artist as with us; but, at least, artists are known and honoured beyond the confines of that narrow circle, for talent is there a passport which does not pass current in England, where true appreciation is lacking and where people take their taste along with their opinions—the opinions of others, who know little more of the matter than they themselves.

When such popular interest is shown in their works, artists can surely do no less than respond to

the public attention, according to the temperament of the individual. If he love advertisement at any price, the painter will give subject or technique such as those to which allusion has already been made; if he be a genuine and serious artist, he will substitute for sensational painting work well thought out and honestly executed. Of the latter, it must be said, there is lamentably little of the highest class at the Champs Élysées—less than we remember to have seen before; while there can be no doubt that many of the stalwarts of a dozen or twenty years past—the names which represent to Englishmen all that is most honourable in French art—are sadly falling from their high estate. Bonnat, Lefebvre, Henner, Gérôme, and many more are no longer names to be written on high, if judged by their present productions; nor do young men seem likely yet awhile to occupy the places of their predecessors. French art, in truth, is in a condition of transition, even in the Old Salon, and the new generation is timid and undecided as to the path along which it will ultimately advance. At the Champ de Mars the same is clearly to be seen, where the new “order” of things is often anarchy, and the new progress the “progress” of retrogression—or, if not retrogressive, crab-like in its nature.

One of the many features of the exhibition is the commanding position assumed by the foreign schools, whether in subject or landscape painting. One of the most admirable pieces of painting, complete as a composition, true in its profound pathos of gesture and arrangement, excellent in every respect, is the brilliant little canvas of M. Alexander Struys, of Malines—“Consolation to the Afflicted”—one of the most notable works in the whole exhibition.

Another—for all its obvious imitation of Rembrandt—is the “Raising of Lazarus,” by Mr. Tanner, the American; the main fault lying in the Leighton-like folds of the drapery. The United States, indeed, contributes largely to the success of the exhibition. The unnecessarily vast picture by Mr. Lewis of a

woman driving cattle, called “Vlo! Vlo! Vlo!—en Bretagne,” is of striking boldness and facility; in “A Summer Evening” Mr. Ridgway Knight demonstrates once more his tender sympathy with nature; in his “Steel Works: Night Effect” Mr. Lionel Walden repeats in a measure the success which carried him into the Luxembourg, though his work is doubtless over-forced. These are typical of a good deal of excellent quality. Englishmen are not far behind: Mr. Robert Allan, Mr. Matthew Corbet, Mr. George Harcourt, Mr. Borough Johnson, Mr. Loekhart, Mr. Joy, Mr. Bulfield, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Withers make their mark with the strength of character that seems to differentiate English from French works on the walls of the Salon. It is not needful to particularise their pictures (most of which are well known here), but it may be suggested that the three



THE ENCHANTED CUP.

(From the Painting by Mme. Achille Fould. Copyright 1897 by Braun Clément and Co.)

last named are destined to achieve more complete recognition in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

“Sewing the Sail,” by M. Sorolla y Bastida, of Madrid, is in the main a *tour de force* in showing the flecks of sunlight breaking through the leafage on the group gathered round the great ship’s sail; but the problem has been better worked out before by others, notably by Max Liebermann; for, after all, the composition lacks repose, and the necessity for a central object on which to rest the eye is sadly felt. The dreamy light in which M. Souza-Pinto, a native of Portugal, bathes his figures is not less delightful than

the distinction of his handling, which together make his pictures—a sort of mixture of the manner of Mr. George Clausen and M. Boutet de Monvel—stand out from their surroundings. Admirable truth of

Joshua Reynolds and of his contemporaries and immediate successors tower above the works of Nattier, Mignard, Largillière, Boucher, and the rest, by virtue of their colour, execution, observation, and style.



APPLE-TREES IN BLOSSOM.

(From the Painting by Fernand Quignon.)

modelling and realistic effect raise the nude figures of "Dryads Crowned with Flowers," by the Polish painter Wojciech Gerson, above the more facilely-executed, and perhaps the more dextrous, academic nymphs of M. Gervais, with their rosy carnations and green shadows; and M. Marinitsch, the Austrian, with his "Fisherman's Return by Night," with its strange lantern illumination in the strong moon-light; while M. Pieters, the Dutchman, with his characteristic "Interior," emphasises the importance of the foreigners' contributions. Perhaps to these should be added that brilliant lady painter, Mlle. Romani, the Italian, who, with so much spirit and intelligence, has learnt well all that her two teachers were able to impart to her—the *bravura* of M. Roybet and the grace of M. Henner. She is "slowing down" in the matter of colour, no doubt, but her work is not the less dashing for that.

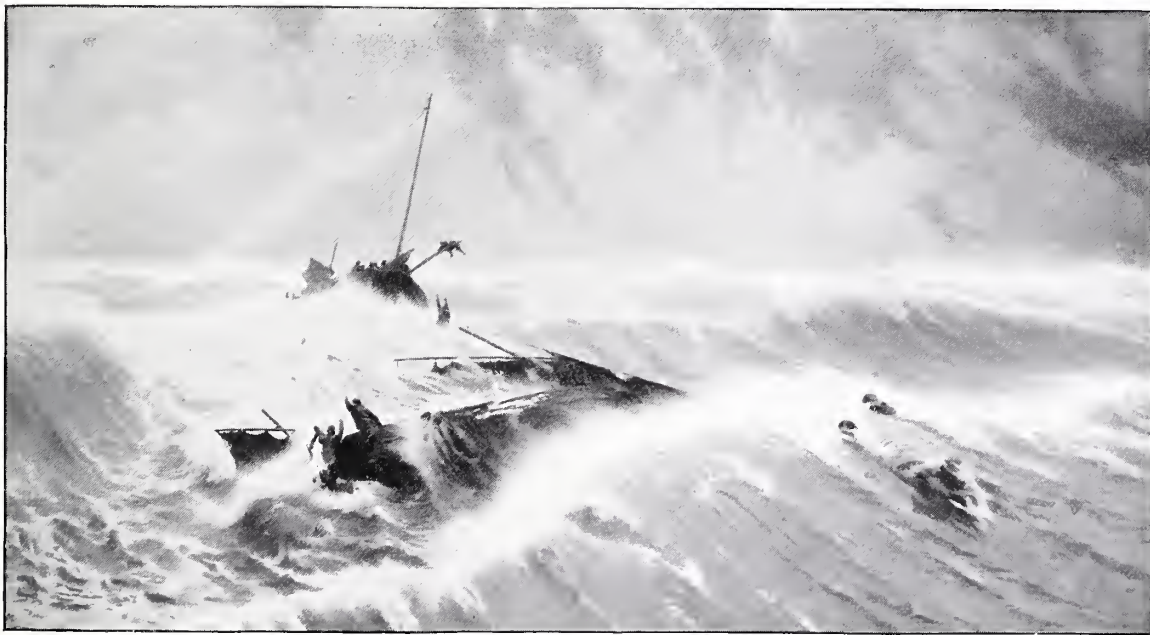
If there is a single branch of art in which England can claim superiority over that of France it is in the section of portraiture. That this has been so in the past is triumphantly proved and universally admitted in the Exhibition of Portraits of Women and Children concurrently held in the Galerie des Beaux-Arts, where the works of Sir

Less obviously, but not less certainly, to our thinking, is French portraiture of to-day inferior in the greatest qualities to that of the most able of the Anglo-Saxons. In Paris, portrait painting appears to be an affair of values and tones, of colour to be matched and proportions to be copied; and the artist in their pursuit seems to lose sight of texture and quality of flesh, as well as of character in the sitter, and, above all, of *style*. At the present moment, no doubt, the Old Salon is in something of a parlous state in respect to its portraitists. The older men are losing their force, if not their skill, and the younger in their search after novelty and originality, appear to show a certain contempt for the constructiveness which has always been accepted by every great master hitherto as the foundation of the art. The old method and system of cross-hatching, in favour of which M. Bonnat now yields up his more classic method, the insipid dandyism of M. Lefèvre in his portrait of the Comte de Castellane, the heavy and dull, though still clever, handling of M. Benjamin-Constant (resembling in manner, though certainly not in quality of force or brilliancy, that of Frank Holl), the picturesque woolliness and accentuated light and shade

and false flesh tones of M. Henner—these are not the paintings, for all that newspaper correspondents may exclaim, that will restore the great reputation which the present-day contributors to the Salon have conspired to place in jeopardy. Yet there is, of course, portrait painting of highest interest, though nothing that can be rightly compared with the works of Sir George Reid and Mr. Sargent in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy. M. Roybet, both in his "Philippe Clavier" and in his "Standard Bearer," paints with astounding *brío* and with a dexterity that M. Carolus-Duran might envy, but his colour rather suggests tints over black and white than pigment honestly employed with vigour and knowledge in imitation of Nature. M. Humbert brings elegance and sincerity to his task, yet to English eyes fails alike in warmth of colour and depth of observation. So acutely do some painters feel the thinness of the art as now practised in France, that they have taken refuge in the too close imitation of the old masters school, as in the head of a Breton peasant woman, by M. Paul Soyer, and the portrait of an elderly lady, by M. Marcel Baschet, and a similar work by M. Burdy—the first-named in the manner of Franz Hals and the two last of the early German school. If, however, the practice brings painters back to look at sitters as they are in nature, and not as they appear

elegance, all the outward graces of attitude and pose must be conceded to the French, who boast women as well as men in their foremost rank; indeed, for piquant grace and charm, though, of course, not for the highest qualities, nothing surpasses the elegant portraits of women by Mme. Achille Fould, "The Enchanted Cup" being, indeed, one of the prettiest designs in all the galleries.

When a Frenchman turns seriously to landscape, with the object of showing his reverential love of nature, and not with the exclusive object of employing it as a rostrum from which to proclaim his peculiar views on the theory of colour, of light, and so forth, he gives us work which may well command our attention and admiration. He may, like M. Harpignies, give us landscape in the grand manner of Barbizon, the last of his race, now that M. Français is gone—though I am bound to say that the artist has ere now contributed far better work to the Salon, and that the "Bords du Rhône" (to which the *Medaille d'Honneur* has been accorded) is not so fine a canvas as even the "Solitude de la Campagne de Rome." He may work out for us in the most modern spirit and with the most astounding truth the problems of light and colour, such as M. Rigolot displays in "The Borders of the Algerian Desert"—a study of amazing veracity in its blazing sunshine and corresponding shadow, in its blue



A RESCUE AT SEA.
(From the Painting by F. Tattgrain.)

to be through the canvases of other painters whom they have admired, this retreat upon past ages will bring its certain reward, *pastiches* though their works may be declared. At the same time, distinction,

atmosphere and aërial perspective; a work so illusive as to make us wonder whether we are not deceived by a trick such as delights the visitor to the panorama. Or we may sympathise with the

true townsman's sentiment in the admirably sympathetic "Views of Paris," by M. Cagniard, the Billotte of the Champs Elysées. We may wonder who in our own Academy could render with such stereoscopic truth, alike in the projection of the figure and in the rendering of the stony hills, as in the "Elijah in the Wilderness" of M. Stievenart. In M. Jacomin we may see the influence of Constable, in M. Antoine Vollon the strong sympathy with M. Jacob Maris, and in M. Bastet the community of view with Signor Segantini. The spirit of their work may in no case be new to us, but in every sense the art is honest, simple, and masterly, standing as a protest, if not as a bulwark, against the ill-thought-out tendency of the day. That they will not exert a powerful influence on those who have not yet blinded themselves to truth and beauty can hardly be believed. To these we would add a name not well known in England, that of M. Quignon, whose fine landscape of "Apple-trees in Blossom," seen against a blue sky, is one of the most earnest works of any of the men of the younger school. M. Quignon will do better yet; that he has done so well already is proof that fine landscape is not dying out of France.

The painting of genre and of that more trivial section of it, anecdote, overwhelm the visitor to the galleries, and to pick the finest out is like searching for flowers in the wilderness. Of the philosophic kind there are happily not many. M. Henri Cain's "Gold Triumphant and its Victims"—a processional car, surmounted by an odious Jewish financier—like M. Boggio's theatrical "Towards Glory" and M. Matisse's "Sun Drawing along its Planets," clever though they are in their several ways, are none the better for the rather shallow "thought" with which they are inspired. But M. Edmond Picard's "Women and Secret" is not only full of humour, but full as well of academic and painter-like qualities, admirably and modestly displayed; M. Fantin-Latour's "Night" presents us once more with a hymn of limpid poetry from a source which rarely fails; M. Thirion's "Judith," not only by her character, but by the scheme of colour and handling of the whole picture, gratefully recalls memories of Fromentin and Delacroix; and M. Joseph Bail, with his group of boys called "The Card-Players," shows a virility and character in his work which, should he arrive at a greater purity of colour, may one day render him a worthy pupil of the master whom he has selected as his model—Murillo the Spaniard.

We English have always thought that Frenchmen had no real sympathy with the sea, and certainly there is little to be seen in the present Salon which justifies the thought that the sea for its own sake inspires much enthusiasm in the Gallic breast. It is a convenient element, no doubt, to sustain the ships that the artist loves to paint, or to fringe the shore that attracts his chief attention, or to reflect the moon that he places high in the dark heavens, or to play the veiled background to the group of fishermen returned from their last perilous trip. It is an excellent "back-cloth" to M. Tattegrain's moving scene of "A Rescue at Sea," and affords him the opportunity for display of the banked-up lines of moving force. But in no case is it the sea beloved of Henry Moore, with its dancing forms, its shimmering lights, its thousand colours glinting in the sun. The Frenchman, it seems to us, looks upon the sea much as Shakespeare regarded the dog—a convenient subject for allusion, but one to be referred to with indifference, if not absolutely with dislike. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that not a single sea painted for the sea's own sake remains in the memory of one who has made repeated visits to the Champs Elysées.

If it be true that eight fine works make a good Salon and two masterpieces a memorable one, we have here in the cream of the collection to which we have referred an aggregation of work which would seem to suggest a different conclusion with that which we set out to prove. No annual exhibition of the art of a nation—and not of a nation only, but in a sense of the whole world—can ever be devoid of interest, of talent, and in a few rare cases, of genius. Judged by itself and itself alone, the Salon gives much food for pleasure for those who can recognise merit and have the patience to search it out. It is only when we compare and weigh and judge that the shortcomings are borne in upon us, and perhaps become exaggerated by very reason of the admiration and deep appreciation we have of our neighbours' genius. We feel that in the section of painting the level of the highest is distinctly lower than in the past. We feel equally that in the section of sculpture—the domain of art in which almost since the Italian renaissance France has held undisputed sway—she has not this year done justice to herself. But in the decorative arts, especially the art of the *bibelot* and the jeweller, she more than ever reigns supreme: in what respect and by virtue of what works we hope shortly to set before the reader.



A FAIR PERSIAN.

(By Permission of Sir Elliott Lees, Bart., M.P.)

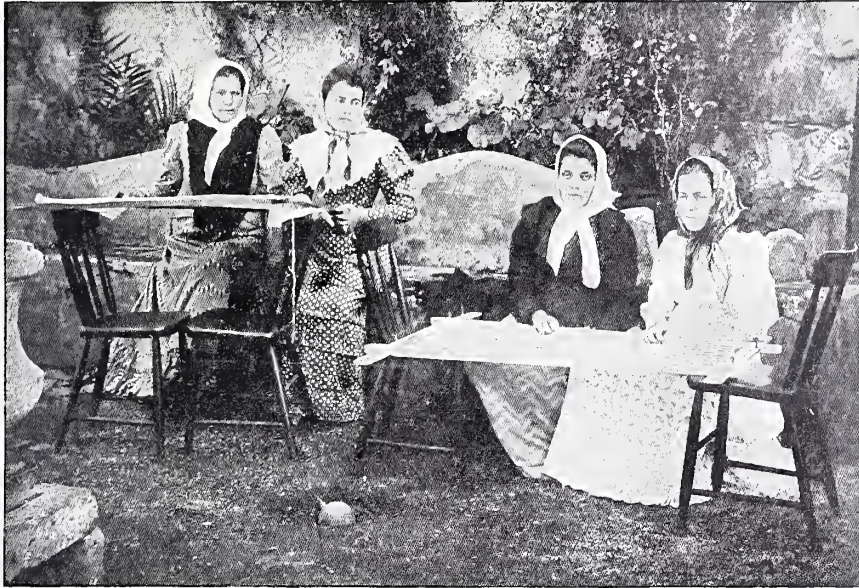
PEASANT ART-INDUSTRIES.

THE TENERIFFE DRAWN NEEDLEWORK AND EMBROIDERY.

BY WALTER SHAW-SPARROW.

"PEASANT Industries" is a convenient, though not a quite accurate, description. It is convenient, because it reminds us of many kinds of

their ancient models of design, and try to be original sometimes, and sometimes to copy patterns which meet their eyes in the shop windows. As a rule

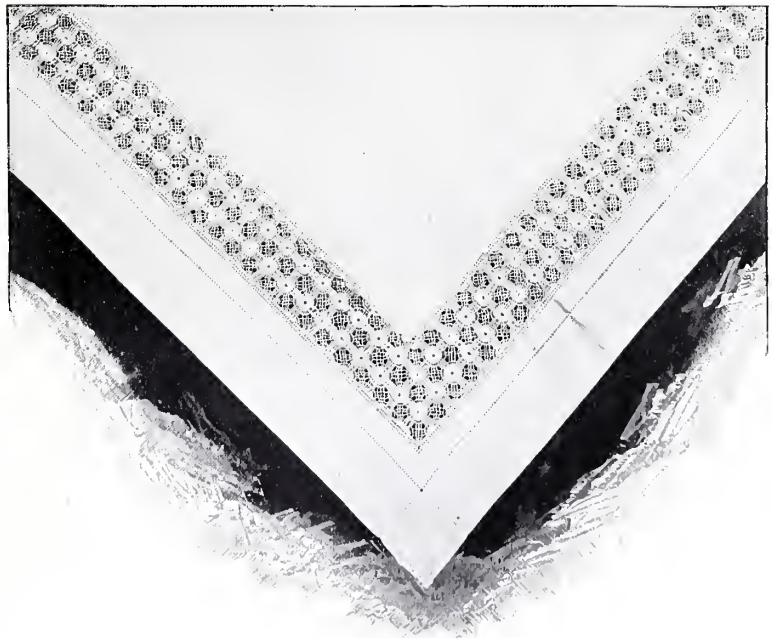


A GROUP OF CRAFTSWOMEN, TENERIFFE.

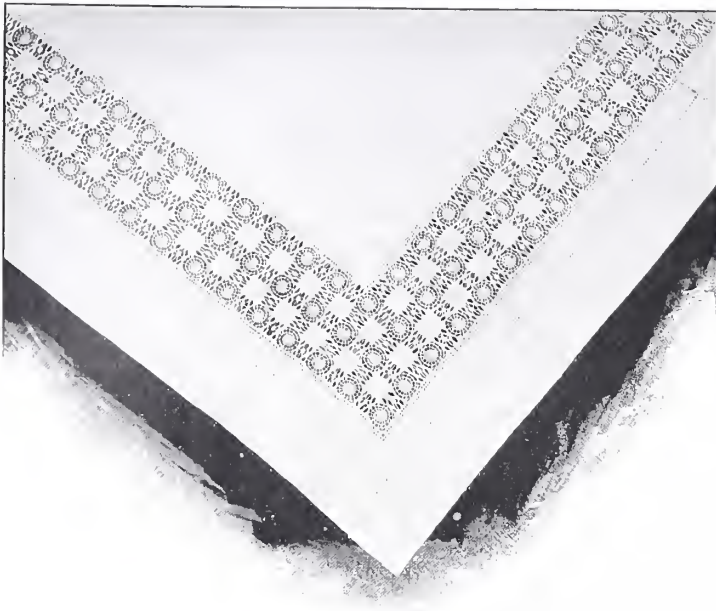
skilled handiwork done by the peasantry of various countries in their own houses, instead of in shops and factories; but it is not quite accurate, because these cottage crafts-folk labour under the artistic guidance of men who profit by their trained dexterity. A true peasant industry is a rural hobby, an outlet in odd half-hours for undisciplined artistic feeling; and more often than not, as here and there in Brittany and in Spain, its embroidery needles, potters' tools, or what not, are as pens transcribing the traditions of times long gone by. Nearly all the village costumes in Brittany, with their silken embroideries, are imitations, in coarse materials, of country dresses worn by great ladies several centuries ago; and with so much history hanging about them, their needlework, however formal and rude, is charming. But there comes a time when the half-educated set aside

the hour. They had some chance of doing well in the old days, when every village was in some sort a

the worst patterns please them best, for simplicity is the very last thing that even a serious study of art teaches us to appreciate; and that is why the present, with its meretricious novelties, is constantly setting us at variance with the past and its fine, unpretentious works of art. How little even educated women are influenced by common sense and good taste, we may gather out of our hideous and ludicrous *journal aux modes*; and thus we cannot but be glad that all our peasant industries are falling one by one under the direction of men who keep them from pandering to the ugliest wayward fashions of



TEA-CLOTH.



TEA-CLOTH.

little conservative world apart, that handed down its industries, like its fireside stories, from generation to generation, and always enriched by some new fancies. And yet the real peasant industries could not compete even then, either artistically or commercially, with their semi-peasant rivals; and for this reason, at the beginning of the last century, Bishop Berkeley asked the following comprehensive question: "How could France and Flanders have drawn so much money from other

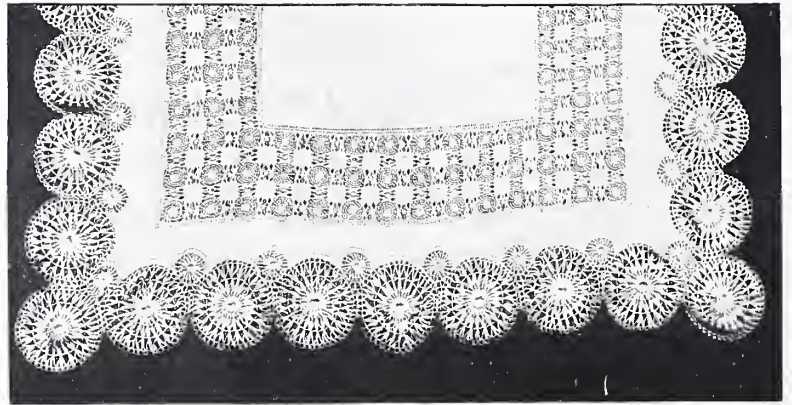
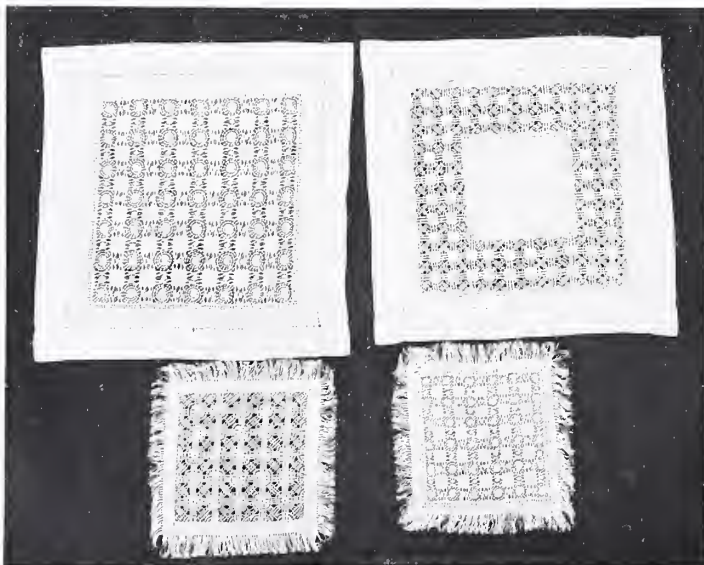


TABLE CENTRE IN SILK.



DOYLIES.

countries for figured silk, lace, and tapestry, if they had not had their academies of design?"

The topic of drawn needlework has an historic interest, for even the finest lace—the old Point of Venice—had its origin in the cut and drawn embroideries of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. These mediæval forms of needlework came to Italy from Greece and the Ionian Islands, and lace is their true descendant. This fact, I think, should add a good deal of significance to the illustrations which accompany these notes. Drawn work may be described as the art of turning strips of linen and of silk into lace, partly by pulling away some of the threads: partly by intertwining others into a fine netting and a given pattern. The earliest

designs—nay, the designs which remained in fashion till late in the sixteenth century—were usually of a stiff, geometrical kind; and to this day, in the exquisite drawn work of Teneriffe, we find constant repetitions both of chess-board squares, and of circles of spider-webbing. As might have been expected, it was long a cloistral art, and its secrets were kept exactly like little nuns, for they were never allowed to go beyond the convent walls and gardens. Its office was to beautify vestments, and to adorn shrouds; and it is believed that we owe to this latter use the custom, which still survives, of rimming the insides of coffins with some material stamped with the pinking iron. In any case, the art of drawn needlework, like that of painting, has come down to us laden with a great wealth of ecclesiastical traditions,

without some knowledge of which we cannot follow with a learned interest its present-day changes and prospects.

Then, again, drawn work has usually been associated with great poverty and suffering. Thus, for example, its modern craftswomen in Teneriffe were quite as miserable, about five years ago, as were those French families who, after the terrible massacres which began in the night of the 24th of August, 1572, fled across the frontier, and made Germany famous for its Hamburg Point, which, like the Dresden Point of the eighteenth century, was an imitation of the Italian Punto Tirato, and as a consequence a species of drawn work. The Teneriffe craftswomen are now happy and prosperous, thanks to the exertions—first, of an American lady, and next, of a young Englishman whose failing health had driven him to seek adventures in a sunny land. They are “an indolent, idly-yawning race,” the natives of the Canary Islands; a sixpence earned in the early morning will satisfy the highest ambitions of the men for the rest of the day; and hence the task of ameliorating the condition of the makers of drawn linen seemed to many a very foolish, Quixotic enterprise. Happily, however, the women are not by any means so lazy as the men, and, true to the eternal character of their sex, they are easily moved by anything practical. They saw in the prospect of earning regular wages a great many household comforts to which their husbands and their brothers were altogether blind; and so they set to work in earnest, turning out simple ornamental things in their coarse island linens. These productions met with so much success in private circles, both in England and in America, that the hope of finding a permanent market, and by this means establishing a profitable business, came into the young Englishman’s mind. The New York markets were not open to him, being already well supplied with very similar needlework from Mexico; hence he thought of England, and of England only. The first great firm to which he appealed was that of Messrs. Liberty and Company, which at once took advantage of his suggestions, and arranged to send out its own finest silks and linens to Teneriffe, there to be turned into drawn-work table-centres, tea-cloths, doylies, dress insertions, and what not besides. The renewed industry, thus fostered with so much tact, has grown surprisingly since then, and will go on growing, I believe, unless some meddlesome crank should think it his (or her) duty to make the Teneriffe women strike for higher wages. We have heard it said again and again that such delicate and beautiful needlework could not be sold in London at its present low prices were it not for the “sweating” in Teneriffe. This is

the merest clap-trap. The women are happier to-day than they ever expected to be, and this improvement in the outward circumstances of their lives they owe partly to the cheapness of their labour, partly to the cheapness of living in the island. Materially to increase their wages would be an inexcusable unkindness, for it would bring their work into competition with the best machine-made lace, and so frustrate the steady progress of the whole industry. Quite apart from this, moreover, higher wages in Teneriffe might suggest to many persons the idea of starting rival industries in Europe; and this, we believe, would not be good for the art of drawn needlework and embroidery, that requires precisely those native hereditary gifts with which the Mexicans and the inhabitants of the Canary Islands are so happily endowed. Skill in this difficult and dainty art comes as a birthright only to certain peoples of Spanish stock.

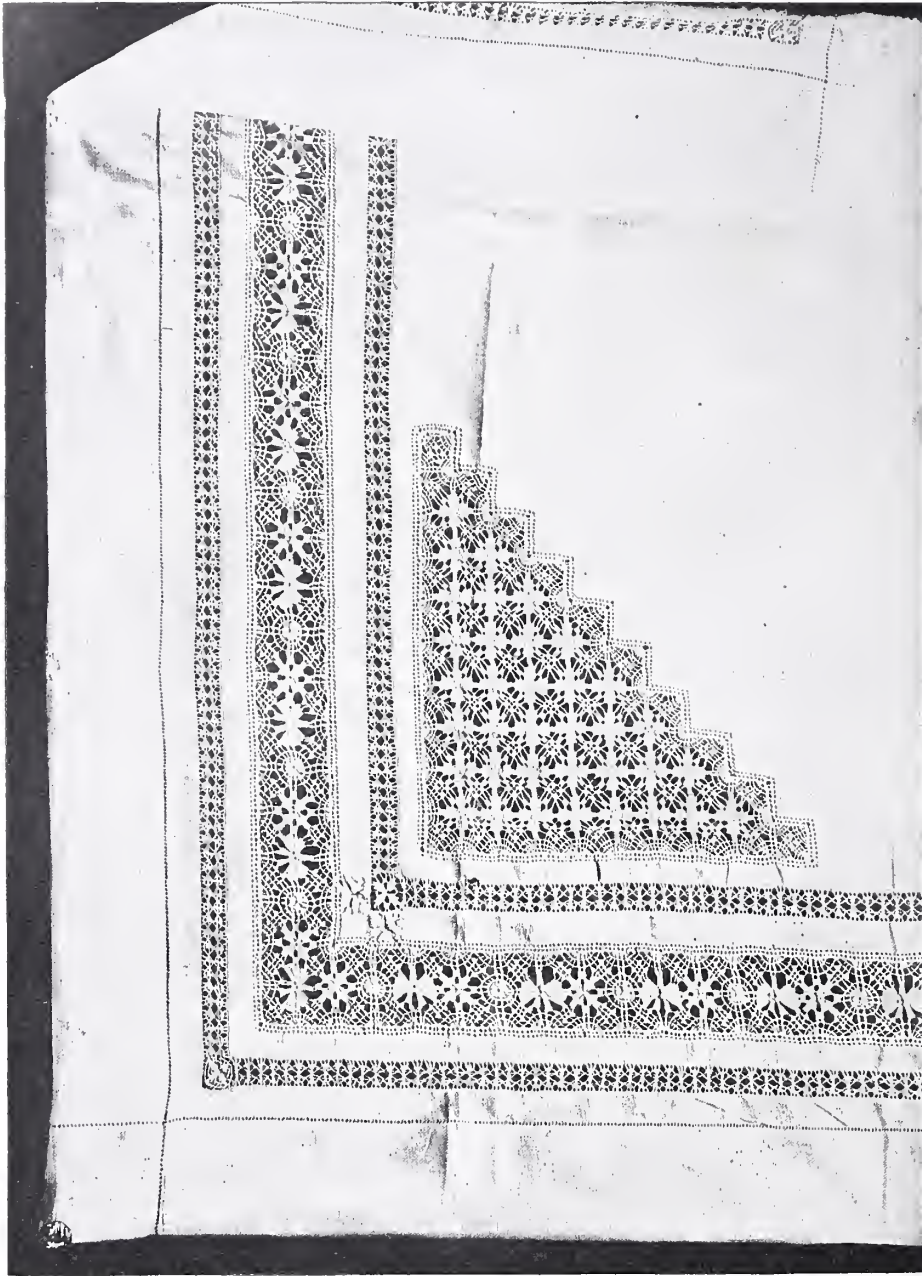
The Canary islanders are all very skilful with the needle, and yet, somehow, anyhow, the drawn work industry has grown up and around one village only. Here it is taught in the public schools, and those terrible little critics, the children, become adepts at an early age. Five years ago, as I have said, it was but a sorry makeshift for a bread-winning occupation. The simplest patterns only were attempted, and the material used would have had a disciplinary charm as a kind of hair shirt. There was a small trade in dresses sparingly ornamented with the coarse lace, Cuba, the Spanish possession to which so many Canarians emigrate, being the market. But all at once, as Madeira went out of fashion in the medical world, Las Palmas and Puerto Orotava became, for the time being, the shibboleths of many physicians; and with the coming of wealthy invalids, who made Teneriffe their winter resort, the industry in drawn work improved.

The art is now practised, in that one district, by women of all classes, ranging from the prosperous tradesman’s wife and daughters, who are known as “half ladies,” down to the peasant girl. And the marvel is that the girl who toiled yesterday in the yellow maize fields commonly displays more skill with the needle than her sister of a higher rank, whose hands look so much more capable. In fact, the best drawn embroidery is usually turned out by those who are, or who otherwise would be, labourers in the field. It is within doors that they ply their needles, but let a photographer pass, and they venture forth into the open air, with their frames and their Liberty silks (see p. 191). Their craft of hand, as you watch their active fingers moving, seems simple enough. The threads having been drawn in accordance with the pattern required, the piece of linen or of silk is stretched tightly in the

frame, and the frame itself is then placed on high stools made for the purpose, or upon ordinary chairs. Then the woman, sitting with her knees

the making of a pretty reticella pattern in drawn embroidery:—

“Take a piece of coarse linen, and draw warp and



A TABLE CENTRE.

under the frame, with her right hand above the tightened material, and the left beneath it, starts filling in the design with flax threads. It would not be honest to give away her secrets, to which she owes her daily bread: but I may, at least, throw some light upon the technical side of the craft, by copying down a passage which I found in the “Dictionary of Needlework,” a very useful book published in 1882. The quotation deals with

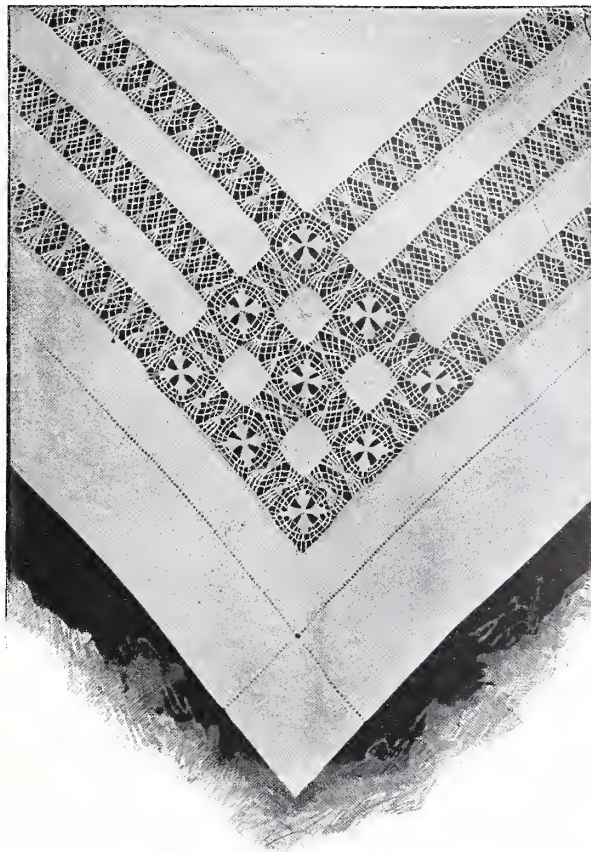
wool threads away, so as to form a succession of squares (this process has to be very carefully done or the squares will not be perfect). Leave six threads each way between the squares to form a support, and commence the work by covering these threads. Divide the six threads in the centre, and work Point de Reprise thickly over them; first throw the thread over the three to the right and bring it back to the centre, and then over the three to

the left and bring it back to the centre. . . . Work until the threads are quite covered. Fill the open squares with buttonhole stitches. Throw a thread across the space as a loop, and cover it thickly with buttonholes; leave it as one line, or continue to throw threads, and buttonhole them over and down to the first line until the pattern is formed. . . . For the bordering, draw out threads, leave an undrawn space between, and work hem-stitch first on one drawn-out line and then upon the other. Take up four threads in every hem-stitch"—and let no novice either lose her temper or think despairingly of a difficult examination in mathematics.

The illustrations show that already the Teneriffe art of drawn needlework has grown both in intricacy of stitch and in delicacy of execution. Again and again we are reminded of the old Greek lace;

and we feel that here, as elsewhere, artistic proficiency means a constant investment of talent and of infinite patience. We can complain of one thing only, and that is the commercial sameness of the designs. We have a right to expect a greater variety of decorative forms. The trading custom of repeating and stereotyping every pattern that is beautiful and popular not only turns the skilled craftsman or crafts-woman into an automaton, but slowly and surely kills a revived artistic industry. Therefore it is always wise firmly to ground such industries upon their old-time greatness, and some of the sixteenth-century pattern books would furnish a great many useful suggestions to those men of business who take the most active

practical interest in the welfare of the Teneriffe drawn needlework and embroidery.



TEA-CLOTH.

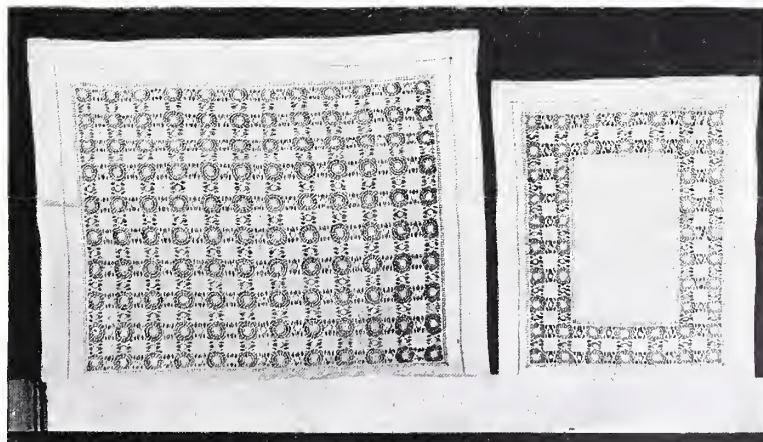
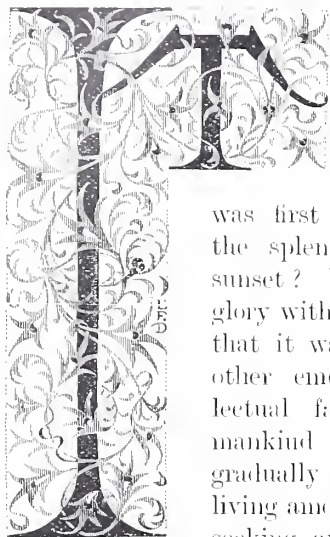


TABLE-COVERS.

THE MODERN STUDY OF LANDSCAPE.

FOR NATURE'S SAKE.

BY W. W. FENN.



IS curious to speculate as to how and when a first consciousness of the beauty of landscape arose in the human mind. Who was first struck or interested by the splendour and wonder of a sunset? Who first looked on its glory with a recognition of the fact that it was glorious? Like every other emotion and higher intellectual faculty now common to mankind this must have been gradually evolved. Primeval man, living amongst the woods and wilds, seeking and hunting for the first necessity of existence, his food, must have been deeply impressed by the aspect of the heavens, full of wonder at day and night, the sun, moon, and stars, and every striking phenomenon, attributing each change to the mysterious deities who affected his life, and whom he worshipped and sought to propitiate. Terror at the lightning and the thunder, awe at the sunset or the sunrise, peace and safety in the calm. These, roughly, were his sensations and his emotions. Then he strove to hunt under the most favourable conditions of weather, and in what we should now call "pleasant places"—places which afforded him an ample supply of the quarry, and enabled him also to satisfy his hunger undisturbed. These instincts in the course of ages acquired strength as the difficulties of existence became lessened, and man had time to look around him. Then, through the process of natural selection, he became more and more appreciative of all that tended to the personal ease and pleasure of body and mind; this ease and pleasure being greater under fair weather than foul, he began to love blue skies and all they brought, and to prefer hunting for food under them. Prosperity brought leisure; the absence of constant exertion and contention hour by hour for daily food left a surplus of bodily energy and intellectual activity. The first was turned to account in war-dances, sports, and pastimes; we see the survival of these in our modern fox-hunting, shooting, cricket, and the like. The second found vent in a thousand ways, and on a thousand objects not absolutely essential to mere existence. Aboriginal man began to ornament

weapons, utensils, wigwams, and clothing, or, in default of the latter, himself, with paint, beads, rings, and the rest of the savage devices for decorating the person. Who knows but that from the propensity of the savage for tattooing his body may have sprung the art of designing, or of imitating natural or imaginary objects, at first probably for the purpose of use? In this way it is reasonable to infer that crude imitations of profitable, and therefore happy, hunting grounds were put before tyros in the craft with the utilitarian intention of guiding them to the right spots. Then these spots being recognised for their value, were associated with satisfactory ideas. They were gratifying to look on, on account of the successes of the chase connected with them, until he who could portray them with the greatest accuracy was encouraged by approbation; the mental development being started in this direction, it continued, and the power of graphic delineation was cultivated by closer observation of facts. So the process went on, step by step, throughout vast cycles of time. Rudimentary colouring might have been introduced as a means of arriving at still closer imitations of natural scenes and skies, until pictures of places and objects came slowly into existence, at first, perhaps, merely valued for their use, they began to be recognised as agreeable to the eye for their own sakes, and, eventually, as beautiful. The beauty once seen in the imitation, to see it sooner or later in Nature itself became a matter of course.

Only by some such rough slow steps could sensibility to beauty of landscape have been approached, and this being so—as for our purpose here we may admit it was—everything which tends to the further evolution of such mental capabilities must be a gain, and the latest benefactor to mankind therefore, in this respect, should be the modern school of landscape painters. It cannot fail to familiarise us with the outer world, and if some modern Nimrods are as devoid of the appreciative faculty as their primeval ancestors, there is possibly just a hope that even they will some day not be altogether unmindful of what there is to look at while they linger at the covert-side during the intervals of the chase, or as they ride slowly home under the short but often brilliant after-glow of the winter sunset. Now that the art of drawing is finding a place in the general curriculum, the children of Hodge will by-and-by see more in a hedgerow or a copse than a mere place where

the birds build, and where blue-bells, primroses, and violets grow, or where faggots can be gathered. Anyway, the love of natural beauty is conspicuously on the increase. "The essential connection of the power of landscape with human emotion is not less certain because in many impressive pictures the link is slight or local," as Mr. Ruskin writes, and this essential connection cannot fail to be more fully recognised and appreciated the oftener we are reminded of it by the recurrence of the emotion through the influence of "impressive pictures." The more we are brought in contact with truthful landscapes the farther we are on the way towards that complete connection with Nature "for Nature's sake," which must so largely contribute to our happiness.

There is, perhaps, no clearer indication of the increasing reverence with which Nature is regarded in the present day by artists and by the public, than that phase of the painter's craft which takes him persistently into the open air for the study and execution of what may be called all "out-of-door subjects." Within the last thirty years the landscape painter especially has established a school of technical education through which it is imperative that every aspirant to the noble art should pass, and in which he must graduate if he expects to hold his own amidst the mass of able and brilliant competitors, who, yearly in ever-increasing numbers, enrol themselves under Nature's banner.

That this movement amongst the moderns was inaugurated by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood some forty years ago few will dispute, and some of the most notable examples of its teaching are to be found in the early works of Millais which are this coming winter to be before the world. He, as is well known, in conjunction with Rossetti, Mr. Holman Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, Charles Alston Collins, and a few others, dissatisfied with, and offended by, the slap-dash, somewhat slovenly method of representing the infinite intricacies and delicacies of Nature then in vogue amongst painters both of figure and landscape, determined to make a stand against the growing evil, and by diligent and conscientious exercise of their powers, to paint things as they really are, so far as paint and patience would allow. The result was the production of some marvellous and beautiful pictures, startling to the world, and from their very novelty calling forth a chorus of adverse criticism. Possibly in their efforts to accomplish their object this band of young enthusiasts strained the bow unduly in the opposite direction, but, after a while, Pre-Raphaelitism put a wholesome check upon the careless treatment of detail, and, by degrees, brought about a reverence and regard for careful finish no less among the public than among the painters. The outcome of

this has been that devotion to Nature "on the spot" evidenced in the modern school of landscape painting. In proof of this, contrast its present condition with what it was, say, in 1850; consider the general average of quality—to say nothing of quantity—as it then existed with what it is at present. Where, at most, we then found half-a-dozen landscapes in our exhibitions, water or oil, of high excellence, we may certainly now find more than thrice that number, whilst the general run of the mass is assuredly very superior to the rank and file of other days.

The method in which the modern landscape painter pursues his studies has of course contributed to this improved state of things. Instigated at first by the Pre-Raphaelites, he is no longer contented to make his pencilled, slightly tinted jottings serve him as studies for the important work to be produced in the studio. It is his habit now constantly to confront Nature face to face, and there, patiently and laboriously, to wring from her her inmost secrets of beauty, braving wind and weather, and all those obstacles, discomforts, and fatigues which are inseparable from the pursuance of a nice and delicate art in the open air. We know that some of the largest canvases which season after season meet our eye in our rambles through the picture galleries have been more than half executed under these conditions, or at any rate from such accurate studies made on the spot as to be but little more than replicas of the possibly smaller originals. We know that the artists have been at work on them for weeks and months out of doors, or almost out of doors, that is to say that where the white umbrella has given insufficient protection they have erected—not always even temporary—studios in the shape of tents, huts, and glass-houses in some of the wildest and most inaccessible regions. The land-yacht or gipsy-hawker's travelling-van has been pressed into the service, while on the rivers and the water-ways the house-boat, as a floating studio and residence for the painter, has become conspicuous. Very notable evidence of this was to be seen in the case of Keeley Halswelle's exhibition, "Six years in a houseboat."

With a determination worthy of all praise, and which would astonish and affright their predecessors, could they revisit their old sketching grounds, the new school of landscape painters carries on its labours, shrinking from no privation or discomforts so long as it can accomplish the laudable object in view. We see the result on the walls of our exhibitions, and the benefit of this result is not confined to the painters. Besides educating them, it has infinitely raised the standard of the public taste. It has increased the appreciative faculties of all

thinking people, and those who, by temperament, instinctively love Nature "for Nature's sake," have been led to love her more, and to observe more accurately her infinite beauty. These people have arrived by degrees at a thorough comprehension of the artist's meaning, and they speedily recognise his smallest faults: they are growing so conversant, so familiar, with the "language of beauty in which he speaks," that the slightest dissonance, the slightest error in his syntax or prosody, is detected. This involuntary automatic criticism of his labours is the surest, nay, is the only means for the establishment of a really great school, and since these means are now daily exercised, it is easy to account for the high place accorded to the English school of landscape painting. It would be wonderful indeed if such well-directed labour did not meet with its reward, or if the advance in landscape art were not very apparent. This progress is most encouraging to all, and there are many who value art not only for the humanising pleasure it gives, but for the counterpoise which it offers to the mere utilitarian spirit of the times. If we can no longer have a great school of figure-painting, since, as Mr. G. F. Watts once wrote, "general noble beauty pervades life no more," it is at least a compensation, and no mean one either, to feel that the love of landscape ensures us a dominating and honourable position in this branch of art.

Although a general understanding of painting is permeating society to a considerable extent, it is permissible in the matter of criticism to include that far larger class of minds, who without much, or even any, appreciation of art, or love for Nature, yet, as they say, "like looking at pictures," and frequent our exhibitions with that object. It consequently follows that the higher the quality of the works put before them, the more benefit and instruction they receive from their amusement, and the wider the reward for the artist. People without any qualification or judgment at first, gradually acquire a certain amount of discrimination. Thus, for the present purpose we may reckon amongst the number of those who indirectly influence the appreciation of art, all who, without those aforesaid capacities or that training necessary to constitute an able critic, are yet stirred by a laudable admiration for counterfeit presentments of scenes and places they recognise, and who, for mere personal gratification, as it were, covet and acquire such specimens of landscape art. Even these can now count on getting fair worth for their money. The germ of the right seed is planted within them, needing only to be rightly tended and cultivated for it to blossom forth and bear good fruit in the shape of a taste which, if not very pure and exalted, is still better than none at all.

By degrees then, it is not too much to hope that through art they may be led to look at Nature for her own sake. They may be led to improve their judgment by thoughtful observation and comparison, and when they have become familiar with perfectly delineated facts in a picture, they may be induced to verify them by a more searching examination of what is presented on, say, the surface of a rock, within the intricacies of a woodland or a hedgerow, in running water or breaking waves. The realism demanded from the artist by the taste and higher knowledge of the present day must be instructive, and puts much within the comprehension of intelligences which would fail to catch the meaning of a more idealised, not to say slipshod, rendering of detail. One cannot contemplate faithful art without being reminded of Nature, and if the first be valued at all, the second necessarily comes in for a certain share of affection. If the one gives pleasure, the other must do so likewise. Optimistic views these, it may be said; and in the face of all this insistence on the value of realism, and what it is doing, what will become or has become of the ideal? "But," as Bulwer in effect puts it, "art is the idealisation of Nature, and the ideal is only the loftiest Nature. . . . The great artist and the great author embody what is possible to man, not what is common to mankind."

Truth and fidelity to detail cannot interfere with the ideal: properly used, they should be valuable adjuncts to it. The painter who, by diligent study and a close imitation of minute facts, has them, as it were, at his fingers' ends is more likely to produce a perfect and veracious picture, however idealised, than he who, beginning with the ideal, regards the real but little or not at all. He can use the real or leave it as the occasion demands, and he does so with a handling of such consummate knowledge that his whole being becomes infused with it, and he will, by the accuracy of his slightest suggestions, convey his meaning to the mind of the spectator. Every touch will tell and speak with its relative force, and by no one, however uneducated, will it be mistaken for what it is not. That marvellous freedom of handling which, for instance, distinguishes Millais' later manner, and its miraculously imitative power, would scarcely have been what it is had he never painted such pictures as "The Carpenter's Shop," or "Ophelia," great as was his genius. "Chill October," "Over the Hills and Far Away," and other similar landscapes, notably "An Old Garden," are as distant as the poles in their method of execution from the landscape phases in his early works, and, comparatively speaking, all in them is generalised, idealised if we please, as far as the technique is concerned, although Millais would not

be pointed to as a painter of the ideal. These last-named landscapes are certainly loftier as works of art, therefore, than those he produced during the prevalence of his Pre-Raphaelite manner, although not of the loftiest when we remember Turner and the best of that school. They are perhaps too real to be so, or as one might say, too literal and "common to mankind." Being this, however, they thereby appeal to a larger public, simply because they are more readily understood. Everybody almost could vouch for "Chill October," or the yew hedge in "An Old Garden," being like Nature, but this would not be the case it may be assumed with, say, Turner's "Heidelberg." That embodies "what is possible to man," a possibility that is, to certain minds which can feel the poetry and grandeur evolved by the painter from the natural scene, a lofty embodiment of it, not "common to mankind."

To be sensible to a certain extent of the beauty of a river's bank, or a clipped hedge, does not require the imaginative faculties needed for a due appreciation of Turner. Ordinary mortals wandering by the margin of a rush-fringed stream or along the gravel paths of an antique pleasaunce can enjoy Nature for Nature's sake as it is put before us by Millais. The poetry and idealism with which he invests and renders the backwater of a Scotch stream are not supreme but are sufficient for most intelligences, and are very beautiful as far as they go, but the truth out of which they spring could not have been produced on canvas in the studio from a tinted pencil sketch, however carefully made on the spot. To obtain what Millais obtained in "Chill October" and "The Old Garden" especially, the pictures had to be painted entirely out of doors, an operation which would have been regarded as unnecessary, if not ridiculous, by the *paysagistes* of forty years ago, when rules and conventionalisms were in the ascendant which limited both the efforts of the painters and the independence of their intelligence. The pictures are literal transcripts of the actual scenes from the point of view selected, and with an attempt to reproduce them with all the force of colour the palette will yield. Nothing is altered, and there is no pretence at composition or arrangement beyond that combination of objects supplied by Nature—the principle upon which Millais always worked, adhering in this respect throughout to his Pre-Raphaelite teaching. Whether this be a right or wrong principle need not here be discussed. It was not that adopted by Linnell, Stanfield, Turner, Constable, and the rest, but this is beside the mark. They at the best would have considered Millais' recent landscapes but as means to an end, not

the end itself—as elaborate studies from Nature to be used and worked from in the studio. These masters composed their pictures with an eye to what their school considered the laws of art, and to that extent idealised all their subjects. The modern school refuses to acknowledge these laws as binding, and therefore as far as they lead to idealisation does not idealise, yet it would be entirely untrue to say that "Chill October" is destitute of pathetic sentiment and true poetry. An idealised realism, if it may be so called, especially characterises this picture. There is little or no idealisation in the Turnerian sense, but what there is is undeniably lofty and touching. Literal truth and force, however, being the paramount objects sought, these are attained, and out of them has come that love and reverence for Nature which we hold to be a beneficent feature of the time.

Accustomed as the English are to follow an outdoor life in defiance of their changeable climate, anything that teaches them to use their eyes intelligently must be a benefit: and a man who looks on a scene in Nature as yielding something more than a passing gratification cultivates his mind and expands his sympathies to an extent immeasurably beyond one who is merely attracted by the fresh air and greenery of the fields and woods. It betokens progress, and the evolution of those higher attributes of man's soul, which otherwise might have remained dormant, a development, in short, of "what is possible to man." Fine landscape acts and re-acts in this direction: it teaches us to look intelligently at art.

Says Montesquieu, "Those who judge intellectual works with taste enjoy an infinity of sensations unknown to other men." And those who can regard Nature with taste and judgment, make for themselves pleasures from which others are entirely debarred. Indeed, the world's greatest men, especially her poets, have been the keenest as well as the most loving observers of Nature. They have seen how, in the words of Cowper,

"To trace in Nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of Power divine."

At any rate, according to the best teaching, every aspect of, and object in, Nature is "a window through which we may look into Infinitude itself."

It is easy, therefore, to perceive how great is the humanising function discharged by the artist who truthfully represents Nature, and induces others to regard Nature for themselves, no less than for her own sake, and at no period has he ever been performing his task more earnestly, conscientiously, and successfully than in the present day.

THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

NOTES ON THE DUTCH AND FLEMISH SCHOOLS.

BY THE EDITOR.



ALTHOUGH he had little sympathy with purely German art, and the names of Van Eyck, Dürer, Holbein, and others are absent from his list, the Marquess of Hertford aimed, nevertheless, at representing in his collection, as completely as lay in his power, the art of the Low Countries.

The Flemish school is represented by a dozen of its greatest painters, and they by works well known to the connoisseur at once for their quality and for their *provenance* from great collections. The first to whom I may here draw attention is Rubens, and the most notable of his works is the famous "Rainbow Landscape." This splendid work, with its pastoral groups, its fine vista, and admirably represented rainbow, may be recognised as perhaps the finest of all the landscapes of the painter: it came originally from the Balbi Palace, and thence found its way into the Watson Taylor collection. The Earl of Orford acquired it at the dispersal of the latter in 1823 for £2,730, and when his collection came to the hammer in 1856, Lord Hertford bought it for £4,450. There is a study for this picture which, in 1830, was disposed of at Count Aglie's sale and was acquired by Mr. Emmerson for £102. A replica relatively not so fine is in the Louvre, which picture, it is said, came from the collection of Louis XIV, and was widened by seven inches—a picture which was engraved, with the omission of several sheep and other changes, by Bolswert, as well as by Gareau: in view of these changes, however, it appears to me more likely that this is one of the two copies executed by Doyen. Certainly, M. Georges Lafenestre, the keeper, does not think it worth while to include it in his catalogue of the Louvre. "The Holy Family with St. Elizabeth and St. John the Baptist" is another of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great Fleming in England, and was, moreover, one of Lord Hertford's greatest bargains. It was at one time in the Imperial Gallery of Vienna, and was presented by the Emperor Joseph II to M. Burtin, of Brussels. In 1815 M. Delahante gave £3,000 for it; it entered the Lapeyrière collection at an advance of £150; and after having figured in the Boursault, Casimir Périer, and Saltmarshe collections, and at the great sale of the latter in 1846, it was acquired

for the Hertford Gallery for £2,478. Of course, this picture is not to be confounded with that relatively indifferent work of the same subject which, at the Stowe sale, was bought by Mr. Ryman for £86. In 1850 Lord Hertford bought "Christ's Charge to St. Peter," when the collection of William II of Holland was brought to the hammer. Nine years afterwards two sketches for the great Henri IV and de Medici series were bought by Lord Hertford's agent, Mr. Mawson, for £86; these are the "Henri IV and Marie de Medici" and "An Allegoric Sketch;" and in addition to these, but on another occasion, "The Triumph of Henri IV of France"—but whether this "triumph" was after the battle at Ypres or at Florence, I am not able to say; if the latter, the picture came from Van Seamp's collection. "The Adoration of the Magi" is the sketch for the picture of that name at Antwerp; and, if I am not mistaken, "The Adoration of the Wise Men" is the picture which, at the Bartels sale in 1794, was knocked down for £312. Besides these, there is "A Cavalry Fight at a Broken Bridge" and "The Crucified Saviour;" while the portrait of the artist's wife, "Helena Forman," is either that which was bought at the Clark sale in 1840 for £309 and figured in the Pasquier, Praslin, and Robit collections, or it is that which belonged to Lucien Buonaparte, and after being in the possession of Mr. Woodburn, the dealer, was sold in 1854 for £111.

The genius of Rubens' great pupil, Van Dyck, is splendidly, if not profusely, displayed. There are here six examples from his hand, of which at least four have always commanded the admiration of connoisseurs. In the first place, there are the portraits of "Philippe Le Roi" and his wife, both of which were seen in the Royal Academy of 1888. They were two of the most esteemed canvases of King William's collection, and when the Dutch monarch died and his gallery brought to the hammer in the Gothic hall of the New Palace at Amsterdam, the pair were knocked down to Mr. Mawson for £5,300, which, with commission presumably, raised the price to the purchaser to £5,470. It is needless to say that the portrait of the lady is not that which was in the Lord Charles Townshend collection, and in 1864 changed hands for not more than a trifle, £89. These two pictures are altogether admirable; that of the husband, who is represented with his greyhound on the garden steps leading into his

château—a work of singular grace and beauty—recalls, in some respects, his prototype, the personality of Sir Richard Wallace himself, whose taste so much resembled his as an art patron and art lover of the highest class and of the loftiest cultivation. “The Virgin and Child” comes from the Fesch collection. “The Wife of Cornelius de Vos,” which was in the Henry Hope and G. Watson Taylor collections, after being knocked down in 1816 for £105 and in 1823 for £357, was one of the ornaments of the collection of Mr. Wells, of Redleaf; and, when that famous collector died in 1848, Lord Hertford bought it for £787. Besides these, there is a “Portrait of a Man,” and a picture of “The Shepherd Paris,” well known by the engraving which Schiavonetti made of it.

For reference sake it will now be more convenient to glance at the rest of the Flemish school in alphabetical order. By Brouwer is a particularly good example, “A Boor Asleep.” By Philippe de Champaigne are three works, of which the most important is “The Adoration of the Shepherds,” originally in the Bonnemain collection, and acquired by Lord Hertford for £367 at the sale of the collection of the Marquis de Montcalm of Montpellier in 1849. Three admirable examples of Gonzales Coques set before the spectator some of the best work of this celebrated “Van Dyck in miniature,” a man who painted small, but maintained breadth as successfully as Terborch, and whose family groups “in little” are a delight to every lover of paint and of character. All these pictures represent family groups; one of them may be remembered at the Royal Academy in 1888. One, representing “The Terrace of a Château,” with a man attired in black, accompanied by a lady and child, was acquired from the Scarisbrick collection in 1861 for £257; another from the Northwick collection in 1859 for £315; while for the picture known as “Rural Repose” Lord Hertford paid £1,800 at the Patureau sale of 1857. Of Cornelius de Vos, favourite pupil of Van Dyck, by whom his features, as well as those of his wife, have been immortalised, there are fine specimens of handling and characterisation in the companion pictures of “Portrait of a Burgomaster” and “Portrait of a Lady.” A representation of still-life by Fyt, a “Riches of Autumn” by Jordaens, and, of course, “A Gothic Church” by Neefs, are adequate representations of the respective painters; and by Porbus the elder is a

subject picture, as well as portraits of “Ambrose Dudley” and of “Robert Dudley,” Earls of Warwick. Both were exhibited at the Old Masters of 1880, but the last-named picture was not so ascribed at Bethnal Green in the early seventies. Snyder is represented by one of his forceful studies of dead game, and Teniers by five canvases of importance. “The



THE HOLY FAMILY, WITH ST. ELIZABETH AND ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.
(From the Painting by Rubens.)

Interior of a Tavern” is that, I believe, which rested for a time in the collections, first of Sir L. Dundas, then of Mr. Edward Cox, and afterwards in the Redleaf Gallery of Mr. Wells, being disposed of in 1848, at the sale of that collection, for £315. “Soldiers Gambling” is another well-known work, having in the background the release of St. Peter. It came from the Marquis Aguado’s sale. Although not exhibited at Bethnal Green, there is still, I believe, in the Wallace collection the famous Teniers known as “L’Homme à la Chemise Blanche,” which, at the sale of the Duchesse de Berri’s collection in 1837, passed into the Hertford possession for £720.

Turning now to the Dutch masters, and following

a similar plan, we pass by Backhuysen's unidentifiable "Taking in Sail," and are arrested by the seven examples of Berchem, an admirable selection, of which the "Italian Landscape" is probably the picture which was painted for Sir Kenelm Digby, and was disposed of at the Buchanan sale for £441. Under the title of "Landscape with Figures" is doubtless to be recognised the picture which Lord Hertford bought for £357 in 1848 from the Wells collection, in which it was known as "The Musical Shepherdess." "The Toper," by Ferdinand Bol, Rembrandt's pupil; a couple of characteristic Italian landscapes by Jan Both; "A Cottage Interior," by Boursse, which was seen at the Old Masters in 1889, and we come to Camphuyzen's fine "Landscape: Evening," which we previously knew as "The Dairy Farm." (Lord Hertford appears to have been fond of changing the titles of the pictures he acquired, a proceeding often embarrassing enough to the historian of art.) This picture, in which the setting sun falls upon the two figures, with an ox and a lady and gentleman on the right, was in the Solly collection: and passing thence to that of Lord Northwick, was, at its dispersal in 1859, bought by Lord Hertford for £510. There are no fewer than eleven works by Albert Cuyt, one of the few artists whose excellence was appreciated in England before his merits were fully discovered abroad. They include the usual subjects treated by the artist, and are mostly fine of their class. The "Watering Horses," which came from the Périer collection in 1848, was knocked down for £194; but the esteem in which Cuyt was held was steadily rising, and at the Patureau sale in 1857 Lord Hertford had to pay £1,040 for the "View in the Environs of Dordrecht." By Emanuel de Witte is a "Cathedral Interior at Sermon Time," which was

seen at the Old Masters in 1889; and by Gerard Dow is "St. Anthony and Monk Reading." I have also a note of a portrait of the artist, which Lord Hertford bought at the Piérand sale in 1860 for £1,480, which, however, was not shown at the Bethnal Green Museum. A landscape by that little appreciated master Everdingen, and a couple more by Hackaert, the figures in whose pictures were put in, not only by Adrian Van der Velde, but sometimes by Berchem or by Lingelbach, bring us to the magnificent example of Franz Hals, "A Cavalier," more properly "The Laughing Cavalier," a masterpiece of dash and of vigorous, if restrained, colour. M. Nieuwenhuys sold this superb canvas to Count Pourtales for £80; and when Lord Hertford acquired it in 1865, he had to pay for it no less a sum than £2,040. This is one of the pictures which Sir Richard Wallace lent to the Royal Academy in 1888. Paintings of fruit, flowers, and still-life show the mastery of De Heem, but



WIFE OF PHILIPPE LE ROI.
(From the Painting by Van Dyck.)

examples of his work were not greatly appreciated forty years ago, and one of the latter in 1859 was knocked down at the Northwick sale for no higher sum than seventeen guineas. Van der Heyde, great painter of townscape and brick walls, is represented by three churches; of these, "The Jesuits' Church, Amsterdam" formerly belonged to the collection of the Comte de Morny. By Hobbema are no fewer than five important works. "The Landscape," which he painted in 1663, and deposited with the Royal Academy of Amsterdam as his diploma work, will be remembered by those readers who saw it at the Old Masters of 1889. For this picture, or for the other landscape similarly called, £3,600 was bid at the sale of Van Brienen's Gallery, which it had entered at a cost of £2,250. For the other landscape, which came from the Fesch collection in 1845, and which was considered to have been over cleaned

by M. Georges, 8,000 scudi were paid—that is to say, including the commission, £1,785. “The Water-Mill” is another of Hobbema’s representative works: it figured in the collection of King William of Holland, and was purchased therefrom for £2,320. It may here be stated that at the Dutch king’s sale Lord Hertford was the greatest buyer, spending not less than £14,000; the Emperor of Russia was his principal rival, and purchased to the extent of £10,173.

Melchior Hondecoeter, who rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of the “Raphael of the Farmyard,” is represented by two works, and Peter de Hooghe by two pictures of almost equal excellence, despite the disparity in their price: “A Woman Peeling Apples,” an upright picture, purchased at the Casimir Périer sale in 1848 for £283, and “The Interior,” which, at the Van Brienen sale, was knocked down for £2,000. By Karel du Jardin, Berchem’s pupil, are three pictures, the most notable being “The Farrier,” from the Pourtalès and Boursault collections, which Lord Hertford acquired from the Higginson sale for £1,417—an unprecedented price for this painter before the year 1846, or since. The picture was called by Sir Richard Wallace “The Smithy: Shoeing Paek Mules.” Besides this is “The Boors Merry-making” and the “Portrait of a Man,” an admirable figure clad in a red cloak, leaning upon a table. It passed for no more than £50 into Lord Hertford’s possession at the Baring sale in 1848. Of the comparatively rare master, Nicolas Maes, are four examples, and of Metzù six. Among these is the celebrated “Mistress and Maid,” as Sir Richard Wallace called it—the picture, universally known as “The Tabby Cat,” which in 1844 M. Nieuwenhuys bought at the Harman sale for £273, and which four years later, at the disposal of the Casimir Périer collection, Lord Hertford acquired for £252. “The Sportsman Asleep” is the celebrated “Chasseur Endormi,” which was one of the gems of the Fesch collection, and which at its dispersal cost Lord Hertford £3,000. It may be said that in this work Metzù touched his highest point of accomplishment.

It is somewhat curious that while he failed to acquire a single example of Franz Mieris, Lord Hertford accumulated no fewer than nine by his son William. No doubt the lesser man is admirably represented in every respect; the “Anthony and Cleopatra” (which perhaps should be “Paris and CEnone”) was acquired for £110 at the Hope sale in 1849. Of Mierveldt is a “Portrait of a Lady,” and of Sir Anthony More “Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester,” to which I have already alluded in dealing with Porbus. The brothers Van Ostade are represented by three pictures apiece, two of the first having been seen at the Old Masters; one

of them, an upright picture of “The Tavern,” cost Lord Hertford £304 at the Granville sale of 1845. By the younger brother Isaac may specially be mentioned the “Landscape and Figures,” which the Marquess of Hertford inherited. It came from the collection of Lord Rendlesham in 1810, when it cost no more than £78. Three pictures represent Paul Potter, the *protégé* of the Prince of Orange, all of them, it need hardly be said, representing cattle in landscape. One of these is “The Pasture,” acquired from the Kalkbrenner collection for £780; “The Meadow,” from the Hope collection, when it was disposed of in Paris in 1849, for £804; and “Three Cows in a Meadow,” once in the Erard collection, at the sale of Mr. Higginson Saltmarsh’s gallery in 1846, for £976. Three landscapes by Pynacker, were exhibited at Bethnal Green, one of them coming from Colonel Hugh Baillie’s collection. But the Hertford gallery also includes, or did include, “A Cavalry Skirmish,” which the Marquess acquired for £157 from the Scarisbrick collection in 1861.

Passing by Rembrandt for a moment, we come to the works of Ruysdael—his magnificent “Landscape and Waterfall,” which once was a show picture in Baron Denon’s collection. The two landscapes are possibly those fine examples of the painter’s art which, at the Stolberg sale in Hanover in 1859, fetched £1,180 and £1,060 respectively. There are two candlelight effects by Schaleken; a characteristic winter piece by Andrew Schelfhout, a painter whom our Patrick Nasmyth greatly resembled, and who, dying as late as the middle of the present century, is known chiefly for his frost pieces and river scenes. By Jan Steen, mine host of Delft, are four excellent works, “The Harpsichord Lesson” being as unusually dainty for this artist as the “Lady at her Bedside” at Buckingham Palace. This picture, I apprehend, is that which, under the name of “The Music Lesson,” was knocked down at the sale of General Phipps’ collection in 1859 for £225. “The Merry-making” is doubtless “The Christening Feast,” which Steen signed in 1654. By Terborch are two pictures, of which the better known is “The Girl Reading a Letter,” from the Casimir Périer collection (£640), a work of extraordinary delicacy and beauty of handling. Then come a family piece by Van der Helst and a skating scene by Vandermeer, both of them exhibited in the Academy of 1889, the latter, I believe, from the Brind sale in 1849, costing £320; and by his son Eglon Vandermeer, the picture of “Drawing”—a lady sketching from a marble bust—which left the Scarisbrick collection in 1861 for £162. Of Vanderwerff’s extraordinary finish there are two examples; and of Adrian Van der Velde’s art, three. By this painter there is the superb “Departure of Jacob

into Egypt," a picture which includes not fewer than sixty-four animals. It was acquired from the Fesch collection for 9,000 scudi (£2,400). "An

collection in 1858 (£200): "Outskirts of a Camp" from the Kalkbrenner collection (£1,000): "By the Riverside," which is, of course, "Les Sabres" of



THE WATERMILL.

(From the Painting by Hobbema.)

Avenue" corresponds with the "Landscape" which was bought at the Paturean collection for £940. His son, William Van der Velde, who spent so much of his time in England, is more fully represented. "The Dutch Man-of-War Saluting," heretofore known as "Le Coup de Canon," came from the Ashburnham collection in 1850 for a sum under £100. "The Shipping in a Calm," usually called "The Large Calm," was at one time in the possession of Lord Litchfield; later on it passed into the Saltmarsh collection, and thence to the Hertford gallery for £1,764, while a smaller picture of "A Calm" came from the Scarisbrick gallery (as well as the Vernon and Redleaf collections) for £651. Fruit and flowers by Van Huysum, cattle by Van Stry, genre by Ary de Voys, ten fine studies of game, together with a couple of landscapes, by Weenix the younger, and eight dead game pictures by the father—of which one came from the Fesch collection and another, in 1859, from the Northwick collection for £367. Two works by Pieter Wouvermans, and a shipping piece by Zeemann conclude the lesser-known works in this section. By Philip Wouvermans are five pictures, all admirable of their kind. "Shoeing a Horse" came from the Junilliac

the Casimir Périer collection in 1848 (£409)—a picture which came from the Choiseul collection; and "A Horse Fair" from the Mecklenburg gallery, in 1856, for no less a sum than £3,200. And lastly, by Wynants are a couple of landscapes, one of them with figures on a road with a ford and cattle in accordance with his favourite design, which Lord Hertford obtained for £367 from the Scarisbrick collection. Of Gaspard Netscher, the young German who learned and practised his art chiefly in Holland, are four pieces, all excellent of their kind; but there is no need to refer to the later Dutchmen and Germans, who reflect little additional lustre upon this great collection; nor need I allude, more than to mention their names, to the Belgians De Marne, Geefs, Leys, and Verboeckhoven; to the Swiss Calame, or to the Swedish miniaturist Hall.

If the Hertford gallery had contained no other pictures than those from the hand of Rembrandt, it would still have claim to be considered among the notable collections of the land. No fewer than eleven canvases of the master are here included, all of which have been seen at the Old Masters Exhibition of 1889. First may be mentioned the superb "Unmerciful

Servant," an illustration of the Parable in Matthew xviii. 32, with its fine composition of four figures splendidly placed in the ample canvas, not less than 7 ft. by 6 ft. in size, a picture which was, perhaps, the principal glory of the Duke of Buckingham's collection, and which at the dispersal of the Stowe gallery, in 1848, was acquired by Lord Hertford for £2,300. This picture is universally known by Ward's fine engraving of it. Then there is the beautiful "Landscape," with a coach, which was in the Choiseul collection, and which, at the G. Watson Taylor sale in 1823, was knocked down to the Marquess of Hertford of that day for £367. There is a portrait of a youth and a portrait of an old lady, and the picture called "The Good Samaritan," and we have also the autograph likeness of the artist when young, in hat and feather, which, at the Duke of Buckingham's sale, was knocked down for the small sum of £54; and the more important upright canvas of the same noble subject (though only 19 in. by 25 in.), with a fur collar, and black cap on head, which Lord Hertford bought at the Casimir Périer sale in 1848 for £294; and besides another unnamed portrait, the notable half-length of "A Youthful Negro," with bow and arrows, and richly clad (better known as "The Black Archer"), which came also from the Duke of Buckingham's Stowe gallery for £263. Finally, there is the magnificent pair of portraits, not perhaps in the very finest condition, of "The Burgomaster Pellicorne and his Son" and "Wife of the Burgomaster Pellicorne and Daughter," the lady gravely presenting a single coin from her purse to her little girl, while the former hands his well-filled purse bodily to his son. Both these important works were in the collection of King William II of Holland, and when he died they were acquired by the Marquess of Hertford for £2,596.

In offering these notes to the readers of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* I have, I am aware, laid undue stress on prices

paid and on the collections to which the pictures have from time to time belonged. I have done so, however, with the express idea of laying before them details interesting from the strict point of view of the ordinary collector, which I think are entirely out of reach of most persons, and are unknown to all except the few who, like myself, have taken the trouble to inform themselves of the facts. It would have been easier, more agreeable, and certainly more amusing, to have offered criticism of the works in question and to have recounted anecdotes relating to the execution of many of them; but the more curious, if the drier task, would have been left unaccomplished.

One word more. When Lord Hertford died, although he was credited with being "the type of an English gentleman," it was deeply deplored that he should have absented himself from his country and his estates for fully twenty years. "It is well



WIFE OF THE BURGOMASTER PELLICORNE AND DAUGHTER.

(From the Painting by Rembrandt.)

for us that such absenteeism on the part of our aristocratic and wealthy community is singularly rare. Patriotism is the last virtue which men of Lord Hertford's stamp are entitled to claim." Time has had its revenge. Lord Hertford's patriotism, which had been sneered at, was proof against the compliment of the French Government when it awarded him the Cross of Commander of the Legion

of Honour in recognition of the encouragement he had accorded to the Fine Arts. His successor has answered the taunt, and his widow has raised him amongst the greatest benefactors of the nation, and, if patriotism is to be measured by munificence, has inscribed his name on the roll of honour, among those who have nobly laid their wealth at the feet of their grateful and appreciative country.

OUR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS: MR. DUDLEY HARDY.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

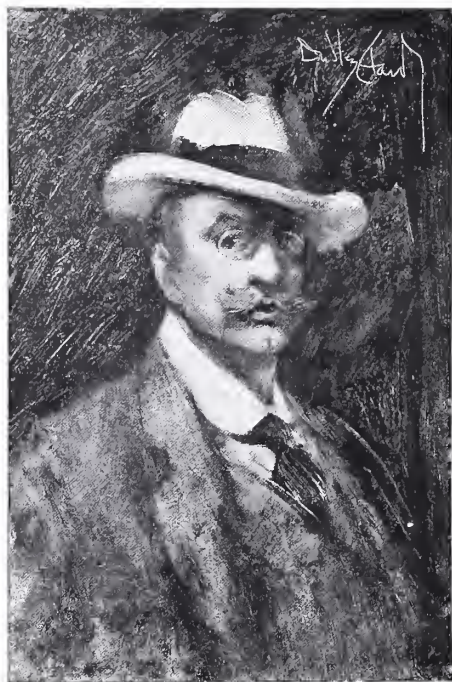
OF all our graphic humorists Mr. Dudley Hardy is, perhaps, the most versatile and the most receptive. I do not mean to say that Mr. Harry Furniss, for instance, could not adopt as many styles as Mr. Hardy; probably he could assume twice as many, and deceive Mr. Hardy with some of them, too. But with Mr. Hardy the assumption is, in a sense, genuine, and is due rather to the receptivity aforesaid than to any deliberate desire to imitate any other man. For example, he went to Paris, and came back, not only speaking French more like a Frenchman than any Englishman I ever heard, but looking, drawing, and painting like a Frenchman, too. Soon after, he went to Holland, and returned with sketches, drawings, and pictures executed in the Dutch manner and sentiment—all admirable in style and sincere in feeling, without a shadow or suggestion of mere imitation. It is not a capacity merely; it is, in its way, a talent, rare and precious. It is the susceptibility, the sensibility of the man that enables him to look upon foreign subjects with foreign eyes—to enter into their spirit so completely that the national essence in them, so to speak, is extracted almost as completely as if their characteristics were being reproduced by one born to the tradition.

It must be admitted that it is not only a national style that Mr. Hardy adopts; he as easily takes for model the manner of some one artist or another, and practises in his vein, but always with the saving grace that to whatever he does he imparts his own

individuality. In his painting, his sketching, his drawing of character and humour—in nearly all his work—you see reminiscences of other men's manner—reminiscences sometimes so strong that they make you marvel. Yet the originality in them is still so marked that the imitation is not to be called weakness. Indeed, the spectator is left in doubt whether these resemblances are actual playfulness, deliberate mimicry, or mere coincidence, and were the versatility less marked and narrower in scope Mr. Hardy might be in danger of being regretfully set down as a skilful imitator—a purveyor of *rifacimenti* of other men's manner if not of other men's subjects. It but suffices to be acquainted with the whole range of Mr. Hardy's work to realise the injustice of any such conclusion.

In all the crowd of English artists there are few, in fact, so facile, and, I might almost add, so artistically sensitive as Mr. Dudley Hardy. He has not yet had his chance; but when it does come, he is destined to prove that the taste he has given of his ability and profound artistic feeling is but the merest suggestion of the power that is in him. Meanwhile, like Mr. Raven Hill, he must be content for a time to be accepted as a humorous draughtsman, and little more. But *en attendant* only—for he has not yet fulfilled the promise of his early youth, nor is he likely to belie it.

He was, in fact, something of a prodigy. The son of one who is highly distinguished in another



DUDLEY HARDY.

(By Himself.)

section of art—Mr. T. B. Hardy, the marine painter—he early proved his heritage of the instinct of art, and so strong was the promise that he showed that



A SKETCH.

at the age of fifteen he was sent to Düsseldorf, and placed under Müller and Krowenstein. In that school of darkness and academical exercise he stayed for nearly three years, and in 1883 returned to place himself under his father. With him he remained for a year and a half, using up acres of canvas and pounds of paint in enthusiastic experiments. He was fired by the sight of Fortuny's work, and sought to attain the master's colour, with the result that so good a judge and excellent a painter as the late James Webb thought well to acquire some of these *ébauches*. In 1884 the lad went for two years to the Antwerp Academy, to study under Verlat, on a parental allowance of a pound a week; and when this modest income was stopped, as it soon was, the young painter supported himself by "pot-boilers." Returning once more to town in 1886, by this time fairly well equipped for his artistic career, he joined the *Pictorial World*, and became its "war correspondent"—in the Strand: he did not leave the country, being engaged to draw—upon his imagination. After transferring his services for a time to the *Lady's Pictorial*, he determined to complete his education by spending two more years in Paris, and in 1888 quitted England again. For a time he was under Raphaël Collin, and later at Carlo Rossi's studio in valued company with M. Dagnan-Bouveret, and other young contemporaries of note. Then he settled in London, joined the Royal Society of British Artists, painted a few ambitious pictures, and, in spite of all his academic training, drifted quickly and surely into black and white, and later still into poster designing.

It is curious to observe how strangely many of our most popular, and I might also say our greatest, comic designers have by mere force of circumstances been diverted, being themselves perhaps least of all aware of it, from the serious path along which they had the intention of travelling. From Sir John Tenniel to Mr. Raven Hill you will find many whose exclusive ambition it was to paint scenes of poetry and pathos, yet have been forced into a direction not exactly uncongenial, but at least unsuspected and unsought, and instead of becoming the heroes to themselves which they intended, have blossomed instead into public favourites as right merry companions. This merely confirms what I have insisted on elsewhere: that pathos and fun are usually to be found in the same heart and the same brain, or the artist can have little either of the one or the other. There is human sympathy enough in Mr. Hardy's first big picture known as "Sans Asile"—a representation of the homeless wretches who spend their night huddled together on the flag-



A STUDY.

stones of Trafalgar Square. The picture is not unworthy to be compared with "The Casuals" of Mr. Luke Fildes, and demonstrates with singular power

an almost passionate sympathy with the miseries of the London poor. "A Frugal Meal" displayed the pathos that belongs to kindred subjects from

and the humiliation of the vanquished. "It has all been done before" no doubt; and it has all been felt before, as well; but if that which is freshly felt is



DUTCH VILLAGE TRADING.
(From Dudley Hardy's Sketch-Book.)

Josef Israel's brush. "The Bather" has much of the poetry of Heuner, with a good deal more than his of truth in the values, while the many studies of the beach life of Dutch fishers are full of the melancholy sadness and of the facile ability which Mesdag has so powerfully impressed on us. His "Flight into Egypt" is eloquent of a deep feeling for religion; his "Dock Strike," of the stern struggle for life at its last hope; and "The Moors in Spain"—perhaps his most opulent piece of colour in the key of Fortuny—of the tyranny of the victors

freshly done the result is its own justification and its own reward.

This, then, is the man who has by a contrary, if not unkind, fate, been turned aside from making the few weep to making the many laugh. In the pages of *The Sketch* and of *Pick-me-Up* may be seen some of his best work in the purely comic line, and in those of *Black and White* some of his sketches of low life. How admirable they are, those drawings of life and character—how funny the jottings and the pictures over the jokes!—how *chic*,



THE WINE OF THE COUNTRY.



ITALIAN SMOKERS.

above all, these *petites femmes* so dainty, so "wicked," so seductive, with their joyous smiles and positively dangerous eyes. The artist turns from his piteous studies of loafers and the like, that might almost have come from the pencil of Luke Fildes—from the sketches of 'Arriet, the coster's "gal," so cruelly true, that might have been wrought by Phil May or Raven Hill—from the dignified drawing of Sarah Bernhardt, which for simplicity might have been pencilled by Fernand Khnopff—and, behold, he becomes at once Van Beers or Chéret or Willette, reproducing their fancies and their styles as easily and felicitously as M. Vogel can reproduce the more superficial qualities of Mr. Abbey. But whether he reminds us of one or other of his popular models, or is frankly himself, he is always the most joyous and the gayest of all our humorous draughtsmen. Good humour is the essence of his comie work, and his women are perhaps the most *séduisantes* that issue from an English pen. Moreover, they have the merit that *lestes* as they may pretend to be, they are never so really suggestive as those of other draughtsmen who have followed in his footsteps, and who, though they have succeeded, more or less, in copying his subjects, have not caught the undefinable something that saves them, despite all their heterodoxy of style, from suggesting real vice and real reprehensibility. The draughtsman's invention and resources appear to be infinite. He produces hundreds of drawings in the year, yet his subjects are always varied, though they play ever so often upon Pierrot, the gay *Parisienne*, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* of the beloved of the boulevards, or upon Dutch peasants and their funny ways and gestures, or upon the divinities and the *habitués* of the music-halls. He is always producing, never still; and the swiftness of touch and rapidity of work which gained him the one-hour's study prize at Raphaël Collin's have stood him in good stead.

But it is probably his posters which have most contributed to the spread of his fame throughout the land. Mr. Hardy, it may be said, has helped more than any other Englishman to realise Mr. Ruskin's prophecy of a quarter of a century ago. "Indeed,"

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said the Professor in "Fors," writing from Florence in 1872, "the fresco painting of the bill-sticker is likely, so far as I see, to become the principal art of modern Europe: here, at all events, it is now the principal source of street effect. Giotto's time



CARNIVAL.

is past, like Oderigi's, but the bill-poster succeeds; and the Ponte Vecchio, the principal thoroughfare across the Arno, is on one side plastered over with bills." Just so has Mr. Dudley Hardy plastered London—nay, England herself—for the theatrical companies for whom, through Waterlow's (the firm to which he has mortgaged his bill-designing soul), he has made his bright and skillful pictures, scatter them broadcast in their network of toms. In these designs Mr. Hardy expends not only skill in drawing, but peculiar judgment in composition and concentration of decorative effect, and much of that gaiety by which the public eye—repelled by some of the equally original designs by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley

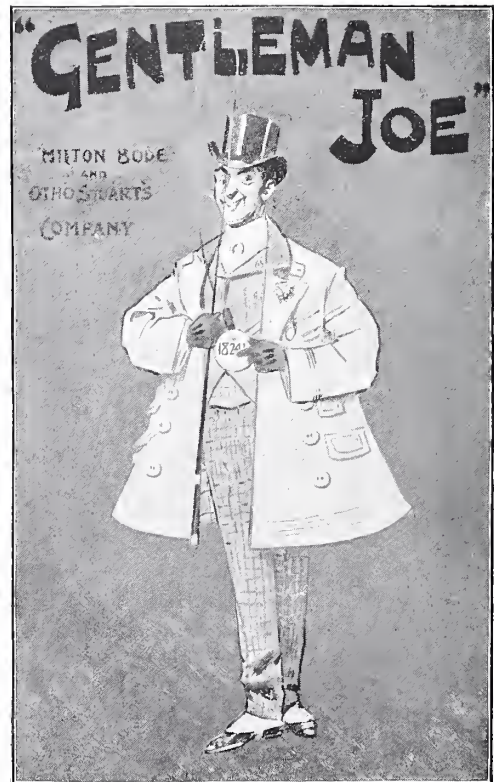


A STUDY.

and Mr. Greiffenlügen—is attracted over and over again. There is humour in them, too, of a sort, and sometimes a comic use of colour. They may not be on an artistic level with “The Moors in Spain” or the oil sketches from nature, but when one of them brings to the artist a hundred pounds for a design worked out in a day, and commissions for another score are awaiting his good pleasure, it would surely betray a surprising lack of humour on the artist’s part if he persisted instead in painting powerful pictures which, by reason of their pathos and realism and their size, few men would care to hang in their houses.

For all that, posters and comic draughtsmanship are clearly not Mr. Dudley Hardy’s final destiny.

Men raise their eyebrows now when they hear that H. G. Hine—that noble painter of broad Sussex downs, covered with gossamer sparkling in the sun—made his first reputation by several years’ drawing on *Punch*, and that Mr. Birket Foster and Professor Herkomer acted as political cartoonists. Similarly, I verily believe, will people marvel in years to come when they are told that Dudley Hardy was a leading graphic humorist of his day, and will wonder what we were all thinking about when we allowed so fine a natural colourist, so manifestly “born” a painter, to spend his early years in making drawings to illustrate jokes, or to invest the English *coquette* with a grace and elegance and refined gaiety that are not hers by right. Perhaps the public like Mr. Hardy all the better for his creation, his invention; perhaps they prefer his fun to his pathos and his art. But a genuine call of higher sort is not to be hushed even by popular approval and misdirection, nor will Mr. Hardy long be able to withstand the summons of the art that is in him. He can never be a Keene, nor a Leech, nor a Tenniel; their genius is not his. His many-sided talent lies in other directions, and when he has laughed his fill he will assuredly take up his brushes once again, and squeeze from his colour-tubes a reputation that will live.



A POSTER.

(Issued by Messrs. Waterlow and Sons.)



THE NEW DRESS.

(From the Painting by Cecil van Haanen. In the Collection of Sir W. Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., M.P. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)

MODERN ITALIAN CERAMICS.

BY HELEN ZIMMERN

LIKE all other art in Italy, indeed like the land herself, Ceramics are in a transient stage, painfully and ploddingly seeking to find for themselves a definite modern character, and hampered in this endeavour by the traditions of their own glorious past. Not that artistic traditions, in the sense that they apply to Italy, are in themselves harmful; quite the reverse, only that they have in our day been overlaid by those social ones which impede and embarrass all modern productions. For production depends for its existence upon trade, since nowadays patronage, that is to say personal patronage, has virtually ceased to exist. The older pottery of Italy, like that of other lands, was made for household use, and was made beautiful merely because beautiful forms were also the most useful. Or it was used in construction or in ornament, which followed naturally upon construction. In these latter days the arts have fallen apart from each other and use has lost her hold upon beauty. In England there is an endeavour to bring about this fusion once more, but it has not yet penetrated to Italy. Hence it is a hard weary task which those set before them who seek once more to bring Beauty and Use into their old relations. Yet such, to his honour be it spoken, is the noble aim of the contemporary Italian potter. Nor is this the only difficulty with which he has to grapple. The new conditions of life have brought art, and especially the so-called minor arts, into a certain degree of subjection to the irresponsible and senseless tyrant Fashion. (By the way, we wonder if that somewhat detracting term of "minor arts" was known in the days of Verrocchio, of men who did thoroughly the largest and smallest art work and counted all glories alike?) To-day then the modern despot *La Mode* may decree that every drawing-room with any pretensions shall have a table covered with little images of animals formed of biscuit or of porcelain. To-morrow she will order gentlemen to drop their cigar ash into

trays made in the form of newspapers, folded. How can the producer of really good ceramics, work which requires intelligence and training from every person engaged in it, compete with such trash as this? And unhappily the question that confronts every worker of to-day is, "Shall I live?" It is hardly any more, "How shall I live?" but, "Can I live at all?" Even that great, rich, influential nobleman, the Marchese Ginori, with the large good traditions of his manufactory, even he sees himself obliged to produce kitchen ware in profusion, in order to procure the needful funds to be spent on the production of better class work. How then about the smaller fry? Any new unknown competitor who attempts to achieve anything good and original is almost foredoomed to financial failure, unless he have a large private fortune to back him on which he can draw for the expenses of his work.



MAIOLICA VASE.

(By Cantagalli.)

in Italian ceramics. The only way of judging, in a general way, is by the exhibitions, national or international, that have recently been held—necessarily a slightly misleading method, or at best inadequate.

The best work is often done to order, even in these non-patron days, and the owners naturally prefer to keep their property safe at home. Thus, among the best work ever turned out by Cantagalli were the large vases made for Colonel Larkin, which he presented to the Duke of Edinburgh on his marriage. Work done under such circumstances is hardly likely to find its way into exhibitions.

What, however, the international exhibitions have proved in regard to Italian exhibits is roughly this, that Italy has been distanced by other nations in the domain of porcelain, but that she still holds her own, and is highly distinguished, in the domains

of earthenware and maiolica. The national exhibitions led to yet other conclusions. These, though subject to the same risks as the larger ones, lack some of their advantages; but, on the other hand, they may conduce to the discovery of native talent. Besides, not being held in large social centres, they are less exposed to the dictates of fashion. This was the case with a little exhibition held at Naples in 1881, where the Neapolitan love for the bizarre and the extravagant gave itself full vent. It came to the fore especially in a perfect mania for the reproduction of vegetable forms, made to serve all possible

enthusiasm than even those of Richard of Milan. There was no advance either in beauty or originality. Achille Farina, of Faenza, on the other hand, obtained the gold medal, his exhibits being excellent both in composition and in form, and some of them most beautiful in colour. Cantagalli ware was much admired for its excellence and cheapness.

As this maker has been the first to revive successfully the old Italian maiolica ware, and to apply it to purposes of modern life, such as teapots, cups, candlesticks, and what not else, he merits a more extended mention. The house of Cantagalli, then, whose



VASES, &c., IN MAIOLICA.

(By Cantagalli.)

and impossible ends to which vegetables would never be applied. Cabbages and lettuce, in particular, had to do duty in most unexpected forms, often ludicrous in their inappropriateness, but nevertheless modelled with excellent feeling for nature. Seeing, thus, that the power of execution was not deficient, but merely badly applied, people suggested to the Government that it should establish a factory at Rome with a school of ceramics attached. Whether a school, even a practical and technical school, be an absolute remedy for all such aberrations of taste, and, indeed, be a panacea for all evils whatsoever, may be questioned, but it seems to be nowadays the remedy prescribed on all occasions. The Turin Exhibition, which followed in 1884, did not show any perceptible advance in Italian ceramics. It was found, for example, that Doccia, the home of the Ginori ware, was not equal to its own Vienna record, where its exhibits had been so good as to awaken more

name, being interpreted, is "Crowing cock," as their trade mark illustrates, have existed for about a century as makers of common earthenware, stoves, etc. It was only in 1878 that they branched out into decorative pottery, in consequence of a seemingly trifling incident which is worth mentioning. One day a poor whitewasher came to Signor Ulysses Cantagalli, the proprietor, saying, "I am dying of hunger, and if I do not find work and food I will drown myself in the Arno." Signor Cantagalli, seeing that he was serious, then and there took him into the works and set him to paint leaves and flowers on pots. The whitewasher took kindly to the work and became a clever painter of maiolica, in which art he also instructed two of his sons. The new products created a furore, and were eagerly bought up by the public. The whitewasher has now, in addition to his two sons, some thirty painters and decorators working under him.

Cantagalli is extremely successful in adapting to his own pottery the designs and shapes of various styles of work. He makes some imitations from Persian and Hispano-Arabic, for instance, which, unless actually placed side by side with the exquisite originals, seem quite perfect. His ware, however, is, from the nature of its composition, less adapted for articles of general utility than for ornamental purposes. Its foundation is an inferior quality of earthenware, on which, however, is applied a superior quality of enamel, with which very fine results are attained. The greatest success is obtained with figures in high relief, after the manner of Luca della Robbia, and fifteenth-century plates and vases showing beautiful metallic lustres, after the manner of Maestro Giorgio. This prismatic glaze is given to it in the muffle furnace by means of salts of copper and silver reduced or decomposed in the fumes of green wood, which is the same as the antique process. It is this deoxidation that renders the products expensive. What

is generally known as Cantagalli ware, which is cheap and of excellent shape, is the real old manufactured *maiolica* formed of potter's earth covered with tin enamel or glaze. The painting is executed on the raw glaze, all by hand, and then fired at a high fire. Cantagalli is also very successful in imitating the pale blue Savona ware. His turquoise and white more nearly resemble the originals than any hitherto attempted reproductions. Signor Cantagalli allows full scope to the inventive faculties of his modellers and decorators, who thus succeed in producing some works of real artistic merit. Of late his prices are not as reasonable as they were, partly, perhaps, because the severe tariff has raised the price of the material.

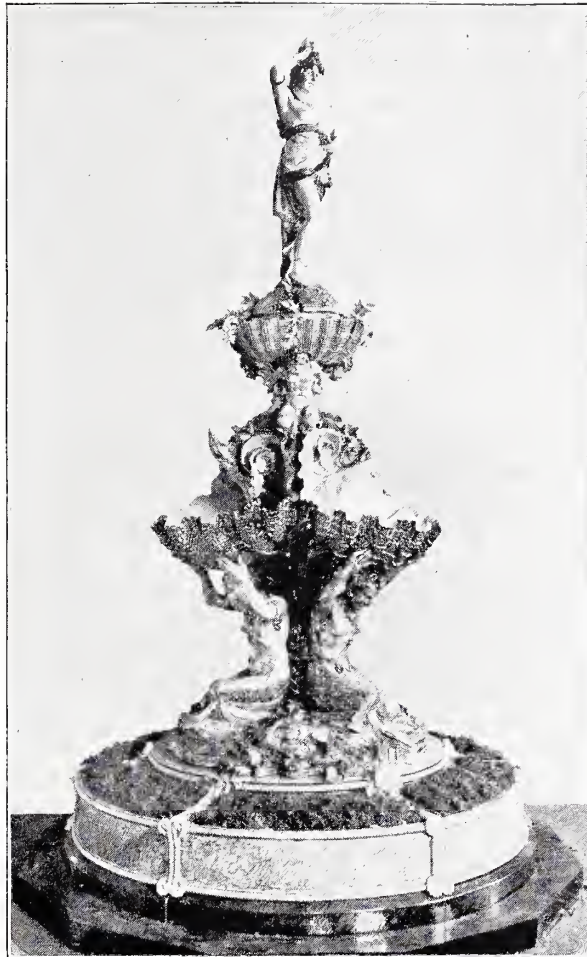
Torelli is a smaller Florentine potter. Torelli

gave at one time some promise of originality, and was encouraged by a number of intelligent amateurs, especially by Mrs. Janet Ross, the authoress, daughter of Lady Duff Gordon, to strike out a path for himself. But he seems to have lacked

persistence, and has sunk into a mere imitation of Cantagalli. Torelli is clever in the manufacturing of certain white enamelled figures of children, cupids, and the like, largely used as ornaments in the huge Italian sitting-rooms. Bardi, of Montelupo, makes the ever-popular ware called after the seat of his factory. This ware, with its shiny brown ground, on which are raised figures of different colours, often produces excellent results. It has hitherto been used for rough purposes, such as flower-pots, foot-warmers, jugs, etc. The large dishes which he has lately tried to make, and which may be seen in Florentine shops, are less successful. Antibone di Nove, of Bassano, shows real artistic feeling in ceramic work, and also a disposition to cling to older traditions of shape

and colour instead of running into novelty. At Montelupo, too, a spot famous in mediæval times for its pottery factory, works Fanciullacci, who employs a mixture of local earths, over which he uses thin enamel.

One of the special features of this Italian ceramic industry are the large number of men working in a small way, almost alone, and often turning out excellent and original work, which, from the fact that they produce it alone and not in factories, preserves an individual character, never lapses into the purely commercial or mechanical. Of these, Tuscany and the Neapolitan provinces have many, too many to detail, but each possesses distinctive little features of its own; still the smaller men follow to some extent the trend of the larger men. A sculptor



CENTREPIECE

(By Ginori.)

who thus set up a furnace, but has since enlarged his business, allowing it at times to grow too trite and commonplace, is Mario Salvini, the son of the great actor. He works with white earth, not grey,

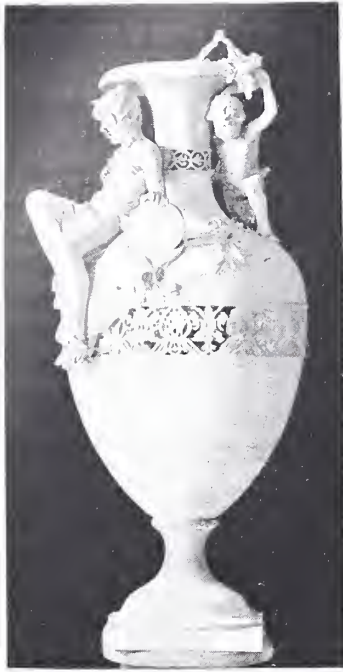
like Cantagalli, hence his white grounds are produced by the earth itself, and he can use a transparent glaze, a mixture of lead and borax.

But, perhaps, the most artistic potters of all modern Italy are the Castellani of Rome. At the Turin Exhibition they showed a magnificent vase of Oriental character, which was, both artistically and chemically, quite perfect. This treasure was purchased by King Humbert, always ready to acknowledge and reward artistic merit.

Cacciapuoti, of Naples, are also excellent workers. It was they who, at Milan, carried off the gold medal for earthenware. Unfortunately, their work has a great tendency to be immodest in design, a common Neapolitan failing, which obscures, to Northern eyes at least, the excellence of its execution. Indeed, the modern Neapolitan potters have shown themselves possessed of great ability in modelling. The facile Southern genius is not betrayed by them. But everything they touch is apt to be bizarre. Thus in their pottery they have tried to produce their contemporary Michetti's pictures and ideas. Now these certainly do not lend themselves to reproduction in ceramic. Michetti is an impressionist, a colourist, a lover of the vague in outline. How little, then, can a definite material like earthenware, which calls for precision and clearness, lend itself to such imitation. Another firm, also gold-medalled at Milan, seem to devote themselves chiefly to the production of medallions and garlands, after the style of the Della Robbia's and to ware of a Raphaelesque character: all this, however, without sinking into servile imitation. Richard, of Milan, grand as is the scale of his manufactory, and distinguished as are the services he has rendered to ceramic art in

various ways, cannot be called distinctly national. His work is comparable to that of French and English makers rather than to those of Italy. In a way this censure may also apply to the Ginori ware, with whom Richard has recently fused his business, but only in a way, for besides a cosmopolitan character it has also a national one. The manufactory of Ginori at Doceia, near Florence, owes its success to the enthusiasm and enterprise of its founder, the Marchese Carlo Ginori, who, although holding the rank of senator under the Grand Duke of Tuscany, turned his energies more to the active improvement of the country people than to political matters. He early devoted himself to the sanitation of the unhealthy sea-coast district of the Maremma, where he built a vast palace. He started factories for shawls and camel's-hair cloth, and was the first to introduce the Angora goat into Tuscany. But his great effort was to crown the project of the Medici rulers by establishing a factory of Oriental china. Having brought clay and models from China, he succeeded, after many failures, in producing perfect china toward the middle of the year 1735. Not content with obtaining the assistance of skilled chemists to compose the "paste" and make the glazes, and prominent sculptors to do the modelling, his scheme included the formation of a whole group of workers to carry on the industry. Thus at the very commencement of his enterprise he instituted schools for the artisans and their children, schools which to this day do good work in elevating the moral condition of the people, as well as improving their material position, by fitting them for superior work.

He used to send his *protégés* to study art in Florence and Rome. Under the present proprietor the funds of the Mutual Assistance Society and the pension fund have been



VASE.
(By Richard.)



VASE.
(By Richard.)

largely increased. Medical attendance is given gratis, a branch of the Post Office Savings Bank has been opened on the premises, and new houses for the workpeople have been built.

The greatest difficulty Ginori had to overcome was the clay. Clay exists in plenty, but the quality is inferior. The Marehese Ginori encouraged his workpeople to hunt up specimens of all clays and minerals which might be used in china making, and obtained a good collection, which is still preserved in the museum attached to the manufactory. The Ginori factory turns out every conceivable article in china, from an enamelled name-plate for one's door, at the cost of a few pence, to the most exquisitely finished copies of old paintings, from the plain white table and household services to the richest designs. In earthenware its productions vary from the common unglazed stove to the most elegantly painted vase ornamented with whole groups of statuary.

The museum attached to the manufactory is well worth a visit from an artistic point of view, or as a specimen of what Italian industry can accomplish, in spite of grave obstacles in the shape of want of suitable material, foreign competition, and native apathy. It also shows pretty plainly the weak point of modern Italian art—namely, the want of initiative. The work, with all its mechanical perfection, shows that lack of life, due to slavish copying.

The best Italian exhibition, held in Venice, showed little advance in Italian ceramic art. There was a tendency on the part of most of the exhibitors to be content with *repliche* of their former work, the cause being apparently the want of serious study, above all, of the ceramic art in Italy itself, and of style in general, as considered from a broad and general point of view; further, a leaning towards popular and easy methods of production. There was also a want of simplicity in aim, the fatal fault of most Italian modern art work. One of the

melancholy results of this imitation of their own former work by the greater producers has been the rise of a swarm of imitators of these same imitations, and a rush to the front of the irrepressible amateur, that dire foe of the true artist. Generally these skirmishers on the edge of the great struggle for existence in the present day are better armed and

far more lightly burdened than the serious combatants. They have probably an income, or they are "well at home," as the Italians say, and can afford good tuition and the best materials. They generally, too, have influential friends. What chance have rising artists, or even artisans, whose work is their only means of subsistence, against such competitors, who also, owing to their social position, come into contact with the buyers, which the poorer artists cannot do? Then, also, there is the mechanical competition. Ginori, Farina, Cacciapuoti, Cantagalli, and many more only produce hand labour, and are most generous and wise in encouraging original decorative talent; but there are many factories where they produce by the aid of machinery, and are hence able to put out a much greater quantity than the hand-workers. To the ordinary buyer the mechanical work seems as good as any other, and in many cases it is much cheaper. Hence there is no doubt of the fact that the future of Italian pottery de-

pends in a great measure upon the diffusion of intelligence among the buyers.

Among Italian potters of to-day are, besides those we have mentioned, many heads of noble families and many descendants of old ceramic artists of the past. Their number is many and they must live. Let the buyer remember this every time he selects a good specimen of ceramic art for purchase, instead of buying a heap of fashionable trash. Thus, also, he helps on art, civilisation, and culture. Only when the buyer is also the patron—that is to say, is intelligent and sympathising—can the artist truly live and do such work as to help on the future of mankind.



MAOLICA VASE.

(By Ginori.)

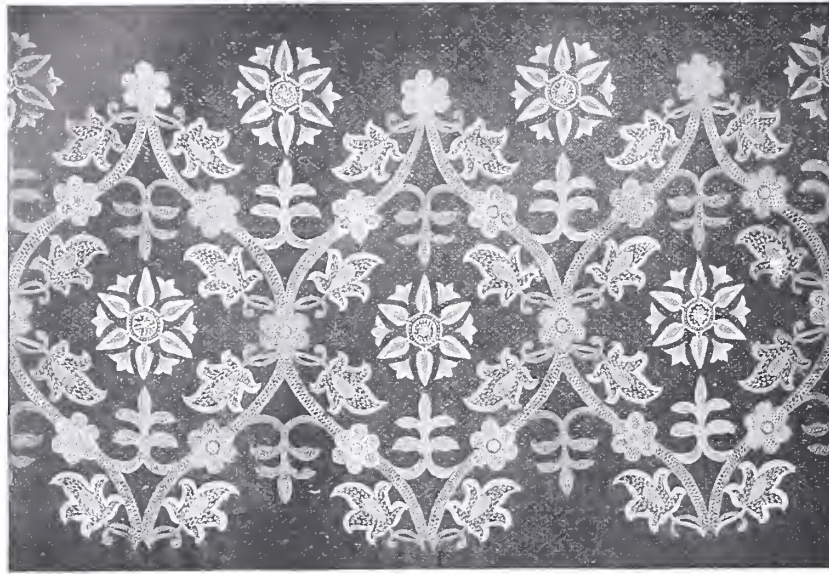
THE ART MOVEMENT.

FLAX EMBROIDERIES.

TO bring out the resources of the materials at his command is the proper function of the artist-craftsman; and it is surprising what wonderful

flax and silk combined, has somewhat the same chameleon-like properties of shot silk. Many of these materials are suitable for dresses, for the fast colouring readily admits of cleaning and even washing. There is no lack of choice of colours, there being fifty-two shades in the linen fabrics, while the flax thread may be had in no fewer than three hundred shades, and in five different textures.

By way of demonstrating their various products and the various uses to which they can be turned, Messrs. Harris have on view an exhibition in their show rooms in Bond Street, and their present summer show is in a large measure devoted to ecclesiastical work. Apart from the novelties of the season and the trifles which, though there be doubtless a certain demand for them, do not lay claim to be judged as serious



THE "ROMA" PORTIÈRE.

results may be obtained by a diligent attention to this principle. Take, for instance, flax, a comparatively plain and unpretending substance, the capabilities of which, for making both embroidery threads and textiles to work upon, have been studied and brought by Messrs. Jonathan Harris and Sons to an advanced state of development. At their works at Coekermouth, in Cumberland, are produced a variety of fabrics, including plain self-coloured linens in fine and thin quality, and hand-made linens, of which one with a herring-bone surface is particularly handsome, and suitable for hangings to cover large spaces. By developing the natural gloss of the flax before weaving, a glossy material is obtained which is known by the distinguishing name of "Derwent" linen, after the mills in which it is manufactured. And yet another cloth, of

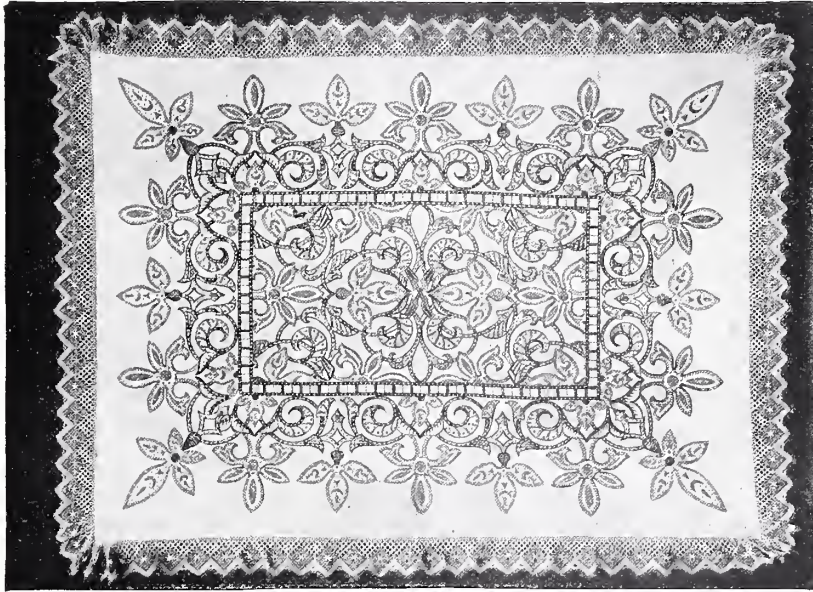
works of art, there was enough that one could genuinely admire, and more than enough to convince one of the value and importance of flax as a decorative material. Embroidery in flax thread, though not of course as lustrous as floss silk, has hardly less



QUEEN ANNE BED-SPREAD.

sheen than filoselle. Absolutely proof against moth, flax may be used with advantage in places where woollen and other perishable goods cannot. Indeed, it

of being worked in many shades of colouring, soft and rich. The "Sultan" *portière*, again, with its branches of pomegranate fruit and the wavy stem,



"MOROSQUE" BED-SPREAD.

is getting to be employed largely for ecclesiastical purposes, for dossals, altarelths, etc., in poor missions in the colonies and in hot and damp climates which mean only ruination to more delicate stuffs. Of secular work, the "Moresque" bed-spread in several tones of yellow upon white flax-cloth, and the "Cordova" *portière*, both exhibiting forms derived from Saracenic originals, are effective designs which in their several ways carry out the Oriental theme their names suggest. The "Lotus" dado, again, is a bold and handsome pattern which, though in treatment decidedly original, shows that it is founded in its main outlines upon the familiar ornament of ancient Egypt. The "Athenia," a diaper design which recalls the magnificent Gothic damasks and velvets of the fifteenth century, is not only beautiful in drawing, but has the further charm

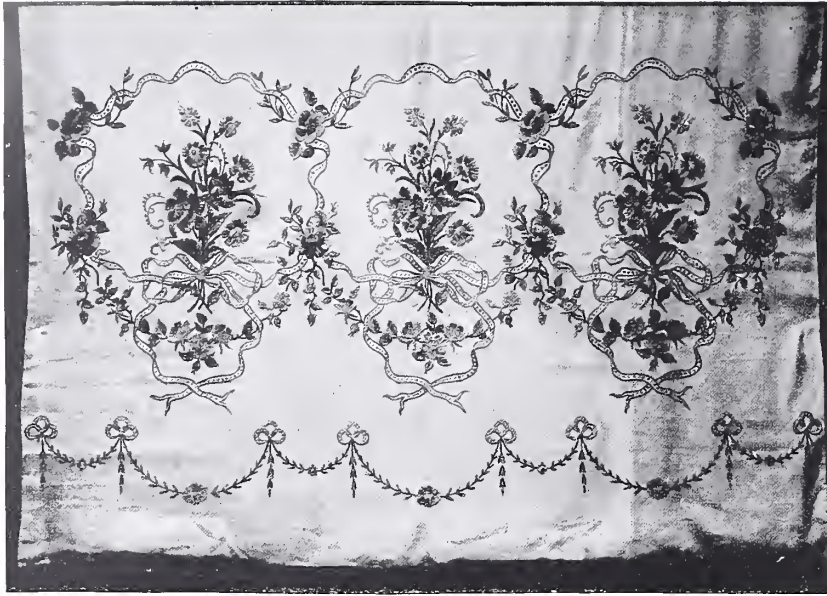
forming the outline of a net pattern, appears to be adopted from a mediæval Italian velvet at the South Kensington Museum. The work is executed in reds, fawns, and cream colour upon a greenish-grey ground. Mention should be made also of the

"Roma," which looks well upon serge; the "Queen Anne," an ingenious treatment of the ornamental form of the period, upon white flax and silk cloth; the "Lorraine," a clever rendering of French ornament of the Versailles type, executed in colours upon white flax cloth; and of a frieze of arabesque foliage, flowers, and dragons in blue, upon fawn colour. Some star-like discs of purely conventional form, unless indeed they may be compared to some species of sea-anemone, embroidered in harmonious shades of blues and greens, show up well upon a tan linen



SULTAN PORTIÈRE

for a mantel-border. Some very effective drawn work in flax cloth was adapted to various purposes, colour or combination of colours that may be required for trimmings, insertion, borderings, and so on, is

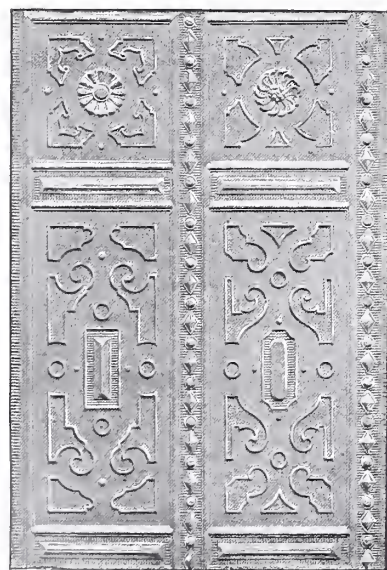


THE "LORRAINE" PORTIÈRE.

such as sideboard cloths and tea-cloths, and in one instance for the decoration of a chalice veil. Lastly, it should be recorded that the flax thread in any made into pillow-lace, in Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire, under the superintendence of the firm. A. V.

"FIRE-PROOF DECORATION."

WE have already noticed in these pages certain productions of the United Asbestos Company; but a recent exhibition of their wall and ceiling



ELIZABETHAN STAIRCASE DADO.
(Designed by J. Lamb.)

decorations at St. James's Hall, which contained many new designs, claims further attention to this utilitarian form of decoration. Practical demonstrations in the hall amply justified the claim that the material used was absolutely non-inflammable. Composed entirely of asbestos, the fire-resisting

properties of which are universally known, these ceiling panels, wall-friezes, and dados form a protective armour against fire of which architects cannot make too free a use.

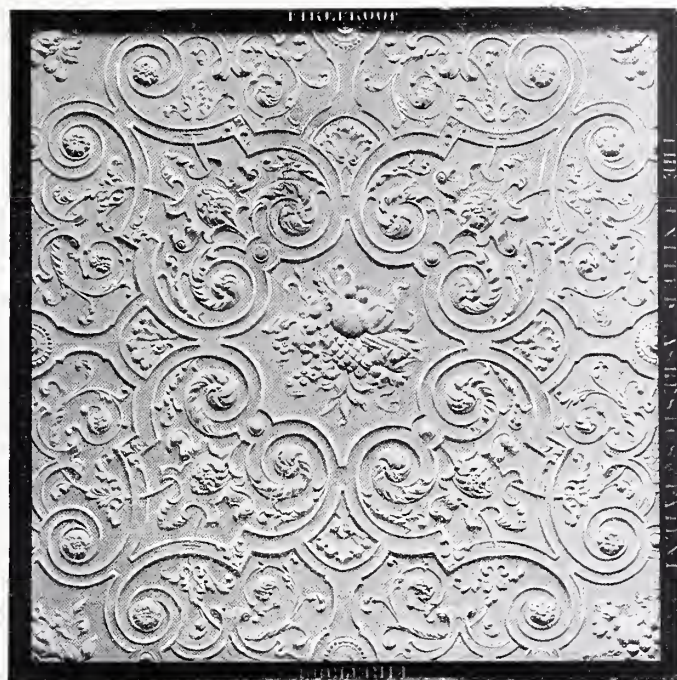
In addition to this advantage of security there is the fact that the company is now producing designs which enter into close competition with those in ordinary decorative materials. We reproduce several of these, and would draw special attention to the "Henry II" dado. It is made of woven asbestos, and is a praise-



STRAPWORK CEILING.
(Designed by A. Jonquet.)

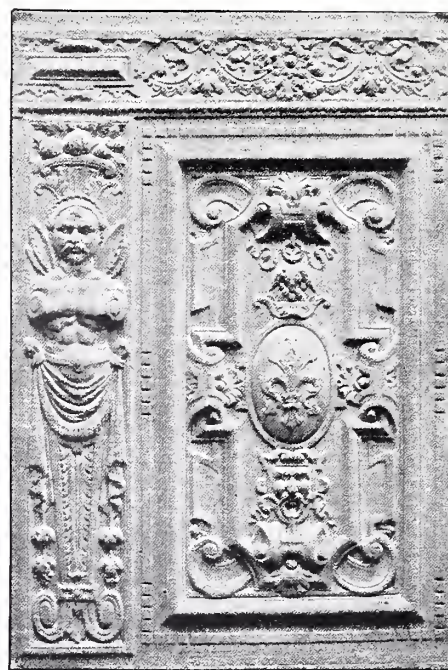
worthy attempt to produce a design which retains the distinctive fibrous quality of the material of which it is made. In our first article on asbestos decorations we had to complain that this was not

resisting material is a solution which can be applied to curtain hangings, carpets, and other inflammable materials in an ordinary room. Without affecting in the least the colour of the materials so treated,



ELIZABETHAN RENAISSANCE CEILING.

(Designed by J. Lamb.)



HENRY II DADO.

(Designed by Owen W. Davis.)

done, that the panels were so made as to appear like plaster or other materials. A very good "filling" shown at the exhibition was the "Oriental," which, delicately coloured in light blue, had a most pleasing appearance. The natural colour of these asbestos slabs is white, but they can be adapted to any colour-scheme by means of ordinary paint.

Another important development of this fire-

they are endowed with a fire-resisting power which would effectually prevent a serious conflagration in the house. The manufacture of asbestos in this direction is still in its infancy, but we have no doubt that in the near future there will be a large demand for a material that has the advantage of being non-combustible and of being capable of a good decorative quality.

THE LAMBETH POTTERY.

IT is easy enough for the critic to complain that the wares of this or that manufacturer do not come up to his ideal of artistic perfection, and even to form an unfavourable judgment of what he sees, if he makes no allowance for the adverse conditions of modern commerce. To begin with, the public for whom the manufacturer has to cater is for the most part of uneducated taste, and ignorant to boot of the technical processes of craftsmanship. Though the manufacturer and his staff be not ignorant, yet neither are they in the position of philanthropists. Do what they would, it is impossible for them to go

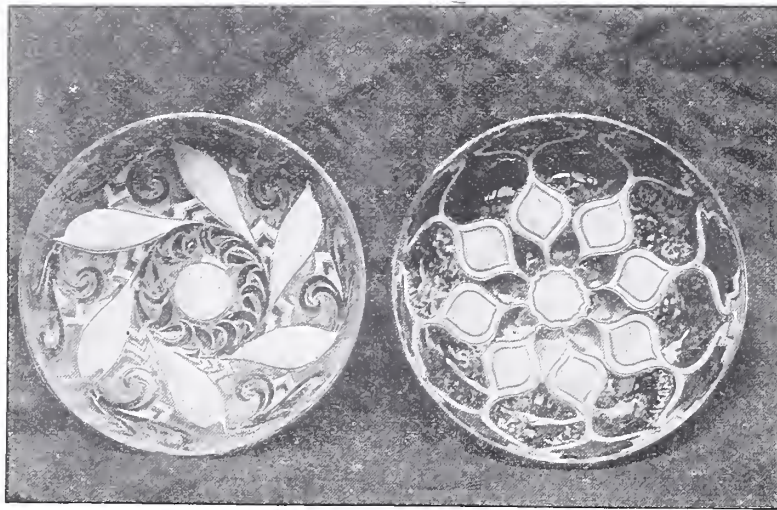
on producing at a loss. They are driven by the exigencies of the case to choose between two alternatives: to provide the goods which the public demands to buy, or, by declining, to accept the penalty of commercial ruin. True, the goods may be labelled "art" so and so, but that is, unfortunately, no criterion of artistic excellence. Only too often the title is a mere convention. "Art" is the order of the day, and the public is pleased to delude itself that it is highly cultured, and that, in purchasing so-called art products, it is fostering a superior standard of æstheticism in its servant the

manufacturer, when all the while it still clings as pertinaciously as ever to its old, worn-out traditions of ugliness and false taste.

The above reflections are not intended to be taken as applying to any manufacturing firm in particular, though I admit they did occur to me after visiting the works of Messrs. Doulton and Co. at Lambeth. For I saw there vessels, which had been thrown on the potter's wheel and shaped by hand in the true artistic method, subsequently placed upon a turning-lathe and pared down to one common denominator of rigid uniformity, to the measure of callipers and the outline



TWISTED THROWN PIECES IN COLOURED SALT-GLAZE STONEWARE.



BOWLS IN SALT-GLAZE COLOURED-WARE REPOUSSÉ.

of a template; the handles, instead of being hand-modelled, pressed and moulded in long strips and cut off into equal lengths, so as to insure a dull level of monotony throughout the whole lot; and all this, not because the maker has any personal fancy for doing the wrong thing, but because it is required of him, and he cannot help himself.

Although this is infinitely preferable to casting the entire vessel in a mould, it is not developing the properties of the material in a natural way, but is an abuse of them, and a forcing contrariwise into artificial and extraneous by-paths—a thing unworthy of the art-worker. How fatal, in the long run, to genuine

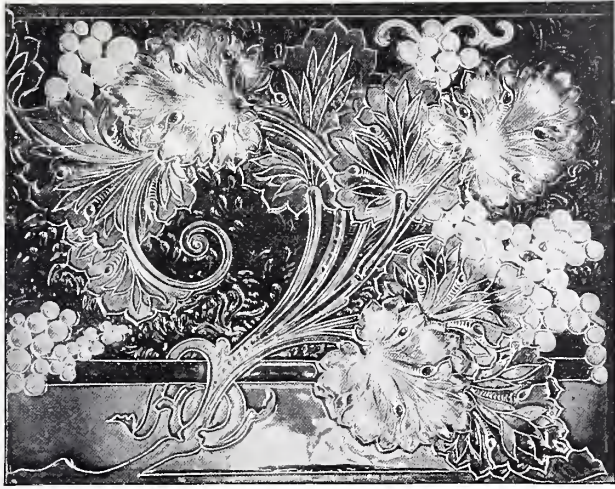
ceramic industry are the effects of such a system it does not need much argument to prove. What pride can the thrower have in his handiwork, what inducement to exercise the proper skill belonging to his craft, when he knows that every trace of individual character he may have imparted to the objects of his fashioning will promptly be smoothed away? Why should he take pains to produce a fine result only to be destroyed? Surely he is thus degraded—he, a rational human being—into something worse than subordinate to a piece of brainless, lifeless machinery! But the public will have it, and so they get it, little knowing at how cruel a sacrifice. The rapidity and dexterity with which the thrower manipulates clay vessels,



GROUP OF SALT-GLAZED COLOURED PIECES.

and twists into wonderful shapes upon the wheel, shows what he might accomplish if he were encouraged to devote himself to perfecting this side of his art.

On the other hand, however—and this is really



MODELLED SLAB IN TERRA-COTTA, PAINTED IN COLOURED GLAZES.

Messrs. Doulton and Co.'s speciality, and that for which the firm has a well-earned renown—they have made a study of the peculiar capabilities of stoneware, as distinct from porcelain, and have carried the decoration of fictiles of the former kind to the utmost extent compatible with salt-glazing. In the first place it should be remembered that the range of the palette in this branch of the art is limited, but few pigments, comparatively, being able to withstand the enormous heat of the furnace to which salt-glazed pottery has to be subjected. For the process is one in which the stoneware itself, at the stage when the salt is introduced, must have become almost fusible. Yet, notwithstanding limitations, Messrs. Doulton and Co. have succeeded in producing extraordinarily varied and beautiful effects by combining blues, olives, yellows, browns, and greys—effects so original as to have vindicated their claim to be the originators of a new ware, named after them.

Nor is the Doulton ware distinguished for harmonious colouring alone. It is enriched in many other ways: it may be with conventional forms, or even animal and figure subjects, etched or incised on the surface, or with slip ornament overlaid, or modelling and carving in relief. Again, the pattern may be scratched with a point which throws up a ridge on either side of the hollow, the interspaces or matrices so formed being filled with colouring, as though it were *champlevé* enamel. Or yet again, a relief outline may be

formed by the device of squeezing prepared clay through a pencil-tube like gesso. Ingenious also, but too much like a smart piece of trickery to be legitimate from the artist's point of view, is the practice of printing the impression of natural leaves and ferns, or even of real lace, upon the soft surface of the clay before firing. The scope of the various styles of ceramics produced at Lambeth includes underglazed and enamelled ware, dull-glazed ware, and unglazed terra-cotta; while among the different subdivisions are reckoned Lambeth faience, crown Lambeth, marquetterie ware, *chiuè*, *impasto*, Carrara, and *silicou*. I may here observe that the extent of Messrs. Doulton's operations can be gauged from the fact that at Lambeth alone (to say nothing of their other works at St. Helens, Rowley Regis, Smethwick, and Burslem) there are nineteen kilns, the largest of which measures no less than thirty feet in diameter, representing an immense firing accommodation. But to continue. The dry *impasto* method of firing painted tiles without a glaze is very suitable for the interior wall decoration of churches and other buildings in which the light of the windows, falling upon a glazed surface, would simply produce the effect of a dazzling blank. Messrs. Doulton are

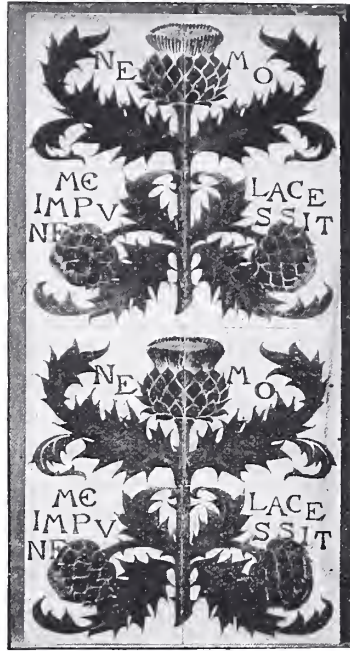


SALT-GLAZED STONEWARE, MODELLED AND CARVED.

to be congratulated on having devised a plan of avoiding such disappointing results; although at the same time it must be owned that the unglazed surface,

unless the decoration preserve, as far as possible, for basis the shape and scale of the tile, is apt to be mistaken for tempera or fresco painting—an event that ought distinctly to be deprecated. The specimens of tiles represented have been chosen from among Messrs. Doulton's collection with a view to show the correct way of setting out a pattern with due regard to the square tile as the unit of the repeat. The most ambitious compositions produced under the auspices of Messrs. Doulton and Co. are the figure groups by Mr. George Tinworth, who is, of course, well known. He may take it as a compliment or not, as he pleases, when I say that, to my mind, his plastic work bears in its own sphere a close analogy to the paintings of M. Puvis de Chavannes. Messrs. Doulton have so many capable designers on their regular staff that they have no need to apply to other artists to design for them. However, they have carried out decorative work in faience on a large scale under the direction of several architects—*e.g.*, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Colcutt, and Mr. Aston Webb. One

such undertaking executed recently is the façade of Pagan's restaurant in Great Portland Street. This is a branch of which the possibilities are so vast that they might be enterprised with advantage. But even here—where, at the hands of experts, at any rate, one might have expected support and appreciation—objections are wont to be raised to those accidental irregularities of form and surface which will arise out of the nature of the material and the fiery ordeal through which it has to pass. Instead of welcoming such features, architects, it would seem, are found to insist just as unreasonably as the untaught and unprofessional does on a hard and fast, unswerving exactitude. This is an amazing fact, when their training must have made them aware how much of the charm of ancient buildings consists in native spontaneity and freedom from rigid uniformity. And yet, when it comes to put their experience into practice in



"THISTLE" TILES IN UNDER-GLAZE FAÏENCE.

their own day, they wantonly reject the very beauties which they admire in the works of the past.

AYMER VALLANCE.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[54] **PAINTERS AND FECUNDITY.**—The father of Henry and Albert Moore, himself a painter, had no fewer than fourteen children, of whom thirteen were sons, Albert being the youngest. I should be glad to know if any other painter can show an equally creditable record *vis-à-vis* his country, and if there is any conclusion to be drawn between artistic power and fecundity.—RUPERT M. CHAMPEYS (Paris).

* * * It may be laid down as a general rule that sturdiness and robustness of physique has often accompanied the greatest vigour of mind in art. The history of the artists proves as much, though, of course, the exceptions are many and notable. As to the numerical strength of the families from which artists have sprung or to which they have given birth, the question is not one which can be given without very considerable research—the subject, moreover, it appears to us, not justifying by its

importance any very great expenditure of time. We may, however, state from the facts within our immediate knowledge that Woollett was one of a family of twelve; that Havell was the third son of a family of fourteen (eight boys and six girls); that Albert Dürer was the third of a family of eighteen children; that Vander-gucht was the thirty-second child of his parents (his father was an engraver); and that Cotton, Royal Academician, was one of the thirty-five children of his father (but not of his mother; she was the second or third wife of the stalwart Hollander). Petitot, it may be remarked, was the father of seventeen children.

[55] **KELMSCOTT PRESS.**—Can you tell me if the plant of the Kelmscott Press is dispersed or is still intact; and, if the latter, whether the enterprise is likely to be continued in any form? To whom should application be made for any further information?—G. S. L.

* * * The plant of the Kelmescott Press is still intact, but we believe the end of the year will witness its dispersal. Any further information may be obtained from Mr. S. C. Cockerell at Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

[56] **WAX MODELLING.**—Would you be kind enough to give me a few hints as to the best way of modelling in wax, and the instruments used therefor?—HUGO C. MUSER, Seabright, N.Y.

* * * It is not possible to give lessons in practical art in these columns, and for general information on the methods employed in modelling we may refer the correspondent to a small handbook—"A Primer of Sculpture," by E. Roscoe Mullins, published by Cassell and Company. The tools used in wax modelling should be made of ivory, bone, and steel; the wooden tools of the clay modeller being apt to stick to the surface of the wax.

[57] "**WHITEHALL, 1649.**"—Should be glad to receive information where I could see original of a painting, issued in past twelve years, entitled "Whitehall, 1649," and also where steel engraving of same could be procured. Picture represents several squadrons of the Ironsides, drawn up before window of banquetting hall at Whitehall (their backs outward), at execution of Charles I.—C. J. HILL.

* * * This picture is by Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A., and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1890. It has never been engraved, and the artist informs us that he does not know to whom the picture now belongs.

[58] "**C.V.S. AND FRENCH AND ENGLISH PORCELAIN.**"—I have a piece of china signed "C.V.S." Can you inform me who is the maker whose initials these are? And can you inform me also what is the difference in the constituent parts between French and English porcelain?—HERBERT ROAN.

* * * "C.V.S.," according to M. Garnier's "Dictionnaire de la Céramique," is the signature of Cornelius van Schagen, a potter of Delft, who worked in 1694. At the Musée de Cluny is a small pot by him, decorated in *camarieu bleu*. As to the analysis asked for, taking Sèvres porcelain as typical of French production, and Bow of English (in the latter case, be it noted, unglazed), the analyses are as follows:—

	SÈVRES.	Bow.
Silica	58.0	40.0
Alumina	31.5	16.0
Lime	4.5	21.0
Potash	3.0	0.6
Soda	—	1.3
Phosphoric Acid	—	17.3
	100.0	99.2

Full details in a popular form may be found in the excellent "Handbook to the Collection of British Pottery and Porcelain in the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street," by Sir Archibald Geikie.

[59] (?) **BODEMER.**—I have an oil-painting—a landscape with oak trees, with a wayside cottage, a man on a white horse, in the style of Wouvermans. The picture—which appears to be sixty or



PRESIDENTIAL BADGE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Reproduced by Permission of the President and Council. See next page.)

seventy years old—is signed "Bodemen," or "Bodemer." There is great merit in the picture, and I should be obliged for information as to the artist.—GEORGE SPENCER, 23, Port Street, Holbeck, Leeds.

* * * Jakob Bodemer was born in 1777, and was chiefly engaged as an enamel-painter; but as his works are mainly figure subjects and portraits, he is hardly likely to be the painter of the picture in Mr. Spencer's possession. The artist is more probably William Bodeman, who was born in Amsterdam in 1806, and who became the pupil of B. C. Koekkoek. He was essentially a landscape painter, whose "In a Forest" is in the Haarlem Museum.

[60] WHO WAS "H 1792"?—Signed in this manner is a picture in my possession, 5 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 9 in., much in the style of Murillo. A female figure (back view) is discarding a light muslin drapery; on the left a man reclines upon a couch, his face is dark and powerful, and he looks at the spectator; on the right, a boy, with an owl perched on his hand, is laughing. Beside him is a lighted candle in a quaint candlestick on a draped table. Under the table, Cupid, as a very young child asleep, is lying, with quiver and arrows laid down. A goat's head looks over the child. The picture is well painted, the boy's head is especially good.—E. B., Blandford.

** The signature is evidently copied from that of D. Falconi, the Siennese engraver, who flourished towards the end of the sixteenth century. But we know of no painter who adopted the monogram.

NOTE.

PRESIDENTIAL BADGES.—Until this year the President of the Royal Academy was the only head of any of our artistic Societies possessed of a badge of his office; but in January last Sir John Gilbert, R.A., was accorded permission by her Majesty to wear a collar and badge as President of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and in March the same favour was granted to Sir James D. Linton as President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. Each of these later official emblems is more worthy artistically, and of greater intrinsic value, than that belonging to the older body. While the latter is a comparatively commonplace production without any special artistic merit, except as regards the medal itself, each of the others is a work of art, designed by an eminent artist with a view to the purpose it is to fulfil. They are symbols of office as well as badges.

Although the Royal Academy was founded in 1768, it was not until 1820 that its President was presented with a badge, the donor being George IV and Sir Thomas Lawrence the recipient. It is recorded that when the king put the chain round Lawrence's neck he remarked that he "presented it to the President." "To me personally?" asked Lawrence, "or to the office?" "To the office," replied his Majesty coldly.

By courteous permission of the President and Council we have been enabled to photograph the obverse of the medal, and a reproduction of this, with the chain attached, is shown herewith. The reverse bears a wreath of oak leaves and acorns joined at the base with the rose, shamrock, and thistle intertwined. Between the wreath and the rim is the inscription:

"From his Majesty King George the IV. To the President of the Royal Academy;" and in the centre of the wreath:—

ACCESSIT

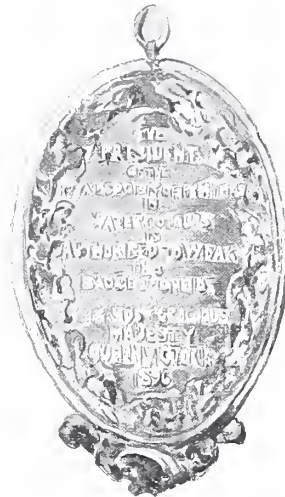
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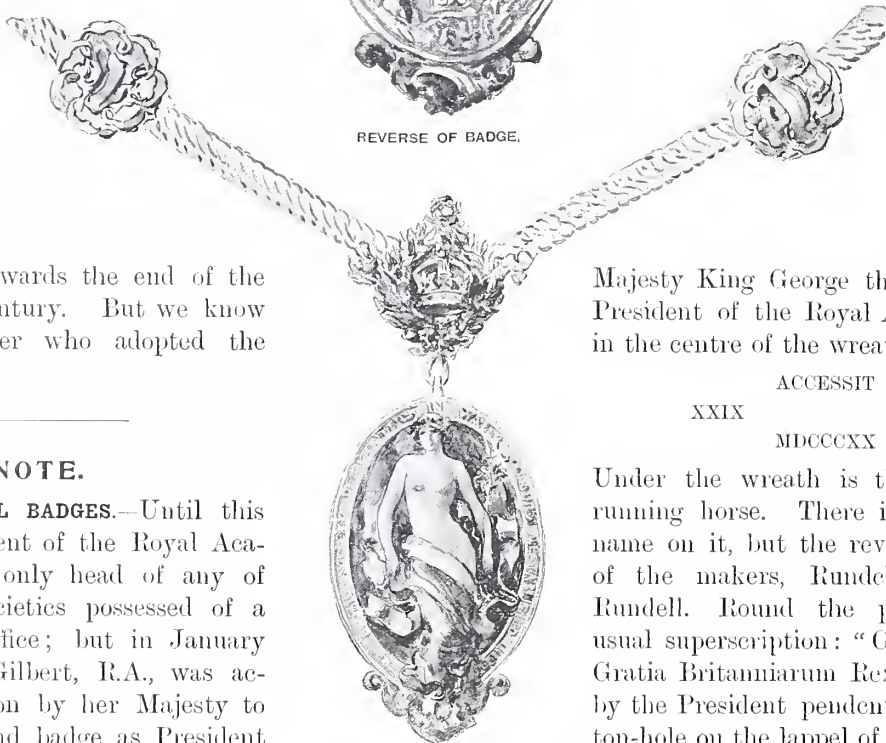
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Under the wreath is the figure of a running horse. There is no designer's name on it, but the reverse bears that of the makers, Rundell, Bridge, and Rundell. Round the portrait is the usual superscription: "Georgius IV Dei Gratia Britanniarum Rex." It is worn by the President pendent from the button-hole on the lappel of the coat; being attached by the loop shown behind the swivel of the chain. There is a representation of the badge on the bust of Sir John Millais by Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy.

The badge for the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours has been designed by Professor Herkomer, R.A., and executed by him at Bushey. We present reproductions of two drawings of it, and the original, which is at the time of writing in the Sculpture Room at the Academy, is worthy of close study. The beautiful figure in the centre is carved in ivory, and all the rest is of solid gold set with precious stones. The badge is linked to the



REVERSE OF BADGE.



PRESIDENTIAL BADGE AND CHAIN OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

(Designed and Executed by Professor Herkomer, R.A.)

gold wreath that encircles the royal crown, and the whole forms a most beautiful piece of decoration.

The Royal Institute badge is the work of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., and, although it was exhibited in the Academy so long ago as 1894, after several years of deferred work, it is only a few weeks ago that it was completed and handed over to the Institute. In deference to Mr. Alfred Gilbert's

disinclination for the publication of his works, we do not illustrate this. It is made of gold, jewelled and enamelled. In the centre of the badge is a female figure representing water-colour art, standing on a nautilus shell, the background consisting of emblematical work, with a monogram of her Majesty surmounted by a royal crown. The work is exquisite alike in its conception and execution.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—AUGUST.

Jubilee Honours. ALTHOUGH the list of Jubilee awards includes the names of five gentlemen more or less honourably known in the world of art, it can hardly be said that the distinctions conferred upon them have met with the entire approval of those best qualified to judge. The Knighthood of Mr. WYKE BAYLISS—for nearly ten years the energetic chief of the Royal Society of British Artists, which has just celebrated the jubilee of its incorporation—was expected by those who read the exceptionally cordial letter addressed by the Queen to the President a short while since. It was, moreover, unlikely that this ancient society, alone amongst the others, should be left without an honour so much esteemed by them. The remarkable achievement of Mr. W. B. RICHMOND in St. Paul's Cathedral, so far the crowning point of a dignified career, renders his higher distinction one upon which it is a pleasure warmly to congratulate him. The baronetcy conferred on Mr. W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P., is of particular significance to the artist world, for he bears a name long respected by the men whom he and his family have for two generations delighted to honour; while as a foremost collector of modern pictures (as displayed in many recent numbers of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*), he has proved his sympathy with modern English painting in a practical form and emphasised it by the delight he periodically shows in surrounding himself with the artists themselves. The distinction awarded to Mr. ALFRED GILBERT is alone a disappointment compared with the greater honour conferred on Herr VON ANGELI. Indeed, it may almost be considered cynical—reminding one of the old *jeu d'esprit* "*Non Angli sed Angeli.*" If, however, the Victorian Order of the Fourth Class is intended only as a Royal recognition pending the completion of the great work which Mr. Gilbert has in hand for the Queen, it may be regarded by the public as a sign that the artist's genius has not been wholly unappreciated, and that in this time of glorious Jubilee one of the greatest of the artists

to whom our country has given birth has not been entirely forgotten.

Art and the Jubilee.

ANY detailed criticism of the attempts at "decoration" along the route of the great "Record Reign" procession and elsewhere would be impracticable within these limits. Here and there, it is true, individual efforts deserved appreciation; but it must be confessed that the loyalty of the occasion displayed itself in a spirit akin rather to advertisement than to the unity of intention necessary to arrive at an imposing *coup d'œil*. The actual pageant illustrated the resources of our empire in an exhaustive marshalling forth of the pomp and panoply of its army; but the progress of the arts and sciences was unrepresented, and it is to be regretted that an excellent idea, mooted some months since, to emblazon distinctive localities with the names of the great men of the reign—Science and the Arts in Pall Mall and Trafalgar Square, Literature in Fleet Street, Statesmanship in Whitehall, and so forth—should have borne no fruit.

At the **Empire** Theatre, perhaps a little late in the day, the celebration of the national rejoicing finds expression in a choral *divertissement* (in itself a new departure), *Under One Flag*. Two tableaux, alert with colour

and action, serve to crystallise the appropriate sentiments of patriotism and congratulation. To say that Mr. TELBIN is responsible for the actual scenes is to guarantee that they are conceived in an artistic spirit; and, in view of this compensating quality, we must not protest overmuch against a certain mistiness and timidity of technique that is unusually emphasised in the present instance by contrast with the necessary predominance of national colour. The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle are symbolised in the midst of a garden of girls in characteristic early Victorian attire of pure white; and a cluster of coryphées in dresses that happily unite the modes of 1837 and 1897, with delicate embroidery and dainty device, are deservedly prominent as the groups form and re-form with their



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

(Attributed to Allan Ramsay. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. No. 1,491, Room XIX.)

coronals and garlands of shaded roses. Throughout the ballet, excellent results are attained by the simple expedient of massing the colours, and at one moment the soldiers, sailors, and Victorian belles are delightfully manœuvred in a Union Jack ensemble beneath an Empire Crown of electric gems. A reception of the Colonies—each admirably individualised, India particularly resplendent in an Oriental symphony of red and gold—and the appearance of Fame awarding her palms to Science, Art, Industry, and Commerce, combined to prove that Mr. WILHELM has found it no uncongenial task to evolve such an attractive picture from so well-worn a theme.

The National Gallery.

THE following works have recently been hung in the gallery:—"Christ disputing with the Doctors," by LUDOVICO MAZZOLINO (Ferrarese School), hung in Room V. (No. 1,495), and "Portrait of a Lady," Sienese school, XV Century, lent by Mr. George Salting, and hung in Room III. By the courtesy of Professor COSTA we are enabled to reproduce his picture which has recently been presented to the National Gallery; and by Sir J. Wolfe Barry's consent we illustrate the design by the late E. M. BARRY for the completion of the National Gallery. With the removal of near a hundred pictures from the National Gallery to the National British Gallery we shall deal next month. It must, however, here be noted that the space thus placed at the disposal of the Director of the gallery has been properly filled by the fine Reynolds, Gainsboroughs, Hogarths, and the rest, which have hitherto occupied the east wing of the gallery. To the improvement in the arrangement we need hardly bear witness; the withdrawal of British pictures from among the Foreign Masters is logical enough, while their new disposal among English painters adds a dignity to the display of the art of our country which was considerably modified by the presence of many works not entirely worthy of their surroundings.

Acquisitions at the National Portrait Gallery.

THE following portraits have been presented to the gallery:—"Sir Francis Ronalds" (1788—1873), inventor of the first working electric telegraph, painted and presented by his nephew, Mr. HUGH CARTER, R.I.; "Thomas Stothard, R.A." (1755—1834), a pencil drawing by JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A., presented by Miss SHARPE; "Richard Jefferies" (1848—1887), naturalist, a small plaster bust, modelled and presented by Miss MARGARET THOMAS; "Joseph Hume" (1777—1850), drawn in coloured chalks by E. BLAIR LEIGHTON, presented by Mr. EDWARD HUTCHINS. The following have been purchased:—"Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A." (1770—1850), painted by himself, and lately in the possession of the painter's own family; "Constantine Phipps, Lord Mulgrave, R.N." (1744—1792), commander of H.M.S. *Racehorse* in 1773

on a voyage to the North Pole, painted by J. ZOFFANY, R.A., from Mulgrave Castle; "Edward Bulwer Lytton, first Lord Lytton" (1803—1873), a drawing in water-colours (unfinished) by A. E. CHALON, R.A.; "Sir Joseph Williamson, P.R.S." (1630—1701), Secretary of State in 1674, and second President of the Royal Society, School of Sir PETER LELY; "Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey," murdered in 1678 during the Popish plot, drawn in coloured crayons, probably by EDWARD LUTTEREL.

New Members. At a recent general meeting of the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, the following were elected Honorary Members:—Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.; Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES; MESSRS. G. F. WATTS, R.A.; FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.; and FREDERICK SANDYS; and MESSRS. W. LLEWELLYN, JULIUS OLSSON, NIELS M. LUND, W. B. WOLLEN, R.I., ALFRED WITHERS, and ROBERT NOBLE, A.R.S.A., were elected members.



CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

(By George Richmond, R.A. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. No. 1,492.)

Exhibitions. THE Burlington Fine Arts Club is holding

for its summer show an exhibition of European enamels—European enamels, that is to say, before the eighteenth century; for the tasteful productions of Battersea are excluded as rigidly as is the *cloisonné* of the Chinese. Chinese *cloisonné* is so sober and so glorious—and at present so little appreciated by the large public—and Battersea candlesticks, *étuis*, and patch-boxes are so pretty, so dainty, and so legitimately fascinating, that one at first is unwilling to suffer the absence of either. One does not even at the end

suffer it gladly; yet a close study of such work as is exhibited at the Burlington Club—of which the great production of Limoges is easily first—convinces one that, deprived even of Battersea and of *cloisonné*, the field of enamels is large enough and rich enough in all conscience to satisfy the privileged visitor to the exhibition. This is, in truth, an extraordinary show, that does the Club and its distinguished members infinite credit. Loans have been got from all quarters. That the Queen shall lend something to exhibitions at the Burlington Club has become almost a tradition, and though she lends, it happens, less than she has sometimes done before, still her contributions have serious value and interest. But it chances that other than Royal collectors own the largest and most gorgeous groups of enamels of the period under illustration. There is Mr. George Salting, for instance—his possessions, as much for quality as quantity, are entirely amazing. Then there is Mr. Barwell, and again Mr. Braikenridge—names scarcely known, perhaps, even to the general public of collectors until this exhibition was formed. The Duke of Devonshire lends not many pieces, but each piece is of monumental importance. Again, there is the Duke of Rutland; nor must Lord Clanricarde, the Earl of Crawford, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh be forgotten. One of the

pieces of Lord Clanricarde is an enamelled jewel; and a jewel of extraordinary curiosity is lent by Mr. Boore—a practical expert in the matter—and, to make an end of what is after all far from being a complete list of contributors and contributions, there is the whole ease of enamelled jewellery lent by Sir Charles Robinson. Most of Sir Charles Robinson's things are doubtless of the Renaissance period; yet there steal into the case certain bewitching examples of a later fashion of ornament and craftsmanship. Nor would we wish them away. The catalogue which the Club issues is a descriptive record of most laborious thoroughness. It is a historical record to boot, for Mr. Alfred Higgins and Mr. Starkie Gardner both of them contribute learned disquisitions. The student of enamels, whether those *en grisaille* or of those in fullest and most opulent colour, finds in the Burlington Club exhibition remarkable material for his purpose. By a happy innovation the gallery in which the things are gathered is made appropriately beautiful by the introduction of ancient tapestries as a background. The decorative effect and the appropriateness of the combination are altogether admirable.

The Society of Miniature Painters held their summer exhibition at Graves', in Pall Mall. The Society of Miniaturists exhibited as usual at the Grafton. Both shows were encouraging, the one at the Grafton Gallery being perhaps the more important. The encouraging feature in each exhibition is that at last our modern miniaturists are letting themselves go, and are allowing honest original and individual work to be seen. At length they are beginning to break through the fetters of conventionality. This is particularly noticeable at the Grafton Gallery. Miss MAUD COLERIDGE has improved—Mr. PRAGA even more so. The hairy coarse work of Miss Coleridge is strongly characteristic, while the delicate, refined outline, tender colouring, and dainty lightness of Mr. LLOYD is equally noteworthy and characteristic. The very hardness of Miss HALL's work, the favourite background used by Mr. POULTNEY and his treatment of the hair, the washy papery character of Miss HADDEN's work, the greens of Miss CARTER and the browns of Miss NORA JONES—are all personal characteristics. The artists are showing their own hand, and if the works of these miniaturists were laid side by side we believe that at last we could pick out those of each painter. Miss BURRELL's work is particularly remarkable, her flocculent backgrounds and her clear drawing and daintiness of touch mark her out as a rising artist. Apart, however, from beauty, for we do specially not praise Miss Hall's work, we welcome the personal element as the best of signs for an ultimate success. There is not so much of it in Pall Mall. Mr. ROBERTSON's colouring we can identify; Mrs. HANKEY's work is broad and free; there is a sweetness, force, and ease about Mr. ALYN WILLIAMS' painting that is pleasing. Mr. SAUBER's work is rich; Mr. EDWARD TAYLER's miniatures are well painted and very life-like. Miss GIBSON's pale colouring and Mr. DAMPIER MAY's conscientious detail and clever representation—all these are interesting, but there is not the "go" of the other gallery. Of course there is much we regret. Many an artist is still tied to conventional photographic style of work. Mr. HEATH's work is far too hard, Mrs. ELLIS's is too laboured and tight, Miss MERRYLEES' is often charming but very unequal.

Signor ONORATO CARLANDI has exhibited at the Fine Art Society a series of eighty water-colour sketches of Rome and the Tiber Valley. In his "Apology" in the catalogue

the artist frankly confesses his allegiance to the methods of Peter de Wint, and that he is "the most faithful pupil and most ardent admirer" of that artist. The result is that we have views of Italy without any Italian characteristics; local colour and feeling are sacrificed to the successful striving after the methods of Peter de Wint. The best of the drawings are "The First Peep of St. Peter's from the Castel Giubileo," "In the Dog Days," and "The Ponte Sodo;" but they are all excellent in the manner adopted by the artist.

In the same rooms is a collection of water-colour drawings of the Riviera by Mr. F. A. RAWLENCE. Full of the brilliant colour one usually associates with the "Sunny South," they form a striking contrast to Signor Carlandi's Italian sketches. The blue waters of the Mediterranean, the cerulean skies of the Riviera, the gay flower stalls in the markets at Nice, and the bright gardens of Mentone, and Monaco, appeal to the artist and find sympathetic treatment at his hands, making an exhibition that is bright and cheerful in the extreme, if not of a high order of achievement.

Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE and Mr. HUGH THOMSON have brought together at the same gallery a delightful gathering of many of their finest drawings for *Punch* by the former, and for the English classics by the latter. This exhibition of pen-work is notable alike for draughtsmanship and humour.

Mr. JOHN SOWDEN has been holding at Bradford an exhibition of nearly five hundred of his works. Two hundred and thirty-five of these consisted of portraits of well-known Bradfordians, and a suggestion has been made that they should be acquired for the Corporation Gallery. The remainder of the works consisted of paintings, in oil and water-colour, of English and Continental scenery, executed in Mr. Sowden's best manner. One of the most successful of these, a view of "Whitby from Larpool: Evening," is reproduced on p. 230.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton: An Autobiography, and a Memoir by his Wife (Seeley and Co.).—Half this closely-printed octavo volume of more than six hundred pages would have been more than enough for all the world needs to know, and still more than it cares to learn and is likely to remember, about the late Mr. Hamerton and his affairs, his ancestry, his art, and his books. On the other hand, the reader who has got far on in the work would find it difficult to say what part of it he, having leisure at command, would willingly omit. Thus it is, as every student of the literature of the eighteenth century knows, with what are now called old-fashioned books: we read chapter after chapter of them, until our minds and all our critical faculties get into harmony with the texts, and are, so to say, attuned to them so thoroughly that they never tire us, nor are we able to put them down ere the ends are reached. It is the same with this autobiography and memoir where are manifest the distinction of Hamerton's personality—his very egotism, which began to operate in his schooldays, and ended only with his life; his solid, calm, and well-balanced judgment, an undercurrent of dry humour; and, most of all, his candour, his wide sympathies with nature and men, his abundant carefulness, and his large attainments. All these are lovable and honourable elements, and with them this book is compact. It appears, then, that our dissatisfaction with it is largely, though not entirely, due to the hasty ways of this age, when few men have leisure enough to read sympathetically and for patient

enjoyment's sake. Such students as the last century abounded in—so that they, like the authors they read, were characteristic of it—would delight in Hamerton's sober wit and astute observations upon the men and things he encountered, to say nothing of his discriminating facts and analysis of them. Thus we take a good instance from p. 154: "I dined with Leslie [the Royal Academician] the same day [that he called on Rogers], and the talk turned upon the poets. Leslie said that the virtue of geniality was of great value to a poet, and if Byron had possessed the geniality of Goldsmith, he would have been as great a poet as Shakespeare, but his misanthropy spoilt all his views of life. In saying this, Leslie probably under-estimated the



WHITBY FROM LARPOOL: EVENING.

(From the Painting by John Souden.)

literary value of ill-nature. Much of Byron's intensity and force is due to the energy of malevolence. The success of Ruskin's earlier writings was due in part to the same cause. In periodical literature it was pure *méchanceté* that first made the *Saturday Review* successful." There is an amusing point in the history of the last remark, in the fact that Hamerton himself for some time held an important post on the staff of the leading journal to which he thus refers. He was one of the few art-critics who at first-hand knew anything about art by personal experience, could estimate the technique of a picture; and had learnt his duties much as a surgeon, artillery officer, or engineer attains knowledge, and is not content with his own inner consciousness. He was so good a critic and so sympathetic a judge of art and poetry that it is wonderful how he could have so greatly failed in both respects as to have been the person most responsible for that egregious blunder, the employment of Gustave Doré to illustrate Tennyson. That the competent and studious author of "Etching and Etehers," "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," "The Graphic Arts," "The Unknown River," "Man in Art," and "Landseape in Art," to say nothing of some equally excellent but less ambitious books than these, should err thus is easily forgiven, but the fact is not the less regrettable. As to the contemporaries with whom Hamerton's accomplishments and success brought him in contact, it is right to say that this book brings us into touch with a great many of them, French as well as English, while the single-minded and affectionate critic lived among them, and was esteemed accordingly, in London and Paris. Among the more eminent of these worthies the text has something to tell us about Bastien-Lepage, M. Braequemond, Sir F. Burton, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Mr. Calderon, Millais,

F. T. Palgrave, Samuel Palmer, Thomas Woolner, Paul Rajon, Tennyson, C. R. and G. D. Leslie, Watkiss Lloyd, Robert Browning, Leighton, and half a hundred more of less note and less durable distinctions than theirs. One of the charms of this book for patient readers will most assuredly be the devout affection, the tenderness and wifely sympathies of the painter's widow, to whose loving care for his honour it is due.

The production of a book illustrated by M. VIERGE is always to be accounted an event of importance in the artistic world. The work which he has produced in collaboration with Mr. AUGUST F. JACCACI, as author of "On the Trail of Don Quixote" (Charles Scribner's Sons), illustrated his genius almost as well as any he has hitherto given us. All the qualities of his extraordinary art are to be seen in these highly-wrought sketches—observation, character, composition, boldness of decorative effect, breadth of appreciation are all rendered with extraordinary charm within the somewhat narrow technical handling which he has invented and laid down for himself. The plan of the book is accurately set forth in its title; artist and author have dogged the footsteps of the melancholy knight and have seen sights and landscapes hardly changed from those on which Cervantes' eyes rested. The tour was for the artist in the nature of a preparation for his great enterprise of illustrating the Spanish masterpiece; and the text by Mr. Jaccaci—himself an artist of striking ability—adds point to the illustrations and gaiety to the whole, while proving how thoroughly both men have observed and understood the land they visited.

A book of the deepest interest and worthy of the highest praise is "Sculptured Tombs of Hellas," by Professor PERCY GARDNER (Macmillan and Co., London). The beautiful sculptured tombs at Athens are monuments of the fin est Greek art, and Professor Gardner illustrates them admirably in his pages, and discourses upon them in a fascinating manner. The pathos of some of these representations of a long farewell (the *χαίρε* and the *δεισιμος*) is perfectly wonderful, and Professor Gardner may well draw comparison between the dignity and the tenderness of Greek monuments and the vulgarity of English ones. His theories as to the decay of political life and war struggle leading to the revival of domestic life and the dignity of woman, and as to the representation of the spirit on the engraved stones, are very interesting, and he carefully considers Greek belief in a future life. We wish he had not retranslated Homer, but used accepted translations more familiar, as Cowper, Derby, Worsley, or Chapman. Some of his proper names, too, are unusual in appearance by reason of the constant use of the "ei." These are trivial matters, however. The plates are admirable; the book a standard work and a classic.

SHERIDAN's "School for Scandal" and "The Rivals" (Macmillan and Co.) have employed to very good purpose Mr. E. J. SULLIVAN's pleasing pen. Mr. Sullivan, though apparently somewhat of an imitator of Mr. Abbey and Mr. Hugh Thomson, is far more original than the ordinary spectator would at the first sight suppose. His composition is his own and his suggestion of form admirable. His pen is distinguished by a freedom not less individual, and he well appreciates the spirit of the eighteenth century. These little drawings are very pretty examples of pen work, and although we decline to believe with the artist that

Sheridan's characters always sat with their backs close against the wall, or that Sir Peter Teazle changed his stockings in the great screen scene, we are happy in the successful completion of a graceful task.

Humour and knowledge are, together with sound taste and capacity for design and decoration, the main features of Mr. ALDAM HEATON'S book called "*Beauty and Art*" (W. Heinemann). Mr. Heaton is an independent and original thinker, well-informed and fluent in expression, and his chapters on "Taste," and "Beauty in Form and Colour," and his views on æsthetics generally, are unusually well worth reading. Whether he attacks what is bad in "French taste," or what is affected among our own arts and craftsmen ("Go to! let us be odd!"), whether he is lecturing us from the artistic-utilitarian point of view on the subject of Fabrics, of Furniture, and of Decoration, he stands out as an entirely sane decorator from among the many who at the present time are more swayed by reaction from previous absurdities than moved by genuine art inspiration. Mr. Heaton should comfort himself by Dr. Johnson's reflection, "Nothing odd will do long." We very rarely have to differ from the author; but we must doubt the soundness of his advice when he recommends the adoption of "imitation panelling" made up of moulded laths glued and bradded on. For the rest, we would gladly see the book in every home.

It is not possible for an art-student to advance his art much from a study of books. The temptation to write a book is yet very great to people who think they know. But books which profess to teach how to paint trees, how to paint water, how to paint a sunset, and how to paint all the other elements of a possible landscape are somewhat out of date. The most elementary student nowadays knows that the colour of tree depends upon the kind of light in which it is seen, and that in a picture it will depend upon and must have a relation to the quality of colour of the whole picture. Mr. W. L. Leitch and Mr. Aaron Penley years ago said about all that was to be said on painting by recipe, and it does seem as though "*The Art-Students' Manual*," by Mr. T. HALE-SANDERS (Waterlow and Sons), to a large extent repeats what others have said. Still there are some hints in the book that may be useful to some students, but what is wanted for them is that they should get to work and stumble on through their blunders, which no book can enable them to avoid, until by sheer hard work and wrestling with difficulties they acquire some proficiency in their art.

The position of Liotard, of Geneva, who died in 1789 at the age of eighty-seven, is hardly realised in this country, and Messrs. Henry and Co. have done well to issue in England "*La Vie et les Œuvres de Jean Etienne Liotard*," by Professeur HUMBERT and M. REVILLIOD, of Geneva, and Professor TILANUS, of Amsterdam. Liotard ranks high as a distinguished portrait-painter of his time who preferred

the use of pastel to any other medium, and who achieved fine work as etcher, miniature-painter, and enameller, too. From the time of his visit to Constantinople he wore Turkish dress, whether residing at Jassy, at Vienna, or in London, and was known as "The Turk." In each of the cities named Liotard executed portraits of distinguished persons, and he certainly used pastel with brilliant effect. In this admirably illustrated volume we have the biography of the artist, a *catalogue raisonné* of his works in every class, and the interesting treatise upon the practice of art, which, if rules could make a painter, might serve as a sort of *vade mecum* for the student. It is entertaining to read Liotard's opinion that "Hogard, peintre anglois, a beaucoup d'expression, mais il est peu fini." Yet intelligence and style alike distinguished Liotard, whose "*Vie*" we recommend to our readers.

The issue of an inexpensive set of illustrated handbooks on the English Cathedrals is an excellent idea of Mr. GLEESON WHITE and E. F. STRANGE, excellently carried out by George Bell and Sons. Five numbers are before us—"Canterbury," "Salisbury," "Chester," "Rochester," and "Oxford"—and in popular fashion set before the reader the history of fabric and see, and a not too technical description of the architecture. The one serious fault is the lack of an index, an indispensable adjunct to manuals such as these.

So great has been the success of Mr. MARSHALL MATHER'S "*John Ruskin: His Life and Teaching*" (F. Warne and Co.), that he has issued a fifth edition of it. It is, indeed, as we have said before, a skilful, sympathetic, and fairly complete *résumé* of Ruskin's teaching, not artistically, but social, educational, and economical; while the career of the Master, his achievements, and the bibliography of his works are all treated as fully as may be in so small and handy a volume.



LANDSCAPE, WITH A VIEW OF THE CARRARA MOUNTAINS.

(By Giovanni Costa. Recently presented to the National Gallery. No. 1,493, Room XXI.)

To their admirable "Illustrated English Library" Messrs. Service and Paton have added THACKERAY'S "*Pendennis*" and CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S "*Shirley*," the former picture in pen and ink by Miss CHRIS. HAMMOND, and the latter by Mr. F. H. TOWNSEND, whose skill in pen drawing and quick sympathy will be appreciated by all who acquire the low-priced volume. Miss Hammond's work is perhaps still more striking, dainty and graceful; well-composed and drawn, designed faultlessly in the period, it has the good fortune very nearly, if not quite, to please the lover of Thackeray, even when the efforts of her predecessors

are before them. The same publishers have began an illustrated edition of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S works, the initial volume selected—with excellent drawings by Mr. TOWNSEND—being the author's masterpiece—"The Scarlet Letter." The taste of this re-issue will assure it a wide popularity.

The Royal Society of Literature has issued, under the editorship of its Secretary, Mr. PERCY W. AMES, a facsimile of "The Mirror of the Sinful Soul," which Princess (after Queen) Elizabeth translated and wrote out for her mother when only eleven years of age. This interesting little book is embellished with a photogravure portrait of the young authoress, the whole of whose manuscript has been successfully reproduced by collotype. The book is a Jubilee offering from the Society to Queen Victoria.

Herr CARL CORNELIUS has devoted considerable pains to his study of the life and art of "Jacopo della Quercia" (Wilhelm Knapp, Halle A.S.). To the British mind Herr Cornelius appears somewhat too addicted to fine writing, and to that style of criticism which we generally associate with the literary rather than with the artistic consideration of an artist's works. The author, indeed, especially disclaims any attempt to settle questions hitherto doubtful, and aims rather at interesting a greater audience than producing any new

arguments for the satisfaction of the student. Although the work was compiled as an inaugural address for the delectation of the University of Basle, it is thorough so far as it goes, and useful too; but we cannot but regret that a work carried so far was not, for the sake of somewhat greater effort, brought to a conclusion that might have ranked it not only as a serious study, but as a valuable addition to artistic biography.

Mr. WILLIAM WHITE, the curator of the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield, has issued a pamphlet entitled "A Biographical Series of Fifty Drawings and Sketches by Turner," lent by the National Gallery to the institution of which the author has the directorship. These notes, which appear to have been in great measure reprinted from the author's important book called "The Principles of Art," admittedly follow Professor Ruskin's views upon the painter. Mr. White's little work fulfils its purpose admirably, and imparts as suggestive a picture of Turner's genius and ability as may be gained from far more ambitious compilations.

"Grey Days and Gold," by WILLIAM WINTER, is a record by a sentimental American of the golden thoughts and memories that remained to him after grey days in England spent in visiting the shrines which make England a sort of Holy Land to many cultivated Americans. Messrs. Macmillan have issued an illustrated edition of the work, but the illustrations are scarcely worthy of the publishers or the book.

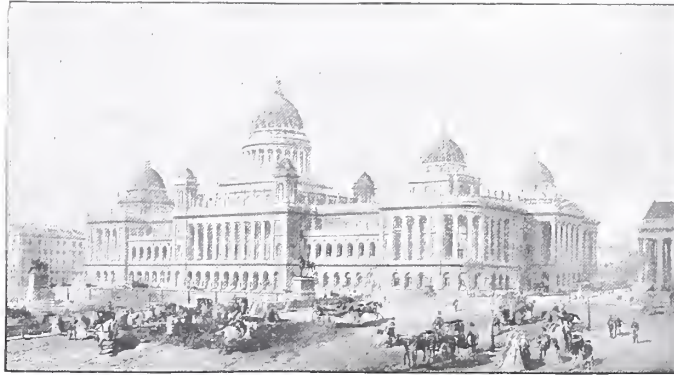
A useful book for wood-carvers is Mr. FRANKLYN A. CRALLAN'S "Details of Gothic Wood-carving" (B. T. Batsford). The author has made skilful pencil drawings of some of the choicest specimens of ecclesiastical carved work all over the country, and these are reproduced with

explanatory notes. The drawings are practically worked out, with sections and scales, and should therefore be of great service to both craftsman and amateur.

Holland has now an art magazine of its own. "De Vlaamse School" (J. E. Buschmann, Antwerp) is printed in the Dutch language, and exceedingly well arranged. With well-designed initials and headpieces, and the title of the article on the margin of each page, the magazine presents a dainty and distinctive appearance.

We have received "A Guide to Modern Photography" (Hife and Son), a useful little compendium; and "Hints to Sketchers," by Mr. C. G. VINE, and "Some English Sketching Grounds," by Mr. C. G. HARPER (Reeves and Sons), both modest handbooks, the former of which may be specially recommended to amateurs on their first sketching expedition. The advice it contains is sound and useful.

A series of "Etchings of Lincoln's Inn," by Miss PIPER, A.R.E., and Mr. W. E. J. BURROWS, has been issued by Messrs. W. H. Benyon and Co. (Cheltenham), and form an interesting record of one of the remaining portions of picturesque London. The plates are cleverly executed, and excellently printed by Mr. GOULDING. From the same publishers we have also received a set of etchings of Westminster School by Mr. BURROWS. These should appeal strongly to all



PREMIATED DESIGN FOR RECONSTRUCTION OF NATIONAL GALLERY.
(By E. Barry, R.A. Hung in Entrance Hall of the Gallery)

who have been associated with the school; but, apart from this special interest, the plates are worth preserving for the high quality of their work.

Miscellaneous. THE Committee of the Oldham Corporation Art Gallery have purchased for their permanent collection from their Spring Exhibition Mr. ALFRED PARSONS' "On Cotswold."

The drawing for prizes in the Royal Institute Art Union has been postponed until December 13th. The results are to be published in *The Times*, *Scotsman*, *Irish Times*, and other leading papers of December 20th.

The distribution of prizes to successful students at Mrs. Jopling's School of Art, Logan Place, Earl's Court, W., took place on June 11th. Mr. M. PHIPPS JACKSON, who judged the works, made the following awards:—For figure study and composition to Miss HEANLY; for "water-colour work" and "still-life" to Miss HOLINGER; for "head in pastels and time work" to Miss COLE; for "black-and-white head" to Miss GREGSON; and "study of hands" to Miss HUGHES.

Obituary. THE death has occurred at Paris of M. JULES MABILLE, sculptor, at the age of fifty-five. His "Mélèagre," shown at the Salon of 1881, was bought by the State, and a large number of busts and decorative statues were executed by him for the Sorbonne, the Hotel de Ville, Paris, and for the Hotel de Ville, at Valenciennes.

M. JOSEPH EDOUARD DANTAN, the French painter, has been killed in a carriage accident near Trouville. He was the son of Jean Pierre Dantan, the sculptor, and exhibited his first picture at the Salon, "An Episode in the Destruction of Pompeii," in 1869, when he was twenty-one years of age. He was decorated with the Legion of Honour in 1880.



UNLOADING COAL AT DIEPPE.

(From the Painting by Fritz Thaulow.)

THE PARIS SALONS: AT THE CHAMP DE MARS.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

EVEN more than at the Champs Elysées one is depressed at the Champ de Mars by the *débâcle* which appears to be threatening the Art of France. It is true that there are few examples of the commonplace kind such as were to be seen at the Palais de l'Industrie, or as in our own Royal Academy. Instead, we have attempts at novelty and originality which fill the spectator with apprehension and regret, for these experiments do not succeed in convincing him of their sincerity. It is novelty-at-any-price and originality-of-any-sort, as if any true artist attacking his canvas or his clay would exclaim, "Observe!—I am going to be original—I shall produce a novelty!" This young school of capable French painters forgets that a work of art is the work of an artist sincere in feeling, as well as skilful in execution; who aims not primarily at producing a masterpiece, but expressing his own artistic thought through the medium of his artistic soul. If his temperament be naturally original, his

work will inevitably be so too; but if he strive to prove himself otherwise than nature made him, the result will be artificial, if not absolutely ridiculous.

That "ridiculous," indeed, is not too strong a word for many of the paintings exhibited in this Salon will be declared by those who see the painted screen of M. Coffinière de Nordeck, whose monstrosity of incompetence makes one doubt whether he is really as poor a draughtsman as he pretends to be, though there can be no doubt of the loss of self-respect which he must suffer; nor is it less absurd to observe how many a painter who has attained recognition of a kind, strives for acknowledgment as a genius without that labour which must accompany it—playing the *rôle* of Manet here, of Goya there, or Velasquez, or even Whistler, and playing them transparently badly, forgetful of the fact that superficial imitation is nothing without the inner structure. That is the reason why so much of the portraiture here is "resembling," perhaps,

but, paradoxically enough, not at all like. It appears to be the habit of this same school to think that they can paint without having properly learnt to draw. In the art cant of the present day painting is drawing, and the approximate is as good as the exact. A natural talent, they think, combined with a certain amount of practice with brush and pigment, constitutes sufficient equipment for the artist-painter. What would these same men exclaim were young singers with fine natural voices to consider themselves fit to make their appearance upon the opera stage without the long, severe training which every voice, however sublime, must first undergo? They would then realise, perhaps, how not one or two, but all the excellences of an artist to be practised, must be acquired before the result can be considered not merely complete, but to be tolerated. Why, then, should a modern generation spring up that is to throw all previous experience to the winds, and pretend that they can forego their six or eight years' *académie*, and pose as artists by the sheer force of their heaven-born genius—the existence of which they cannot justify—without reference to the great masters, and without due regard for their own education? The result may indeed be “originality,” but it certainly is not art. As we pass round these walls and see efforts of a meteoric kind, not continuously serious, and look at these framed paintings which are mostly sketches, studies, things to astonish, we realise how completely the unhappy belief has sunk into the minds that wrought them, that great Italian painting, like Italian music, is out of all fashion, and that the only contrast to past triumph is present incompetence. Far better would it be that they should recognise at once that in the art of painting (apart from the aspect of it) *there can be little originality*. Everything of the highest order that can be done has been done in the past; all that can be hoped for is to rival ancient excellences in the modern spirit; and that any departure from classic excellence is not only heterodox, but foolishly sacrificed strength.

It must not be supposed that the exhibition is a dull one notwithstanding—no French exhibition could be that. But mere experiment, mostly unsuccessful, is regarded as worthy to set before the public; invention and ingenuity are mistaken for imagination in the rare instances when thought and intellect are admitted as a factor at all; a canvas which is “amusing” in its handling of colour or technique is considered the equal or superior of that which is painter-like; servile imitation of painters of repute by pupils and non-pupils alike is rampant and shameless; and the indifference to that responsibility of the artist and the dignity of the painter is proclaimed aloud from a thousand pre-

tended works of art. Is, then, art to be divorced henceforward from brain and cultivation? Is art itself to be placed on a lower level? and does the end of the century mark the disappearance of the old French school, and herald the development of a new? Has art itself, like Syrinx, pursued by the trifling satyr, sunk back metamorphosed into a crop of whistling reeds? For our part, we do not believe it; we have confidence in the law of the swinging of the pendulum, and see in the excellent works, relatively few, it is true, in the Champ de Mars, scope for the future progress and compensation for to-day.

This compensation is gratefully to be recognised in a number of works which are happily not representative of the majority, and which are contributed to the exhibition almost in as great numbers by foreigners as by Frenchmen. In the room which contained the enormous canvas, by M. Tissot, of the “Reception of Cardinal Langénieux”—a mere painted newspaper article—were grouped a number of the most striking successes of the year. A “Study of a Bretonne,” by M. Dagnan-Bouveret, together with several ladies' portraits of nearly equal merit, besides their painter-like skill, betrayed some of that incisive observation and inner consciousness that belong to much of Mr. Watts's finest portraiture, characteristic and subtle. These pictures are the more remarkable, inasmuch as portraiture of the higher class, as we have already stated, is poorly represented. But the admirable group of M. Blanche—who does easily what M. Besnard fails to do through attempting to over-accentuate—shows how a brilliant Frenchman can console us with subtle colour for the absence of that true strength which is the secret as well as the essential of the finest portrait-painting. The strength of the exhibition, indeed, lies in its landscape, and the fact that the greatest success in this branch of painting is to be found in some of the smallest and most modest canvases should be a lesson to those for whom *véclame* is as the breath of their nostrils. The charming and reticent landscapes of M. Cazin—landscapes sometimes peopled with figures, sometimes painted entirely for their own sake—give us sentiment and light, colour and quality of paint combined in a masterly whole. Not less admirable are the canvases of M. René Billotte, the laureate painter of the *bancs* of Paris, who, an artist to his finger-tips and a fine colourist besides, now cool in his tones, now warm, sensitive to every shade of colour, familiar with every humour of Nature as displayed within the city and on her confines, presents to the spectator the truth which he recognises as at once realistic and poetic—subtle in his values, and solid in his paint.

Sensitive also in his view of city and city life, M. Raffaëlli impresses one as less certain in his drawing—at least one whose style must be accepted in some measure as a convention, who does not seek absolute realism of effect: an artist who obviously rejects the axiom that “Nature has no outlines,” and architecture very few straight ones. Yet there is a quality in his work which attracts the spectator, and holds him far more securely than all the shouting and challenging canvases in the

dazzling quality of its whiteness, so that one must necessarily set down an effort, even so notable a one as this, among the lesser achievements set apart as *tours-de-force*. The strong colour, forcible character, and decorative effect of M. Dinet's pictures remain as striking memories of the collection, even though there is none among them to compare with his picture in the Luxembourg, and though the riot he runs sacrifices much of the effect native to his talent; but in the extensive



FRIENDSHIP.

(From the Painting by Jef Leempoels.)

exhibition put together. Even more sincere, though less characteristic, are the gentle pastoral pictures of M. Lhermitte, who recalls to the memory the poetry that Millet and Bastien-Lepage felt, though not so deep as the one nor as dexterous as the other. This sincere view of Nature is upheld by M. Iwill and a few others, whose pictures give forth the note which Nature has touched upon the strings of their own hearts. A word must be said for the extraordinary success of M. Schrader in “The Breithorn: Zermatt,” who achieves for the first time within our knowledge what many have considered to be an absolute impossibility—the truthful representation of snowfields in daylight. The effect is dazzling and uncompromisingly true; at the same time it is to be observed that the man who relies on the painting of snow for his reputation with posterity hopelessly deludes himself: it is not in the nature of pigment to retain the peculiar

gathering of the work of M. Boutet de Monvel, we have an artist who is at once a decorator and an illustrator—as conventional as you please, making strange compromise between the stiff and the dainty, the awkward and the graceful, the obvious and the subtle, the strong and the delicate, and revealing a power of invention in his drawings to “Jeanne d’Arc,” and a power of characterisation, of which few of his admirers hitherto believed him capable.

The success achieved by these artists by the excellence of their work is aimed at by others by methods not quite so legitimate; one of these is the studious imitation of old masters: imitation of a sort whose ultimate aim seems not so much to recall as ape them. The results may be beautiful, as in the case of M. Guérin’s “Woman in Red,” which, with a few years’ dirt upon it, might easily pass at a cursory glance for a Raphaelian

master. Mlle. Røderstein's "The Three Generations," executed upon panel, might suggest a Dürer. M. Louis Picard's little portraits are conceived in the manner of Holbein (though his larger portrait of M. Dagnan-Bouveret is better for

its interest. More curious than these, far less artistic though of higher scientific interest, is M. Schönheyder-Møller's extraordinary "Victorious Star" and "The Music of the Light," both of which, by a remarkable artifice, not only dazzle



NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

(From the Painting by J. F. Raffaelli.)

being more individual), and M. Piot's "March to the Tomb" is an imitation of the great Moreau. Even M. La Gandara strikes one as a salad in which Mr. Shannon is the chief ingredient, and Mr. Whistler, Mr. Sargent, and M. Humbert complete the flavour. M. La Gandara is much in the fashion, but his work, we believe, if it reaches no higher point of excellence, will not survive the day. Even a second visit to the gallery, when the novelty of the aspect is worn off, robs his work of most of

but almost blind the spectator by the extraordinary success with which the sun is painted, laboriously and ingeniously. There is, however, no beauty in the works of an artistic kind, and the definition of "art for oculists" might well be applied to it.

Turning to the foreigners' work, we are able to appreciate how here, as at the Champs Elysées, the work of the guests supports that of their hosts. M. Boldini, to whom great talent of arrangement and *allure* must certainly be conceded, once

more displays his singular disabilities as a colourist ; elegance, indeed, is his, though when adapted to men, as in the case of the portrait of the Comte de Montesquiou, is apt to merge into affectation and caricature. His work, however, much like that of M. Roybet, loses less by translation into black and white than any other painter occupying the first rank in Paris. Belgium is well represented by M. Frantz Courtens, whose several canvases prove how sincerely he feels and how admirably he can realise landscape, his "Morning" particularly, in the style of Mr. Mark Fisher, being a work of high excellence in every respect. M. Jef Leempoels also sustains the high reputation of his country's art by one of those curious pictures displaying the deep observation and long perseverance characteristic of his school. The two heads in the simply-named "Amitié" are extremely highly finished and in a sense tight in manner, but the execution is admirable and the sentiment genuinely touching and sympathetic ; his other picture, "Destiny and Humanity," showing a forest of well-characterised hands stretching towards the mystic head which strikes one as being not free from clap-trap ; but in this picture, as in the other, are displayed an intelligence and real power beyond the vast majority of other pictures in the gallery. From Holland M. Mesdag sends familiar scenes from Scheveningen, a little more summary in manner perhaps than is his wont, but broad alike in conception and treatment. Even stronger and more admirable are the several canvases of M. Fritz Thaulow, a strong and original painter certainly destined to take a leading place in European art ; his "Unloading Coal at Dieppe" is full of sturdy vigour ; perhaps even better is his "Old Factory on the Somme," luminous in its dark and sombre colour, harmonious, subtle, and full of atmosphere. M. Burnaud might be called the Swiss Segantini, whose "Return of the Prodigal Son," for example, is good alike in light, in atmosphere, and in the treatment of the heads, securing its curious effect partly through the use of a small brush upon a big canvas. The American, Mr. John Alexander, is undoubtedly a man of very considerable force and power, overstraining, however, after originality of treatment and exaggerated pose, so that the portraits which he calls "The Yellow Dress," "The Black Dress," "The Black Cat," and so on, become respectively, indeed, portraits of the aforesaid dress and cat essentially. Mr. Alexander has skill and vigour unquestionably, and with them

challenges attention ; with added grace and imagination he might also impart pleasure and edification.

The band of Englishmen are not behind the rest, though all of them show an affinity to the French school, while retaining national characteristics, which relieves them of any particular thought apart from that proper to their painter's craft. The excellent portraits by Mr. Guthrie, especially that of Mr. Edward Martin ; the stained-glass *motifs* of Mr. Brangwyn, such as "The Scoffers ;" the admirable decorative canvas by Mr. Bramley of a child asleep amid a forest of monster poppies, red and purple ; the vigorous study by Mr. Douglas Robinson of a female nude, strong and truthful as a study of light, line, and colour, whose only fault is that the subject is too big for the canvas ; the excellent landscape by Mr. A. K. Brown, quiet, simple, and sensitive ; the charming colour and design of Mr. William Stott's "Idlers ;" and the striking study by Mr. Alfred East of a scene lighted by lanterns held by characteristic little Japanese girls, entitled "Sayanara"—these are among the British pictorial contingent which show a real vitality and an emphasis of temperament, so to say, that have little in common with the clever experimentalism of those who, tired of treading the beaten track of their predecessors, have wandered away along by-paths that lead they know not, and do not greatly care, whither.

We leave the exhibition with a feeling of unrest. When we see M. Carolus-Duran frittering away his talent upon a dish of apples and on a dead duck hanging against a board, and Mr. Alexander Harrison applauded for his picture of "The Sea"—an ocean of impossible, at least of repulsive, hue crested with surf of soap—we are depressed at the view of art into which even men of high talent may delude themselves. These typical examples are proof of the widespread disease with which modern France and her disciples are for the time infected. "For the time" only, let us hope ; it surely cannot be for many seasons more. "How long halt ye between two opinions ?" we might ask : how long hesitate between sincerity and trifling ? Make your experiments, point your jokes, execute your studies, but do not exhibit them ; they are not yet works of art. But as long as you play at art and make believe at originality, so long, in the word of the Scribe, shall it be said, "Unstable as water, ye shall not excel."

THE ROYAL COLLECTIONS.

DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE: BOULLE WORK.

By FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.



IN 1672, as we have seen, André Charles Boulle was granted those lodgings in the Louvre which enabled him to carry out his designs without extraneous interference, and achieve that unity of effect which is necessary to good art. It is very probable that the jealousy of native craftsmen

had subsided since 1608, when Henri IV found it necessary to protect clever foreigners. Boulle himself, moreover, came of a family which was by this time naturalised in France. There can, still, be no doubt that lodgings in the Louvre were a very valuable privilege, if we are to judge from the way in which they were coveted. As M. Havard points out, Mariette at a much later date held them out as an inducement to persuade Rosalba Carriera, the celebrated lady pastellist, to come to Paris. It is interesting to learn from a letter written by Colbert to Louis XIV, when the latter was absent on one of his campaigns, and might have been expected to be too busy to attend to such matters, that the decision as to these lodgings was made actually by the king. He writes on May 22nd, 1672: "Massé (Macé) the *ébéniste*, who used to make the panels of frogs, is dead; he has a son who is not skillful in his profession. A man named Boulle is the most skillful man in Paris. Your Majesty will ordain, if it pleases him, to which of these two he wishes to grant his lodgings in the galleries." Louis, returning the letter to his minister, wrote on the margin, "The lodging in the galleries to the most skillful." So poor Macé had to go, but it is consoling to find that he was working for the king until 1677 at least. The diploma granted to Boulle declares that the experience of André Charles Boulle, *ébéniste*, inlayer, gilder, and chaser, is well known, and that he deserves the honour of lodging with the other craftsmen of reputation in the gallery of the castle of the Louvre destined for that purpose. It is signed by the queen in the king's absence, and twice signed, with a marginal note, by the wise and liberal-minded Colbert. In 1679 another diploma declares that his Majesty has had further proofs of Boulle's

skill in work done for himself, and gives him an extra lodging as he wishes to treat him with favour. Boulle also received a diploma in which he is styled "architect, engraver, and sculptor." These terms, we may be sure, were not lightly employed. There were plenty of good architects, engravers, and sculptors patronised by the king whose feelings would have been injured if Boulle had been so styled without deserving it. But Père Orlandi, in his "Abecedario," expressly says that Boulle was at once an architect, painter, sculptor in mosaic, craftsman in veneer, designer, and master in ordinary of the king's seals. M. de Champeaux says that he was "an artist in the absolute sense of the word," and that no branch of art was unfamiliar to him. When we consider his designs which exist in the Louvre, and the fact that sculpture and engraving contributed in the highest degree to the effect of his furniture, we feel that a diploma in these terms was well deserved. That he had painting at heart is obvious from his private tastes. He had a mania for collecting pictures and drawings of all kinds, upon which he spent more money than he could afford. If we are to credit the attributions of his enormous collection, it must have contained the most priceless treasures. He attended every sale, bought when he could not pay, and even neglected his work. This involved him about the year 1697 in a law-suit with Crozat, the great financier. The latter had employed him to make a considerable amount of furniture to fit the rooms of a certain residence. Boulle had not kept strictly to the measurements—perhaps his artistic soul revolted at limitations of this kind—and made great delays. Crozat changed his abode, and Boulle made this an excuse for not supplying the furniture in time, but he lost his case. As a final misfortune his house and workshops were burnt. He had not lived himself in the Louvre till the year 1688, though his workmen had been installed there long before. His own house was originally in the Faubourg Saint Germain, but he probably left it for motives of economy when the expenses of his collection began to press on him. The Louvre did not serve as an asylum for debtors, though creditors had to obtain the royal permission for the officers of the law to enter. Louis XIV was strict in these matters. He gave orders on one occasion, when a debtor took refuge in the Louvre, that he should be

turned out, and that his officers should never allow "ces sortes de gens dans le Louvre." It is, however, likely that it was a good place for creating delays.

The fire which helped to ruin the unfortunate artist and connoisseur broke out on August 30th, 1720, at three o'clock in the morning. A thief, caught in a neighbouring workshop some two months before, had been tied up for three or four hours. His wanton revenge was to set fire to the collections of a lifetime belonging to a man against whom he had no grudge. The *Voye publique* remarks that the cause of the fire was "un quidam qui avait menacé tost ou tard de s'en venger." Not to mention the pictures and drawings, an enormous amount of seasoned wood, finished or unfinished commissions, and stock furniture was destroyed. The artist put in a claim for relief of some kind. In the inventory of the collections, "which were astonishingly precious," says M. Havard, "and important in size and quality," Boulle mentions as one item a large cupboard filled with portfolios in which were "tous les desseins et estampes de tous les plus grands maîtres qui ont excellés en peinture, sculpture, dessin et gravure, le tout estimé 60,000 livres qu'on a voulu troquer au sieur Boulle pour une terre et métairie de vingt mil écus." There seems to be at once a note of jealous pride in his beloved possessions, and despair at the irreparable loss, suggested in the wording of this sentence. Other items were six thousand medals, forty-eight drawings by Raphael, a manuscript by Rubens with his notes on a journey to Italy and remarks on painting and sculpture, and a complete series of contemporary engravings mostly in duplicate, including mezzotints described as in "la manière noir de Smith." Add to these a portfolio of designs by Puget, Le Brun, and Bérain, which no doubt Boulle had employed in his own profession, and eleven thousand (!) portraits of emperors, kings, princes, and celebrated personages. On the walls were forty pictures by Correggio, Le Sueur, Le Brun, Mignard, Berghem, Tilborg, Snyders, Paul Bril, Borgognone, and S. Bourdon. This wonderful variety shows that Boulle was—as a true artist cannot fail to be—in complete sympathy with contemporary art as well as with that of the old masters. The inventory put the total loss of stock-in-trade and collections at 370,770 livres, and no one seems to have accused Boulle of exaggeration. Yet a considerable amount was saved. From the year 1684 till the end of his long life Boulle was continually being pursued by his creditors. Mariette,

who was well informed as to Boulle's life, says in his "Abecedario": "This man, who worked with prodigious energy throughout a long life, and served kings and men of wealth, died nevertheless in difficulties." No sale of prints or drawings took



SÉCRÉTAIRE IN BRASS AND RED SHELLWORK.

place without his borrowing, often at great interest, the means of buying. "It was a mania of which it was impossible to cure him."

Boulle died February 29th, 1732. If his fortune declined, it is pleasant to remember that his fame continued to flourish during his life and afterwards. In 1684 he is noted for making extraordinary marqueterie, which the connoisseurs preserve with the utmost care. In 1691 he is praised for some



EIGHT-LEGGED KNEE-HOLE TABLE IN OLD SHELL WORK, BRASS AND WHITE METAL.

of his finest works. In 1708, when Louis XIV was in his great period of adversity, he still employs Boulle. The Duc d'Antin writes to him, "I have been to Trianon to see the second bureau of Boulle. It is as fine as the other, and suits that room wonderfully." Louis has written on the margin "Bon." In 1719 he is supplying furniture to the Elector of Cologne. After his death, though wood inlay became the fashion, Boulle's own work was always esteemed. Madame de Pompadour was an admirer of it, and from 1766 to 1787 seven sale catalogues, including that of the celebrated collection of the Duc d'Aumont, mention his masterpieces with enthusiasm. Needless to add that while the prices paid for genuine examples of his work were never, perhaps, higher than they are at present, he has been skilfully plagiarised and also imitated down to the lowest depths of badness.

Boulle was buried at St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The remnant of his property was the subject of an important sale. The *Mercur*e says that he left four sons "as inheritors of his talents and of his lodgings

in the Louvre." Mariette, on the other hand, who may be supposed to speak with more authority than the mere writer of an obituary notice, says that the sons were "mere apes of their father." This is probably rather severe. One of them, at any rate, Charles André, who called himself Boulle de Sève (Sèvres), from the situation of his studio and shops in the Rue de Sèvres, had studied at the Academy, and in 1709 was only defeated by Dumont for the Prix de Rome. He has been said to have been the originator of the fashion of in-crusting porcelain upon ebony furniture. If it is true that he was the inventor of that system of ornamentation which takes no regard of the harmonies of colour, he was indeed mischievously inventive. He died in pecuniary straits in 1745. This was the fate of all the brothers. Charles Joseph, who had discovered the outbreak of his father's great fire, was also

"*ébéniste* to the king," but, like his brother Pierre Benoit, made nothing out of it. There are only two interesting facts worth mentioning about him. One is that he sublet his lodgings to the famous Oeben, who, with Cressent, was the great Boulle's most noted pupil. The other is that he owed a debt of twenty livres fifteen sols to an eating-house keeper, but as he would not acknowledge more than eighteen livres, the latter, "Paget, traicteur," of the Rue Fromentlau, called him "gueux, fripon," and something else, assembled his neighbours, and exposed him to a "charivari," or what in some parts of England is known by the less picturesque title of a "tin-panning." There is a considerable quantity of good furniture in the style of Boulle which cannot be attributed to the great artist himself, but is not altogether unworthy of his talents. It is fair to suppose that his sons, who worked with him so long, retained at least a reminiscence of their father's genius, and were responsible for some of this.

Boulle work, as many people are aware, is an inlay or marqueterie or veneer of tortoiseshell and

brass upon wood. The body of a piece of furniture decorated with this kind of inlay is in oak, or some other durable and well seasoned wood. The stiles and general framework of the panels are veneered with some dark wood, such as stained rosewood or ebony. Upon the panels is found the Boulle work proper. If a workman carefully saws out a "pierced" or fretwork design, it is obvious to anyone who has used a fretsaw that there result two ornamental motives—the part which is extracted, and the ground which is left. The finest Boulle work consists of a ground of tortoiseshell in which are inlaid figures, scrolls, flowers, and other ornaments of brass. There remain, however, if nothing more is done, two waste products, the material which has been sawn out of the shell, and the brass plate from which have been sawn the ornaments to be inlaid on the shell. But if the sawing has been skilfully done, it is plain that these two products can be made to combine, each being the complement of the other. Consequently, to avoid waste, it is better to make two similar pieces of furniture which are companions. The only obvious difference between the two will be that in the first brass is inlaid upon a field or ground of tortoiseshell; while in the second the exact reverse is the case, tortoiseshell ornaments appearing upon a field of brass. The French have called this simple system of interchange "première partie" and "seconde" or "contre-partie." We speak of "Boulle and counter," or "first part" and "second part." The point to be remembered is that "première partie" or "first part" is that in which brass ornament of figures, scrolls, and flowers is inlaid upon a ground of shell. The first part is, artistically, far the best. It will be noticed that the upright *secrétaire* upon four curved legs, which we illustrate, is in first part

work, the ornament being brass upon a ground of shell. One reason of this superiority is that in second part work a ground of brass, unless a very careful balance is preserved in the design between the surface of brass and shell, is apt to result in too much glitter, and produce an effect which the French call "clinquant." A more important reason, however, is that while brass lends itself to the admirable engraving which is found upon all the finest Boulle work, it is not easy to engrave, nor is much effect produced by engraving, the tortoiseshell. If one compares a piece of modern rough unengraved Boulle work with a fine genuine piece, one sees at once how important this engraving is to the "keeping" of the design. It gives the hitherto



WILLIAM AND MARY CABINET, INLAID METAL AND WOOD.

unsympathetic brass scroll-work, by means of the dark lines which the graving tool makes, a gentle shading to express the natural turn of a leaf, or the modelling of a face or figure. It also softens the crude, hard outline of the junctions of the two materials, and causes the brass here to lose itself in the background, and there almost to stand out in relief. In our illustration of the exquisite little eight-legged table, with nest of drawers upon the top, the scroll-work is largely second part. Wherever this is the case, it is lacking in finesse, though good in general effect, and the only drawback of a most charming example. One part, nevertheless, is the complement of the other, and a piece of furniture in first part, with its brass figures well engraved, has more value if its companion piece, with the shell standing out from a brass ground in second part, is not missing.

Originally this method of inlay was very wasteful of material and correspondingly expensive. The workman did not at once hit on the idea that he had ready to hand the means of making two companion pieces. It was another important after-thought which prompted him to glue temporarily together several thicknesses of shell or of brass, and saw out several replicas of the same design by one and the same operation. By reversing—*i.e.* turning upside down—one half of these thicknesses of brass or shell, you could obtain right- and left-hand similar corresponding designs. This summary method of sawing ornaments, however, naturally created a tendency to repetition of the same design upon drawer after drawer of a commode or the panels of a cabinet, and did not tend to artistic variety. One mark, therefore, of the finest Boulle work is that it does not repeat the same motive *ad nauseam*. In the large upright armoire we have illustrated there may be noticed interesting differences of design in the large panels, which show that, though very similar, they could not possibly have been sawn in a summary manner. We shall give a more detailed description of this splendid example in our next article.

We cannot agree with M. Mazi-Sencier when he says, in his "Livre des Collectionneurs," that the *seconde partie* is quite as pretty as the *première*, for the reasons of engraving which we have mentioned. But we are quite at one with him when he remarks that single pieces of furniture in which the two parts are used in alternation are the finest in effect on account of their variety, and are also the most rare. There are several instances of this alternation on our Windsor examples.

This counter-arrangement on single pieces of much-panelled furniture sometimes only occurs in one single pair of panels. It is needless to repeat

that a piece in which the pattern is varied all over and does not consist of repeats of the same design on each panel, should be a finer and probably an earlier work than one in which a single motive is done to death.

The adoption of this style of shell and brass inlay, of which Boulle was not the originator, was gradual. It is impossible to state the exact period at which it was practised in France. There is at Buckingham Palace an imposing piece in red Boulle and incrustations of agate and coloured stone which is attributed by M. de Champeaux to the reign of Louis XIII, and is regarded by him as the most important of its kind. He compares it with an example in the Musée de Cluny, which he illustrates (Fig. 9, Vol. II) in "Le Meuble," and claims as French. This is known as the bureau du Maréchal de Créqui, who died in 1638, four years before Boulle was born. The Buckingham Palace piece is decidedly Dutch in character. It also tends to upset the prevalent idea that red Boulle is later in date than that in the natural colour of the shell. The truth of the matter probably is that the red-coloured shell is characteristic of Dutch workmanship. French connoisseurs agree that the methods of inlay came from the Low Countries and adjoining Rhine provinces, and the names of the predecessors and contemporaries of Boulle—Golle, Vordt, Somer, Oppenord, Staber—seem to point to that. A connecting link between Dutch and French furniture, or, we should say, between the inlaid wood furniture and the tortoiseshell and brass style of Boulle, is perhaps to be found in certain pieces of furniture at South Kensington, from the castle of Montargis, in France. In the centre of the large cabinet (No. 439) are two winged cherubs in white metal; there are ivory inlaid flowers, genuine Dutch tulips and carnations, beautifully drawn. Bordering the panels we already find the white metal lines of Boulle work. Two low cabinet-tables (Nos. 1,441 and 1,442) are similar in inlay and have the square, tapering pedestal legs characteristic of the early period of Louis XIV, and have modest ornoulu mounts. These are eight-legged pieces with crossed footrails and recessed centres similar in shape to the charming little eight-legged example of red Boulle which we illustrate. Pieces similar to this and to the tall *secrétaire* on four crooked legs of our illustration are set down by the French writers as Boulle's work. But it seems to us, after comparing this slim, delicate, charming furniture with the magisterial and dignified style of undoubted examples of André Charles Boulle, impossible that this should be the case. The eight-legged piece has a profusion of white metal (*étain*) in its inlay, which Boulle is not supposed to have much affected. The date of these pieces must be

assigned to the year 1690 approximately. The cabinet on four massive terminal legs, upon the top “William and Mary” cabinet, and is said to have come from amongst their furniture at Hampton



BOULLE ARMOIRE IN NATURALLY-COLOURED SHELL.

of which is seen in our illustration a little French Court. This, though not in shell at all, but in brass and white metal on rosewood, is much more in the

massive style of Boulle as far as general shape is concerned.

Our conclusion with regard to the eight-legged cabinet table and the tall *secrétaire* upon crooked legs is that they are by some of the Dutch workmen contemporary with Boulle, who, like him, adopted for the ornament of their panels the designs of Jean or "Jouanès" Bérain. This prolific designer and engraver was born in Paris about the year 1636. The best known of his plates are a series of twelve of the "Ornaments of Painting and Sculpture which are in the Gallery of Apollo in the Louvre," and three plates of ornaments invented and engraved by J. Bérain. His style is remarkable for the introduction of figures of comedy, combined with scroll-work, birds, and canopies. The swinging figure of the centre of the main panel in the tall *secrétaire* was frequently repeated by him. There is often in his designs a slight suggestion of that Chinese element which became popular about 1680-1690. During that decade the importation of Chinese porcelain caused a great craze for decoration imitating Chinese figures, as may be seen from the English engraved silver plate of this date, which ousted for a season the finer methods of repoussé work. We find Watteau (born 1684), through his connection with Gillot, who was of the school of Bérain, also dealing in the grotesques and birds and monkeys of this style, and afterwards joining Audran, the rival of Bérain.

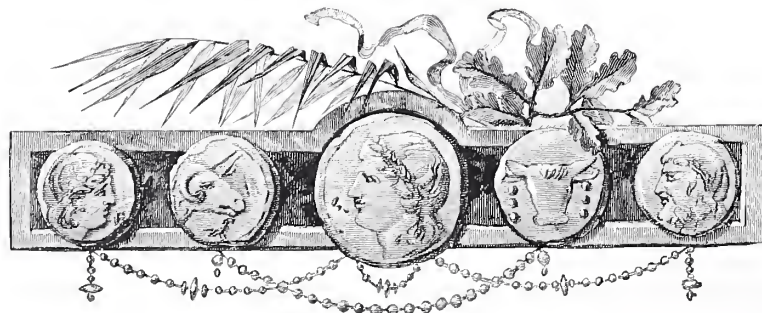
The tall *secrétaire* is supported upon a console, with four curved and angled legs and curving foot-trail, which are distinctly Dutch in style. The basis of this piece seems to be of rosewood, and there is no white metal or coloured horn in the inlay. The main body is all in first part, well engraved. The console is a mixture of first and second part, and the height of the two together is about five feet.

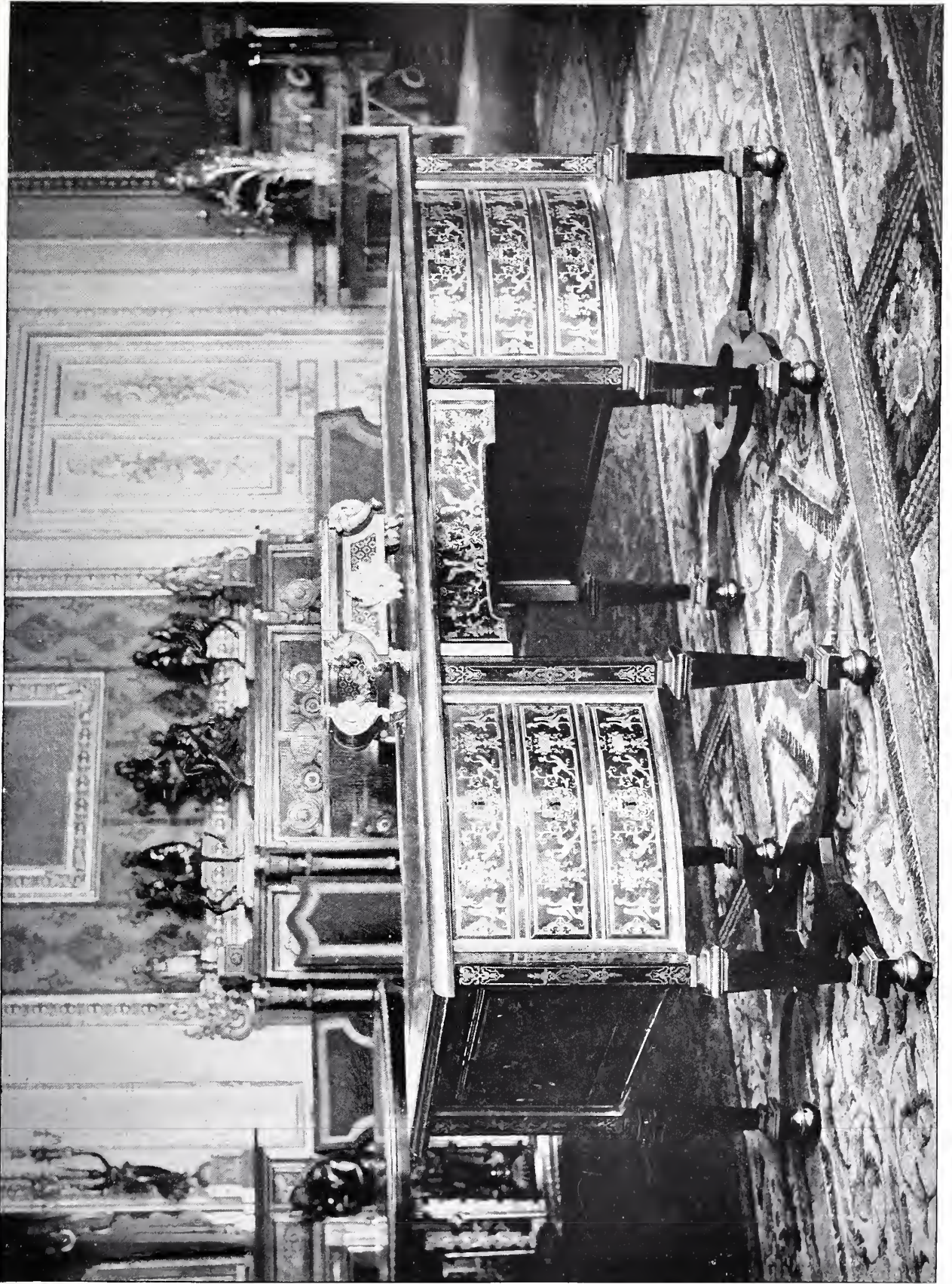
In contrast with it, the little eight-legged cabinet work-table with recessed centre is chiefly in "second part," and is picked out with much white metal and blue and green horn. The design is replete with

human figures, parrots rabbits, and swans disposed about, with birds and canopies. The legs, tapered and fluted, have silver mounts at the top and bottom. On the hinged top slab, which opens, is a coat-of-arms consisting of three fleur-de-lis twice quartered and two maces crossed and also twice repeated. There is a crown above with the motto, "non sine labore," a favourite text with cabinet-makers. A hand above holds a mace; these maces are repeated on the legs. Many of the human figures are negroes and adult negresses. On each side of the centre recess, which has a cabinet door, is a round niche, the floor of which is "chess-boarded" in black and red. The same motive is repeated on the sides. The cipher, 3E, is found in white metal on the top slab.

On the top of this charming piece, which is only about 2 ft. 8 in. high, is a row of three drawers in a similar style, with the addition of a sun-face. The coloured horn, of which the blue represents lapis-lazuli, reminds us of that quaint casket in the Jones collection (No. 1,109) covered with plaques of brass and inlaid with emblems in mother-of-pearl, white metal, and coloured shell or horn, which is said to have belonged to the Cardinal de Retz. Jacquemart states that one Philippe Poitou, who became an inlayer to Louis XIV in 1683, is responsible for the addition of coloured horn to Boulle work. If this is so, the piece before us may be the work of such a clever rival of Boulle. Exhibited at the Special Exhibition at South Kensington in 1862, it is described by the authority who made the furniture catalogue as a knee-hole table, bearing the arms of the De Gondi family. He dates it *circa* 1700, and says that in all probability it was made for a descendant of the celebrated Cardinal de Retz.

The large eight-legged table in the Green Drawing Room is fairly engraved with a Bérain design. The inkstand upon it is showy but coarse. Neither of these handsome pieces could be said to be of a very early date. At Buckingham Palace is a large table of a much finer quality.





EIGHT-LEGGED RED SHELL AND BRASS TABLE WITH INKSTAND

MARINUS OF REIJMERSWALE.

BY ANNIE R. EVANS.



MARINUS DE SEEUW, or Marinus of Reijmerswale, or Romerswalen, as it is frequently written, is cursorily mentioned by some later writers on Flemish art as "Quintijn Massijs' double," whilst by others he is not mentioned at all. Nowadays, thanks mainly to the researches of Mr. Hymans, Keeper of the Prints at Brussels, this sturdy realist has emerged somewhat from the darkness in which he so long was shrouded. He may be regarded as the most faithful follower of Quintijn Massijs, and the successful rival of the latter in colour and technical execution. Due fame is now accorded him as the painter of a large number of those pictures of money-changers scattered throughout the galleries of Europe, until recently attributed to Quintijn Massijs, or disguised in the catalogues under a misread signature.

These paintings, generally known as "Quintijn Massijs' Misers," are repetitions of the same subject—banker-goldsmiths, money-changers, usurers, and excise collectors, engaged mostly in counting and weighing gold, or casting up accounts. They vary in composition, but have seemingly but one motive, viz., to depict avarice, to this day the national vice of the Netherlands. The splendid technical qualities of the greater number of the pictures now extant would have insured them a place in the galleries of connoisseurs, then as now. England possesses three fine specimens of these "money pieces," "The Misers" at Windsor Castle, "The Money-Changers" in the National Gallery, and a picture of a banker belonging to the Marquess of Lansdowne.

Beyond the pictorial and moral interest possessed by these pictures, a special historical one attaches to them; they are the earliest known specimens of genre painting. As Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse has pointed out, Quintijn Massijs' "The Banker and his Wife," in the Louvre, dated 1518, is the first instance we have of a subject taken from common life sufficing an artist as motive for a picture. A daring innovation on the part of Master Quintijn Massijs; yet men's minds were not wholly unprepared for it. During three centuries previously, the way had been paved for this—one of the features of the triumph of the actual over the allegorical, the real over the ideal, the human over the ascetic principle in the art of the Renaissance.

That the realism which induced Quintijn Massijs to paint genre was the development of the spirit of the age, and no eccentricity, is shown by the works of contemporaries, all younger men, who walked side by side with him or followed in his footsteps. To the last twenty years of Quintijn's life belong the works of such men as Cornelis Engelbrechtsen and Lukas of Leijden, Dutchmen both, each of whom produced a genre picture, still in existence, viz., Lord Pembroke's "Chess-Players" and the Berlin "Card-Players," and numerous prints of genre subjects. Whilst Dürer and Holbein were executing mystic and religious engravings, Lukas produced "The Dentist," "The Chiropodist," "Wayside Musicians," etc.

The first artist who devoted his brush almost exclusively to genre subjects was Marinus Claeszoon, son of Claes or Niklaus of Zierickzee, born about the year 1497 at Reijmerswale, the little fortified capital of South Beveland, an island of the sea-intersected province of Zeeland. A flourishing town in the painter's time, Reijmerswale was separated in the year 1530 from the rest of South Beveland by the ever-encroaching sea; but it retained its importance, for it was there that eighteen years later the son of Charles V took the oaths as Count of Holland and Zeeland. A hundred years' struggle against the waves ended in defeat, and the last remaining portion of Reijmerswale was abandoned early in the seventeenth century, and now no trace of the painter's birthplace remains. Guicciardini, the Italian traveller, marks it with a church on one of his curious maps in his "Journey to the Netherlands" in 1567; and the little town has an additional interest for admirers of the bold rough Zealanders in that their earliest naval victory in the war of independence was gained within sight of Reijmerswale.

Marinus, who usually signed himself of Reijmerswale, has been called "de Secuw," the Dutch form of Zeeland, which has been mis-read Secu, and he has also been called "of Zierickzee," like his father. This last odd Northern name has been twisted and modulated into Siresee, Siresia, Sivessia, and Sivesta, by French, Italian, and Spanish writers. Zierickzee was, and is still, the capital of the province of Zeeland, and Marinus's father inscribed himself in 1475, in the Guild of St. Luke at Antwerp, as Niklaus of Zierickzee. Of Niklaus's work we know nothing, but Marinus seems early to have inclined to follow in his father's path. In 1509, at the age of twelve years, he was apprenticed to a glass-painter,



THE MONEY-CHANGERS.

(From the Painting by Marinus Claeszoon of Reijmerswale, in the National Gallery. Engraved by C. Carter.)

Simon van Daele, in Antwerp, and is inscribed as Marinus Claeszoon, the Zealander. We do not know whether he stayed his time with Simon, but probably he did not, for he must have studied painting under the influence of Quintijn Massijs for some years before he could have attained to the perfection of workmanship shown in the picture of "St. Jerome" in the Madrid Gallery, signed by him, and dated 1521.

Quintijn Massijs' original genius had formed a school at Antwerp. Though but four of his pupils' names figure in the records of the Guild of St. Luke at Antwerp (beside that of one who studied under his brother Jan), many others must have worked under him, if not in his workshop itself. Antwerp, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, was the centre of a great activity in art, and young artists flocked there, as a generation before they had flocked to seek instructions in Bruges and Louvain. Some of these scholars are probably responsible for many a picture bearing the name of Quintijn, having either worked out his conceptions in his manner, under his direction, or made actual copies of his pictures. The young Marinus found the school in full flower in the latter years of its great master, but he lived to witness the decline of Massijs' followers and contemporaries. In the stir and rush of the new century, big with great events, the youthful artists of the Netherlands had ventured out of their native cities to seek in Italy that ideal beauty which the worldly spirit of the Church and the rising ideas of the Reformation had killed at home. Returning thence they were neither fish nor fowl. Their native realism and vigour, when grafted upon their Italian studies, produced a highly unsatisfactory hybrid art. Marinus, however, like his master Massijs, untouched by the changing influences around him, retained his essentially national style of painting.

The garrulous old Flemish painter and art-chronicler, Karel van Mander, has but little to say of our painter: "Fame forbids that praise be denied the skilful painter, Marinus of Romerswal, or Marinus of Zeeuw, many of whose works are to be seen in Zealand. His quick brush worked after the new fashion, and his things were rather rough than fine, at least those pictures of his which I have seen.

Master Wijtges, of Middleberg, possesses an excellently-conceived and freely-handled piece by him, in which is represented an excise receiver sitting in his counting-house. The times of his birth and death are unknown to me, but he lived in the time of Frans Floris." We know a little more of Marinus



THE MISERS.

(From the Painting by Quintijn Massijs.)

than did the worthy chronicler, but from 1509 to 1566 there is a long gap in the story. From this very entrance into life, his apprenticeship in 1509, we know nothing of him until near the end of a long and busy life. His pictures are the only witnesses of an active existence, and the ascertained dates of those are mostly wide apart, viz., 1521, 1533, 1538, 1541, 1542, and 1560.

In the beginning of the great struggle of the Netherlands against the Spaniards, the enthusiastic iconoclasts ransacked churches and convents to destroy the works of art that ministered to the outward show and power of the oppressive Church of Rome and her bloody-minded rulers. At the same time the greater number of the religious houses of Holland and Zealand passed into the stern hands of

the reformed religionists, to be emptied and purified of all idolatrous religious symbols. In this turmoil our painter was involved. On the 23rd of June, 1567, Marinus Claeszoon of Reijmerswale was sentenced to walk in his shirt, candle in hand, in penitent procession through the city of Middelburg, and, in addition, to be banished from within the city walls for the space of six years.

years would have had but little weight in those days, when the Inquisition threw its sword into the opposite scale.

To me it is a question whether he actually performed this penance. We have only the documentary evidence of his condemnation. Guicciardini, writing in that same year, 1567, names him in a list of artists already dead. On one hand, Guicciardini may have been mistaken; on the other, the Government of the day was capable of condemning a dead man to banishment as a show of reason for mulcting his family of their possessions. However that may be, of his life we know little, or of the manner of his death, or whether, like the sons of master Massijs, he endured banishment for his Protestant proclivities. For chief interest we must therefore turn to his works, mere imitator though he is said to be.

The learned Keeper of the Prints at Brussels says of him: "Although Marinus seems to be an imitator, almost a mere copyist of Quintijn Massijs, he is none the less an interesting and expressive painter, and one showing a rare technical skill." And it is true that we have no works signed by him but of those two subjects of which the original conception is ascribed to Quintijn Massijs, viz., bankers counting money and St. Jerome meditating in his cell—two subjects that provoke contrast enough; in the first, the miserly money-merchant,



THE BANKER AND HIS WIFE.

(From the Painting by Quintijn Massijs.)

This was the punishment for his participation in the plundering of the Westerkerk, the cathedral of Middelburg, in the August of the previous year. Whether he tried to stem the torrent of ruthless destruction in the Westerkirk, or forgot his artistic instincts in the rage against oppression, we do not know. Perhaps he sought to save Mabuse's grand altar-piece, which, rescued from the iconoclasts of the cathedral, was accidentally burnt a few years after. The mildness of this sentence passed on Marinus, when burnings, beheadings, and hangings were otherwise so freely scattered amongst the people, points to his very slight share in the desecration; for his artistic worth and seventy

richly robed, his lined face beuding over the gold scales, on which are weighing the coins that his lean fingers rake together with a nervous grasp; the unmoved egoism of his expression as he reckons debit and credit with the calm of satisfied greed; the wife that looks up from the missal before her: and in the other picture St. Jerome, the apostle of gentle truth, sits in his study, in ascetic garb, meditating on the human skull before him.

The name of "Misers" applied to many of these "money-pieces" seems to me to convey a false impression. The meaning of the word is more limited than its French synonym, "Les Avarés," through a translation of which it has come to us.

Not such are these canny Dutch and Flemish merchants and usurers, with their luxurious surroundings and well-fed wives. They are no gold maniacs, but greedy egoists, not denying their own flesh for their mania, but only their neighbours wherever they can. Their epicurean banquets, their rich raiment, the magnificent receptions offered to the princes who visited their wealthy cities, of which we read, give wide ideas of the luxury and power of these merchants of Antwerp and Middelburg; but the reverse of the picture is the ugly side of commerce—mean trickery and grasping covetousness. The beginning of the sixteenth century, when our painter flourished, was a time of unexampled prosperity. Avarice was unbridled. Motley says: "Men high in station huckstered themselves for as ignoble motives as ever led counterfeiters or bravoës to the gallows." The merchant paid to be excused office because of the expenses. Playing usurer, he plundered the noble, who, in his turn, devoured the peasant.

The money pictures include two subjects entirely different from one another; and the numerous repetitions of each vary in small degree, or not at all. Of the first subject: a banker and his wife counting and weighing money, the only one signed by Quintijn Massijs is that in the Louvre. That bears the earliest date (1518), and may be accepted as the original. Of the reproductions, four bear the signature of Marinus of Reijmerswale, and the greater number of those known may certainly be ascribed to his hand. There is one in the Antwerp Gallery, No. 567, of very inferior quality, an obvious copy of another person's work. Though Van Mander says Marinus' manner is "rather rough than fine," it is impossible to regard this as by his hand. His touch might indeed be characterised as rough or hard when compared to the tender delicacy of a Memling or a Van Eyck, but one cannot mistake the care and artistic finish which characterises his work.

The second subject of the money pictures is that of two excise officers, or officer and client. The one square-faced, honest-looking enough, entering items in his ledger, with knitted brows and spectacles on nose, whilst with his left hand he fingers the coins he is counting; leaning upon his shoulder the other, the client, with a crafty, wizened face, as pointed and as grasping as his lean fingers, seems to watch his proceedings with fearful anxiety; to draw money from his purse is like drawing blood from his veins; one can see, in the agonised twist of his mouth and wrinkling of his eyes, the pain he suffers as the coin passes through the fingers of the shrewd and imperturbable tax-receiver. A very excellent example of this subject is No. 944 in the National Gallery, which is distinguished by the peculiar, cut cloth head-dresses shown in our engraving. An excellent

replica of this is, according to Müндler, to be seen in Madrid. Another example, varying in detail and in the costume of the two men, but the same in the expression of the faces, is in the possession of the Queen at Windsor Castle. Of these two, a number of equally good copies exist, several of which Mr. Hymans considers equal to the Louvre Quintijn Massijs in workmanship and colour. There are also inferior ones to be seen, notably one at Berlin, where, according to recent investigations, the coins spread upon the table are incorrectly inscribed and dated; also one at Louvain, said to be a copy by Lucas Horenbout of Ghent, painted in 1587, and another at Antwerp, No. 244, in the same coarse style as No. 567, already mentioned, in the same gallery. These numerous repetitions of inferior technical quality prove how popular the subject and composition had become during Marius's lifetime. It is curious that not one of the known examples of the second subject is signed, though, as I have mentioned, several of the first subject are. Van Mander tells us that Jan Massijs, son of Quintijn, painted such subjects, and that a picture of changers counting their money was to be seen in his time at the sign of the Needle, in Waermoer Street, at Amsterdam. This description seems rather to point to the first subject, the man and wife; but, positively, there is nothing to prove that any example of the second subject is by Jan rather than Quintijn, or by Marinus rather than Jan, except the very characteristic manner of the better paintings, Van Mander's mention of a picture of a "Tollenaar," or tax-receiver, by Marius, and a third composition at Munich (No. 44 in the Pinacothek), signed "Marin^{us} inv. fecit ^{anno} 1542," and thus claimed by the painter as his own conception. This last represents a man at a desk, apparently instructing another from an official imperial document which he holds in his hand. Two other personages are present, and it closely resembles the second subject in composition and execution. The half-burnt candle seems to be a favourite detail in the second subject (the "Two Misers") and in the St. Jerome pictures, as the mirror is in the first subject ("The Banker and Wife"). There are also some curious, coarsely-painted pictures of an elderly man and a young girl laughing and struggling for a purse, whilst a youth watches them from a half-open door. One at Cassel and a replica at Antwerp seem to be by the same hand as the two copies of the first and second money pictures at the latter gallery, and certainly not by Marinus of Reijmerswale, who, however doubtful be his claim to originality of conception, was an excellent workman with his tools, an admirable colourist, and an artist whose powerful touch is unmistakably individual and characteristic.

METROPOLITAN ART SCHOOLS: THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

BY ARTHUR FISH.

THE "far East" of London, considered in the light of the prevailing idea of that part of the



DESIGN FOR A POSTER.
(By W. Thompson.)

among them—and its ancient residences and shops offer compensation for the commonplace appearance of the more modern portions. Then, as a centre of intellectual influence, it has its People's Palace, established more than ten years ago as an outcome of Sir Walter Besant's "Palace of Delight." And among the classes formed at that institution not the least successful has been that for the study of art.

It must be acknowledged at the outset that the People's Palace has not exercised that amount of influence upon the locality which Sir Walter was able to place to the credit of the palace of his story; but it has proved, nevertheless, that a demand for knowledge existed among a section of the community, and has successfully met it. In the art class this is very apparent. Many of the students are artisans and craftsmen who study design in its application to their crafts; in the day school a systematic training in the same direction enables the lads attending it to become better workmen when they, in turn, have to adopt a calling. The aim is not to turn out professional artists, but by the proper teaching of art applied to crafts to elevate the taste and improve the skill of the craftsman. Therein the efforts of the teaching staff are to be commended, for such is the proper plan of campaign for institutions of this nature, and beyond this it is questionable if they should go. There is so much yet to be done in this direction; "applied design" embraces so wide a field of work that it is doubtful how far it is wise to extend the curriculum so as to include general painting. The life class should be confined

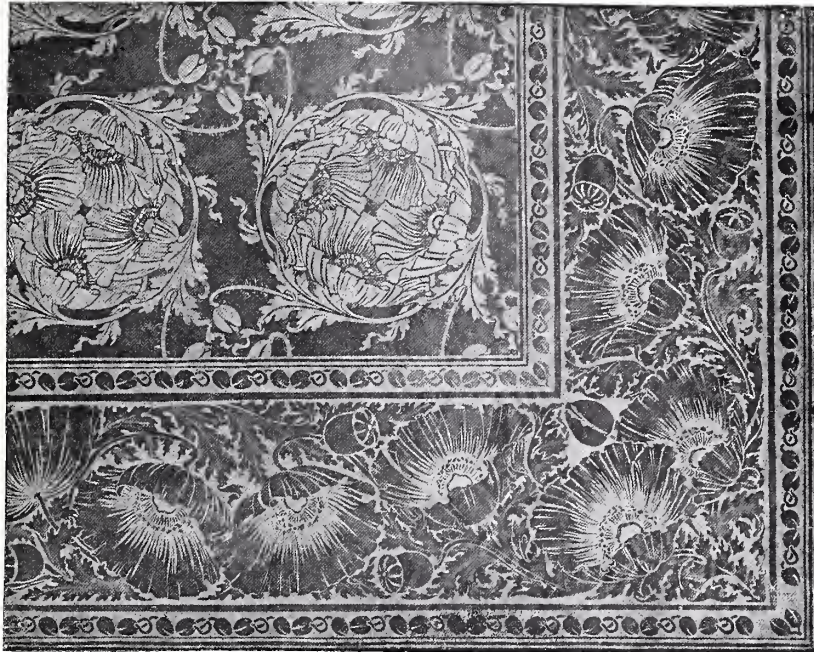
Metropolis, does not appear a locality favourable to the development of a successful art class. By those who are personally unacquainted with the Mile End Road it is presumed to be overshadowed by that squalid poverty generally associated with the "East-end," and therefore the most unlikely neighbourhood to take an interest in any matters other than those connected with the problem of how to live. But to anyone familiar with this thoroughfare the idea must be classed among popular fallacies. The Mile End Road, as a whole, is dull, truly, but it is not squalid; it has not even that air of poverty possessed by many main roads in other parts of London. It is picturesque in parts; its old almshouses—the Trinity House



DESIGN FOR DAMASK TABLE-CLOTH (NATIONAL BOOK PRIZE).
(By W. E. Bateman.)

to the study of the figure for purposes of design only. The painting of pictures does not appear

Thus there was an enormous constituency to cater for, and for the attraction of younger pupils, Mr.



DESIGN FOR DAMASK TABLE-CLOTH. (By Alfred Boulton.)

to be a legitimate part of the work of such a school.

But such considerations are subservient to policy: students are attracted by the opportunities offered to indulge in all the luxuries of a school of art at low fees; and an increased number of students means a corresponding increase of revenue.

In Mr. Arthur Legge the trustees had an enthusiastic, hard-working headmaster of their art classes. When he was appointed to the position in 1888 the class was in the weakly condition of infancy. The buildings were unfinished and without proper accommodation and facilities. The work was accordingly correspondingly arduous and difficult. One advantage—and perhaps only one—it had in the fact that there was no other art class in the immediate neighbourhood to compete with it, the nearest being at the Bow and Bromley Institute.

Legge suggested the formation of a day class. This

at first was demurred to, as it formed no part of the plans of the trustees; but at last the suggestion was accepted, and in time became an important feature in the work.

In 1890 the present buildings were completed, and with the increased facilities afforded the classes soon became an entire success. From the point of view of attendance this is amply proved; for whereas in 1886 the number of pupils was less than one hundred, in 1896 there were four times as many. The course of study is most comprehensive, ranging from elementary freehand drawing to painting from the life; and in many instances the students have gone through the whole of the stages



MODELLED PANEL.
(By Alfred White.)



MODELLED PANEL (NATIONAL BOOK PRIZE). (By Alfred White.)

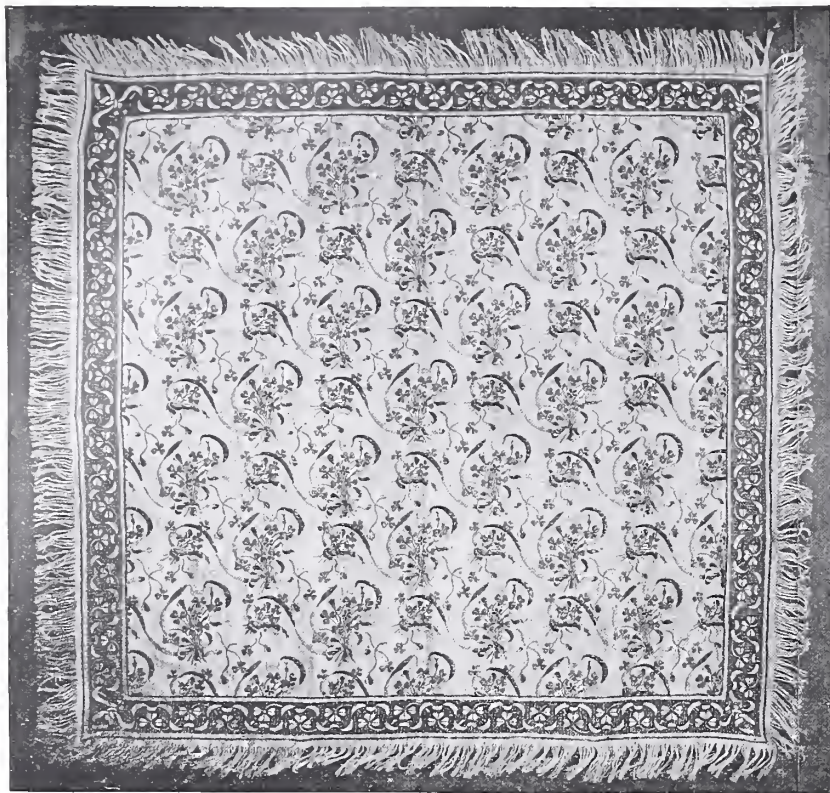


TABLE-CLOTH.

(Designed and Executed by Ethel Mind.)

South Kensington, his work comes out satisfactorily when judged in its light. Since he has been at the People's Palace the grant has been tripled, and this without bringing undue pressure upon his pupils to sit for the examinations. In 1894 a scholarship of £60 per annum at South Kensington was won by a People's Palace student—the highest award gained.

It is, however, to the Technical Education Board of the County Council that the polytechnics should look for the greatest assistance by means of scholarships. Its examiners encourage the application of designs to the materials for which they were intended, thus dealing with work practical rather than theoretical. Work that is "blue-pencilled" by the South Kensington examiners as being outside their scheme is oftentimes accepted for County

under the guidance of Mr. Legge. Naturally, with such a number, individual attention is an impossibility, only pupils showing the greatest aptitude claiming, and obtaining, the master's special care.

The great evil oppressing all masters of art classes connected with public institutions—the earning of the Government grant—makes its influence felt here. The trustees of polytechnics are apt to judge of the success of the classes by the amount of grant earned. The masters, on the other hand, feel hampered by some of the conditions of the system under which they have to work in order to obtain the grant. The rigid adhesion to hard-and-fast rules is not productive of a fair test of the progress of some of their pupils, and therein lies the chief complaint. But although Mr. Legge as an artist is not in entire accord with



DESIGN FOR CUSHION.

(By Albert Smith.)

Council competitions, and many artisan-students are reaping the advantage. At the People's Palace six County Council scholarships of £20 have been gained, three of them last year.

It is matter for regret that the governors of the institution have abandoned the systematic teaching of drawing in their day technical classes for boys; for great opportunities were presented for catching promising art students young. The class was most successful. Boys showing special aptitude were taken through a three years' course of careful study, calculated to ground them thoroughly in the principles of design. The teaching comprised in this course included free-hand in the first year; perspective in the second; modelling in clay, elementary design, elementary shading, and ornament in the third. Stencil and other processes were taught, and it is doubtful if a more thorough course was given in any other school. The results were satisfactory to the master, for many of the lads entered trades allied to art

and, as a rule, are proving to the full the efficiency of the training they received. There is no doubt that the proper teaching of the introductory lessons in art should be accorded greater attention in our elementary schools. In most cases it is very perfunctory, the teachers having just sufficient knowledge to obtain the South Kensington master's certificate, and their mechanical methods of teaching, combined with the pressure they exercise upon their pupils to obtain a good grant, oftentimes crush any art instincts which their pupils may possess. Scholars from elementary schools coming under the influence of competent art masters—and the polytechnics get many such—generally have to go through all the preliminary drudgery again, simply because of the incapacity of their first teachers.

A disadvantage under which the People's Palace art class suffers—equally, of course, with those of

similar institutions—arises from the fact that most of the students, being engaged in their ordinary occupations all day, have to do their work in the evening by artificial light; and when colour is concerned the drawback is an obvious one. And still another is that the staff is undermanned. The advanced students, numbering thirty or thereabouts, are under the direct supervision of the headmaster. When it is considered that they are studying such diversified subjects as designing, shading from the



THE "HARVEST MOON" FRIEZE.

(Designed by Albert Smith.)

cast, antique drawing, perspective, modelling, etc., it can easily be seen that, when working at the same time, individual attention is an impossibility. This, of course, is a penalty of success, and the greater credit is due that so much good work is accomplished. Mr. Orchardson, R.A., when distributing the prizes to the successful students, had nothing but praise for the specimens put before him, and from such a critic the praise had special significance.

Among the examples of work illustrated here, special attention should be given to the designs by Albert Smith. He is a lad from Dr. Barnardo's Home who exhibited an early taste for drawing. He was being trained as a printer when some of his drawings were brought to the notice of Mr. Legge, and the boy was induced to attend the art class at the People's Palace. Such progress did he make that he gained a County Council scholarship, and

this, together with a little help from the governors, enables him to devote his time almost entirely to his studies. As a designer he exhibits special skill, as the wall paper and cushion on pp. 254 and 255 testify. He is, too, a clever pen draughtsman and sketcher, and doubtless a successful career lies before him.

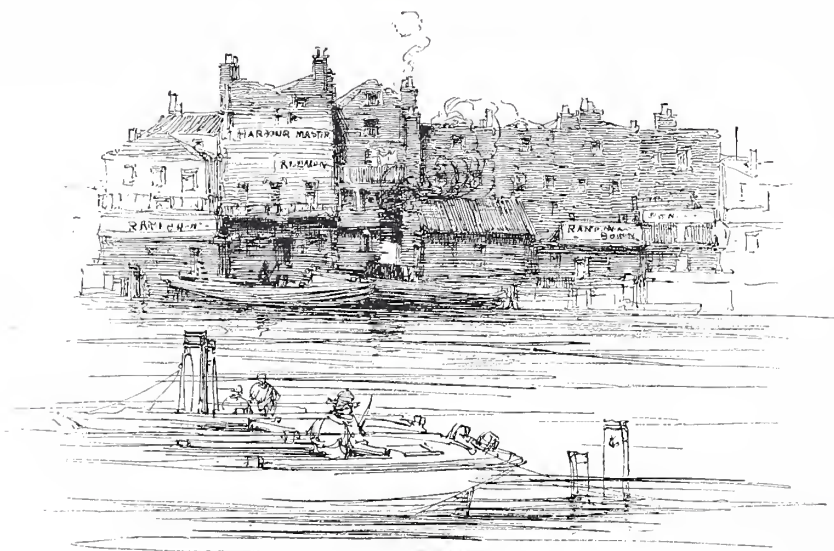
Alfred White, by whom the examples of modelling on p. 253 were produced, works at his craft as a pattern-maker all day, and to the modelling-room he devotes his evenings. He also holds a County Council scholarship; and his work is another testimony to the efficiency of the teaching.

Mr. Walter Thompson's poster on p. 252 gained the prize at the Metropolitan Sketching Clubs competition, and with other work shown by him at the prize distribution referred to, proves its draughtsman to be gifted with artistic capabilities of high order. Among these were several delightful bits of landscape, painted in the open air with a freedom of touch and suggestion of sunlight altogether charming. He is an enthusiastic artist, though he prefers to class himself merely as an amateur. Working all day in a lawyer's office, he finds his recreation in drawing and painting in the schools. He is secretary of the sketching club, and his quiet enthusiasm is a powerful influence upon the whole school. He studied

first at South Kensington; but, seeking freedom from the routine there, he placed himself under Professor Fred Brown at Westminster. He has never attempted to exhibit his work, preferring to go steadily on in his own way, sketching at every available opportunity, or studying diligently in the life class; and it is with pleasure that I here draw attention to the skilful character of the work he is producing.

The table-cloth on p. 254 was designed and executed by Miss Ethel Nind and gained for her a County Council scholarship. It is an excellent piece of work both in design and colour. At the recent exhibition of fans at the Drapers' Hall Miss Nind succeeded in gaining the first prize for embroidered fans with a dainty piece of decoration. The designers of the other works illustrated are all craftsmen. Mr. Lincoln Ceeley is a watchmaker, and two other very good workers in pen and ink attending the classes are lithographic draughtsmen.

The occupations of these various students show that the People's Palace art classes obtain the kind of pupils in whose interest they were instituted. If they alone attended the existence of the class would be justified, but these are only a selection for notice from among four hundred students, whose work is being carried forward on the right lines.



LIMEHOUSE

(Pen-and-Ink Sketch by Lincoln Ceeley.)

OUR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS: JAMES GILLRAY.

BY JOSEPH GREGO.

MUCH has been written concerning Gillray's trenchant pictorial satires. Of all the artists to whom the designation is habitually given, the title of caricaturist most fittingly belongs to Gillray.

Both Isaac Cruikshank—who, without Gillray's genius, in some degree imitated his style—and his son, "the great George," who looked upon Gillray with the worshipping admiration of a disciple, regarded the more biting satirist as "the prince of caricaturists." Among the humorous delineators of his generation, with the noteworthy exception of his gifted contemporary Thomas Rowlandson, Gillray truly stood a giant among pigmies.

The gentler Henry Bunbury—the delight of the court, the country squirearchy, and the community at large, all fashionable practitioner as he was, some of whose best productions owed much to Gillray's executive dexterity—has left on record his opinion "that the caricaturist was the brightest genius who ever took up the pencil of satire," averring that "he was a living folio, every page of which abounded with wit." By his literary compeers and colleagues, with the brilliant George Canning at their head, Gillray was accepted as the "Georgian Juvenal."

The epoch of our annals when Gillray flourished was one of the most critical and exciting in English history: from the final incidents of the French and American wars, the reign of a king who with a weak mind had an inclination for absolute monarchy, throughout the envenomed Parliamentary struggles, changes of administration, and aspirations for constitutional freedom which marked the careers of young Charles James Fox and the still more youthful William Pitt, Gillray witnessed, after a quarter of a century of intensified antagonism, both these typically eminent statesmen laid in their final resting-place, almost side by side. The French Revolution unrolled its panorama-like scenes of promised regeneration and actual terror before his observant gaze. He saw the marvellous rise of the

"Corsican Phoenix" from the chaos of the Republic; the French legions making their triumphant march over the Continent; and England alone firmly



JAMES GILLRAY AS A BOY.

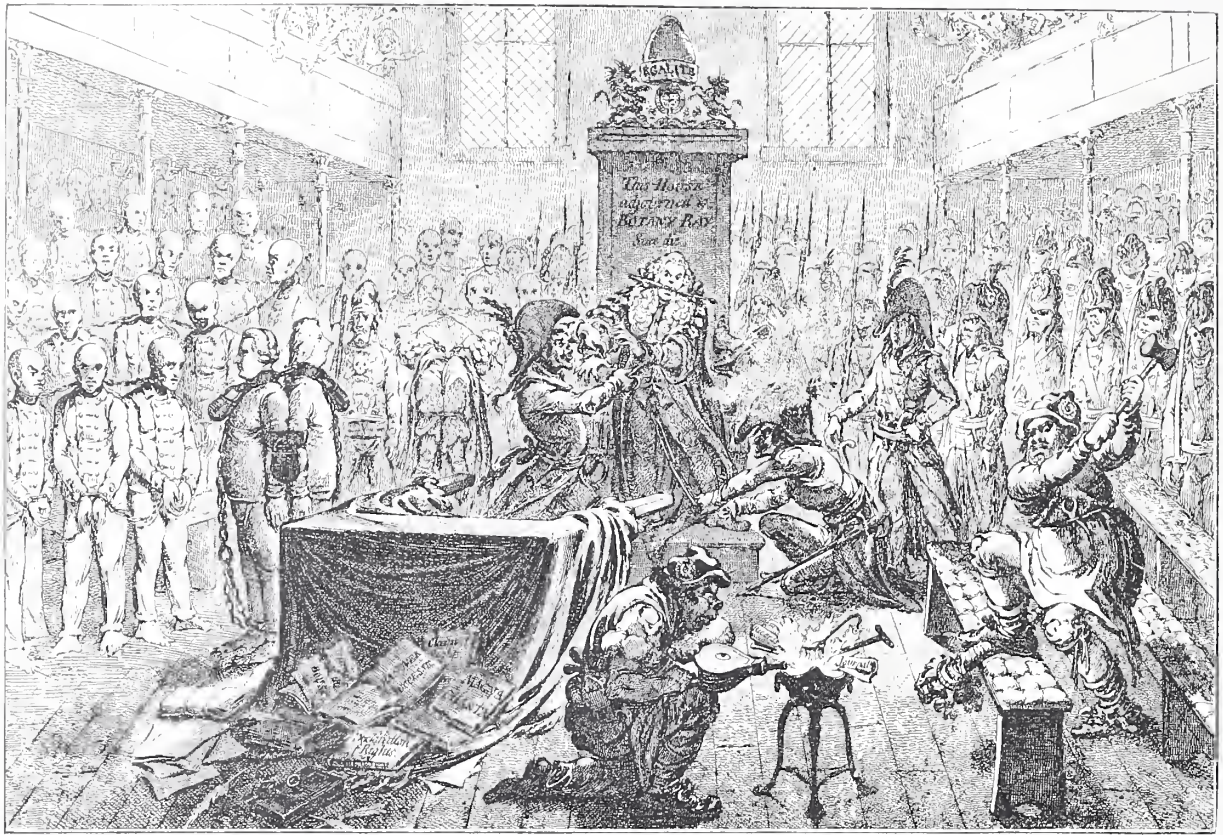
(From a Water-colour Drawing by Himself, in the Possession of M. H. Spielmann, Esq.)

standing, when empires struggled vainly and fell before the warlike genius which dealt with potentialities and powers as the pawns of his insatiable ambition.

He saw England, by her rulers, plunged into that death-like struggle which opposed, step by step, the all-conquering progress of Buonaparte. Coalition after coalition successively built up by the frantic energy of Pitt, at the expense of English blood and treasure, melted like houses of cards; and Gillray was brought face to face with the portentous scare of threatened invasion, which for a brief spell brought panic and visions of ruin to the popular

mind. After registering heroic careers like those of Nelson, and the names dear to the annals of British valour, Gillray lived long enough to witness the fulfilment of his fanciful predictions, and to find Napoleon deserted by his propitious "star."

of others. As it was said of James Ward, R.A., when he abandoned the practice of mezzotint art to follow the career of painter pure and simple, "the painters of his day would lose their most practical exponents"—so the withdrawal of Gillray



W. PITT AND DUNDAS.
MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
AS TRANSPORTS FOR BOTANY BAY.

THE SPEAKER.
SHERIDAN

THE REPUBLICAN INVADERS.
FOX.

CONSEQUENCES OF A SUCCESSFUL FRENCH INVASION: THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"WE'VE COME TO RECOVER YOUR LONG-LOST LIBERTIES." (By J. Gillray, March 1, 1798)

Though of humble birth—his father a superannuated soldier, an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, who had lost his arm at Fontenoy—James Gillray, who was born in 1757, brought excellent gifts to his vocation, and enjoyed adequate professional training. From childhood the bent of his genius manifested itself, and as the only practical outlet a lesson was borrowed from the earlier career of Hogarth—still in the flesh when young Gillray's course began—and the aspiring intelligently bright youth was bound to an engraver. In this branch he acquired a facile skill: commencing with a letter engraver, his practice seems to have reached the highest walks. He is said to have worked with Ryland; and he was one of Bartolozzi's most accomplished pupils and assistants, and after that master, attained a grace and originality of execution which entitle him to the foremost rank amongst those who have translated on to copper the designs

from an analogous position entailed to one enduring branch of the arts a serious loss which, in the minds of many admirers, even his subsequent pre-eminence in the walk of caricature insufficiently condoned.

Before young Gillray's powers reached their development his fancy and his leanings to the picturesque side of life were destined to lead him in the footsteps of Callot and Salvator Rosa for the acquisition of adventurous experiences. Amongst other instances of his Bohemian predilections, we find him running away from his employment to experience the most whimsical vicissitudes of life by joining a company of strolling players. With all this, like the precocious genius he was, Gillray, at a very juvenile stage of his career, executed comicalities upon copper which are now treasured by the curious. At a later stage he worked sufficiently hard at the Academy Schools to obtain a mastery over the human form,

which enabled him in his subsequent progress dexterously to accomplish difficult feats of figure drawing without recourse to models. His memory was a richly retentive one, enabling him to store up matter for future use. His preparations for labour were of the slightest—a few lines hastily pencilled on cards, which he carried for the purpose, traced the characteristic likenesses, sketched in the fashionable thoroughfares or in the House of Commons, of the personages who were to form the actors in his spirited travesties of social and political life.

It is alleged that during the full exercise of his remarkable gifts he made few general notes of his designs, but at once proceeded to etch and engrave his elaborate conceptions direct on the copper. His training as an engraver was naturally serviceable, and of his mastery of the burin he made the most effective use. Later in life, when the mental aberration which clouded and finally eclipsed his genius was impending, Gillray, at intervals, seems to have made endless studies for projected cartoons; but

frequently over-elaborated and obscure in comparison with his best works, prove that his manual dexterity in the use of the needle and graver was not affected by the malady which darkened his late career.

While making the realm of caricature art his own peculiar province, Gillray still practised the branch of engraving, both after paintings by other artists, and from his own serious works; the two subjects, "The Village Train," and "The Deserted Village," published in 1784, in illustration of Goldsmith's poem, are fair examples of his capabilities both as a designer and as an engraver; his imitations of drawings after sketches by Lavinia Countess Spencer are executed with a grace and refinement suggestive of Bartolozzi's best productions. He also practised portrait painting, and William Pitt figured among his sitters in the year 1789. In his profession as an engraver his mind was evidently fastidious if not eccentric. There exists a portrait of a child, Master Lamb, admirably engraved in imitation of a pencil drawing, executed with



NAPOLEON AS "GULLIVER." THE PRINCESSES. QUEEN CHARLOTTE. GEORGE III. LORD SALISBURY.

THE KING OF BROBADINGNAG AND GULLIVER (PLATE 2). SCENE: GULLIVER MANŒUVERING HIS LITTLE BOAT IN THE CISTERN.

(By James Gillray, Feb. 10, 1804.)

many of these sketches are enigmatical, and mixed up with written matter and scraps of verses which have a confusing tendency. The designs he subsequently completed from these memoranda, though

remarkable spirit, elegance, and delicacy of feeling, which bears the unaccountable legend, in the artist's hand—"Sketched by Humphrey and spoilt by Gillray. Dedicated to all lovers of your bold

masterly touches, and published November, 1781, by J. Gillray, to show the bad effect of cobbling and altering—

‘Fool that I was, thus to cobble my shoe.’”

This work, it is said, marked a turning-point in the artist's career, “when he descended from durance in Wilkinson's garret, and took up the trade of

nor is it likely to be surpassed. The slightest tracings on his plates were sufficient when he was constrained to labour against time, and some of his boldest and best caricatures have been the felicitous emanations of a sudden thought, accomplished within the space of a few hours.

“It is worthy of remark that in the burlesque style of composition the designer leads the spectator imperceptibly to tolerate every species of incongruity, and to accept the whimsical aberrations of caricature for real matter of fact. Indeed, so power-



TIDDY-DOLL, the great French Gingerbread Baker, drawing out a new Batch of Kings... his Man Hopqway Talley, missing up the Dough

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I.

THE WHIG CHIEFS, FOX, SHERIDAN, MOIRA, CERBY, ETC.

KINGS OF BAVARIA, WIRTEMBERG, AND BADEN.

(By James Gillray, Jan. 23, 1806.)

caricaturing.” In a fit of impatience the artist subsequently scratched the plate over with defacing lines; and impressions are met with in this enigmatical condition, a puzzle to the curious.

To the extensive field of caricature the artist brought faculties and facilities which are probably unique; and this marvellous aptitude was recognised on all sides in his day. A contemporary has recorded:—

“Gillray, though silent, shy, and inexplicable, even to those who knew him best, was an attentive observer of the motives which actuated all degrees of men. To one of his perception, life was an ever-varying drama. His discrimination of character was prompt, his humour in describing it was original, and his wit exhaustless. In the vast extent of his political caricatures, which amount to several hundreds, we never find him at a loss for new subjects. He never seemed to labour at composition, his groups and figures grew under his prolific pencil as rapidly as his hand could work; with the same vigour of thought and execution he transferred his compositions upon the copper, and drew and etched with a mastery that has never been equalled,

fully is the fancy operated upon by these monstrous resemblances that they frequently seem to be more closely identified with the appearance of their living prototypes than the most faithful portraits. Fox, to speak in the language of art, is only five heads high, and Sheridan of about the same dwarfish proportion; while Pitt and Burke, and some other well-known characters, are at least double the height. Yet do they appear all fitting, even when mingled together in the same group. These subjects were suited to the tastes of the times, for broad farce would fill the benches, while the refinements of pure comedy were exhibited to empty houses. How far we may be improved in correct sentiment must be determined by those who appear hereafter.”

Under the same head a reviewer has asserted with reason that “caricatures have the same resemblance to historical paintings which satiric verse has to epic poetry, and descend farther below than the *beau idéal* rises above the truth of real life.” This critic—whose strictures, written in 1831, upon Gillray's reputation were so severe as to bring J. Landseer into the arena in the

character of the caricaturist's champion—has given a well-considered summary of his views upon the vexed question of political and pictorial satirists, as illustrated in the instance of Gillray himself.

"One of the most distinguished of this class of artists was James Gillray, and his works, commencing with the agitations of the French Revolution, and coming down the political stream as far as 1810, may still be seen in the windows of some of our print-shops; and, whatever we may think of the mind which conceived them, it is impossible not to be sensible of their discrimination of character, their ready humour, and their exhaustless wit. They extend over a period of twenty years, and deal with those eventful days of change and terror which followed the French Revolution. They are dipped in the dark colours of party rancour—and sometimes in the more benevolent hues of love of country—they exhibit the fraternal theories of those benevolent citizens Danton and Robespierre, and the political animosities and schemes of our two great leaders, Pitt and Fox. Gillray felt what millions saw—that the French were planting the tree of liberty with bayonet and sword; and the eloquence of Fox and his companions encouraged the audacity of our enemies, and embarrassed the energies of our administration.

"To the task of political caricature Gillray brought excellent working properties. He had a plain, straightforward, practical understanding, which never rose above the comprehension of the crowd—he never desired to veil his satire in subtleties, nor hide it in thoughts far-fetched and profound. The venom of his shafts was visible, nor did he seek to conceal his poisonous draughts in a gilded cup. All was plain and clear, all was bitter and biting. The measures of the Tories and the plans of the Whigs were to him a daily source of subsistence and satire; out of the bickerings of men for place and power he had his percentage.

"Our ridiculous expeditions, our modes of raising money, our fears, our courage, our love of liberty, and our hatred of France, were to him so many sources of emolument. He lifted a tax off all public men, and even made Napoleon contribute."

These views of contemporaries may establish the importance and interest which attached to Gillray's productions, while the events which evoked his unrivalled powers were still fresh in the popular mind; the satiric force with which the artist has invested well-known political incidents of his day will be found to reproduce realistic versions of both the events and the chief factors, especially in situations where the heroic trenches on the ridiculous.

The name of Humphreys appears at an early date

(1779) amongst the publishers of Gillray's plates; Kent, Brown, Holland of Oxford Street, and Fores of Piccadilly, were supplied by him with engraved plates, for which, it appears, the caricaturist was but poorly paid, a couple of guineas representing the price obtained (and that not readily) for a copper-



MITCHELL, THE BANKER. MORTIMER, PICTURE-DEALER AND CRONY
CAPT. BALLIE, THE ETCHER. CALEB WHITEFORD. OF G. MORLAND AND GILLRAY,
MR. BAKER, OF ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

CONNOISSEURS EXAMINING A COLLECTION OF GEORGE MORLANDS.

(By James Gillray, Nov. 16, 1807.)

plate of fair size, etched and aquatinted by Gillray's hand after his own designs. Finally he threw in his allegiance with the Humphreys, with whose firm his caricatures were intimately associated—from the Strand to Bond Street, and finally to St. James's Street, that famous stronghold of the satirist, where Gillray resided with his publishers; the shop-window of this eccentric establishment, wherein all the celebrities of the day were pilloried, being for generations a noteworthy West End exhibition. Thus it was written by a fashionable *flâneur* of his day:—

"I can well remember when the daily lounge at the eastern

sides of Bond Street and St. James's Street, upon approaching Humphrey's shop in the latter, had to quit the pavement for the carriage-way, so great was the crowd which obstructed the footpath to look at Gillray's caricatures. Foreigners who have not visited England would not easily give credit to the tales which, however true, might be related of the audacity of the British press. What would they think were they to hear that within a few yards of the metropolitan palace of the King of England a manufactory was working the press day and night in throwing off libels against himself, his family and ministers, and that the members of the legislative body saw themselves publicly pilloried in the window of a satirist on the spot which they frequently passed twenty times in their morning walks? These great statesmen, however, were commonly among the first under the rose to procure the earliest impressions of these libels against themselves, and many a laugh has been excited at a cabinet dinner by the inventions of this daring satirist. Fox and Burke one morning walked into the little shop in St. James's Street, upon the exhibition of a severe attack upon the latter orator. The mistress was behind the counter. At the sudden appearance of these illustrious visitors she found herself not exactly on a bed of roses. 'So, Mrs. Humphrey,' said the man of the people, 'you have got yourself into a scrape at last. My friend here, Mr. Burke, is going to trounce you all with a vengeance.' 'I hope not, sir,' said the mistress of the establishment. 'No, no, my good lady,' said Burke, with a smile. 'I intend no such thing. Were I to prosecute you it would be the making of your fortune; and that favour, excuse me, Mrs. Humphrey, you do not entirely merit at my hands.'

An important part was played in Gillray's life by this Mistress Humphrey, a benevolent-minded elderly spinster, of whom he has left an amusing portrait in the glories of a satin-trimmed cap, spectacles on nose, with her assistant, another well-known character, her faithful maid-servant "the giggling Betty," engaged with visitors (one of them being Mortimer the picture-dealer and patron of Morland) at a game of "Twopenny Whist"—a caricature which enjoyed a great vogue at the time of its publication. The satirist has been likened to "a bull in a china shop," and the whimsical version in question gave rise to much comment at the date of its appearance.

"The domestic point of this subject," wrote a contemporary, "is a hit at Mistress Humphrey by her satirical inmate, who, while indulging in this indiscriminate family compact, could not forego his propensity for quizzing, and exposing her oddities to the admiration of her friends and neighbours. Gillray, it is said, had more than once made nuptial overtures to the mistress of the house, which had not been refused. Indeed, it was asserted that they once proceeded to St. James's Church to be made one in the holy bonds of matrimony; but that, on approaching the door of the sacred place, he whispered to the good lady, 'This is a foolish affair, methinks, Miss Humphrey, we live very comfortably together, we had better leave well alone;' and turning upon his heel he returned to his old quarters and went coolly to work on his copper. It would be disingenuous, touching the memory of the worthy mistress of the well-known shop, to withhold the fact that after ministering with liberal kindness to the forlorn state of poor Gillray, who for some years existed under a helpless alienation of mind, and burying him at her own expense, she handsomely provided for Betty."

On the authority of Stanley, who was intimate with the family, no relations beyond those of friendly interest between designer and publisher, existed between the artist and Miss Humphrey.

The careers of the king, queen, and princes,

may be traced in Gillray's richly humorous pictorial satires. The caricaturist, as he averred, "if a bad subject to the king, found the royal family a good subject for his satires." It is related that much of this feeling was embittered by a little personal incident eminently characteristic of the satirist. In 1792, during the Duke of York's campaign in France and Flanders, the artist accompanied his friend De Louthembourg to gather materials for a military subject then engaging popular attention, the siege of Valenciennes; Gillray painted portraits of Count Clainfayt, and the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg, and other generals, allies of the British expedition. The king, who considered himself a judge of such matters, on the return of the artists desired to have their sketches submitted for his approval; he praised the Swiss De Louthembourg's studies, but the name of Gillray (the ink of whose daring cartoon exposing the respective vices of the royal family, the royal love of hoarding, the Prince of Wales's profligacy, the Duke of York's passion for gambling, and the Duke of Clarence's amatory distractions, was hardly dry) was an offence in the eyes of majesty; the king peered at the rapid sketches preserving the action of the moment, which the artist had secured of the military situations; lifting his spy-glass with lowering brow, great George contemptuously threw down Gillray's studies, exclaiming, "I don't understand these caricatures."

The mind of the wayward genius Gillray was not constituted to suffer in silence and make no sign, his pride was mortified by the contrast between the reception of De Louthembourg's sketches and his own; he returned in defiant mood to his copper plates and set about his characteristic revenge. He produced the famous satire entitled "A Connoisseur examining a Cooper," representing the king blinking at the stern features of the arch-enemy of monarchy, Oliver Cromwell, an object of peculiar abhorrence to George III.—peering at Cooper's miniature by the dim light of an exhausted candle-end, inserted in a golden "save-all" planted in a candlestick of massive bullion. Said the offended satirist, with ironic glee, "I wonder if the Royal Connoisseur will understand this?"

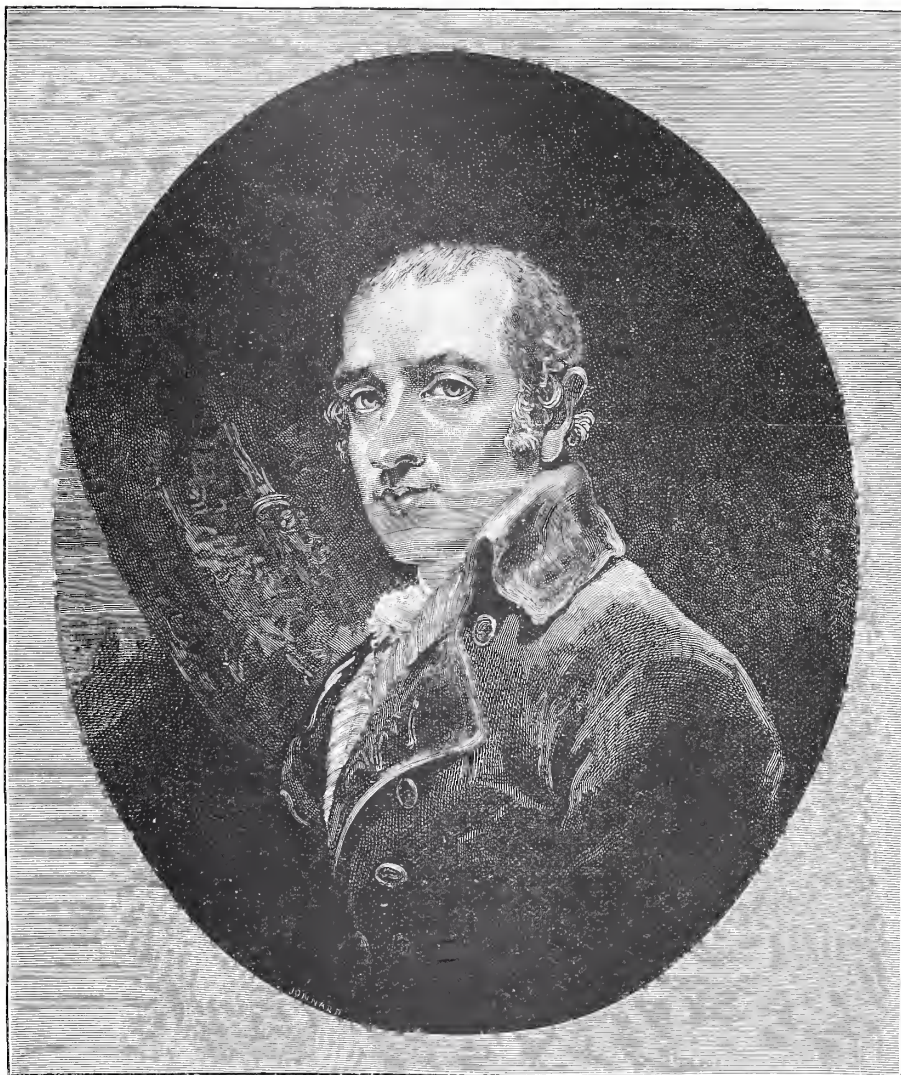
It does not appear that the king cherished hostility, for Gillray's caricatures were collected by the royal family, and are still treasured in the library at Windsor. Trenchant as are Gillray's occasional attacks on the various members of the royal family, his views of George III. were more often tinged by good-humour; and during the struggle with Napoleon he habitually represented the king as a giant, and his traditional enemy as a pigmy. Gillray threw in his allegiance with the monarch and his ministers when the excesses of the so-called

Liberté à la Française encouraged revolutionary symptoms among the disaffected subjects in our midst, and "Corresponding Societies," affiliated to the Jacobins, proved that Republican ideas were making proselytes among the "dangerous classes" in England.

Gillray, like his quondam disciple and follower George Cruikshank—who to the end of his career worked at the elder caricaturist's engraving table—served an early apprenticeship to life, and his childhood's playthings were probably the materials of the art which he subsequently brought to a perfection undreamt of before the advent of Hogarth and himself; it seems evident, from the juvenile etchings ascribed to his hand, that young Gillray already drew and etched upon copper when average boys are still in the playground. The copper plates executed under these auspices, like Cruikshank's first ambitious ventures, were disposed of to the print-publishers of the day, for a merely nominal remuneration it is true, but the early recognition and encouragement was not unfruitful in influence on subsequent efforts. Altogether

Gillray's working career—not counting the cruder etchings of extreme juvenility, which are without any striking individuality—may be said to extend over about thirty years, commencing from about 1777, and ending with his loss of mind in 1810. One of the most elaborate of his large plates, crowded with incidents and portraits, satirically commemorating the installation of Lord Grenville as Chancellor of Oxford, bearing the date August 3, 1810, marks almost the close of his original productions, though not precisely "the last work on copper by the hand of Gillray;" for many years, during lucid intervals in the mental disease which obscured

his too fertile intellect, he drew sketches, and occasionally commenced to etch on copper; there is the painful evidence of a large plate after Bunbury, "Interior of a Barber's Shop at Assize Time," on



JAMES GILLRAY.

(From a Miniature by Himself. Engraved by Jonnard.)

which Gillray apparently worked or amused himself for some years. For six years, his genius obscured by increasing mental darkness, Gillray lingered on, with fitful intervals of lucidity, affectionately tended and provided for by the members of the family with whose name as publishers so many of his productions are associated. He was interred near the rectory house of St. James's, Piccadilly, not far removed from the busy life of the fashionable throng he had satirised. His grave was marked by a flat stone bearing the inscription, "In memory of Mr. James Gillray, the Caricaturist, who departed this life 1st June, 1815. Aged 58 years."



Compton Wynyates
in Warwickshire

The Garden Front of
Compton Wynyates

BY REV. S. BARING-GOULD. ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT RAILTON.

A FEW years ago, a party of distinguished Americans was conducted over the University of Cambridge by the Vice-Chancellor. The weather was serene, the sun glowed in rainbow sheets through the gorgeous windows of King's Chapel. The old quadrangles basked in yellow light. The mighty and ancient trees of the college gardens were turned to autumn tints of gold and copper and bronze. Every detail of venerable sculpture was displayed by the full autumn sun.

Before these strangers departed, the Vice-Chancellor ventured to ask a question—what it was that had struck and pleased them most in the old University. Great was his surprise at the answer. It was not the antiquity of this seat of learning, nor its stately colleges founded by kings and nobles and bishops in the past, not their beautiful setting in umbrageous bosquets of aged trees—the answer was, “We guess it is your grass.”

The smooth, velvet pile lawns in the quadrangles, round the exterior of the buildings, in the gardens, folding over the slopes to the glassy water of the Cam—this was the particular most striking to the American eye. And these visitors were right.

Elsewhere are universities, throughout Europe ancient buildings, more noble and impressive than the English collegiate buildings, there are cathedrals

that far surpass the college chapels; but nowhere, out of England, are there such lawns, not in any other part of the world is there such grass.

I remember very well when the glorious beauty of grass was first made known to me. It was when I read the description of greensward in Ruskin's “Modern Painters,” one of the most marvellous bits of word-painting in the English language, and one I always in mind set beside Mr. Francis Parkman's description of a Canadian autumn in “The Conspiracy of Pontiac.” There are scenes that make an indelible stamp on the mind, and there are descriptions that do the same, and such are these two masterpieces.

But to return to grass lawns. An Englishman does not value the greensward of the old Mother Island till he has been elsewhere, and has been without it. French, Belgian, and German architecture may be very beautiful, may surpass that of England. We have no cathedral that can compare with Amiens and Cologne and Strasburg. We have no mansion that can equal Heidelberg and Amboise and Fontainebleau. But then—in what are the Continental triumphs of architecture set? In a cobble-stone pavement, on a gravelled terrace, in scorched rank grass, amidst which nothing is green save sting-nettles.

Let any traveller pass from the stateliest continental château, kept up in the best style, to an old English manor-house, in its decent trimness, and he will see at once what grass does for the latter, how it softens and sweetens and beautifies every portion of the scene. That it is which enfolds the English home, and makes it the perfection of homeliness.

Compton Wynyates, the seat of the Marquess of Northampton, is one of the loveliest and homeliest of English mansions. It is situated in Warwickshire, the homeliest of English counties: a county without striking scenery, without bold heights and deep valleys, brawling streams and sea cliffs; a county inland, of undulating surface, with gliding rivers and broad champaign, but beautiful with the matchless beauty of England, in its peaceful loveliness and look of comfort and prosperity, its noble trees, green meadows, and picturesque villages. It is a county that can boast of some of the finest domestic buildings in England—Warwick and Kenilworth Castles, and Compton Wynyates.

Warwick looks down into the river that slides

but then its place is well supplied by the green turf. Nevertheless, the choking up of the moat has had a distinctly disadvantageous effect on the building, it has reduced its apparent height.

Compton is lovely as a study in colour. It is of old brick, red, mottled grey and yellow with lichen, and with stone quoins and windows and doors and parapets. But that is not all. There are portions of soft-tinted plaster set in oak framing, and the whole is deep embowered in trees.

A few words must be said relative to the family of Compton of whom this delightful house is—as the Germans say—the Stammbug. At the time of the Conquest, Compton belonged to one Turchil, Earl of Warwick, whose only son was Osbert de Arden. From him was descended William Compton, who, at the age of eleven, at his father's death, was placed in ward with King Henry VII, who appointed him to wait on his son Henry, afterwards king. On the death of Henry VII, when the crown came to bluff Hal, the king appointed William Compton groom to his bed-chamber, and they were comrades



THE MOAT, COMPTON WYNYATES.

beneath its towers, and reflects them. Compton was at one time moated, and one, perhaps, regrets the glassy water, for the moat has been filled in;

in many joyous adventures. Once, especially, they secretly armed themselves and joined in some forays near Richmond; which ended, however, in a wound



THE TOWER, COMPTON WYNYATES.

so grave to Compton that he was not far from dying of it, "which endeared him more to the king." The arms of the Comptons were sable, three esquires' helmets argent, and as a special favour the king gave William an augmentation to the arms of a lion passant or between the helmets.

William Compton was made groom of the stole. In the fifth year of Henry's reign he led the rear-guard of the king's army at Guinegate, and having behaved with great bravery in that battle, commonly known as the Battle of the Spurs, was knighted. Sir William Compton was warmly attached to his royal master, and saw only with his eyes; and the king entertained a sincere affection for him, and gave him the means of enriching himself. He it was who built the house of Compton Wynyates, and completed it in 1520, the year before his death. He used up for the purpose pre-existing material, for he allowed little, if any, of the former house to remain, and quarried away

likewise a royal castle, of which he was the custodian.

According to tradition, the tall twisted chimneys of moulded brick that surmount the tower were removed bodily from this castle, but in this case tradition is certainly wrong, for chimneys of this description are not earlier than the date of the house, and are probably even later.

There was in the house as built by Sir William a reminiscence of the past. It has its keep—but a keep so modified as to be a keep no longer. The whole pile of buildings is focussed in the great tower, not needed any further as a place of refuge in time of civil broil, as a stronghold against a rising subjugated people, but simply as an ornament, as a lofty portion of the edifice, whence sweet ladies might look forth over the crowns of old oaks at the wooded waves of hill

country, and whence the banner of the Comptons might flutter to announce that they were at home. Perhaps some sense of the insecurity of all things here below may have entered into the heart of Sir William, for he inscribed on his crest, "Nisi Dominus"—"Unless the Lord keep the house [I am building] their labour is but lost that build it." Hardly were the walls dry and the panels framed in the parlour before Sir William fell a victim to the "sweating sickness," and died at the early age of forty-seven.

The first peer was Sir Henry Compton, who was summoned to Parliament as Baron Compton in 1572, and sat at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots in 1588. His son, Sir William, was created Earl of Northampton in 1618. Before this he fell in love with the fair Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir John Spencer, cloth-worker and alderman of London, a wealthy citizen, and no lover of the gay court gallants. He would not hear of the suit, so one night Sir William came to the house disguised as the baker's man, and carried off the lady. The wealthy clothier was highly incensed, and refused to be appeased till the birth of a son, when, by the intervention of the queen, a reconciliation was

effected. Sir John, on his death, left a large fortune, and this so turned the head of Sir William Compton that his wife was constrained to call him to his senses by means of a very sharp letter, that has happily been preserved. "My sweet life," it begins, but changes in tone from the sweet to the bitter, "I pray and beseech you to grant me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £2,600 quarterly," as also £600 quarterly for charities, and sums for the maintenance of saddle-horses, "caroches," gentlewomen, pearl chains, and other luxuries, precisely catalogued. The same to be doubled when he became an earl, and she accordingly would have to maintain her estate as countess.

There is a fine portrait of Sir William, the first earl, by Cornelius Jansen. He must have been a remarkably handsome man; and we can well understand Elizabeth Spencer braving her father's wrath



AN ANGLE IN THE COURTYARD,
COMPTON WYNYATES.



THE TWISTED CHIMNEYS, COMPTON WYNYATES.

for his sake. He is represented after he became earl in his ermine, with a ruff about his neck. The son of this couple was Sir Spencer, the second earl, Master of the Robes to King Charles. He came in troublous times. Before the battle of Edgehill he entertained his royal master at Compton, and the room is shown in which the unfortunate king slept. He raised and brought into the royal army two thousand well-disciplined men; and at their head he was engaged in the battle of Hopton Heath, where he had four of his six sons under him; he was killed in the battle (March 19, 1643), fighting gallantly. He was offered his life, but refused to take it, crying that "he scorned to take quarter from such base rogues and rebels as they were." At the same time James, his eldest son, was shot in the leg, nevertheless he was with Prince Rupert at the taking of Lichfield, and commanded the horse at the battle of Newbury.

In a letter preserved among those of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, is one from Tobie Matthew to him, dated 1620, that describes the second earl: "his fashion is sweet, and his disposition is noble." His portrait by William Dobson remains.

as did its master, in the days of civil broil. The church, which was also chapel to the castle, and which was once crowded with monuments of the Comptons, was "utterly razed and knocked to pieces," and the effigies of the old knights and



THE BANQUETING HALL, COMPTON WYNYATES.

He is represented in armour; he wears long hair and a moustache. The face is round and good-humoured.

James, third earl, was hardly dealt with when the Commonwealth was inaugurated, and had to pay a heavy composition for his estates. However, better times came. At the Restoration he appeared at the head of a troop of two hundred gentlemen, clothed in grey and blue, to escort Charles II on his entry into London. His eldest son, George, succeeded to the earldom, and his second son, Spencer, was created Viscount Pevensea and Earl of Wilmington. The first marquess was Charles, ninth earl (1812).

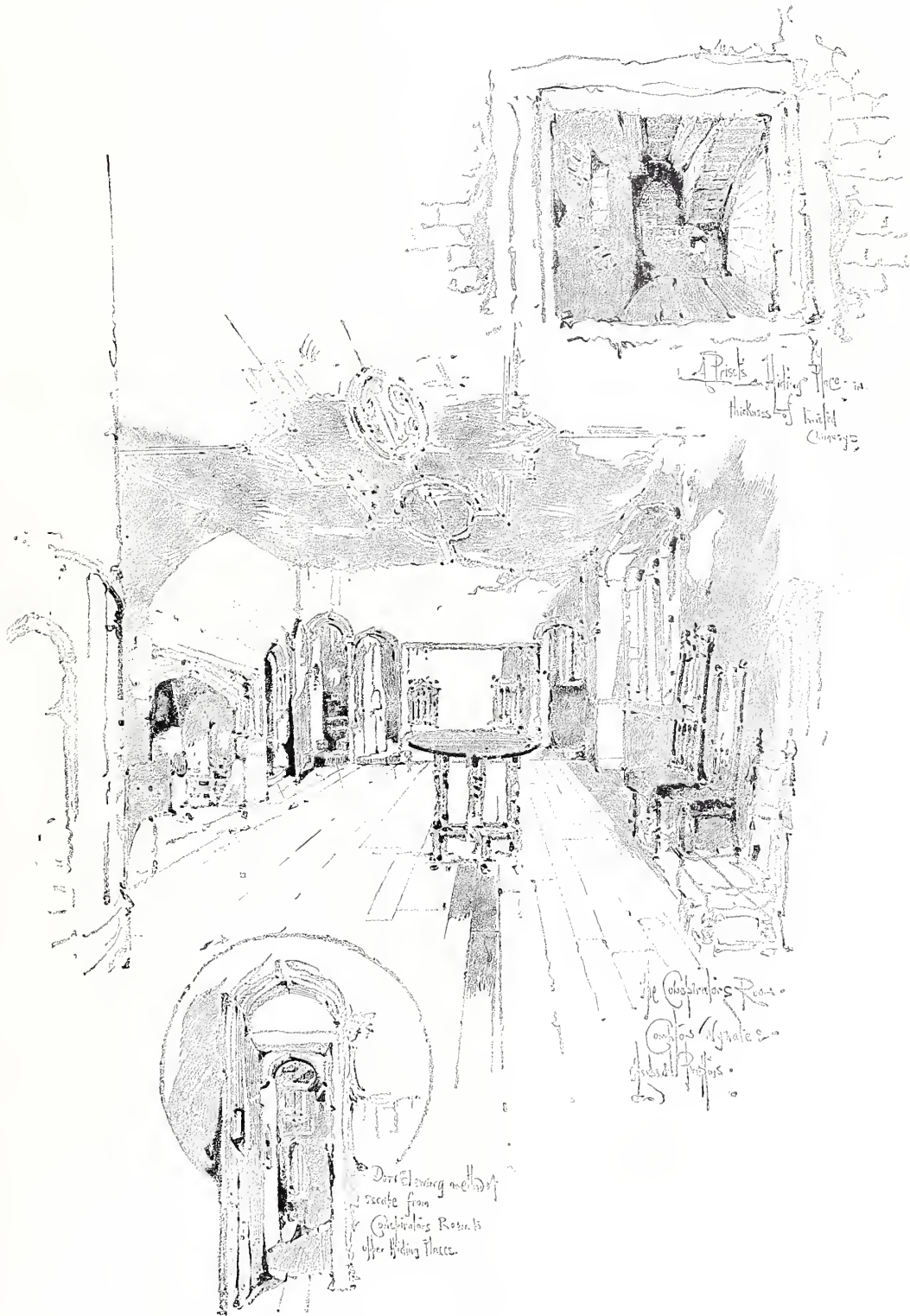
The beautiful old house of Compton had suffered,

nobles flung into the moat. The east window was likewise smashed. It had been richly painted.

But there are other destroyers as well as Puritans, and these are the humble servants of a passing fashion. Such was "tidy John"—John was not his name, but George—who bore the king's sceptre with the cross at the coronation of William and Mary. He whitewashed and white-painted what was coloured, and what was dark oak. He tore down what was of oak, and set up in deal. He cast out the antique furniture, and brought in that which was new. The tapestry was flung to the moths, and its place supplied with wall-paper. He died and was succeeded by a brother, then by another brother, who all died without issue. For

about ninety years the old house was left uninhabited. The Marquesses of Northampton have

Recently their attention has been turned to it, and Compton Wynyates has recovered the look of a



their statelier home, Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire, and they completely neglected the ancient seat of the family.

comfortable and cared-for English home, very different to what it had borne before.

William Howitt, who visited the place early in

the present century, gives a melancholy picture of the "scene of ruin" presented by the old courtyard in front of the house. The buildings on one side had been almost entirely demolished. "On the other they consisted of a range of stables, coach-houses, etc., in a state of great dilapidation." Within, the place was thoroughly stripped of furniture, "there was not a bench or a table, not a picture or piece of tapestry left. The rooms were all empty except one or two, moderately furnished, for the use of the marquis during any temporary visit in the shooting season. Except in these few rooms the walls were all naked, and what was worse, the paper had in most cases been stripped off; in some rooms entirely, in others in patches and fragments."

In Compton Wynyates, where all is beautiful, perhaps the most striking feature is the hall, which is of the building of the first Sir William Conyers, and belongs to the early days of Henry VIII. It rises to the full height of the house, and is open-timbered, with a *louvre* in the midst over where anciently stood the brazier of charcoal that heated, or made a pretence of heating, the hall. The discomfort and unwholesomeness of these braziers had been felt throughout the Middle Ages, yet no attempt was made to get over the disadvantage till a later period. Yet the change took place in the reign of our king Henry VIII. We have in Compton Wynyates the hall heated by a brazier, so also in Trinity College, provided at Cambridge by the same king; nevertheless, in the great hall of Trearrel, built by Sir Henry Trearrel at the same time, in Cornwall, the brazier was abandoned and a great fireplace and chimney substituted for it.

The hall at Compton is furnished with the customary screen, which supports the minstrel's gallery. Much interesting and curious carving

adorns the screen, which is not of one date. It is remarkable how completely English feeling changed with reference to halls in the Tudor period. In the reigns of the two Henrys, a hall rising to the roof was *de rigueur*; but with the reign of Elizabeth all was changed. A floor was carried across the hall, it was ceiled, provided with an ample fireplace, and the minstrel's gallery gave place to a stately staircase. Previously the stair had been narrow, usually of stone, and winding, in a turret or in the thickness of the wall. Now it was broad, of oak elaborately carved, or, in place of being thrust aside as a necessary inconvenience, it became one of the finest features of a house. If the hall rising to the roof was not destroyed or divided halfway up, it was abandoned as a place of banqueting, and employed merely as an entrance-hall. Moreover, it was no more employed for dances. The cold stone floor was unsuitable. The broad oak staircase gave access to a great gallery, oak-boarded, and hung on one side with pictures, lighted on the other from the quadrangle by mullioned windows, and this upstairs gallery became the ballroom of the house.

The idea of comfort, strange to the mediæval mind, despised by the knight in-arms, prevailed in the Elizabethan period, and from that day to this, what is there which an Englishman prizes, hunts for, treasures, more than comfort?

A foreigner said to me once: "I think that the great difference between you English and other peoples is this. When a Frenchman makes a little money, he says, 'I will go to Paris and give myself much pleasure.' When a Belgian makes a little money he says, 'I will buy a picture.' When a German makes a little money, he says, 'I will have my son learn one more language.' But when an Englishman makes a little money, he says, 'I will give myself one more comfort.'"

THE ART MOVEMENT.

RENÉ LALIQUE AND HIS GOLDSMITH'S WORK.

BY HENRI FRANTZ.

BY inquiring into an artist's preferences and investigating his tastes we are often able to grasp with greater certainty the leading characteristics of his individuality and talent. The truth of this remark never struck me more than in its bearing on René Lalique, the goldsmith. Here we have a young craftsman who has rebelled altogether against the traditions of modern jewelry since the beginning of this century, and eagerly

seeks for such ornamental forms as are at once simple and tasteful. His instinct does not even attach him to the Italian Renaissance, for, though he evidently thinks it exquisite, its style is too complicated for him; he strives to achieve something simpler, more elementary, more strictly ornamental.

And if, on the strength of these remarks, we look back down the history of art for the pre-potent ancestors of Monsieur Lalique's style we find

them in the Egyptians. There is, too, a certain tendency towards the Roman feeling for ornament,

Having been myself a frequent visitor to the Cairo Museum, especially to study the wonderful



DIADEM (FRONT VIEW).
(By René Lalique.)

and having noted that, we have, I think, discerned the leading characteristics of his art.

Egyptian jewels in the collection, I could not help recognising the relationship to these of the jewels

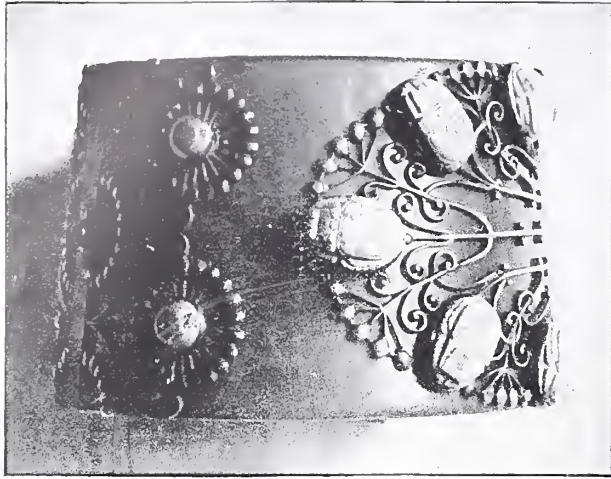


DIADEM (SIDE VIEW).
(By René Lalique.)



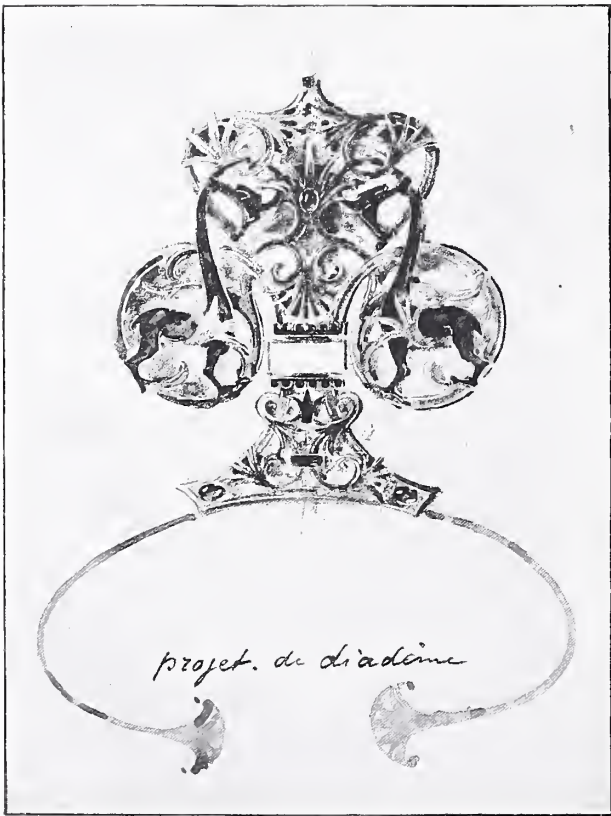
SILVER SPRAY.
(By René Lalique.)

exhibited this year at the Salon of the Champs Elysées and at Brussels by M. Lalique; particularly on comparing with them his pendants for the neck



BRACELET.
(By René Lalique.)

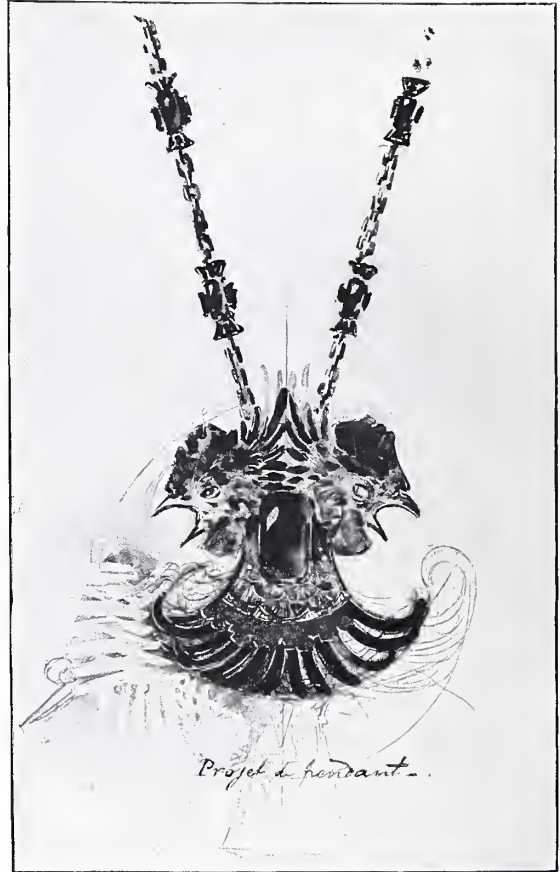
and some of his rings. But it must at once be said that the resemblance does no discredit to



DESIGN FOR A DIADEM.
(From a Water-Colour Sketch by René Lalique.)

we find in him not merely a skilled chaser of gold, practised in every mechanical refinement of his craft, but also an artist really anxious to remain faithful in his productions to a plan and idea of results.

In considering this, the most costly of all the arts, and inquiring what are the necessary qualifications of a perfect goldsmith—I mean an artist in the highest sense of the word—we may, as it would seem, distinguish two distinct elements—the work of the chaser, which is closely related



DESIGN FOR A PENDANT.
(From a Water-Colour Sketch by René Lalique.)

to that of the sculptor, and the art of using materials, and especially gems, giving each its best effect, showing off its character and really marrying them to their advantage. Monsieur René Lalique possesses both these gifts, and experience and practice will no doubt develop them. Some of his works, as for instance the silver spray and the ivory comb here shown, display very great lightness of hand. Silver, to which Monsieur Lalique is fond of giving the darker tones of iron or of bronze, yields to his touch like wax. In such a piece of work as his tiara he has achieved such curves and such hues as have hitherto been undreamed of, and which are highly distinctive.

Monsieur Lalique's originality. In spite of evident analogy, his art is full of individuality and life;

But it is more especially in the selection of materials that this young craftsman is one of the innovators whose progress must be watched with growing interest.

The various and numerous precious stones made use of by the ancients seem to have fallen into disuse. Jewellers for the most part care only for the gems which have the greatest money value—the emerald, the ruby, and the diamond; the rest are almost entirely neglected. Monsieur René Lalique shows us what charming effects they may be made to produce; and they are both many and various. Here, indeed, the jeweller has his palette, in a myriad stones with flashing fires and burning hearts, and in dim, almost dead, gleams of colour. No wider or more infinitely varied task could the gem-setter have, if he knows how to set off the mysterious amethyst, the many-tinted opal, agates of sober sheen, chrysoprase, topaz, chrysoberyl, cat's-eye, sardonyx, and all the stones that look as if they had stored in their depths some essence of strange souls. Often, indeed, a natural stone is insufficient to the artist's refined requirements. Thus in one of his bracelets, to obtain a dimmer gleam, Monsieur Lalique, by depriving opals of their superficial polish, has produced a depth of dead colour of which the effect has not till now been appreciated. Not unfrequently too—and the practice was familiar to the ancient Egyptians—he squares and sets a stone instead of enamel.

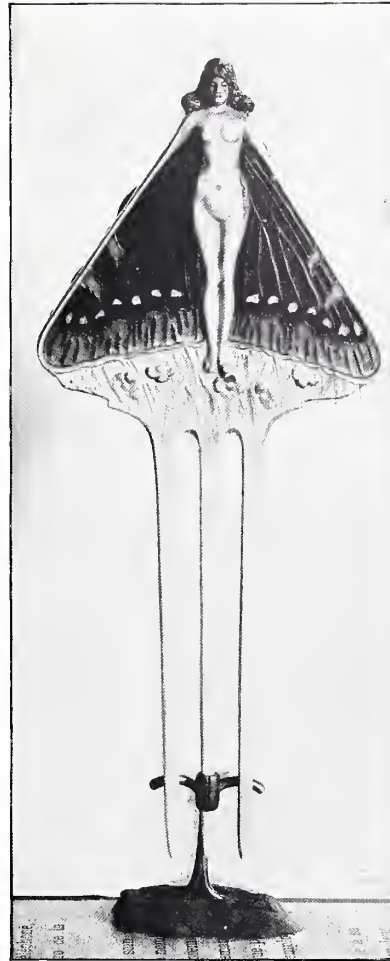
All these stones seem as though they had a distinct individuality, and chance is not Monsieur Lalique's guide in arranging them. Let us watch the whole process of production of one of his jewels, and note him at his work; we shall see that the result comes of the most patient research.

The jewel, slowly evolved from the artist's mind, is first sketched on paper. He draws in the form

in pencil, and then with water-colour he experiments in the mixture of hues, studying which tones are best suited to a certain shape; but still only in a general way. He next rough-casts the work, and tries in plaster the effects he can produce. Finally he sets to work in the metal.

On a sort of anvil, which, however, can be turned to suit his convenience, he hammers and chases the silver or gold with various forms of gravers and punches, finishing this part of the work in the finest detail before inserting the stones, with which he tries various combinations till each contributes to the general effect of the whole. Thus a bracelet executed in horn, and rather dull in colour, is enlivened with blue stones; the spikes of a diadem are starred with diamonds; and again, in the wings of the butterfly-nymph that forms a comb-top, brilliants are artfully strewn.

The case of jewelry exhibited by Monsieur Lalique in the Salon of the Champs Elysées this year and subsequently at Brussels—which, with a few specimens of pottery, were, it seems to me, the most interesting feature of the section of Decorative Art—were a genuine revelation of individual feeling and refined taste. This strikes us even more in the artist's workroom, where, surrounded by his numerous works, we give ourselves up to their charm, and abandon ourselves to a de-



IVORY COMB

(By René Lalique.)

lightly unreal environment.

Each specimen reveals the marked individuality of Monsieur Lalique. The rings, in which the stones are really sunk, not merely cemented in, the tiaras stamped with a true sense of decoration, the combs ornamented with extreme novelty and elegance, the light waist-buckles—all show that Monsieur Lalique brings real talent to his work, from which we may hope for original creations as soon as he shall have freed himself from the traditions which still are occasionally to be traced in his designs.

ART IN BRUSSELS.

THE club *Pour l'Art* (For Art), consisting of young painters who regard Flemish painting as the model to be imitated, has brought to the front the names of Messrs. Ottevaere, Laermans, Hamnotaux,

hangings, in which the elephant's tooth and yellow star were the leading motive of the decoration, and especially the pleasing harmony of the general effect, quite charmed the critics. This dining-room was



THE EMIGRANTS.

(From the Painting by M. Laermans.)

and Alfred Verhaeren. The first renders the effects of park-landscape in calm grey tones, and aims at style; the second sympathises with the poverty-stricken crowd, and shows us the life of the wretched, the vagabond, the emigrant; the third, a disciple of Leys, renders historical scenes or gives us studies of decayed cities—Bruges, for instance, and Furnes; the fourth of this list, akin to Braekelaer, Millery, and Struys, paints quiet interiors: the studios of the old painters, corners of chapels, naves or apses of churches. Sometimes he is tempted by a handsome mass of still life. He is one of the powerful and florid painters, a true Fleming. I have spoken particularly of this Club exhibition because, though it may not have been the most interesting or the most important held this year at Brussels, it certainly produced a sense of agreeable surprise by its essentially native character. The Belgian public felt at home there.

The *Libre Esthétique* (the Free Aesthetics) display is the most serious in purpose of all. Here the frankest internationalism is the keynote of the whole. The names of Besnard, Blanche, Cottet, Toorop, Melchers, Kopping, and Sanderson appear in the catalogue with those of Claus, Degroux, De Guve, De Nuneques, Ensor, and Khnopff. All the art of Europe is offered to the public taste by the *Libre Esthétique*. This year a dining-room, furnished and arranged by the architect Herta, was the chief attraction of this show. The decoration was sober in style, the cupboards, tables, and dressers in yellow-toned wood; then the

decorated by the artist to the order of Mr. Van Eetvelt, a representative official of the States of the Congo. M. Herta's name is one to remember. He bears the stamp of originality and power. English artists exhibited book-bindings, chromolithographs, and specimens of handicraft in iron, in copper, and in glass. The practical elegance of their work was appreciated and admired.

The exhibition of *L'Art Idéaliste* (Idealist Art) was held this year at the Maison d'Art, Avenue de la Toison d'Or. In direct contrast with the *Libre Esthétique*, the Idealist Salon excludes every tendency in art which is not subordinate to tradition. Here such masters as Burne-Jones, Puvis de Chavannes, and Gustave Moreau are held in high honour. These are the gods of whom the idealists proclaim themselves the priests. Historical or legendary subjects, synthetical heads, and classical landscape are the themes they select. Impressionism is spoken of as the enemy. The chief exhibitor at this show is its leading spirit, Jean Delville, a theorist and painter. This artist prefers scenes borrowed from the myths of Orpheus or of Hercules. He took the Prix de Rome, and persists in that class of work.

At the Gallery of the Maison d'Art again, but independently of each other or of any sect, Messrs. Léon Frédéric, Eugène Smits, and Jan Verhas exhibited their works.

The first is a very original painter, who takes the people and popular types for his models, to the exclusion of all else, and to symbolise external

truths. No classic myth has for him any charm of form, but they all attract him by their permanent significance. He interprets them in modern dress, and this is the peculiar gift of this simple and sincere artist, Léon Frédéric.

The second, Eugène Smits, was the organiser of a retrospective exhibition of the art of twenty-five years. He has all his life been haunted by the great Venetians, Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto. His work is tributary to theirs, but with enough beauty and independent manner for individuality to hold its own while producing fine effects of

of the sea-shore, public fêtes, anecdote, illustrated by the brush. His work does not rise to the level of fame.

The season closed with an aristocratic exhibition of portraits by dead masters; the names of David, Lawrence, Van Dyck, Rubens, Cornelius de Vos, Leys, and Couture figured in the catalogue. It disabused the public as to the artistic treasures supposed to lie hidden in the residences of the great Belgian families. Take it for all in all, this display of ancestral portraits was a poor one.

At the present time, as a sequel to the winter



THE FUNERAL.

(By M. Laermans.)

colour. Eugène Smits has made himself henceforth a name in the Belgian school.

The third painter, recently dead, Jan Verhas, made a specialty of light and modern genre scenes

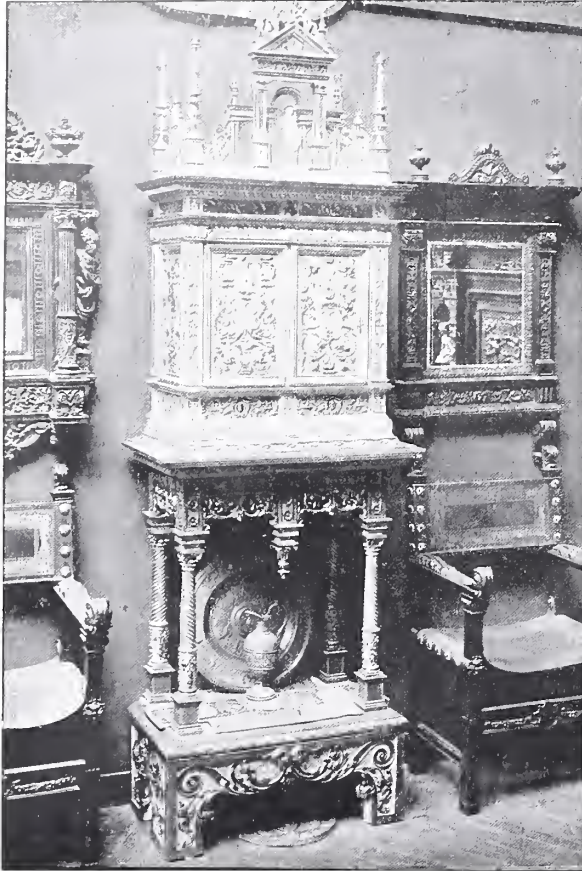
shows, amateurs have the opportunity of admiring a collection of medals, very well displayed, and the more interesting for including some examples of Italian and French bronzes, both old and modern.



FRENCH FURNITURE.

A GREAT opportunity has been presented to M. Héber Lippmann, of 9, Rue Chaptal, Paris, by a commission to furnish the great bedchamber in an ancient château in which Francis I. is said to have

resided, in the style of the Renaissance in the work. Both bedstead and cabinet are beautifully carved, while on the head of the former is a painted panel. The hangings and cover are all designed with a



FURNITURE IN STYLE OF FRANÇOIS I. PERIOD.

(Designed and Executed by Héber Lippmann.)

resided, in the style of the period of that monarch. By the courtesy of M. Lippmann we are enabled to illustrate the bed and a jewel cabinet which are for this room. They were designed by M. Lippmann himself, and it will be seen how well he has adhered

view to making the work as complete an example of the style as possible. We hope at no distant date to refer fully to M. Lippmann's career and work as an artist in furniture and decoration of every kind, whether textile, metal, glass, and ceramic.

THE NATIONAL BRITISH GALLERY.

BY THE EDITOR.

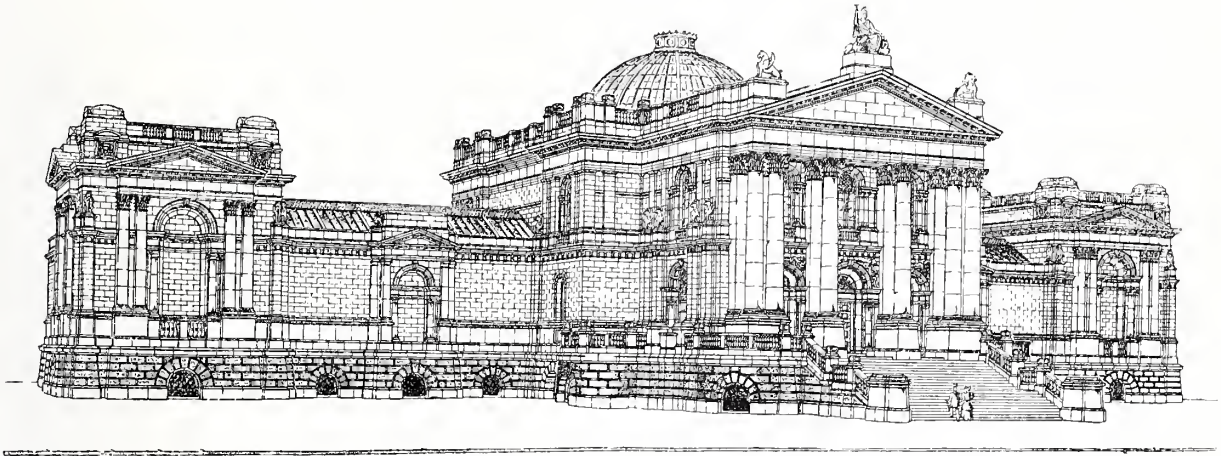
FOUR years ago, when the announcement was made that Mr. Henry Tate had determined not only on presenting his collection of English pictures to the nation, but on adding to it a fine gallery in which to house them, a series of articles was published in THE MAGAZINE OF ART dealing fully,

critically and historically, with the pictures, with the proposed management of the institution, and with the building designed by Mr. Sidney R. J. Smith which was to be erected on the site of Millbank Prison. Since that time all has been brought to a happy conclusion. The building, which was

consecrated to the public use on the 21st July by the Prince of Wales, now shelters not Mr. Tate's collection alone, but also the pictures of the Chantrey Bequest, those included in Mr. Watts's gift to his fellow-countrymen, and finally, ninety-seven works of the British school removed from the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. An event so important in the history of English art is not to be passed over without the attention due to it, and some slight recapitulation is justifiable on so interesting an occasion.

We must in the first place acknowledge with gratification that the architect, Mr. Sidney R. J.

The chief feature of the front elevation is the lofty central portion, with a portico of six Corinthian columns with pediment over; this portion projects some distance beyond the main face of the building, and has a flight of steps up to the entrance (which are between the columns). At the extreme ends are two pavilions, which octagon internally. These pavilions have an order of Corinthian pilasters raised on pedestals and terminating in pediments; between the pilasters are deep niches with an Ionic order of columns and pilasters supporting entablatures with semicircular arches over. Between the end pavilions and the central portion is a plain ashlar wall to give relief to the surrounding features; in the centre of this plain part is another niche flanked with Ionic pilasters, with a small Doric order between them with semicircular arch over to form the niche. The Ionic order finishes with a pediment. A rusticated base-



THE NATIONAL BRITISH GALLERY.

(From the Elevation by Sidney R. J. Smith, F.R.I.B.A.)

Smith, F.R.I.B.A., has to a certain extent modified his original design, and by doing so has removed certain blemishes which we found ourselves called upon to criticise. The height of the great glass dome has been reduced; the crowning drum and flying bronze figure have been dispensed with; and the minor domes have been suppressed. Certain other details have been modified, and there has been sacrificed to an effective corridor what was originally intended as a gallery for etchings and engravings. But such alterations as there have been are useful, leaving the architectural merit of the building improved rather than impaired. Moreover, Mr. Tate has decided to crown his munificence by the immediate extension of the galleries, which he had at first intended to postpone to a later period; this further development will double the available space, adding ten new rooms; and this extension is to be proceeded with at once.

In view of the exceptional interest of the building, we transcribe the technical description given us by Mr. Sidney Smith.

The foundations are carried down about 30 feet below ground level, and cost alone about £12,000. The architectural style of the building is a free Classic, with a Greek feeling to the moulding and ornament. The elevations are symmetrical, and are faced with Portland stone.

ment, 10 feet high, runs entirely round the elevations, supporting a pedestal treatment 6 feet high, from which the various orders of columns and pilasters spring.

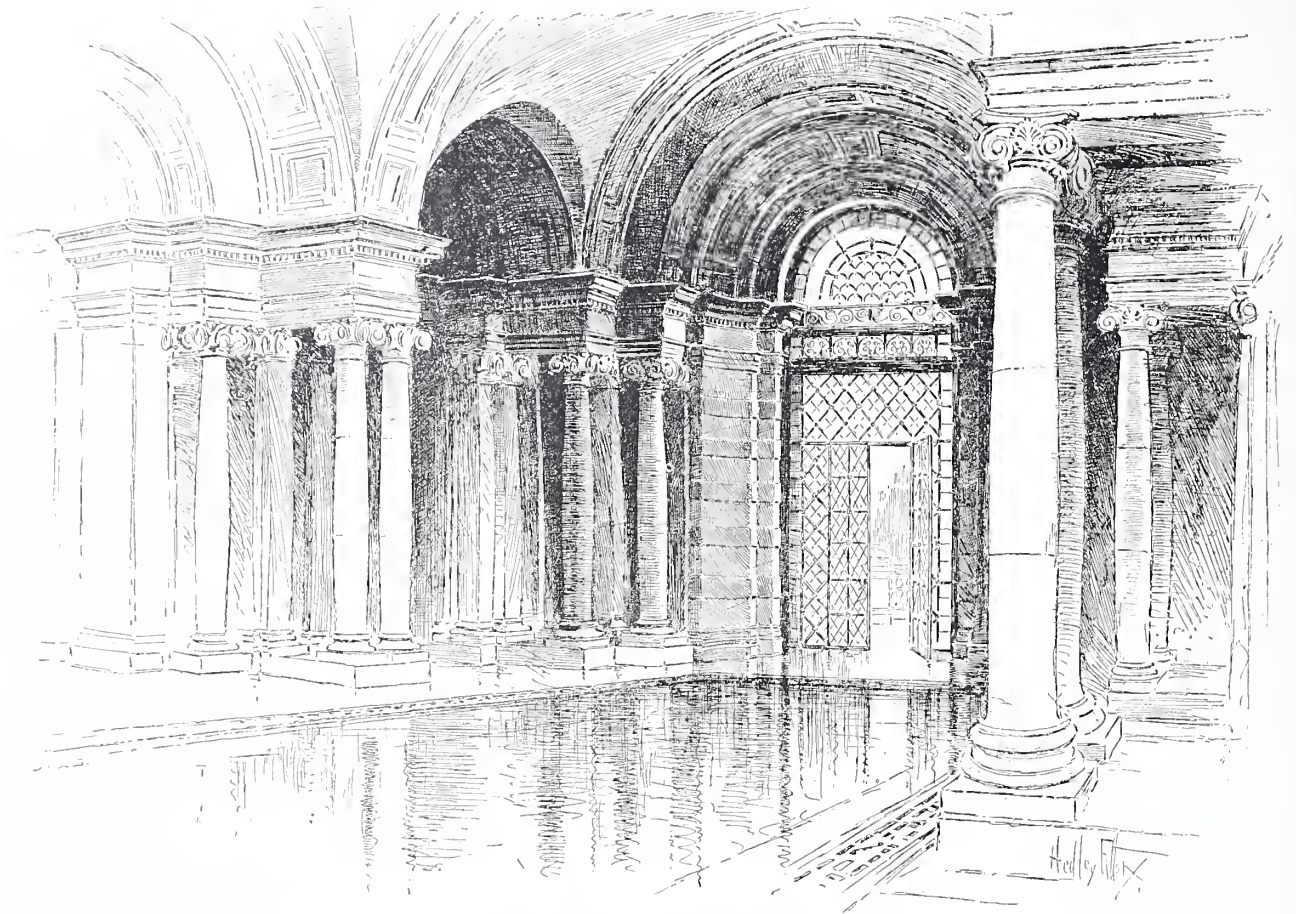
The length of the front elevation is about 290 feet, that of the side, including the projecting central portion, is about 140 feet. The projection of the flight of entrance steps is about 40 feet beyond. The width of the portico is 50 feet from centre to centre of the end columns. The height of the columns, which rest on pedestals, is 30 feet 6 inches. The entablature over is 7 feet 6 inches high, and the pedestals are also 7 feet 6 inches high.

Thus the total height of the order is 45 feet 6 inches. The diameter of the columns is 3 feet at the bottom. The total height of the portico from ground level to apex of pediment is about 65 feet 6 inches. A figure of Britannia on a high acroteria block surmounts the main pediment, with a lion and unicorn on either side, at the bases of the pediment. The height of the end pavilions is 54 feet 6 inches from the ground level to top of the balustrade. The height of the coupled Corinthian pilasters is 35 feet, including the entablature and pedestals. The width of the pavilions is about 45 feet. The height of the plain ashlar wall, between the pavilions and central portion, is about 35 feet from ground level to top of parapet.

The entrance doors lead into a rectangular vestibule 50 feet long and 26 feet wide, which has an Ionic order 13 feet high of columns running round the sides, with banded rustication between them for wall surface, all in Portland stone. The ceiling is a plaster barrel vault, with panelled stone ribs springing from the Ionic entablature over the coupled columns. The height from the pavement to the crown of the vault is about 25 feet 6 inches. The vestibule is lighted from the ends by semicircular leaded windows with ornamental iron grilles, and with

an order of Doric columns at the side. From the vestibule is entered a corridor 12 feet wide, which surrounds the central octagonal sculpture hall 38 feet wide, having four entrances and four semicircular niches or recesses for seats or sculpture. From the corridor or sculpture hall the various

the Ionic columns are Corinthian pilasters and entablature with balustrade over, from which spring the ribs of the main dome, which is also partly glazed to give light to the sculpture hall and first-floor sculpture gallery. The height from ground-floor level to apex of dome inside is about 76 feet. The basement of



THE ENTRANCE VESTIBULE

(Drawn by Hedley Fitton.)

picture galleries are entered, and are so arranged that there is no necessity to retrace one's steps. A very pleasing feature is a circular belvedere, with central fountains, and a drinking fountain on each side. There are seven picture galleries, three of them being 59 feet long by 32 feet wide; the long gallery is 93 feet long and 32 feet wide, and the square gallery 32 feet by 32 feet. The inside of the flanking pavilions are treated as octagons, 31 feet 6 inches in diameter, and are to be used as picture galleries as well. They are lighted from the top by a glass dome, with panelled and ornamental plaster ribs and cornices, the height from floor to apex of dome being about 16 feet. The galleries are all top lighted, and the ceiling is formed with elliptical panelled plaster ribs and ornamental spandrels, the height from floor to apex of ellipse being 26 feet.

The corridor on the ground floor is divided up by piers into squares and ellipses, and has small flat domes over each, the height from floor to apex of dome being about 23 feet. At the ends of the corridors are circular staircases, which lead up to the first-floor sculpture gallery, which is 15 feet wide, and to the picture gallery over the vestibule, which is about the same size. The stairs are entirely treated in white marble. The upper sculpture gallery is lit by skylights circular on plan. The central sculpture hall is open at the first floor, and has an area with coupled Ionic columns with carved balustrades dividing it from the upper sculpture gallery which runs all round. Between

the building is divided up into rooms similar to the galleries, and are to be used for picture restoring and cleaning rooms, students' easels, store rooms, offices, and boiler-house. The basement is entered from the ground floor by circular staircases, which also lead to the lavatories and cloak-rooms in the basement.

The whole of the carving has been done from models, made at the works from drawings which have been given for every part, in full size, by the architect; the general treatment being Greek in feeling, the terminals on supporting piers at sides being a winged female figure, an emblem of the inspiration of art; while those to the central parts are emblems of the British lion. The keystones to arches, especially internally, are treated very similarly to Grinling Gibbons' work. The floors of central part are in Sicilian marble and marble mosaic, and the galleries have polished oak floors.

Such is the National British Gallery—which, by the way, there has been some disposition to term the National Gallery of British Art; as this title, however, was invented and appropriated so long ago as 1857 by Mr. John Sheepshanks, that which heads this article may the more readily be accepted, especially as it is more accurately and concisely



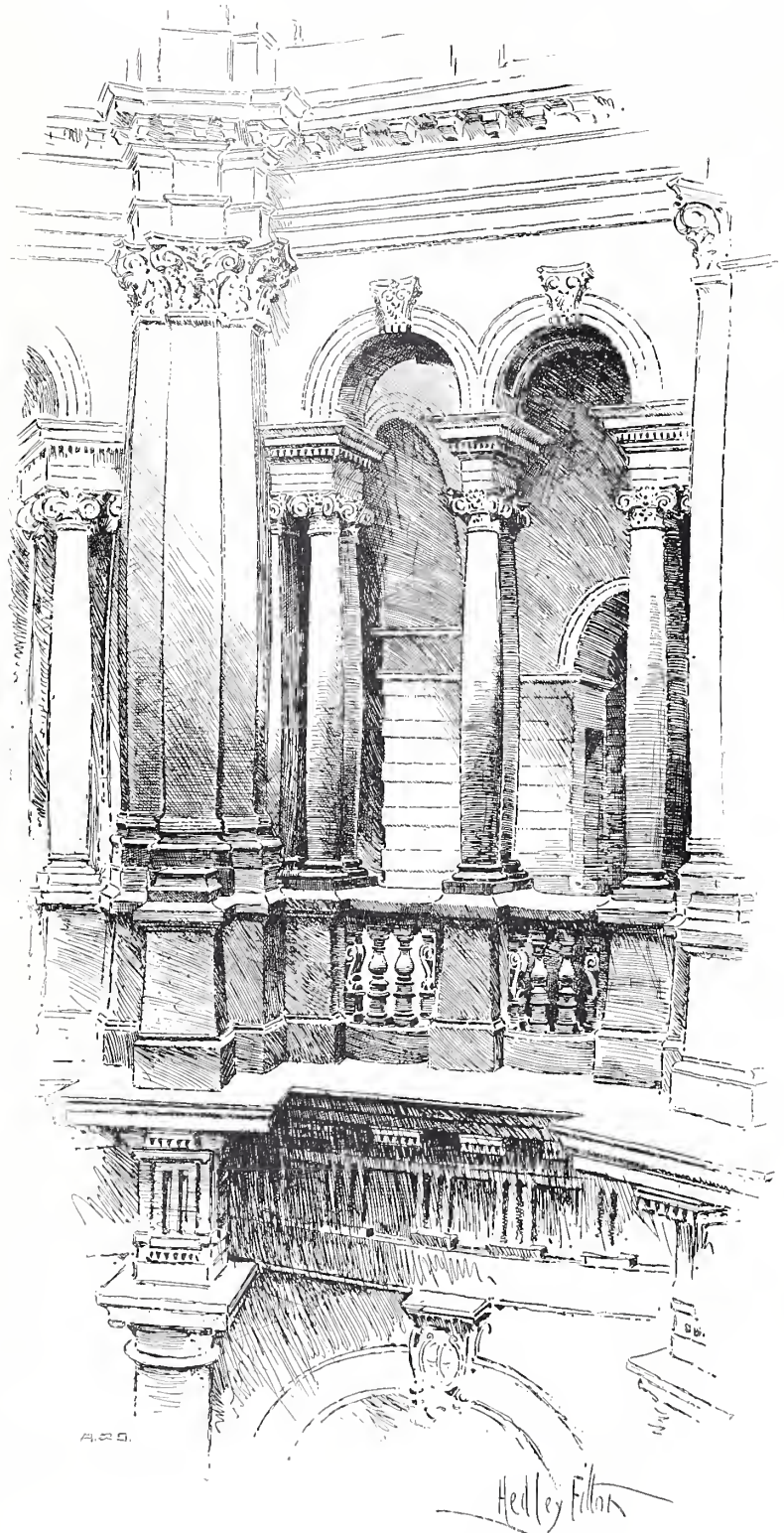
FRED WALKER, A.R.A., PINXT.

THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

(Presented to the Nation by Sir Wm. Agnew, Bart., and now in the National British Gallery. By permission of Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons, the Owners of the Copyright.)

descriptive of the new institution as a department of what is now the parent institution in Trafalgar Square. Passing the vestibule and the handsome sculpture gallery in the centre, the visitor who turns sharply to the left will find himself in the long gallery devoted to a half of the pictures constituting the Chantrey collection. Never in their old home in South Kensington Museum have they looked so well as here, never have they given a higher estimate of the strength and solidity as well as the skill of modern English painting. Beyond it is the octagon room, in which the ideal canvases which Mr. Watts has conferred upon the nation are displayed against a background of powerful red—an effective colour that contrasts strangely with the sober and more undecided tone of porphyry in which the rest of the gallery is painted. To the north of these two rooms runs the great gallery, not less than ninety-three feet long, in which Mr. Tate's own pictures impress the spectator not only with the donor's patriotism, but once more with the excellence to which English masters have within the present generation attained. In addition are one or two pictures of the earlier English school which will bring into the catalogue names excluded by the arbitrary limit set by the Trustees of the National Gallery in respect to the pictures removed to Millbank from Trafalgar Square. These occupy the two galleries corresponding to the one long Tate room, and include many of the popular favourites, by artists living and dead, which have hitherto been counted amongst the most attractive to the general public in the western wing of the National Gallery. In the gallery to the south are housed the remaining Chantrey paintings; and the visitor emerging once more in the sculpture gallery will find that he has made the tour of the building and examined the pictures under conditions of light and space hardly to be matched in any kindred structure in the country. It should be stated that at the end of the eastern gallery is hung a large equestrian portrait of a lady on a white horse riding through an archway: a work begun by Landseer, as a portrait

of the Queen riding at Windsor, but completed as to the figure of the lady (a portrait of Mrs. James, Sir John Millais' daughter) by the late President. The dog is by Sir John; the landscape background



PORTION OF CENTRAL HALL SHOWING THE SCULPTURE GALLERY

(Drawn by Hedley Fitton.)

appears to be a joint production. The picture, never before exhibited in public, is the gift of a very distinguished collector, whose desire for anonymity—he having selected Sir William Agnew as his intermediary—we here respect.

At present, therefore, the galleries at their opening are practically full, and without careful re-hanging will scarcely give room for important additions save by what ingenuity Mr. Charles Holroyd, the newly-appointed Keeper, can exercise. But in the course of about two years, the additional rooms may be accounted available, and then it is to be hoped that all expressions of English art, whether in black and white, engraving in its various forms, and such fine

examples of miniatures, enamels, porcelain, glass, and *objets d'art* as may be worthy of it may, as in the Paris Luxembourg, be accorded space for the education of the public and the encouragement of the art worker. At present, the grand saloon above the entrance vestibule is all that is available for water-colours, and is perhaps even too well lighted for works so delicate. But in the near future ample space will be at command, and we can only hope that the temptation of bare walls will not seduce the authorities into accepting works for the gallery not entirely worthy of the great distinction of being admitted to the splendid shrine which Mr. Tate has erected to the glory of English art and to the honour of his own name.

THE ENGLISH SECTION AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION AT BRUSSELS.



THE striking English contribution to the Fine Art Section at the Brussels Exhibition, which the committee under Sir Edward Poynter brought together, through the energy mainly of Mr. I. Spielmann, has elicited the following remarks from the pen of a well-known Belgian critic:—

“The section of British art at the Brussels Exhibition is the most successful. No other shows a more sober style of decoration or more methodical arrangement. The red walls blend very satisfactorily with the gilt frames; and settees and chairs, upholstered with stamped velvet, invite the visitor to rest in front of the more important works. Foremost of the famous names are those of Sir E. Burne-Jones and Mr. Watts. The former exhibits “Love Among the Ruins” and the “Wheel of Fortune,” both well-known pictures, fine and faultless in drawing, but in which the colouring—here somewhat monotonous, and there harsh—stultifies to some extent the harmony. Burne-Jones is the fashion—a post of honour, but of danger. A crowd of followers swear by him. He exerts an influence that is slowly taking the place of academic and professional influence. Young painters, born to be imitators, adopt his manner instead of that of their teachers. And the public, who are apt to mistake a personal formula for beauty, delight in the

character and accuracy of his work. To my mind that work errs—if I dare say so—by excess of perfection, which destroys emotion and spontaneity—two great elements of genius in art.

Watts is impressive in an admirable portrait of “Walter Crane.” The warm brown complexion, heightened by a ruddy glow, the character of the face, at once simple and powerful, stamp this portrait on the mind as that of a master by a master. Watts is not always an equal artist, but in him life, at least, is all-pervading and noble. It is life that guides his brush; and if in one or two allegorical works it betrays him, to some extent, into sentimentality, in others it fills him with power, and gives rise to original and unmistakable masterpieces.

By the side of these two names stands a third, that of the late Madox Brown. “Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.” and “Elijah and the Widow’s Son” suggest reminiscences of the delicate, crisp, minute workmanship of the illuminations of mediæval books. The details of life are rendered with extreme care. The historical aspect of the story gives way to the domestic interest. There is nothing histrionic in the “Chaucer” or theatrical in the “Elijah.” It is the master’s strong point that he realises with deep feeling and without affectation the scene he sets before us. He makes us believe in the truth of both his imagination and of his observation. He finds a world within himself which he expresses with individuality and impresses on us, as the great masters can. Though his colour is often crude and ærid, it is not jarring. At the worst it strikes us as strange, and we presently become accustomed to it.

A perfect harmony of yellow, orange, and brown

is the characteristic of Mr. Orchardson. We have here from his hand a female head, the "Portrait of Mrs. Samuel Joseph," a fine piece of work, irreproachable in manner and deep in its simplicity. Orchardson has the gift of using the simplest means to produce a feeling of ardent vitality of colour. Sometimes his pictures produce the effect of sepia, but the tone is treated with so much mastery that, as in Rembrandt, the eye of the most practised connoisseur is charmed.

Mr. Alma-Tadema might be accused of painting marble palaces and terraces in a way that is quite illusory—of intending to paint so as to deceive the eye. Texture ought not to be treated to such perfection in painting; art is interpretation and not reproduction or photography. Mr. Alma-Tadema's work is finished, precise, sincere, and archæologically exact. But this does not satisfy all those to whom beauty is far above information, or even an incident admirably told.

Two pictures, the "Bubbles" and "Portrait of Mrs. Louise Jopling," thoroughly well painted, represent the late Sir John Millais. The memory of a painter who certainly did some immortal work suffers from the exhibition in an international collection of a work which was fated to be used as a manufacturer's advertisement; the portrait, by its skill and fine qualities, happily effaces this impression, from which it is impossible to escape.

Lord Leighton is represented by "Corinna of Tanagra;" Mr. Briton Riviere by "The Magician's Doorway;" Sir Edward Poynter by "On the Terrace" and "Knuckle-bone Players;" Mr. Frank Dicksee by "The Passing of Arthur" and "The Mirror;" Professor Herkomer by a "Portrait of Stanley" and "The Makers of My House." These artists, whose fame is established on the Continent as much as in England, all contribute to the success of the English show.

The Glasgow school has come well to the front.

Whether, like Mr. Lavery, these portrait painters remind us of Whistler and the Spanish masters, or whether, like Mr. Roche, they recall Monticelli, they all have the fire and life and ardour, and in all cases give us sound and skilful painting.

Mr. Brangwyn, in his "Venice," transfers to his canvas the parti-coloured charm of an Oriental carpet. Mr. Anning Bell, in "An Adagio," gives us the grace of drapery on children's limbs. The fine and lamented marine painter, Henry Moore, in his "Sea-Piece" makes us feel the under-current of the ocean below the blue waves. Mr. Strudwick's "King's Palace" is a poor and meaner reminiscence of Pre-Raphaelite methods, but the minute care of his drawing is interesting.

I have tried to give an honest and not merely flattering view of the British Art Section at Brussels: it is certainly one of the best. What may be undeservedly praised is the general effect, and the honour done to the exhibition by the contributions of such masters.

The defect that besets the school as a whole would seem to be a belief that the correctness, or, indeed, the cold perfection which is the chief characteristic of some of the exhibitors, is the highest achievement of art. A true artist feels that any madness is more precious than a faultless but lifeless picture. Technique is only a means; it can never be an end in itself.

The bronzes and marbles are on the whole inferior to the painting.* But when we remember what wonderful strides English painting has made in this century, we may legitimately hope that English sculpture will ere long follow in the same line. In the room devoted to water-colours and drawings the names of Walter Crane, Leighton, Burne-Jones, and Swan make us pause before some very beautiful examples.

* Owing to the difficulty and risk of transport, and the consequent heavy rate of insurance, this section was unrepresentative of the merits of our school.—EDITOR.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[61] **ARTIST-ENGINEERS.**—Art, I suppose, is not one of the exact sciences; nor is it a logical study, like that of the law; so that it may surely be considered strange that in the persons of one or two of the great Italian masters we find the engineer and the artist combined. How far is this an exception? Are there examples among modern painters of this dual capacity?—J. WILSON STURGE, Rue Joseph II., Brussels.

* * Besides Nasmyth, no example of the engineer practising as an artist occurs to us.

But if the querist will visit the English Fine Art Section at the International Exhibition in his city, he will find there the works of no fewer than six artists who were educated as engineers—namely, E. J. Gregory, J. M. Swan, W. Reynolds Stephens, E. F. Brewtnall, Frank Short, and Linley Sambourne. The conclusion, if any, to be drawn from these examples is *not* the supposed affinity between the scientific and the artistic temperament, but just the contrary.

[62] **WAS GEORGE CRUIKSHANK "BOUGHT OFF"?**—Is there any authority for the statement that the reason of George Cruikshank's sudden cessation of caricaturing the Court and the Ministers of the day was that a subvention was offered him from Windsor, and was accepted? The same suggestion was made in the "History of *Punch*," by Mr. M. H. Spielmann. What are the grounds of the statement?—S. K. M.

* * So far as I am aware there is no proof; only the general, long-held belief, deduced, perhaps, from the otherwise unexplained fact of Cruikshank so suddenly desisting from lampooning the authorities and the Court—so curiously retiring from the foremost rank of the satirists of the etching-needle at a time when he was practically without a peer. A short while since I received, on this very subject, an interesting communication from a great admirer and friend of the great humorist—a piece of evidence which is of value as coming first-hand, although it is not, so far as I know, substantiated by independent testimony or proof. This well-known collector of Gloucester wrote: "I well remember that the first time I met him, which was in March, 1872, we had a chat about his visit to Windsor and his showing the collection of proof-etchings, caricatures, etc., to the Prince Consort, which he hoped the Prince would buy. The Prince didn't buy, and the collection was afterwards purchased by the Dean [?] of Salisbury. George told me that the Prince chaffed him good-humouredly about his attacks on George IV and his Court in days gone by, and asked him why he had ceased to produce his satires on the latter. 'Because the Court gives no occasion for them,' was George Cruikshank's reply." No doubt, a courtly and diplomatic answer, and one which should be recorded to "the great George's" credit; but it does not quite sufficiently refute the general charge, because, if I am not much mistaken, the artist did not await the purification of the Court and the purging of corruption: he laid down his caricaturist's pencil long before the Queen's accession. All admirers of Cruikshank's work would be glad to have absolute disproof of the damaging story, in place of the *ex parte* statement.—S.

[63] **M. MATHURIN-MOREAU, SCULPTOR.**—I see it announced that M. Mathurin-Moreau recently gained the *Médaille d'Honneur* at the Salon of the Champs Elysées for sculpture. Is not this gentleman—so far from being an artist of long-standing or established ability—merely a youth, and nothing but an "impressionist" in marble?—CHISEL.

* * M. Mathurin-Moreau, so far from being the inconsiderable person our correspondent

suggests, is one of the leading sculptors of France, and is, we imagine, well past sixty years of age. For many years he has occupied a foremost place in the ranks of his art, and, though he is somewhat academic, lovers of flamboyancy never fail to admire his accomplished art. Nine years ago—in 1888—when 548 sculptors cast their votes for the sculptor-jury of the Salon, M. Moreau came second with 387 votes (being headed only by M. Leroux with 396); while MM. Frémiet, A. Dubois, Chapu, Barrias, Merié, Falguière, Guillaume, Chaplain, and Delaplanche followed at less or greater distance in his train; and M. Rodin nearly closed it in with only 236. It may be added that at the recent Brussels Exhibition M. Moreau headed the sculpture section of the Fine Arts jury as president.

[64] **SIR EDWARD POYNTER'S MOSAIC IN WESTMINSTER PALACE.**—It is good news that Sir Edward Poynter's second mosaic is to be proceeded with in the Outer Lobby of the House of Commons. Can you or your readers inform me why there has been this delay of about thirty years, and if it is only a question of money?—CASPAR HULETT, Burslem.

* * The following official statement, made to Parliament in 1888, may explain matters. "The total cost of the great mosaic of St. George in the Central Lobby, including £150 for the design, was £665. In consequence of the opinion expressed by Messrs. Cope, Ward, Armitage, Poynter, and Watts, who had been consulted by Mr. Ayrton in 1870, it was deemed inexpedient to proceed further with the mosaic pictures. A Committee was, however, appointed on the subject of fresco-paintings in the House of Commons, and their report was duly presented to the House on the 12th February, 1872. Mr. Ayrton then submitted to Parliament an estimate of £500 in the Votes of 1872-3 for completing an annual fresco. The item was, however, struck out in Committee of Supply. Nothing had since been done in the matter, nor could he [Mr. D. Plunket] hold out any hope that anything would be immediately done towards filling up the remaining arched spaces, for which there were no designs at present in existence." The final statement is—so far as the companion design of St. David is concerned—of course, absurd, as the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART well know. But the prospect of completing Sir Edward Poynter's second mosaic is a gratifying one to those who are familiar with the Lobby and take pleasure in the sight of radiance and colour reflected from the St. George when the central hall is lighted up.

[65] **THE "FIRST" PAINTERS OF THE WORLD** (?).—I have never seen it stated who were the *first* painters (in order of chronology) who made painting what it is, and who created and invented the processes, and introduced the views on which the whole Art of to-day is based. I think it would be of the greatest interest if you would place for your readers some *résumé* which will enable them to form some idea to whom we are indebted for the greatest beauty and enjoyment in the world for the poetic intellect.—**BERISHIS.**

* * * The proposal is an alarming one, which we can do only a little to carry out. To some extent, however, we can satisfy our correspondent's curiosity. In Classic times the first theatrical scene-painter was Agathareus (450 B.C.); the first caricaturist was Antiphiles—he invented the "grylli"; the first painter in polychrome was Bularchos; and the first miniature-painter was Cleicles. The inventor of painting, we are told—at least, by the Greeks—was Cleophantes, in 700 B.C.; and the first Roman painter in Rome (300 B.C.) was Fabius. The first who differentiated man from woman in his pictures was Eumarus; and the first painter in Rome, other than Etruscan, was Damophilus (490 B.C.). Ludius was the first who substituted fresco for encaustic (100 B.C.); and the first to lay colour on his monochrome designs, as already suggested, was Cleophantes. The first woman-painter was Timarata, daughter of Micon the Younger (435 B.C.). The first encaustic painter was Pancæns, brother of Phidias (450 B.C.); and the first to introduce painting of interiors of houses, Pausias, in 340 B.C. The first artist to demand premiums from pupils was Pamphiles, in 350 B.C.—his terms being £240 for ten years, or £2 a month. The first Russian painter was Alimpius, and the first English painter St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury (10th century). The first good perspective artist in Italy was Paolo Ucello (1397–1475); and the first who understood the science completely and established the comprehension of foreshortening was Masaccio. The first lay-figure with proper articulations was invented by Fra Bartolommeo; and the first professional picture-dealers were the merchants of Florence, who purchased the pictures of Perugino, "and sent them to different lands to their great gain and advantage," as Vasari expresses it. The first art critic—happily for his memory—is unknown. We do not guarantee the absolute correctness of every detail of the above information, but we believe it to be in the main accurate and trustworthy.

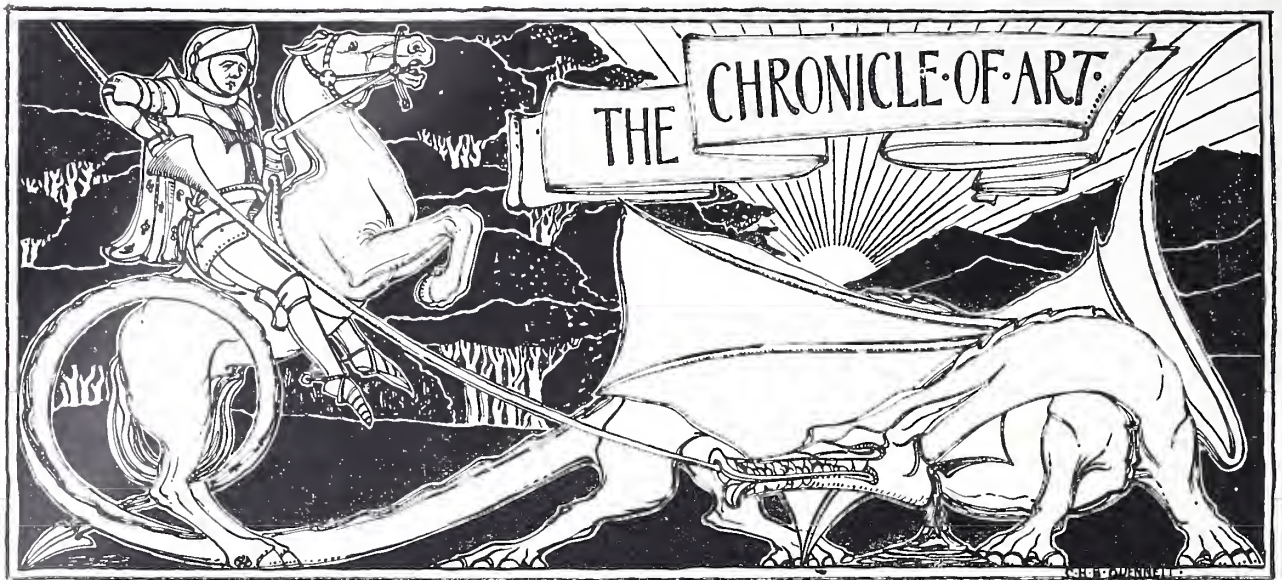
[66] **AN ORIENTAL PICTURE.**—Would you kindly tell me, through the medium of your "Notes and Queries," the name of the accompanying picture; who the original was painted by, where it is at present, or any other points of interest in the history of this picture?—**FROM BARBARY COAST.**

* * * The title of the picture is "Jessica," and it is one of the numerous paintings of eastern models produced by Herr Nathaniel Sichel, an artist living in Berlin. We cannot say where the original of this particular picture is; but, doubtless, the publishers from whose catalogue the illustration was taken, or the Berlin Photographic Co., could put our correspondent into direct communication with the artist.

[67] **REYNOLDS'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. QUARRINGTON, AS "ST. AGNES."**—Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1771, painted "Mrs. Quarrington, with lamb and palm-branch, as 'St. Agnes': a beautiful woman, with a Guido-like expression of ecstasy in the upturned face and swimming eyes." It was in the Royal Academy in 1772. But, in Dr. Hamilton's catalogue of Sir Joshua's engraved works, he refers to the above subject, says it was painted 1789 and is (1884) in possession of "the Revd. R. Buchanan Ellis"—no address given, and no such name is in the Clerical Directory. Can anyone give information as to him and the 1789 picture?—**D. A. WEHRSCHMIDT, Cleveland, Bushey, Herts.**

[68] **COMPOSITION.**—Would you kindly let me know where I could get a book to teach me composition in painting? I continually read in Art magazines about such and such a painter's composition being good or bad, and wish to understand the subject as applied to painting.—**BUTE.**

* * * Composition is a broad subject and concerns itself with form, line, light and shade, and colour. Perhaps no better book is in existence, dealing as it does with the whole subject, than John Burrell's "On Composition in Painting" (Virtue). It will be deemed old-fashioned by the latest of moderns, but so will the subject itself. The same author's book on Rembrandt and his Works has a very good essay on Composition as illustrated by the works of the great master. The subject has also been dealt with at considerable length in the Discourses by Sir Joshua. Other works which may be mentioned as good of their kind are:—Hatton's "Figure Composition," Löwy's "Figurate Compositionen;" the latter dealing particularly with composition of figures in the decoration of walls, ceilings, lunettes, etc.



SEPTEMBER.

The Awards at the Brussels Exhibition. ENGLAND has every reason to be proud of the position conquered by her artists at the Brussels Exhibition. On every hand—by Belgian and French as by the other nations represented—her superiority is generously and frankly admitted, and the English Fine Art Section has been universally declared the *clou* of the exhibition. Had not so many of our leading artists and architects declared themselves *hors concours*, and had England shown herself stronger in sections other than painting, two of the five *grandes médailles* would have fallen to our share. But the object of the combined jury was that each of the arts of which masterpieces were contributed should receive the high acknowledgment. The final selection narrowed down the candidates to nine: four painters—FRANZ COURTENS (Belgium), EDOUARD DETAILLE (France), L. ALMA-TADEMA (England), and JOSEF ISRAELS (Holland); three sculptors—JEF LAMBEAUX (Belgium), ANTONIN CARLÈS (France), and ACHILLE D'ORSI (Italy); one engraver—LEOPOLD FLAMENG (France); and one architect—ALPHONSE DEFRASSE (France). The voting was as follows:—Courtens, 20; Alma-Tadema, 17; Lambeaux, 17; Detaille, 17; Flameng, 15; Carlès, 8; Defrasse, 6; Israels, 3; D'Orsi, 1. The first five were accordingly declared the winners of the gold medals, which, of the actual value of eighty pounds each, consist of a golden cut plaque by M. Vinçotte some fifteen inches wide.

The Medal Winners. THE earnest desire of the jury was that each class and each section of art should be properly and adequately recognised. In the case of England this is transparently the case, oil and water-colour each obtaining fitting appreciation; and figure, landscape, marine, and portrait, all are included in the awards. Sculpture, owing to the expense of transport and insurance, was not represented as it should be. The distribution was as follows:—

PAINTING: First-class medals (silver-gilt)—8: J. C. HOOK, R.A.; J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.; J. S. SARGENT, R.A.; FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.; HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.; SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I.; E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A.; and SEYMOUR LUCAS, Esq., A.R.A.

Second-class medals (silver)—11: S. J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.; J. LAVERY, R.S.A.; J. CLAUSEN, A.R.A.; DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.; J. W. NORTH, A.R.A.; W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.; W. W. OULESS, R.A.; J. AUMONIER; CHARLES GREEN, R.I.; MRS. ALLINGHAM, R.W.S.; and R. MACAULAY STEVENSON.

SCULPTURE: First-class medal—E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

Second-class medals—G. FRAMPTON, A.R.A., and A. DRURY.

ARCHITECTURE: Second-class medal—J. L. PEARSON, R.A.

ENGRAVING: Second-class medal—D. Y. CAMERON, R.E.

This gives a total number of one medal of honour, nine first-class medals, and fifteen second-class medals. It should be remarked that the following were *hors concours*:—MESSRS. T. BROCK, R.A.; BASIL CHAMPNEYS; LUKE FILDES; ERNEST GEORGE; PETER GRAHAM, R.A.; CARL HAAG, R.W.S.; T. G. JACKSON, R.A.; A. LEGROS; J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.; VAL PRINSEP, R.A.; BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.; G. F. WATTS, R.A.; HENRY WOODS, R.A.; SIR E. BURNE-JONES; SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.; and SIR EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.

The Wallace Collection.

THE collection of works of art bequeathed to the nation by the late Lady Wallace will be vested in a body of trustees, and the following gentlemen, in addition to Mr. JOHN MURRAY SCOTT, who is required by the terms of the will to be one of the number, have been appointed by the Treasury: The EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., K.T.; the Right Hon. Sir EDWARD B. MALET, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.; Sir JOHN STIRLING-MAXWELL, Bart., M.P.; Major-General Sir ARTHUR E. A. ELLIS, K.C.V.O., C.S.I.; Mr. A. B. FREEMAN MITFORD, C.B.; and Mr. ALFRED C. DE ROTHSCHILD. Mr. CLAUDE PHILLIPS has been appointed keeper of the collection. The Parliamentary Committee has issued a majority report in favour of keeping the collection at Hertford House. Sir E. J. POYNTER recommended the extension of the National Gallery buildings to make room for the collection.

Art at Earl's Court.

OF the Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court much might be said, but a brief reference to its attractions and its differences must suffice. The interesting "Indian City" of last year

has given place to "Picturesque England," a conglomeration of buildings in no sense illustrative of the Queen's Reign, or surpassing the memorable "Old London Street" of the bygone "Healtheries" at South Kensington. The addition of a birdcage bandstand, decked out in ruby lamps, to the centre of the lake in the ivory "Queen's Court" is not altogether at one with the character of its surroundings. A good representative collection of pictures and sculpture by eminent artists may be studied in the adjoining galleries; and room is found for a generous series of black-and-white drawings for various publications, though we could wish that the essentially distinctive styles of LECH, CALDECOTT, and BARNARD had been better displayed. That the Victorian era will henceforth be synonymous with the brilliant advance of Woman in Art as in other fields is a prediction that is fully justified at Earl's Court this summer. The Drama section receives ample illustration in a selection of the actual "sets" used in recent London successes; but it is evident that the stages are not in all cases quite proportionate, nor are the scenes too happily contrasted. A number of ingenious scenic models by various painters will be found attractive, and the Lyceum contribution of sketches for the popular "souvenirs" must not be passed by. The interesting and delicate work lavished on the costume designs would well repay a careful examination, if this were possible in the present conditions of light and space allotted to them. Examples of the work of ALFRED THOMPSON and Mr. PERCY ANDERSON are not forthcoming, but Mr. WILHELM's original drawings, many of which have been reproduced in our pages, are conspicuous features in this section, and it is curious and instructive to compare them with "Dykwynkyn's" designs for pantomime and spectacle at "Old Drury" in the early 'sixties. A series of theatrical picture-posters would be an entertaining supplement to this department. The scenic boundaries of the exhibition might have been literally more "art-fully" contrived, yet in the Western Gardens—where the panorama of Ancient Rome claims a renewal of acquaintance—certain aspects of light lend a very respectable measure of illusion to the "counterfeit presentment" of Windsor Castle, which, silhouetted against the evening sky, seems to cry aloud for its standard.

Exhibitions. AMONG the exhibitions of the month are that held at the galleries of Mr. Maclean, and the modest but altogether charming little display of black-and-white at Mr. Louis Meyer's new establishment in Piccadilly. Mr. Meyer, recognising what we have for so many years declared—that black-and-white is the art of the people, and, being easily produced, is best adapted for the embellishment not only of those who cannot afford to buy pictures in colour, but also for the connoisseur of the pencil and the pen, chalk, and Indian ink—is making a brave experiment in placing within the reach of the passer-by the best work in black-and-white at a moderate, and practically merely nominal, cost. At Mr. Maclean's there is a remarkable exhibition of the extraordinary works of the Spaniard, SEÑOR JOSÉ TAPIRÓ—full of light and colour in the manner of Fortuny, but full, too, of that persevering labour and vivid treatment especially characteristic of the Spanish school.

An interesting exhibition of work executed in the London Board Schools was recently held at the Hugh Myddleton School, Clerkenwell. The Art Section included exhibits by the very youngest pupils of their exercises in colour and design, worked out in coloured papers marked off in squares. Most of them were, of course, from set

copies, but one, marked "original colour scheme," was a very ingenious combination. The scheme of work for the elder pupils seems to be altogether too ambitious and productive of very little that is good. The extensive use that is made of photographs is to be condemned. An example of this was to be seen in a large sepia drawing of Peterborough Cathedral, executed by an advanced pupil in the evening continuation school, which was evidently copied from a photograph. There were, too, drawings of figures and draperies and specimens of modelling in wax—all apparently from photographs. On the other hand, there were some water-colour sketches of flowers from nature that were praiseworthy—one by a girl of fourteen, which gained first prize, being excellent. Some pencil drawings from casts, too, were commendable; several especially, by EDITH HAYLEY, aged 13, showed considerable ability. The inlay work in wood and the wood-carving exhibits executed in the day classes, were good; but of the efforts in repoussée little need be said. It will doubtless surprise many to know that such work is included in the curriculum of our Board Schools. Most of the drawings were executed from copies, but some original designs for enamel caskets from the Lavender Hill schools, if not altogether successful, were very good attempts both in design and colour.

Those very outspoken and comprehensive volumes **Reviews.**—"*Dante Gabriel Rossetti: His Family Letters, with a Memoir by W. M. Rossetti*" (Ellis and Elvey)—are exactly what their title promises for them, and they contain a vast multitude of details, personal, domestic, and exact, some of them heart-moving, tragical and, to a degree which is unusual in such cases, unflinchingly candid and unreserved about matters most biographers do not hesitate to slur with platitudes, if not to conceal altogether. His subject's younger and only brother, a brother in love as well as in blood, and a P.-R.B. to boot, Mr. William Rossetti, elected to be thus frank, because he wisely as well as affectionately recognised that in this course there was greater safety for the honour and fame of the artist-poet, his illustrious theme, than any other method promised. The chosen method was, in fact, almost forced upon the biographer by the number and complexity of the falsehoods, blunders, and stupidities of which the life (to say nothing of the art) of Gabriel Rossetti has been the subject. The legend is, Heaven knows, pathetic and varied enough, but it is by no means wholly sorrowful, nor without brilliant points, noble elements, and innumerable subtle illustrations of character that abound in colour, energy, and freshness, and, above all, in that strenuous veracity one expects from a biographer of whom it was many years ago, with meaning more than meets the eye, said that "He has a sort of passion for the truth." It is, accordingly—the materials being what they are and compact of private and intimate knowledge—a book which, more than any previous biography of Rossetti, takes the reader within the circles of his family, his many and much-loving friends, his exterior *entourage*, and even his acquaintances. The only criticism it contains is in respect to some uncharitable and imperfectly informed statements of the late W. Bell Scott, and as to a few (too few) of the trespasses of compilers, whose ignorance and presumption approached those of Mrs. Esther Wood. Our biographer's patience as to this lady's statements is magnanimous indeed, far more so than she deserved, as she took up an extremely difficult and delicate subject and treated it at length, without being able to put her facts in true perspective or to check the blunders and crudities of others. If there are defects in Mr. Rossetti's book, they exist through an excess of zeal and love

for his subject—an excess which prevented him from excising a multitude of small details that encumber without brightening the biography. This is particularly noticeable in the earlier portion of the first volume, which might be condensed with profit to the whole. As the work continues, however, its interest deepens rapidly, while we have before us the histories of many of those magnificent pictures and of some of those almost equally magnificent poems upon which, together as well as severally—in this consists the unique distinction of Rossetti as a poet, doubly crowned—the fame of the man securely rests. Mr. W. Rossetti's notes to his brother's letters add prodigiously to the value of this record: they are terse, devoutly

About thirty years ago the committee of a society of students known as the Architectural Association, conceived the idea of issuing among their members reproductions of the measured drawings and sketches to the preparation of which a limited number devoted their vacation. At first the drawings were reproduced by the students themselves on transfer tracing paper; as time went on, and the facilities of reproduction by mechanical means became greater, the self-imposed labour of tracing the drawings was given up, and more highly finished and elaborate drawings were selected and photo-lithographed. A volume containing seventy-two plates was published annually. Up to the present day twenty-six volumes have appeared, containing

the most valuable series of illustrations of ancient buildings, English and foreign; among which, some have disappeared and some have gone through the process of restoration. The circulation of this sketch book for many years was limited to subscribing members of the Architectural Association: of late, however, it has been thrown open to outsiders, and the Committee of the publication have lately decided that a much more valuable publication could be produced if the number of outsiders were increased. The labours of the Committee are honorary, and the drawings reproduced are lent for that purpose by the artists, in many cases the drawings being prepared for the various medals and prizes offered by the Association, by the Institute of Architects, and by the Royal Academy. In "*The Architectural Association Sketch Book*" (Third Series, Vol. II.) thirty-six plates are devoted to English subjects, among which a series of eight drawings of Hampton Court Palace by Mr. H. P. G. Maule, representing the



COPE AND HOOD FOR THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

(By Messrs. Watts and Co. See p. 288.)

sympathetic, and so trustworthy that we find need for one correction only, and that is where, on p. 49, vol. ii., it is stated that, among the proprietors of *The Germ*, Mr. John Rogers Herbert was "spoken of." The person in question was, however, not the then R.A., but Mr. John Herbert, a sculptor and student of the Royal Academy, who died not long after 1850, when *The Germ* came forth. As to the inception, provenance, completion, selling, and purport of Rossetti's poems and pictures, his motives as regards many of both these categories; as to the doings, sayings, and thinkings of many of his family—his father, mother, brother, and sisters; as to his affection for his friends and their affection for him, and devotion to him, and his illnesses and recoveries, the volumes grow more and more interesting as we turn their pages. The account of his last illness and death is minute and tender—so tender, indeed, that much of its inevitable painfulness is lost in the moving charm of a narrative sad as that must needs be which records the close of a tragedy. That tragedy, however glorious in the main, need not have been a tragedy at all.

architectural additions by Sir Christopher Wren, are of the greatest value at the present day, when a revival of some of the early English Renaissance work is taking place. Of the eight plates devoted to French subjects, the early French Renaissance of François I. is shown in Mr. Bolton's drawings of the Chateau of La Rochefoucauld in the Charente. Seventeen plates are devoted to Italian subjects, among which we may select two Venetian palaces by the late Mr. H. S. East. Two plates to Austria and ten to Spain, among which those by the late Mr. Heber Rimmer (the son of a well-known illustrator of English towns) may be remarked as representing buildings in Palma, Majorca, a rich architectural province which, until the last few years, was comparatively unknown. Looking at these admirable drawings it is sad to think that the career of two such brilliant and promising architectural draughtsmen as those just cited should have been cut off in their prime, and the volume just published is additionally valuable as containing a record of their last work. We feel sure that it is only necessary to draw attention to this valuable

publication to ensure for it a still greater success in the future.

The art of the caricaturist, according to Mr. HARRY FURNISS—whose "*Pen and Pencil in Parliament*" (Sampson Low) bears witness once more to his infinite energy, talent, and resource—has fallen on evil times. In a clever preface, he places before the public (grown strangely effeminate in its taste for satire, he appears to think) the case for the fighting humorist. He yearns for the freedom of a Hogarth, a Gillray, and a Rowlandson, and deplors the weakness of the caricaturist for the milk of human kindness—which, in his opinion, is a temperance drink altogether ill-adapted to the necessities of a class of men to whom a *soupeon* of venom properly belongs. To do him justice, we must admit that Mr. Furniss in this extremely clever work proves himself a sturdy fighter and a clean and hard hitter. He shows how a caricaturist can remain a satirist without relapsing into the mere humorist. We propose within a short time to subject Mr. Furniss's art to close analysis, and we therefore satisfy ourselves for the moment with bearing witness to his sparkling charm and inexhaustible invention and imagination, to the piquancy of his humour, and to the vigour of his caricaturist's pencil. The book is a lively diary, with pen and picture, of the Parliaments which Mr. Furniss has professionally attended for years, and brims over with comicality, observation, and valuable record. It is a book to buy and to keep whether by artist, politician, or lover of humour.

Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON has made a very sincere and earnest effort in his "*George Morland's Pictures*" (Elliot Stock) to bring together in a catalogue a complete and detailed list of the works, with their present ownership, of the great painter of farm-life. The amount of detail in this little book is very great; yet the author rightly deplors the fact that in it he has been able to catalogue not more than "a tithe of his works." But in spite of his obvious anxiety to do justice to his theme, we are not satisfied that he has gone the right way about his work. No painter has been more often forged than Morland; yet Mr. Richardson seems to have taken no particular steps to keep the doubtful picture out of his pages. To send an open invitation to persons who proclaim themselves proprietors of so-called Morlands to provide the compiler with the titles and details of their possessions is unwittingly to obtain information which may, intentionally or otherwise, impose upon him. The only trustworthy procedure is the examination of all such pictures by an expert, whose report would accept claimant painting for the list, or reject it. Accuracy and expertise are not to be determined through the penny post. We were unable to praise Mr. Richardson's "*George Morland, Painter*"; we should be glad if we could unreservedly congratulate the author on a second edition of "*George Morland's Pictures*." We would recommend him to study the catalogue and appendix in Hassell's "*Memoirs of the Life of Morland*," as well as the sale-catalogues of Christie's and of other auctioneers—such as that of Thomas Dodd, who, in 1816, sold the

Morland collection made by Mr. Robert Morse. Mr. Richardson catalogues only eighty-seven engraved pictures by Morland—possibly because he has not been able to find out a greater number of present proprietors. In 1805 Hassell gave a list of not fewer than 210—this list necessarily wanting many of those executed later which Mr. Richardson's includes. Mr. Richardson's book suffers from its arrangement. It has no subject or engravers indexes, and no system of page-headings, and the sole methodical order seems the alphabetical marshalling of the present owners' names—a kind of reference useless to nine out of ten likely to take up the volume for reference. The book has in it the makings of a useful work—that is the most we can say. Why should not the author accept our hint, together with the credit which awaits him? By the way, "Paying the Horseleer," on p. 98, should be "Paying the Ostler."

The Lyceum "*Souvenir*" of "Madame Sans-Gêne" has been illustrated with a series of sketches, more or less vivid, by Mr. ALBERT E. STERNER and Mr. HAWES CRAVEN—clever in portraiture, in respect to Mr. Sterner's work, but lacking in the incisive refinement that distinguished Mr. Bernard Partridge's work in the same direction. Mr. Sterner is a facile sketcher, with a firm and pleasing touch, and the "*Souvenir*" will be welcome to the great body of Sir Henry Irving's admirers, amongst whom we count ourselves.

No one intelligently interested in the arts should omit to acquire the "*Index to the Periodicals of 1896*" (issued from the *Review of Reviews* Offices) by Miss HETHERINGTON. There is no subject and no section but what is fully and scientifically indexed, with cross references elaborate and plentiful, so that every phase of the art-record and art-discussion of the year is made immediately available to the searcher. Many columns are devoted to the subject, classified and arranged as



CHRIST DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS.

(By Mazzolino. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. No. 1,495, Room V.)

much for the expert as for the general reader; and to the student it is as useful as to the writer it is indispensable. It is impossible to over-praise the intelligence and the thoroughness displayed in this excellent work of reference.

The first and leading discovery we make on reading the new volume of Arts and Crafts Essays entitled "*Art and Life, and the Building and Decoration of Cities*" (Rivington, Percival and Co.), written by MESSRS. COBDEN-SANDERSON, LETHABY, WALTER CRANE, REGINALD BLOMFIELD, and HALSEY RICARDO—our main impression—is that these men have wit. There are fancy and imagination in these delightful pages; there are poetry and sophistry, too; there are earnestness, sincerity, and a passion for art; but you may find most of these in some foreign treatise on *ästhetik*, and yet not derive a fraction of the satisfaction from its pages which you will enjoy in these graceful pages. Of course we know beforehand all the arguments—or we think we do—that can be expected from the Society of the Arts and Crafts, whose chief motto, according to Mr. Aldam Heaton, is "Go to, let us be odd." But there are here a saving and a savouring quality of humour and a salting of wit that sufficiently accounts for the hold that these men wield over admirers willing and unwilling, and for the attention they compel

from those who disagree with the tenets of their creed and from the others who abominate alike their theory and their practice. On a previous occasion the lectures delivered while the Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society remained open dealt with the details of beauty as applied to life; this time are taken for text the greater aspects—"Art and Life," by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson; "Beautiful Cities," by Mr. Lethaby; "Decoration of Public Buildings," by Mr. Crane; "Public Spaces, Parks and Gardens," by Mr. Blomfield; and "Colour in the Architecture of Buildings," by Mr. Halsey Ricardo, a subject on which the same writer has heretofore entertained and delighted the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART. All these writers are thinkers, all have something valuable to say, and all of them say it with charm and with effect. If they had their way an artistic millennium would be at hand, and London would rise, out of their imagining, from its grimy meanness into a City of Pure Beauty, lovely in its splendour, yet unpretentious in its aspect of good taste and exquisite utility. We are serious in saying that their passion for beauty is wholesome in its quality (which cannot be said of all their fellow members) and generally sound in its philosophy. The reason is that "Organic" is the key-word of their whole art-theory. We have no space in which to deal with these important essays—fruitful in suggestion, based upon knowledge, and inspired by artistic instinct—but we may at least say that the perusal of them will at once amuse the reader, stir his imagination, and impress on him some of those great principles which should influence him as a citizen inspired not only by the meanest considerations of commercialism. We have, indeed, been surprised to find how little there is to which to object, for all these writers are as frank as they are stiff in their opinions; that they are right as well justifies once more their considerable reputations. The spirituality of Mr. Sanderson, the humour of Mr. Lethaby, the ingenuity of Mr. Crane, the downrightness of Mr. Blomfield, the imaginative eloquence of Mr. Ricardo (much needed to enforce his plea), and the humour of them all, as an Irish reviewer once expressed it of certain other authors, "excuse them from faults which certainly do not exist."

Mr. HOWARD PYLE has issued from Philadelphia a catalogue of his drawings, illustrating the life of General Washington and of colonial life of that period. Mr. Pyle's distinguished ability is frankly admitted on this side of the ocean also. The main interest of the "Catalogue" is the fact that it is set in old-faced battered type, contemporary, it would appear, with the veracious patriot himself, with ink and paper to match. It is in all respects capitally done.

Miscellaneous. MR. J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., has resigned his active membership of the Royal Academy and also the office of Treasurer to the Academy.

In connection with the Tate Gallery we give a reproduction of a photograph of the gold key presented to the Prince of Wales by Mr. TATE. On one side of the ring are the Prince of Wales's feathers and on the other

Mr. Tate's crest and motto. The key was designed by Mr. SIDNEY R. J. SMITH, F.R.I.B.A., and it is by the courtesy of Mr. THOMAS WALLIS, Mr. Smith's assistant, that we are able to use the photograph.

The following awards have been made to English artists at the International Exhibition at Munich:—First class Medals for Painting, Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES; Messrs. J. M. SWAN, A.R.A., and CHARLES H. SHANNON. Second class medals, Messrs. FRANK BRANGWYN, MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN, A. D. PEPPERCORN, REID MURRAY, and R. BROUGH, for painting, and Mr. STIRLING LEE for sculpture. The representative of England and Scotland on the Jury was Mr. GEORGE SAUBER.

Mr. QUARITCH announces the early publication of "*A Florentine Picture Chronicle*," being a series of drawings representing scenes and personages of sacred and profane history by Maso Finiguerra, reproduced in facsimile from the originals in the British Museum. This volume of drawings was acquired by the Museum from Professor Ruskin, and belongs to the most interesting period of Florentine art—about 1460 A.D. They are ninety-nine in number and include subjects from the creation of man to the foundation of Florence by Julius Caesar. Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN is to contribute a critical and descriptive essay to the volume.

An interesting piece of ecclesiastical needlework connected with the recent Jubilee celebration is illustrated on p. 286. This is one of the five copes—with the hood—supplied by Messrs. Watts and Co. for the Dean and Residentiaries of St. Paul's for the special Commemoration Service. The body of the cope is in cream silk and gold thread brocatelle of a very bold seventeenth century design, specially executed for this occasion under the direction of Mr. J. J. MICKLETHWAITE, F.S.A. The border is of green velvet paned up with gold lace, the alternate panels being of a gold embroidered arabesque on the green velvet and a panel of green velvet containing the arms of the cathedral—crossed swords worked in gold on a red velvet shield. The hood is of green velvet, richly embroidered in gold, the device being the sacred monogram, surrounded by rays. The

hood and bottom of the cope are edged with green silk and gold thread fringe.

Obituary. THE death has occurred in Paris of M. ADOLPHE BINET, at the age of forty-three. A pupil of Gerôme and of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, he had made a reputation as a painter of Parisian life and scenes, although best known by his great work in the Hotel de Ville, representing a sortie of the National Guard from Paris in 1870. This picture was exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon in 1891. During the last two or three years he had come under the influence of the mystical school and produced works of somewhat involved symbolism.

"Quiver" Poster Competition. COMPETITORS who have not yet sent remittance to cover the cost of returning their designs are informed that all designs not applied for by Sept. 25 next will have to be destroyed.



GOLD KEY OF TATE GALLERY.

(Designed by Sidney R. J. Smith,
F.R.I.B.A.)



STUDY FOR FRESCO AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, EAST DULWICH.

THE STUDIES OF SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is only in his studies and sketches that an artist of the calibre and the temperament of Sir Edward Poynter can best be understood and his many-sided talent judged and appreciated. In his pictures and in the designs carried into execution by workmen of various crafts, we perceive only the orderly, and sometimes even the somewhat "tight" results of a severely restrained though rich imagination. In the studies, however, we see more clearly than we are allowed to perceive in the finished work—the pregnant and even playful fancy that adapts itself with ease to every phase of art with which it is called upon to deal. In the previous article recently published in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* upon Sir Edward's studies, the reader was made aware of the skill and earnestness with which the artist produced his broadly-treated studies for the nude, his incisive studies for armour, his expressive designs for mosaic, and the facile sketches which attended the creation and evolution of the South Kensington Science Certificate. The last mentioned were the most masterfully suggestive of all, the chief, perhaps, hardly unworthy of the hand and of the invention of Michelangelo or Holbein. In them, moreover, we are made to understand how deeply the mind

of the President has been imbued with the architectonic spirit, that broad foundation upon which, along with the study of the human form, all great art has been erected. Indeed, in these simple sketches we are enabled to perceive suggestion, not only architectural, but sculpturesque as well; and moreover, to receive more than a hint of the skill in the designing of furniture to which on several occasions, on the initiative of Burges and others, Sir Edward Poynter at one time devoted his talent.

As they should, the studies which we are enabled to publish—and which, I may explain, have been carefully selected from the whole mass of the President's labours in this direction—are eloquent of the artistic principles of him who wrought them. These principles, first inculcated in him, perhaps, by the late Lord Leighton, are derived from the safe inspiration of the great masters, confirmed rather than modified by the system of teaching brought to perfection in the schools of France. Just as the tendency of the non-academic student in Paris is to believe that he is to mount to fame by the light of his own unguided and untutored genius—unpractised in all studies save that of "values"—so he of the Beaux Arts is made to understand,



STUDY FOR "ST. STEPHEN BEFORE THE COUNCIL."

as the great Italians were before him, that previous to the painting of pictures must come the complete and thorough acquirement of the *métier*. Before he is an artist the painter must become a craftsman—just as the musician must be master of his instrument, and the poet of his language. Sir Edward Poynter, who received perhaps the most important portion of his education in Paris, was early imbued with the truth of this doctrine, and from the very first showed that he was more in sympathy with their methods than with the system governing South Kensington, with which he afterwards came into some collision—in which irritating stippling narrowed down the breadth which should be sought for from the beginning. It is easy enough to see that upon the great Italians Sir Edward Poynter sought to model himself in the matter of education and preliminary study, if not in the pictures he based upon them.

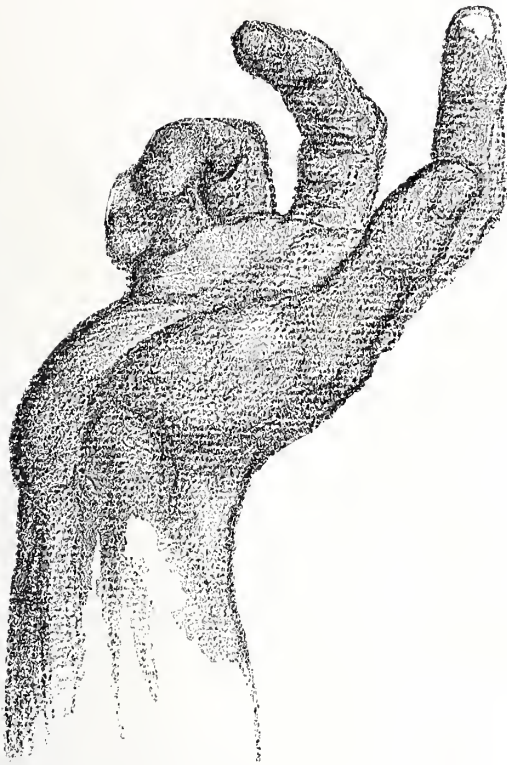
In none of his long series of studies is this truth more clearly established than in those which he wrought for his great fresco of "Scenes from the Life of St. Stephen" for the church of that name in East Dulwich. At this time, it must be remembered, Sir Edward Poynter had been two years Slade Professor; he was delivering inspiring and convincing lectures to the students, and his artistic labours were to be regarded as examples illustrating his theories. His work at South Kensington had further established him as the chief leading decorative artist of the day whose name was fit to be brought, if not in competition, at least in conjunction with that of Alfred Stevens himself. To these studies I would, then, call special attention—to their ease and vigour, and, in the case of the figure preparing to stone the saint, to that living quality of humanity which is constantly absent from such exercises. It is Sir Edward's belief that this is the best study he has ever wrought; nor am I inclined to disagree with him, for it has the bigness and the Michelangelesque quality after which the artist manifestly strove. The other studies of St. Stephen with his hand raised "Before the Council" illustrate once more the painter's thoroughness in his search after expressive



STUDY FOR "FEEDING THE SACRED IBIS IN THE HALLS OF KARNAK."

(By Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.)





STUDY FOR "ST. STEPHEN BEFORE THE COUNCIL."

gesture. In some of these studies, it may certainly be suggested that vigour rather than elegance is the distinguishing characteristic; yet the forms are noble, and such sacrifice as there may be is certainly to be accredited to the greater quality. The point serves to illustrate the artist's theory that Michelangelo is always on a level with, and at his best moments above, the greatest of the Greeks.

In 1871 "Feeding the Sacred Ibis in the Halls of Karnak" was exhibited in the Royal Academy—a maiden in an Egyptian temple dropping fish from her uplifted bowl among the picturesque, well-grouped fowl. The studies made for the picture, one of which is here reproduced, exhibit a sympathetic feeling for animal life as well as an appreciation of animal humour not to be found in equal degree, so far as I am aware, in other pictures of the artist.

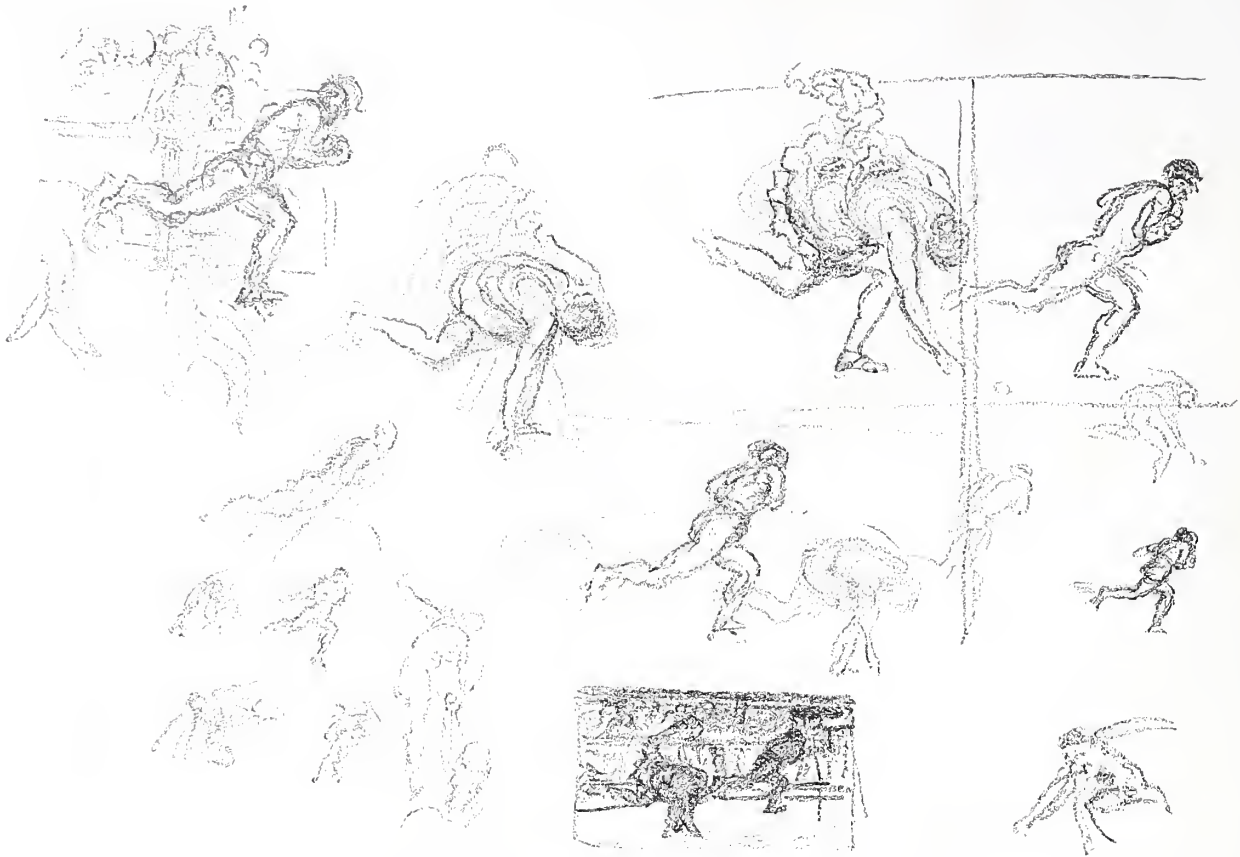
Three years later the triumph of British arms in the Ashantee campaign under the leadership of Sir Garnet Wolseley called for a

medal to be distributed among the ranks, and Mr. Poynter was applied to for a design. This was quickly forthcoming but did not wholly meet the approval of Her Majesty the Queen. The artist, evidently seeing in the feat of arms a reflection of Roman military triumph against barbarism, chose for his *motif* a classic composition. But the Queen desired a more realistic treatment of the subject, and no more cared to see her soldiers in the garb of half-naked Roman warriors than to recognise in the Ashantees a mere rabble with weapons no more effective than spear and axe. The artist accordingly proceeded with the second medal, in which the well-accented Atkins meets on more equal footing the noble savage armed with gun and bayonet. There can be no doubt which of the two works is the better in artistic effect; nor can there be any question as to the merit of the rejected design. That, however, which received the Royal approval (doubtless on the ground that classic treatment would have been somewhat bewildering, if not unintelligible, to the average soldier) serves its purpose well and, moreover, gives no hint that the artist who wrought it was not a practised, or at least a trained, medallist.

Few of Sir Edward Poynter's pictures have been more discussed than his "Atalanta's Race," whether for its bold handling or its powerful individuality. In none of his pictures, I imagine, save perhaps in "Nausieaa and Her Maidens," has the artist more clearly shown his strong sympathy with the artistic principles of Lord Leighton. In



STUDY OF A HEAD.



PRELIMINARY SKETCHES FOR "ATALANTA'S RACE."

both of these compositions we have violent action in which there is, in truth, little action and no violence. The pictures in each case are decorative in their essence, and the movement and energy are intended

rather to be suggestive than representative. The central point of criticism has always been the attitude of Atalanta herself. The page of sketches here given are not, of course, to be accepted as



ASHANTEE MEDAL (REJECTED).

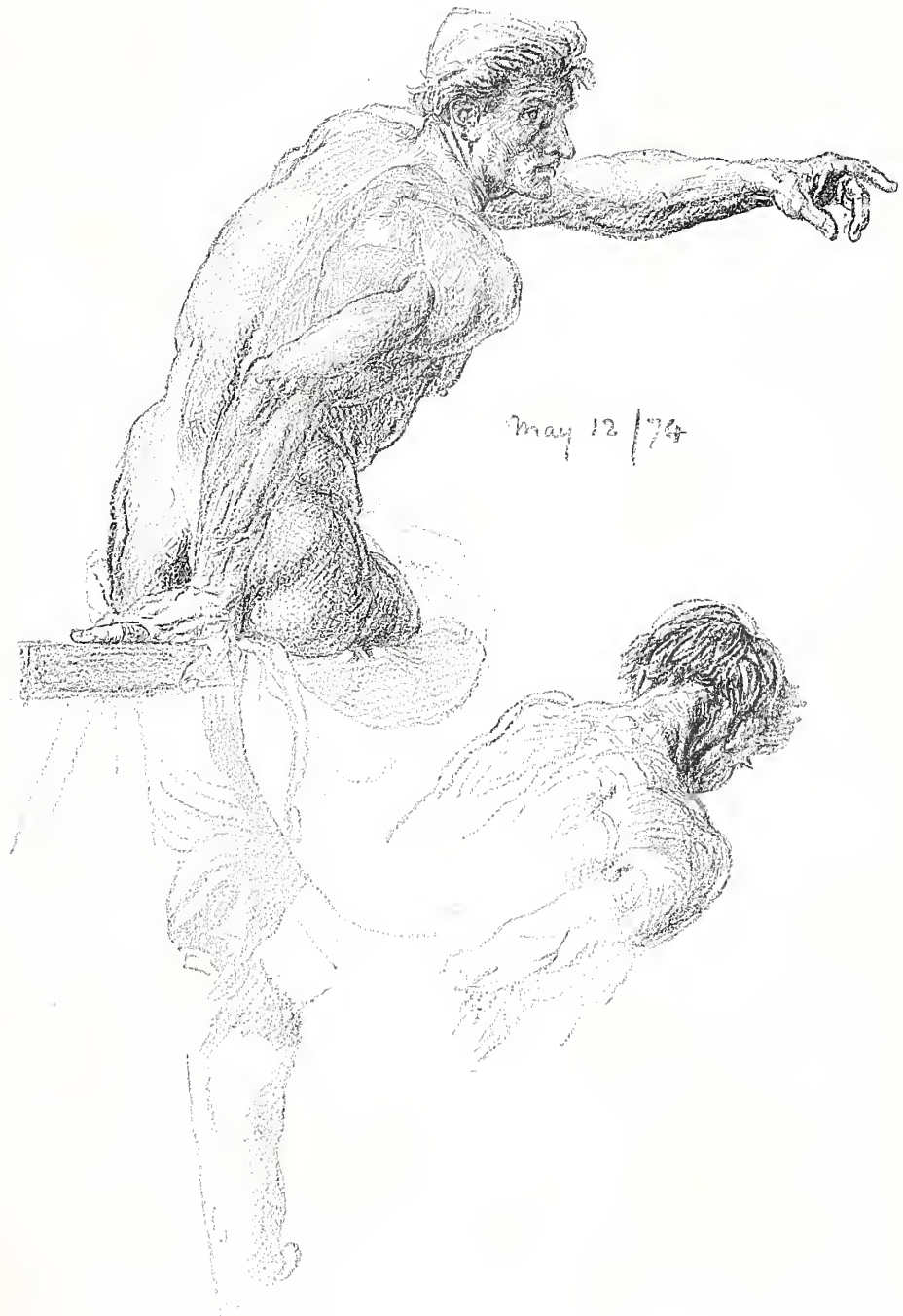


ASHANTEE MEDAL (ACCEPTED).

serious studies; they are, so to speak, merely thumbnail sketches in which the thought flashing through the artist's brain has been thrown rapidly upon paper. On this small page we have, indeed, no fewer than ten suggestions for the figure of Atalanta, while of Hippomenes there are eight. A more serious study is that of the man seated on a balustrade to the left, taking vivid interest in the race; his figure is drawn from a muscular model with all the conscientious care characteristic of the artist.

Muscular development, indeed, and virile figures for a long while absorbed the artist's serious effort; rounded female forms and suave lines had less charm for him in his commerce with the human figure. Later on, however, he was to give up more and more the translation of manly strength by thew and sinew, and seek the greater elegancies and graces to be found in the treatment of female limb and form. The highest point which the artist has reached in this direction is probably in "A Visit to Æsculapius." But there is an infinity of feminine grace in conventional action in "Nausieaa and Her Maidens playing at Ball" (1879). This picture, the property of Lord Wharncliffe, appears to have suggested in some important respects the picture of a similar subject by Lord Leighton, and is the result of a series of studies certainly not less pleasing than the picture itself, as those who will refer to our last volume (p. 115) may see for themselves. The studies for the feet and arms of the maidens who draw their washed

linen from the water are admirable in form and thorough in construction. It will be seen that the three arms are those that lay hold of the garment, and that the artist, in accordance with his practice,



STUDY FOR "ATALANTA'S RACE."

has sketched in the muscles of two of them in order to check his final forms. Similarly in the feet it will be seen how the drawing is proved by the bony structure beside it. For all his respect and sympathy for Leighton's work, Sir Edward Poynter appears to have adhered to his own ideals

of the beauty of form, these including a grace less have animated him throughout, and which, for all dainty and perhaps less elegant, or certainly less he cares, may or may not proclaim themselves aloud



STUDIES FOR "NAUSICAA"

elongated, than that which pleased his friend and master. But in all of them we see that earnestness, sincerity, and genuineness which have moved the artist from the commencement—that hard work, severe self-discipline, and dogged perseverance which

is no pose about the man or his art. His studies place clearly before the reader the means by which he has arrived at his present position, and prove a versatility and range of knowledge perhaps unequalled in its own sphere by any other in the land.

in his work. In picture or study, in plaster or paint, whether designing fresco or tile, chop-grill or frieze, window or cabinet, whether painting portrait or landscape, representing marble or still-life, whether illustrating a book, designing a mosaic, managing a school of art, or lecturing to its students, "directing" the National Gallery or presiding over the Royal Academy and dispensing its hospitality—Sir Edward Poynter has always thrown his whole heart desperately into his work, at no pains to affect that no pains have been taken and content to make pretence to no greater dexterity than he is really master of, and disdaining every pretext to hide the dexterity that he has. There

THE ROYAL COLLECTIONS.

DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE: HISTORIC BRONZES AND MARBLE BUSTS.

BY FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

WINDSOR CASTLE is rich in sculpture, both in bronze and marble. The examples in the latter material are, except for one or two fine antique fragments, chiefly historical portraits of kings and statesmen. In such a collection the items naturally vary much in merit. Styles range from the conscientious and talented, but over-detailed, finish of Coysevox, to the simple emptiness of the feebler sculptors of the first half of this century. The bronzes, beginning at an earlier period, are artistically the most interesting. They include, besides the historical portraits to which this article is devoted, a splendid collection of Italian, French, and Flemish subject-groups and single figures; while the instances of bronze and ormoulu combined in candelabra and other objects form a long list by themselves.

There are useful lessons to be learnt from this varied collection, placed as it is at Windsor, not only concerning the inherent differences of sculptural treatment as applied to marble and bronze, and the merits of genuine and fictitious "patina" in the latter, but also about the decorative merits of the two materials. To all it must appear that for the ornamentation of interiors the bronzes bear away the palm. The effect of the dark tones of the French groups in bronze, relieved against the olive-green silk hangings of the Green Drawing Room, is most pleasing,

just as the harmony of the historic portrait bronzes in the Corridor with the great Boulle cabinets, by the side of which they are ranged, is most impressive. In comparison with them the white marble busts seem cold and staring, though in the mass their long receding array is not without a certain dignity.

We illustrate here those bronzes and marbles which are most artistically admirable out of a collection of perhaps more than a hundred portraits of kings, princes, statesmen, poets, musicians, philosophers, and others known to fame. We gave in our introductory article a reproduction of the portrait of Henri IV by a French (or possibly Flemish) artist of the school of Barthélemy Prieur, the date of whose birth is not known, but who died in 1611, after making those figures of Peace, Abundance, and Justice in the Louvre, which formed part of the tomb of the Montmorency.

The workmanship of this fine bust is splendidly crisp, and the rich acanthus detail on the armour is very elaborate. The companion bust of Maria de Medici, his second wife, has been attributed to the Italian sculptor Pouzios, who worked in France as "Maître Ponce." But as he died in 1572, before Henri had married Maria in 1599, that can scarcely be. It is a heavy bust, of a coarser character than the Henri IV, and is said by Mr. Fortnum to be of an altogether later date. The



CHARLES V (Bronze).
(Ascribed to Leone Lioni.)

surface of this bronze of Henri IV is not equal to the fine light-brown patina of the bust of Charles V, here reproduced. This also has most elaborately engraved armour, with a Medusa head and the Order of the Golden Fleece round the neck. It is inscribed



PHILIP II (Bronze).

IMP CAES CAR^l AUG, and is assigned to Lione Lioni, known as "Il Cavaliere Aretino—*i.e.* the Knight of Arezzo—whose biography is given by Vasari. He first practised, like so many other great artists of that date, the craft of the goldsmith. This would partly account for his making such full use of the qualities of metal, by incising his ornament beyond what the principles of life-size sculptural treatment perhaps require. It is, nevertheless, very fine work of its kind, and what one would expect from a man who first made dies for medals cut in steel and representing portraits from the life. "Nay, so excellent did he become," says Vasari, "that his ability made him known to many princes—more particularly to the Emperor Charles V, who, perceiving his value, employed him in occupations of more importance than that of preparing medals." Lione made a statue of Charles V larger than life, and invested with a splendid suit of armour by means of two very thin plates of metal, which could

be easily put on and taken off. This "splendid armour" suggests the incised work with which our busts are covered. In return for this and other works, the Emperor, besides knighting him, gave him a pension of 150 ducats, secured on the Mint of Milan, and a house in the "Contrada de' Moroni" in the same city. Lione also made a statue of Philip II. Anent some of his works Vasari tells a curious tale. Queen Maria of Hungary (we suppose it was), sister of Charles V, commissioned a bust of herself, one of Ferdinand, King of the Romans, another of Maximilian the Emperor, and many more, which (says Vasari) were placed by her in the gallery of the Palace at Brindisi. "But," says he, "they did not remain there long, seeing that Henri of France set fire to the building out of vengeance, and left the following words written upon the walls, 'Vela fole Maria.' I say out of vengeance, because that Queen had done nearly the same thing to Henri some years previously." The explanation given by Mariette of this obscure story was that in the year



FERDINAND, DUKE OF ALVA (Bronze).

1553 (?) Queen Maria set fire to the Château of Folembrai, and in the following year Henri, to avenge himself for this, attacked and burnt a small fortress in Upper Hainault which had been built by

the Queen. On the ruined walls of the fort he then attached the words, "Voila pour Folembrai!" out of which Vasari, his copyist, or his printer, made the "Vela fole Maria" of the text, and attached, it is to be supposed, the story to the Palace of Brindisi. "However this may be," says the cautious Vasari, "the gallery made no progress, and the statues are now partly in the palace of the Catholic King at Madrid and partly

been made for the same destination. The Philip II and the Duke of Alva were exhibited in the special loan collection at South Kensington in 1862. The great authority who made the bronze catalogue describes these busts, each three feet high, as Italo-Flemish or German work by a contemporary sculptor. Adrian de Vries, the Flemish sculptor, was born in 1560, so that it is hardly safe to ascribe them to



THE TRIUMPH OF RUDOLPH II (Bronze).

in Alicante, a seaport whence her Majesty intended to ship them to Granada, where all the Spanish kings are buried. For the Duke of Alva," the biographer adds, "Lione Lioni has executed a bust of himself, with one of Charles V, and another representing King Philip." Three busts corresponding to these are at Windsor—the Charles V here described, and the next two which are also illustrated.

The Ferdinand Duke of Alva, FERD DUX ALPÆ, has the same richly-engraved armour, Medusa head, and Order of the Golden Fleece. It has also the same yellow-brown patina. The Philip II, PHIL. REX. ANGL. ETC., is obviously by the same hand. The "Hapsburg lip" is prominently marked in the heads of Charles and Philip, which strongly resemble each other, and seem to have

him, seeing that the Duke of Alva died in 1582, when Adrian de Vries would have been only twenty-two years old. There is in the South Kensington Museum, it may be mentioned for purposes of comparison, a bronze relief of Rudolph II, signed "Adrianus Fries, Fecit, 1609." It has the armour covered with a low strap-work pattern, similar in treatment to the detail of these busts. There are large figures on the shoulder-piece, a lion's head, and below it a Sisyphus carrying the stone. If, with Mr. Fortnum, we assign these busts rather to Lione Lioni, as some of those commissioned by Charles V for his palace at Madrid, it should be noted, as an additional fact, that no originals by that artist exist now at Madrid of which these can be replicas.

Most probably by Adrian de Vries is the highly-finished relief, two feet eight inches long by two feet high, of the next illustration. Rudolph II, Emperor of Germany, rides in triumph surrounded by the Sister Arts and Philosophy, Hercules, and other figures. An eagle with a laurel wreath flies above the Emperor's head. This triumphal procession seems to require some explanation. Rudolph, who succeeded his father, Maximilian II, as Emperor of Germany in 1576, was no great conqueror. He signalled himself rather by the persecution of Protestants, and left his country impoverished in consequence by foreign wars. A gloomy bigot, he had a taste for astrology and the occult sciences. His anxious desire to discover the philosopher's stone led him to patronise Kepler and Tycho Brahé. Those important astronomical calculations, "The Rudolphine Tables," derive their name from him, and justify the appearance, perhaps, of the Sister Arts and Philosophy and the astronomical symbols on this relief; but Rudolph failed to pay the expenses of these investigations, which he originally undertook to defray.

The bust of Charles I in ornamental armour can hardly be said to equal the fine works already described. This may possibly be after Bernini's marble bust. Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," says—"His Majesty was desirous, too, of having something of the hand of Bernini. Vandyck drew in one piece the full face and the three-quarter face and the profile of the King, from which Pietro Bernini, the Italian sculptor (1562-1629) made a bust, that was consumed or stolen in the fire of Whitehall. It was on seeing this picture that Bernini pronounced, as is well known, that there was something unfortunate in the face of Charles." The three heads in one picture, which, after the dispersal of Charles' collection, found their way to the Doria Gallery at Genoa, were bought by George IV in 1828, and are in the Vandyck

room at Windsor. Evelyn observes—"I have been told of the famous architect and statuary, Bernini, who cut that rare bust of Charles I at Rome in white marble from a picture by Vandyck, that he foretold something 'funest' and unhappy which the countenance of that prince foreboded." There is certainly a melancholy appearance in the face of the bust before us, and its comparatively simple

treatment makes it not impossible that it is a replica from marble. Whether the artist has succeeded in infusing much dignity into the King's countenance is another question. If this bust is not after Bernini, the great sculptor of the Italian decadence, it may be the work of Hubert Le Soeur, or Sueur, described by Walpole as "one of the few we have had that may be called a classic artist." He was also, after all, a Frenchman, and disciple of the great Bologna (1524-1608), whose well-known "Rape of the Sabine Woman" and bronze Mercury in the act of springing into the air are the pride of Florence. Le Soeur came to England about 1630. "Our finest equestrian statue"—that of Charles, at Charing Cross—made by him at



CHARLES I (Bronze).

the expense of that great connoisseur, the Earl of Arundel, was cast in 1633. Not having been erected before the Civil War, it was sold by the Parliament to one Rivet, a brazier, on the understanding that it should be broken up. Rivet exhibited some pieces of old brass as fragments of the statue, but he had in reality concealed it underground, where it remained till the Restoration. When it was set up in 1678, Joshua Marshall (not Grinling Gibbons) made the pedestal. In Charles I's catalogue appears an entry of "A bust of the King, as large as life, standing on a black square touchstone pedestal. Done by the Frenchman, Le Soeur."

Of Louis XIV the pictures and statues that were made, and often destroyed, were numerous. There are two small equestrian statues at least at Windsor. That here illustrated is the smaller of the two,



LOUIS XIV (Bronze).

and is two feet high. The King is represented in Roman costume. The pedestal, gracefully mounted in ormolu, has an escutcheon at each end with three fleur-de-lis, wings, and a crown above them. "This," says Mr. Fortnum, in a note in the inventory, "is an interesting statuette, probably contemporary French work, and a reduced copy of some large work destroyed" (as we have seen that of Charles I was previously doomed to be) "in the Revolution." Sad was the destruction, then, of royal statues and portraits. The guillotine is said to have been erected in the Place du Carrousel upon the pedestal which formerly supported the statue of Louis XV; and on the 10th of August, 1792, Louis XIV's portrait by Mignard in the King's ante-room at the Tuileries, otherwise known as the "Salle de l'Œil de Boeuf," was torn to shreds. It represented the King on horseback being crowned by Minerva. It was on that day that the Swiss guards of his unhappy descendant were massacred, as M. Edmond Biré says in his "Diary of a Citizen of Paris during the Terror," "under the trees, in the ornamental waters, on the terraces, in the Dauphin's garden, in the orangery,

and at the foot of the marble statues," in all those places, in fact, which some of the artists of the age of Louis XIV, represented at Windsor, had beautified at their king's command. A close study of d'Argenville's "Lives of the French Sculptors" might reveal particulars of the large original of this statuette.

It seems appropriate to reproduce, as a pendant to this of Louis XIV, an equestrian statuette of William III, the man whose opposition, to say the least, so taxed the energies of the Grand Monarque and the resources of France. This finely finished bronze represents William on his prancing horse followed by Fame, who holds over him a laurel wreath. His enemies are being trampled beneath his feet. This may be either French or Flemish work. If the latter, it might be a model for the statue which was set up in 1736 for the citizens of Bristol by Michael Rysbrach. This artist, "the best sculptor," says Walpole, "that has appeared in these



WILLIAM III (Bronze).

islands since Le Soeur, was born at Antwerp" in 1693. He was the son of a landscape painter, and came to London in 1720, where he was the "ghost" for a time of an architect named Gibbs, who took £100 a piece for the statues on the monument erected to Prior by Lord Oxford, and paid Rysbrach £35 for each. But the sculptor soon shook himself free from the architect, and "though he was too fond of pyramids for backgrounds his figures are well disposed, simple, and great." He was also a good

and gallery of Versailles under Le Brun. He was made a Member of the Academy of Painting in 1676, and passed through the official stages from Professor to Chancellor. For the Academy he did the busts of the Duc d'Antin and the great Le Brun. Other works by him were the tombs of Colbert at St. Eustache, and of Mazarin at the "Quatres Nations." For the Garden of the Tuileries he made a Fann, a Hamadryad, and a Flora, which were, perhaps, among those destined to run with blood. Louis XIV



MARSHAL VAUBAN (Marble)



MARSHAL VILLARS (Marble)

(By Antoine Coysevox.)

portraitist, and did many busts of poets and politicians, besides his monuments of Sir Isaac Newton in Westminster Abbey, that of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, and a colossal statue of George II for the parade of Greenwich Hospital. Rysbrach died in 1770, when his fortunes had suffered through the rivalry of Scheemakers, also of Antwerp, and Roubiliac, by whom was modelled the bust of George I, which is here illustrated. But before he is referred to, the two fine busts by Antoine Coysevox require attention. He was of Spanish origin, but was born at Lyons in 1640. At the age of seventeen he found his way to Paris to work under Lécambert and others. Cardinal Eustemberg made a *protégé* of him, and sent him to Germany to decorate his great house at Saverne. Coysevox worked there for four years, and returned in 1671 to work in the gardens

often came to see him work in the gardens of Marly. One day he asked Coysevox whether he had a family. "Sire," the sculptor replied, "I have several children; amongst others three boys who spend in your service what I gain at the point of my chisel." The King took the hint and promised to advance them in rank. Coysevox was of a humble disposition, generous and charitable. He died in 1720, and is remembered if not for remarkable genius, yet for highly developed talent and for the noted sitters whose features he has so ably handed down to us. These included, besides Louis XIV, Maria Theresa, and Turenne, also the Maréchal de Créqui, the tomb of Jules Hardouin Mansart, and a bust of Le Brun. These three last names are of interest to the historian of decorative art; and another item remains to be noted. His equestrian statue of Louis

XIV, fifteen feet high, commissioned in 1685, but not set up at Rennes till 1726, had a pedestal, one of the ornamental reliefs of which represented the audience given by Louis XIV to the ambassadors



GEORGE I (Marble).
(By Roubiliac.)

of the King of Siam. This embassy, as we shall see, besides prompting the making of tapestry "in the manner of the Indies"—*i.e.* with Oriental subjects—is said to have brought over as presents to the King much of the Chinese and Japanese lacquer which the French furniture makers afterwards turned to so good account.

Of Coysevox's manner, d'Argenville says, "he treated his subjects always with appropriate grace, expressing pride when force was required, and nobility when the subject was dignified." "Les perruques si difficiles à rendre légères paraissent sous son ciseau plutôt des cheveux que du marbre, et on peut dire que dans ce genre personne ne l'a surpassé." To make much of those enormous curled wigs was, perhaps, beyond the skill of any sculptor, but from the examples here shown it will be seen that Coysevox deserves the praise his biographer bestows upon him. The first, a portrait entitled "Sebastian le Prestre, Maréchal Vauban" (1633–1707), is fine and dignified in character. Under the right shoulder is the signature Coysevox F., 1706, and under the left shoulder the somewhat mysterious motto, "Quae non mania." The second, with a still fuller wig but

a less powerful face, is none other than Louis Hector, Maréchal Duc de Villars (1653–1734). This is signed "A. Coysevox, F., 1718, aetatis suae lxxviii."

Dallaway, in his notes to Walpole, explains the absence of any biography of the French sculptor Roubiliac in d'Argenville's "Lives," by the fact that both he and Rysbrach worked in England and performed nothing to the glory of France. Louis François Roubiliac was also born at Lyons in 1695(?) and came to England to work as a "journeyman" for Carter, a maker of monuments. His portrait, engraved in Walpole's "Anecdotes," represents him working at a sketch for the statue of Shakespeare, which he executed for Garrick in 1758. The latter bequeathed it to the British Museum; but, says Walpole, "his statue of Handel in the garden at Vauxhall fixed Roubiliac's fame." Our examples include a bust of Handel (1684–1759) and one of George I. The former was executed in the year 1739 and represents the musician in the headgear which is familiar to us. In the George I (1660–1727) he has been largely spared the problem of the periwig which Coysevox had to face. He has also been more fortunate in his



HANDEL (Marble).
(By Roubiliac.)

subjects than were his successors, Nollekens and Bacon. These sculptors are well represented at Windsor, and after them comes a host of others who executed the remaining busts of famous men, which are interesting rather for historical than artistic reasons.



THE FAMILY OF DARIUS AT THE FEET OF ALEXANDER AFTER THE BATTLE OF ISSUS, B.C. 333.

(From the Painting in the National Gallery by Paul Veronese.)

ELIZABETHAN REVIVALS.

BY ARTHUR DILLON, LATE HON. SECRETARY OF THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY.

I HAVE read Mr. William Archer's most interesting paper, "Art in the Theatre," in a recent number of this Magazine, with the feeling that here are the arguments for providing Shakespeare's plays with the stage for which they were planned; here are set forth with great clearness the steps by which the old platform gradually changed into the framed picture as we know it. And it is very necessary, in discussing this question, to have such a clear historical retrospect before one's eyes. With this wide difference in mechanical and technical requirements, it would seem obvious that a play written for and in complete knowledge of one set of requirements cannot, without such changes as call for the intervention of the master-hand of the author, be transferred from end to end of the scale of development. Be it observed I am not claiming final excellence for one form of stage over another.

A good column of "Art in the Theatre" is devoted to justifying the modern French way of dealing with the French masterpieces. But on what ground is Shakespeare to be denied the benefit of principles which are admittedly the due of Molière and of Racine?

I admit the full force of the argument that the public are used to certain conventions, and that any improvement or retrogression or change in them inconveniently attracts attention to the scenery itself. But against this must be set the

consideration that the man of to-day is especially educated to accept new forms of expression, and readily becomes acclimatised to them.

When we come to translate theory into practice, a great difficulty presents itself with regard to England's drama which in no way exists across the Channel. The French tradition has come down without a break from the days when it was created till now; neither actors nor audiences have ever lost touch of it. In England the closing of the theatres under the Commonwealth absolutely extinguished this tradition. It is said that one actor lived long enough to transmit a few hints for the character of Hamlet; but the old companies were dispersed and many of the players had fallen in fight. Our theatre of the Restoration inherits lineally more, I suspect, from the French than from the English stage of the period immediately preceding; and it arose, besides, in a time of quite a new temper. What we cannot do on tradition we must therefore do, if at all, by a painful study of records. The result need not, in its final form, be pedantic. Pedantry is due to imperfect knowledge and consequent accuracy in non-essentials, while essentials are glaringly inaccurate. There is no more pedantry required to restore the sixteenth century stage, than to revive the supposititious date of the story; while the principle of setting an Old Master right would never be tolerated in any art but acting.

At the outset the question divides into two

distinct branches; namely, *costume* and *build of theatre*. The old method with regard to either one of these could be followed without the other: we could have Elizabethan costumery on a modern build of stage, or the fruits of the latest researches in archaeology on an Elizabethan platform. The question of costume, as being of far the least consequence, I will treat first. That Shakespeare, in mounting his plays, gave them the mere costume of his own day in England seems to me an opinion not to be entertained. Portia remarks of the Englishman: "How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere."

This implies a clear perception of the difference in dress and manners in different countries, and would miss its point if delivered from a stage which ignored such difference. Every scrap of local colour available seems to have been used in the text. The "tracet" of Portia, and Cymbeline's allusion to his *chariots*, are cases in point; and we may safely

take the text as an indication of the degree of care bestowed upon such matters. On the other hand, the allusion of Brutus to the *taper*, and to turning down a leaf of a book (not, therefore, a scroll) left in the pocket of his gown (not in the folds of the bosom of his toga, where a real Roman might have left it) makes modern archaeology quite as much out of place in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* as in Racine's tragedies, and for the same reason. Generally speaking, the low comedians are purely local and English. Merchants like Antipholus, probably, are largely drawn from Shakespeare's own century, but are less narrowly English: whereas heroes—even Solinus, and of course Julius Caesar—must always have claimed classical dressing, as classical dressing was then understood. Nor need we fear that such a mixture would prove ridiculous, if carried far enough. It is in the leaving of anachronisms in the text, while correcting the dresses up to latest discoveries, which really produces a laughable and disillusionary effect. Renaissance art successfully fused its conception of classical life

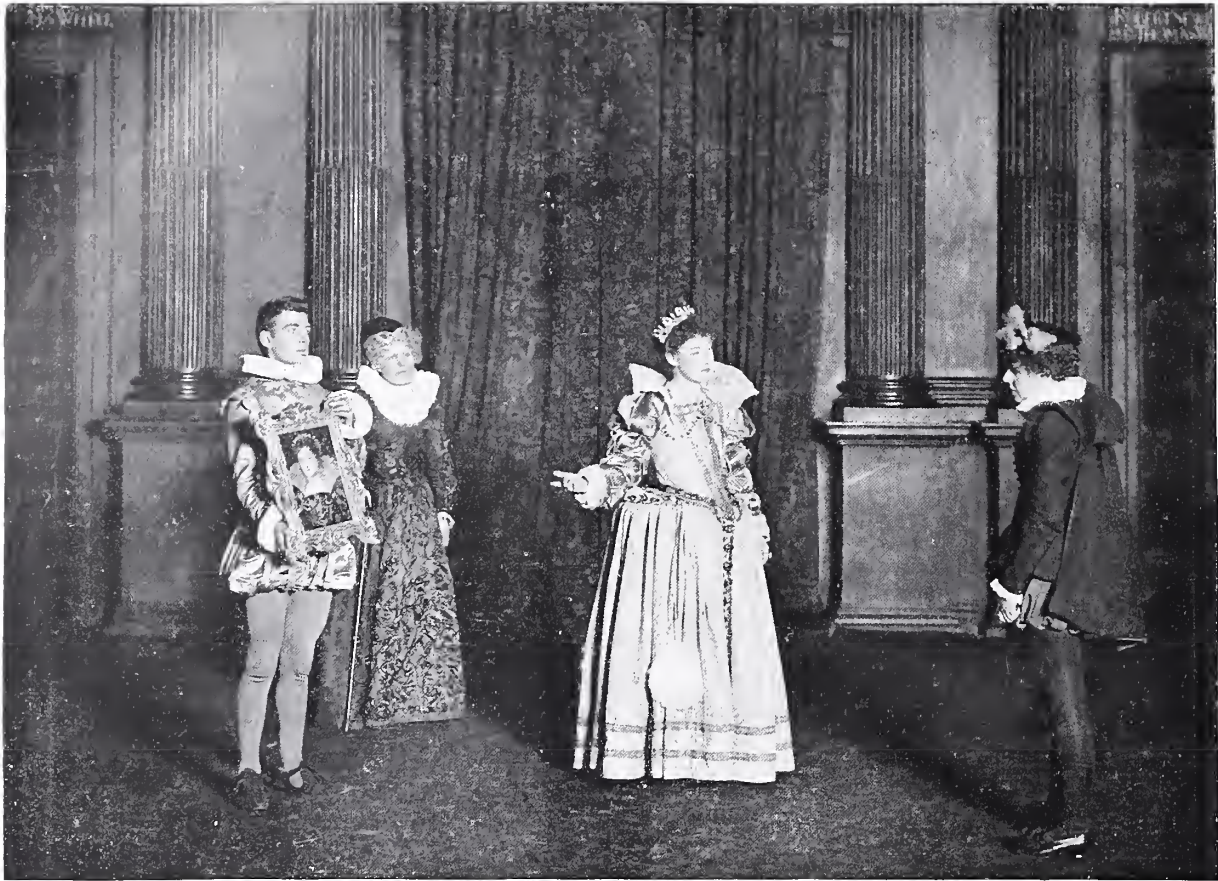


SCENE FROM "TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA," AS PLAYED BY THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY AT THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' HALL, NOV. 1896.

(From a Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

into a new unity all its own: what that is we can best study in Italian art, because so little English work of the sort remains. Look at "The

days would have conceived of Othello—and onlookers in sixteenth century dresses: while the women are attired in very beautiful classical draperies. In a



SCENE FROM "TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA," AS PLAYED BY THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY AT THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' HALL, NOV. 1896.

(From a Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander after the Battle of Issus," of Paul Veronese in our National Gallery. Here we have the chief figure wearing a Roman cuirass modified at the collar to the sixteenth century fashion, a knightly sword, and chain-mail sleeves. His generals give varied examples of the like eclecticism, the principal weapon being the halberd; with which compare the command of Lucius to his soldiers:—

"And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave."—*Cymbeline*, Act iv., Scene iii.

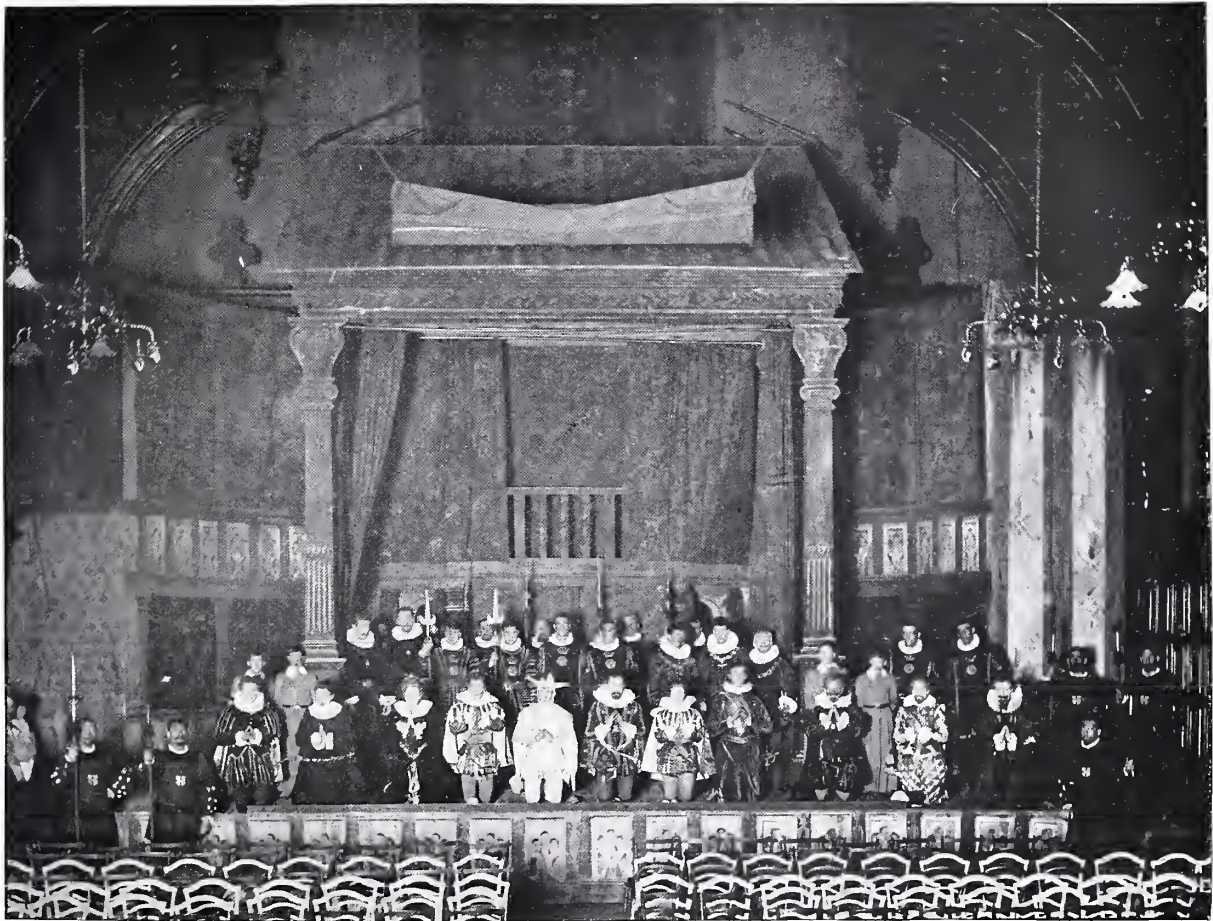
The Persian queen is in Venetian robes. It is curious that the costumes of males more often retain classical shape than those of females. But perhaps the best illustration for our purpose is an altar-piece in the South Kensington Museum. It is carved in pearwood, and in it are shown Roman soldiers with slashed trunk hose most ingeniously introduced along with their crested helms; Rabbits in quasi-Asiatic robes—showing us how the men of those

lower panel we see shepherds, in blouses and ragged trousers: and all these heterogeneous costumes so realised by the artist as not to appear a collection of inaccurate fancy dresses, but the fashion of an imaginative past. Probably the Elizabethan players, when there seemed no reason for any especial costume, wore the dress of their own period. As a slavish imitation of Elizabethan work is not my object, I should say that where nothing in the text or in the manners and customs drawn in the play suggests Shakespeare's own day, greater licence may be used in introducing the results of modern knowledge. But even the diction of Shakespeare is Elizabethan, and becomes incongruous from men dressed consistently in wolf-skins and scale-armour. In *Hamlet*, after seeing the ghost armed as a Viking, I have subsequently heard Horatio gravely state that "he wore his beaver up"—which is to presume on the ignorance of the audience in a way that is becoming less and less possible.

The second side of my subject touches essential canons of art in the structure of the dramas. And in this connection I must turn to Mr. W. J. Lawrence's paper in the October number, mainly to add my words to his in estimating the value and meaning of Mr. F. R. Benson's Shakespearian work. A determination to show the logical development and sequence of the story is the distinguishing note of this management. But I could point to a dozen places in which the necessities of scenery have compelled Mr. Benson to sacrifice this purpose. To state briefly the salient features of the Elizabethan stage, in place of the landscape, recessed, as it were, into the next room, and looked at distantly through an archway, we have a platform from which the least word of the player is easily audible. But here I must guard myself by saying that, of course, there are halls in which hearing is impossible even

effect and illusion of scenery, detracts greatly from the sound of the actor's voice. Much can be rectified by a horizontal canvas ceiling for interiors; but it is on record that the Elizabethan actors recommended speaking during movement on the stage, which modern actors usually only attempt at the price either of straining the voice or being inaudible. It can hardly be denied that the value of elocution on the boards has sunk with the gradual throwing back of the stage. That the "apron" is still retained for the lyric stage is significant; surely the verse of the poet demands as good hearing and as subtle tones as song.

I have often heard it urged that soliloquy, beyond a short aside, is no longer a tolerable convention. It seems to be taken for granted that the change is in the temper of the audience. But the plain fact appears to be that soliloquy is as suitable to the



THE QUEEN'S PRAYER FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT," AS PLAYED BY THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY AT THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL, FEB. 1897.

(From a Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

on a platform, and theatres where a voice is easily heard from the stage. But other things being equal, the proscenium arch, which is so necessary for the

platform as it is unsuitable to the recessed stage. On the platform the Duke of Gloucester does not appear to check his walk in the middle of a London

street while he explains his motives: he is not located: and no conscious bowing to convention is required to make us feel that all this speech takes just such time as the thought it embodies would take to flash through Richard's mind. Again, with the neglect of landscape, light can be thrown boldly on the actors, without heed to the shadows cast upon the curtains at the back of the stage. On built-out scenic properties, caves or what not, shadows may be permitted to fall, because their surface is the real shape of what they represent. The tone of the stage pictures thus becomes, with a great advance in impressiveness and reality, much that of a Holbein.

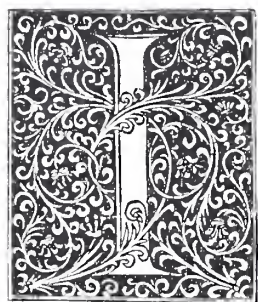
As for there being anything mirth-making in Macbeth's entering through black curtains, and then speaking and acting on the stage as though he were on a veritable blasted heath, the curtains have just as much and just as little to do with the locality as the gilt rim of the proscenium arch has. They are part of the structure of the theatre, and are forgotten the moment the play begins. As Mr. Archer very subtly points out, Macbeth's

allusions to scenery show us chiefly the speaker's mind: hence the painted semblance, or even the reality of a "heath" would be, at best, superfluous to the drama. In point of fact the whole stage was essentially plastic, with colour and movement added. The modern stage essays to be pictorial; and, with the help of a few improvements in the direction indicated by Professor Herkomer, may become so; but false light, false tone, and false perspective must go.

As for how we ought to deal with modern plays, surely the same rule holds good—give them the mounting their author contemplated in planning them. I cannot admit that there would be anything pedantic in using a platform stage and back-curtains for modern plays deliberately designed for that treatment. There are certain qualities of drama, especially poetic diction and characterisation, which must always appear to greater advantage on the platform. As Mr. Edmund Gosse has suggested, why should we not have one theatre in London, of the platform build, especially devoted to the poetic drama?

C. E. JOHNSON, R.I., LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.

BY A. L. BALDRY.



IN these days, when the tendency of the public taste is to drive artists into specialism of the narrowest kind, it is exceptionally interesting to review the work of the few men who have the courage to assert practically a belief in that variety of production which is one of

the chief sources of vitality in art. There has grown up of late years such a habit among painters to become imitators of themselves, and to establish a kind of pattern which they can repeat for the rest of their lives, that the really versatile interpreter of Nature must be regarded as something of a rare curiosity. His wish to range about over a wide field of material, his anxiety to avoid limiting himself to a particular class of subject, or a special type of effects, contrast oddly with the mannerism and convention which have conspicuously affected the modern school. That this inclination towards stereotyped effort should have fastened itself so firmly upon the artists of to-day is unquestionably the result of the concessions which the workers have made to the popular demand. Picture buyers and art lovers

no longer have the courage to go into the art market and to select what pleases them by originality or attracts them by definite novelty of treatment; they must have something that repeats a success which the artist has already made. The pattern they assign to him is one that has by some unexpected chance secured an unusual amount of public notice. He has—how, he is often ignorant himself—done some piece of work which has happened firmly to fix the attention of a considerable section of the community; the accident of wide approbation has stamped this effort as the standard against which everything else he may do must be measured. Henceforward nothing is expected of him, or, rather, nothing else will be accepted from him, but repetitions of the same idea. That is clearly his special line, and any departure from it must inevitably be work of an inferior class, because it has not the characteristics of his first unlucky success. So, to retain his hold on the public, he becomes their slave, and obeys their orders without daring to assert himself.

It argues little for the independence of modern artists that they should allow themselves to fall so completely under the control of a public conviction which owes its narrowness to a profound ignorance of artistic essentials. By doing so they

range themselves as mere manufacturers of a certain article of commerce, and abandon their right to be considered as the possessors of creative power. The worship of Nature is no longer, as it should be, the great guiding principle of their lifelong effort; and they substitute for it simply a sordid observation of the influences which affect the art market. Under such conditions the artist's profession is robbed of all dignity, and of all power to lead people of intelligence in the direction of sound appreciation of æsthetic questions; and in return for the surrender of a position that is secure against every assault nothing is gained but the half-hearted toleration of that section of the community which regards art as a matter for careless patronage rather than respectful consideration.

Fortunately all the painters who are working amongst us at the present time have not gone over to the enemy in this feeble spirit of opportunism. There are still some who have the courage to be independent, and the energy to strive against the evil influences that are threatening the vitality of art. To these men we must turn for evidence of the real progress which is being made by the modern

school, and for proof that the sounder traditions of study and expression, which have in the past distinguished the landscape work of this country, have not been entirely forgotten. An excellent object lesson for the benefit of the younger generation of painters is afforded by the career of an artist like Mr. C. E. Johnson, a veteran who can look back upon nearly forty years of vigorous labour, and can boast now, in his maturity, that he has at no time shrunk from the effort to understand and faithfully interpret the infinite variety of Nature. It would be impossible to accuse him of making concessions to popular prejudices; there is in a review of his life's work no sign to be perceived of obedience to fashion or of any subordination of his own convictions to the fancies of an inartistic public; he has been consistently true to those

principles of landscape painting which have guided our greatest masters, and has never wavered in his devotion to natural facts as the source of all that is best in æsthetic inspiration. There is no opportunism to be regretted in his practice: he is certainly to be credited with real independence and with a healthy spirit of striving after originality and freedom of scope.

His record is one which presents a great many points of interest to the many people who like to examine the manner in which an artistic personality is developed. Like so many other men who have achieved success in the pursuit of art, he was intended for a very different profession. His early years, indeed, were spent in the study of medicine; and it was not until he had reached the age of twenty-one that he definitely decided to make painting the occupation of his life. Even at this period he gave, by his way of setting about his new course of study, evidence of the self-reliance which has consistently distinguished his manner of working. From the first he determined that he would support himself by his own exertions: and, as he had at the moment of abandoning the project

originally formed for his future career a small amount of capital that he had saved for emergencies, he entered as a student in the Academy Schools. Meanwhile he busied himself in learning the art of wood engraving; so that when at last his savings were exhausted, and he had to leave the schools to face the problem of earning a living, he found that by this subsidiary profession he could provide the wherewithal to maintain himself until he could secure a definite position as a painter. So from London he migrated to Edinburgh, where he obtained employment as a wood engraver with the firm of Blackwood's, the publishers. This move to Scotland had a considerable effect upon the work he did in after-life, for during his term of school study he had been, like many of the younger artists of the time, strongly impressed by the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and



C. E. JOHNSON, R.I.
(From a Photograph by Mendelssohn.)

had to some extent fallen under the influence of Mr. Ruskin, who approved of his intention to make landscape his special pursuit. But in Scotland Mr. Johnson found another set of associations. He was there brought in contact with a different school; and his intimacy with such men as Pettie, Chalmers, Orchardson, Peter Graham, MacWhirter, and others of like beliefs, soon led to a modification of his earlier views. He retained, as, indeed, he does to

expressed detail. This was exhibited at the old galleries of the Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square, and was followed a year later by another mountain scene, "Ben Nevis," an effect of sunset on snow. Mr. Johnson did not, however, seek even then to make mountain painting his one speciality, for he soon turned his attention to marine and coast subjects, and produced a series of sea-pieces with incidental figures. The most conspicuous member



FLOWING TO THE LOWLANDS (1892).

this day, the precision of drawing and the closeness of observation which were among the greater merits of the Pre-Raphaelites: but in choice of subject, in manner of treatment, and in sense of colour arrangement, he became a follower of the Scotch school. The combination was, as his work has since proved year by year, an excellent one; and it has been productive of a long succession of pictures in which Mr. Johnson's claim to rank among the few living artists with real individuality has been very definitely advanced, and ratified beyond question.

It was not very long after he had settled in Edinburgh that he began to give proofs of his fitness for the profession he had adopted. There he painted and exhibited his first canvases, and from there he sent to the Academy pictures that almost immediately gained general approval. The foundation of his later successes was laid with a wonderful winter subject, "Glencoe," a huge snow-covered hill-side shadowed by dark storm clouds, and full of minutely

of this series was another large canvas, "The Last of the Spanish Armada," a great ship coming ashore in a wild sea on the coast of the Isle of Mull. This was the first work by which the artist was represented in the new home of the Academy at Burlington House. His next efforts were of a different class, as he occupied himself during succeeding years with a variety of landscape subjects. He painted at this time a great many pictures of notable quality, most of which were vigorous representations of rugged Scotch scenery. The most conspicuous among them were "Fir-Tree Island," "The McDougal's Keep," "The Pride of the Morn," and "Glorious Autumn," all pure landscape; but he also attracted attention by what were really digressions into yet another walk of art. "The Horse Dealer," exhibited in 1875, and "The Timber Waggon," which appeared in 1878, were unlike anything he had yet produced. To the same period belongs "Fingal's Cave," an important sea-piece.



SALISBURY (1894).
(From the Painting by C. E. Johnson, R.I.)

In 1879 "Gurth the Swinehead," which was purchased by the Academy for the Chantrey Fund Collection, marked the beginning of yet another series. This time it was forest scenery that had fascinated him, and although he reverted more than once to subjects akin to those of his earlier successes, woodland detail occupied most of his attention for a good many years. He exhibited "Woodland and Stream" in 1880; "The Land of Streams" in 1881; "Evening Solitude" in 1882; he returned to Scotch motives in 1883, and was represented at the Academy by two large canvases, the grim and impressive "Ravine of the Thieves" and "A Relic of the Clans." In 1884 he showed another type of subject in "The Wye and the Severn," a vast stretch of distance painted from a height above the junction

"The Falls of Tummel," and "Flowing to the Lowlands," are Scotch subjects; and so are "A Temple not made with Hands" and "Bringing Home the Stag," which were in the Academy last year; but alternated with these have been many studies of atmospheric effects, such as "Evening Shadows," "Sunshine and Shower," "Evening Calm," "Before the Thunderstorm," two very important topographical landscapes, "Salisbury" and "Windsor Castle," and the purely pastoral canvas, "A Corner of Old England," which was exhibited this spring. Most certainly can it be said of him that nothing approaching an inclination towards a limited and specialised manner of regarding or representing Nature has ever hampered his freedom of action. He has never narrowed his art down into a conven-



THE PRIDE OF THE MORN (1889).

of the two rivers. Scotland engaged him again in 1885 and 1886, when his chief pictures were "The Slopes of Ben Nevis" and "The Raising of the Standard;" and several more forest studies, among them the "Forest Scene, Autumn," and "Sir Galahad," completed the list of his work up to the end of the 'eighties. Since then he has shown less inclination than ever to limit himself to any special class of production, and has ranged about in all sorts of directions. "Sunset's Last Ray," "Killiecrankie,"

and in preserving his independence he has also kept his work unaffected by those modern influences which have killed the enthusiasm and sapped the artistic vitality of too many of his contemporaries.

The dominating influence which has controlled him all his life has been that of Nature herself. He has invariably respected her as the source of all his soundest inspiration, and has paid her devoted attention. In the days when he was a sympathiser with the creed of the Pre-Raphaelites he mastered

the important lesson that only by minute and elaborate study would it be possible for him to solve her secrets. So from the first commencement of his artistic labours he set himself to learn bit by bit, and detail by detail, all the facts of landscape. He decided that anything which he wished to paint must be commenced and carried through face to

variety of landscape detail, that seemed to him to be worthy of attentive examination. So very early in life he stored his mind fully with information, codified and arranged with scientific care; and on this excellent basis he was able, with the widening of his experience, to build up the comprehensive system of artistic expression which has for so many



THE RAVINE OF THE THIEVES (1883)

face with his subject. In his student days this was somewhat a novel idea. Few men at that time recognised the importance of out-of-door work, and the infinite value of studies done on the spot; but to him it seemed the only method that would teach him what he wanted to know. He was then constantly out and about, rendering with almost photographic accuracy, and with the most exact realism, every kind of foreground object, every

years helped him in making secure his position in the front rank of modern painters.

Another early ambition, which he has since distinctly realised, was the desire to make himself beyond reproach as a draughtsman. He has always been dissatisfied with those executive conventions which lead the landscape-painter to express by symbols what is better when exactly realised. Even now he is no convert to that school of impressionism



THE TIMBER-WAGGON (1878).

in which it is permissible to hint pleasantly at the obvious things that need frank statement: and in his youth such evading of artistic responsibility seemed to him to be a subject for the most practical

protest. At all events he allowed himself to learn no technical devices of this sort: but, on the contrary, laboured long and assiduously to master those intricacies of drawing which are always apt



SUNSET'S LAST RAY (1890).

in out-of-door subjects to perplex the devoted student. It cannot be denied that his efforts have had good results. Few men can state so accurately the varieties of form and the effects of foreshortening and perspective which present themselves in tree painting; and still fewer can show skill like his in rendering the subtle and evasive curves and modellings of a steep hill-side, or in giving an intelligible suggestion of the manner in which the character of a mountain is affected by the nature of the rocks composing it or by the different kinds of atmospheric influences by which it has been carved into shape.

Yet, with all this exact knowledge, he is so sincerely in touch with Nature in her poetic moods that there is in his pictures no pedantry to mar their completeness. His science has really the merit

the first rays of sunrise, as in the "Pride of the Morn;" the blaze of evening colour, as in "Sunset's Last Ray;" the gloom of stormy twilight, as in "The Ravine of the Thieves;" and it is not until we come to examine the picture part by part that we realise how exact and searching is the interpretation of the many details of which it is composed. Perhaps to this breadth and thoroughness of early study is to be ascribed something of his versatility. He learned so much, and gathered his material in so many directions, that for him to have settled in later life into specialism would have meant the abandonment of half his store. He could only use what he knew by constantly seeking for new ways in which to express himself; and the more he sought, the more the boundaries of his art had to be extended. His career affords an excellent illustration of the value



THE SWINEHERD (1879).

(From the Picture by C. E. Johnson, R.I., in the Chantrey Collection.)

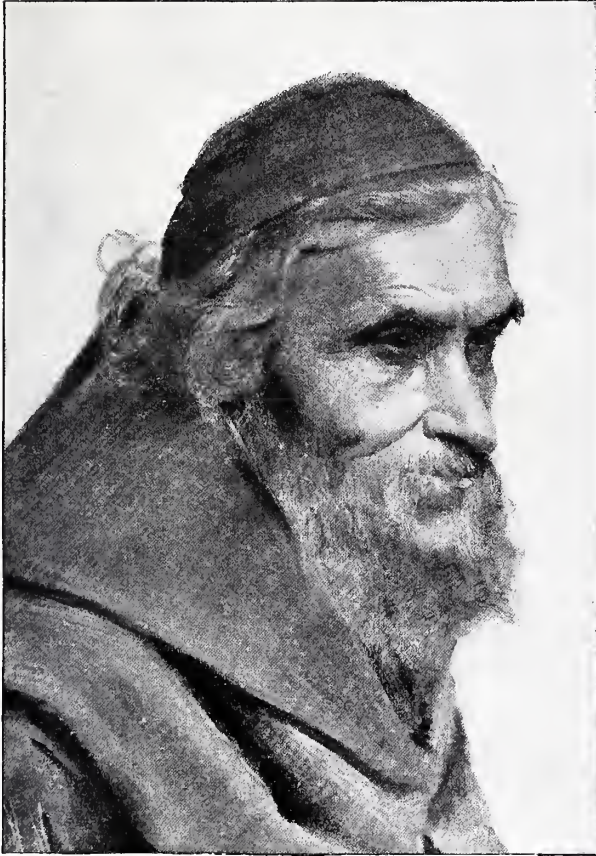
of making his art more fascinating, and his knowledge of facts frees him for the proper expression of his fancies. It is always the atmospheric effect that seems to be the intention in each of his canvases—the rending of the morning mists by

of minute observation to a man who has also the capacity to see things on a large scale; he could never have attained his mastery over great essentials had he not cultivated his sense of climax by correct analysis of small accessories.

METROPOLITAN ART SCHOOLS: THE BERRY SCHOOL.

HIMSELF a native of Hampstead, Mr. Berry, whose art school in Fellows Road, Swiss

the antique. But as soon as ever hand and eye have become accustomed, by this means, to work together, the pupil is allowed to draw direct from the life. Indeed, Mr. Berry is rather averse to requiring a very close reproduction of the antique. He maintains that, in rendering the human form, the classical artists were controlled by definitely rigid conventions, which it is by no means necessary or desirable for the modern artist to adopt, since they arose in most cases from the exigencies of the material itself. For instance, marble sculpture demands a special treatment of certain features such that it is unreasonable to reproduce when the medium is canvas or paper—a treatment that most likely the ancients themselves did not employ when working with these media. The hollow of the eye, the set expression of the mouth, the curling crispness of the hair, observable in ancient art, being due, as it were, to peculiar circumstances—such, for example, as that a statue was destined to be seen only at a certain elevation, and in such and



CRAYON STUDY. (By J. Forsyth.)

Cottage, was established on its present footing some six years ago, has for nearly double that time been engaged in teaching in the same neighbourhood. Though the locality is suburban, it is not, however, to be supposed that the system of training at the Berry studio is any the less thorough than that at more central schools. At the same time, Mr. Berry does not seek to drill his pupils into what, for want of a better description, one is obliged to call an "academical" uniformity; his aim, of course, being to foster and develop individuality among them. Thus a considerable latitude is allowed, according to each one's several bent or aptitude; the only constraint being that every student is required at first to begin with drawing from casts of



CHALK STUDY OF A HEAD. (By A. MacLeod.)



DRAWING FROM THE LIFE. (By B. Schumacher.)

such a position—are precedents by which it is not invariably necessary for the artist of to-day to be bound. In other words, there is no occasion for everyone at the present time to pretend to see the human figure through classic spectacles. Mr. Berry encourages an extensive use of charcoal, as admitting a freedom and vigour of touch which cannot well be acquired in any other way. On the other hand, if, as in several cases, the pupil has shown any gift for miniature painting, this branch is scrupulously cultivated, and, indeed, with good results; some very creditable miniatures on ivory, consisting both of portraits and of fanciful studies from the school models, having been produced in the Berry studio. The same is true with regard to pastels, which appear to be a favourite medium at the moment, and of which the Principal himself

makes use in his tuition by correspondence. Upon the landscape and other sketches sent to him for criticism (unless, indeed, they are so bad as to be beyond the range of possible correction) he indicates with pastel where and how this or that improvement can be made. The method is one which does not permanently affect the original: the pastel marks can be removed with ease, and the alteration, once indicated, be made in oil or water-colour, as the case may be, by the pupil's own hand. It will readily be perceived that the practical mode of correction by demonstration in colour is superior, as being both plainer to understand and quicker to execute than a mere verbal criticism, which first the teacher has to express in writing and afterwards the pupil to interpret. Thus that which constitutes the greatest defect of pastel under ordinary circumstances, viz. the fact that it is all but impossible to set it imperishably, is turned ingeniously to advantage. Indeed, the possibilities of this fine medium have not yet in England been developed to the utmost. For instance, an artist may experiment in pastel on his own



TIME STUDY FROM THE MODEL. (By B. Schumacher.)

water-colour drawing, changing the scheme of colouring, the values, and so on, with pastel, and dust off in a moment without injury to what is underneath, if the superficial working should have failed to produce any more satisfactory result.

The course of instruction at the Berry studio includes the usual curriculum of an art school. The costume model sits five mornings and two evenings in the week; the figure model for ladies three afternoons and for men three evenings in the week. The school is closed on Saturdays. Out-of-door classes, commencing in May each year, are held during



OIL PAINTING OF HEAD. (By A. Walford.)

the summer months in the Pinner district. A syllabus of the subjects for the landscape, figure, and sketching compositions, to be competed for monthly during ten months of the year, *i.e.* from October to July, is drawn up by the Principal every autumn and distributed among his pupils, past and present; for the former as well as the latter are eligible, and thus is furnished a means of keeping them still in touch with the school after they have passed from the immediate supervision of their master. While the older generations are thus provided for, the younger are not neglected, for whom preparatory classes are held.



A PORTRAIT. (By Edith Starkie.)



ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS.

(By Charles René Saint-Marceaux.)

SCULPTURE AT THE PARIS SALONS.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

NONE has ever pretended to deny to France the supremacy of the world in sculpture since the days of the Renaissance. Gifted in an extraordinary degree with a sense of form beyond any nation of modern times, French artists have, from that day to this, maintained their unchallenged right to the headship of the art of sculpture. Not only have they recognised beyond any other nation that sculpture is in its essence the art of planes and surfaces, while silhouette and outline belong rather to painting; but they have seen sculpture in a big, comprehensive way, and every artistic virtue they have succeeded in combining in their work. We do not usually regard the French school of painting as possessing in the highest degree the gift of colour in its richest as in its subtlest and most delicate aspect, and therein we find an inferiority: but in the case of sculpture such an objection of course disappears. The chief Gallic failing does not come into the calculation, and the French artist may, without fear of displaying any national weakness, aim at introducing all those excellencies which have commanded the admiration of the rest of the world. The taste, the nobility, the grace, the dexterity, the learning, and the poetic imagination of the race, have for generations displayed themselves in rich abundance in marble and in bronze, and a long series of names constitutes the history of sculpture in France, more brilliant in its solid achievement even than that of painting.

This tribute due is cheerfully paid, and yet we find ourselves wondering what has afflicted the sculptors of France of late—what has bewitched them into the comparative impotence they so strangely display. For some years we have noted what we

take to be the decadence of painting in France: for a lesser period we have noticed a decadence much less marked, yet, nevertheless, as certain and undoubted, in the section of sculpture—less in degree, but infinitely more sudden: a degeneration which even the last twelve months have accentuated before the eyes of every man who can see and appreciate.

What is the character of this appearance of relative *dégringolade*—what the meaning of a condemnation of that which to the casual visitor must appear fair and excellent and full of beauty beyond the power of any other country to produce? The display of anatomical knowledge is as profound; the modelling is as scholarly; the handling as dexterous; the grace of line as suave and piquant; the manner as fluent and easy; the aspect as noble, heroic, characteristic, as the case may be, as ever. That is just the point—"as ever." They are, more or less, the same; they are, more or less, *all* the same. They might all, for the most part, have been conceived by the same brain, executed by the same skilful hands, composed by the same graceful taste—all of one school, all imitations of one and the same master. With few exceptions, the busts all exhibit the same method and treatment, and the imagination runs commonly to the familiar "Vague," "Biblis," "Source," or "Fontaine." Individuality and personality are lacking, and little here appears that cannot be matched over and over again.

It might be imagined that we have here a contradiction of our argument put forth in our previous articles on painting in the Salons, in which we deplored that every man was making display of his untried experiments, and thrusting them on the public; while here we complain of a too slavish



VICTOR HUGO.

(By Auguste Rodin.)

adherence to the classic models of the great masters who have shown the way. The fact is, that the gist of the matter lies in the same all-absorbing defect—the passion for dexterity. It depraves the old and distorts the new: classic art or modern, all is absorbed by the taint of mere thoughtless, or, at least, unintellectual, skill of hand. Dexterity, it must be remembered, is but the mechanical side of art, which, divorced from imagination and poetry, leaves what might become a work of art a work of craftsmanship, and nothing more. Without a doubt, a large proportion of these works would create considerable sensation in our Royal Academy, where extreme manual excellence is not often, as in Paris, a drug, even a cause for regret; but if they were repeated again and again, not by the same artist, but by the sculptor's numerous pupils and his whole tribe of imitators, we would as soon tire of them as we do of those human piano-organs which are issued regularly from the schools of Leipsic. To the annual visitor these things are painfully apparent, for he recognises the cardinal ill, and wonders if the artistic genius of France will once more start into consciousness to stem the chilling

conventional excellence of manufacture on the one hand, while saving the art from the abyss of chaotic "renaissance" in which her painting is at present groping. Is it not to be feared that the youth of the studios, struck with the mighty strength of M. Rodin's unfinished work of "Victor Hugo," may throw to the winds their dearly bought dexterity, and follow what they think to be his lead, sending to the Salons enlarged versions of vigorous sketches? A movement not dissimilar is now occurring in painting: may not the dread experience be repeated in the art, more difficult and less understood, of sculpture?

"In forming an artist, art has thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed"

—and those who are only "good" are ever too prone to follow the merits, and particularly the faults, of their pastors and masters in art.

Among the sculptors who contribute the eight hundred odd works to the Champs Élysées—exclusive of the smaller exhibits, which belong to the category of *objets d'art*—there are not more than a dozen who interest us very greatly. M. Falguière, master though he is, has not done himself justice in his "Poet

holding a Lyre"—a sort of Apollo or Orpheus upon Pegasus destined for the decoration of the square beside the Opera. The man's figure is fine, but the wings of the horse are affixed in so perfunctory a fashion that there is no articulation: they could not move, and the work is robbed of much of its impressiveness. It has, at least, the qualities of simplicity and grace, and manifestly comes from a master-hand and master-mind. M. Frémiot's relief, called "Man of the Stone Age," represents a rough hunter, not unhurt in the struggle in which he has slain a she-bear, striding off with her cub, that resists with grotesque energy broadly comic in its ungainliness. It is a work of great power and knowledge, and even of charm, in spite of its ugliness of subject—reminding us, indeed, of Boileau's lines:

" Il n'est point de serpent,
ni de monstre odieux,
Qui, par l'art imité, ne
puisse plaire aux yeux;
D'un pinceau délicat,
l'artifice agréable
Du plus affreux objet
fait un objet amiable."

M. Frémiot is so able an animal-sculptor that he challenges admiration for his treatment of the ugliest beasts in the fauna of the four continents; choosing gorillas, for example, in bloody conflict with man, where others prefer to select the loveliest forms of youth to express their sense of the beautiful.

The art of the cemetery flourishes in France. It is, indeed, the love of funeral pomp and graveyard celebration that have to a great extent accorded to French sculptors for many years that encouragement and that exercise of the highest form of sculpture which have been so sadly lacking with us. M. Mercié is in the first rank of the band which has done its best to keep French cemeteries noble in spirit and pure in taste, resisting the clap-trap which makes nearly every modern Campo Santo of Italy—notably that of Genoa—a melancholy object of derision or indignation to every art lover who visits

it. The monument which M. Mercié has fashioned to the memory of Mme. Carvalho is a delicate suggestion of the apotheosis of the singer's soul floating, Marguerite-like, gently from the marble slab, and soaring, hands clasped, towards Heaven above.

The monument to Guy de Maupassant for the

Parc Monceau is perhaps even truer in its note: the poet's ideal of *la femme*, daintily attired in the fashion of his day, half reclining in the architectural setting—the charming modern divinity of his delicate Muse. M. Verlet has well grasped his subject, and although he has sacrificed something to his colleague the architect, he has shown how skirts and high-heeled shoes can enter into art without loss of poetry or accession of vulgarity. To M. Mathurin Moreau has been awarded the *médaille d'honneur* for his "Crowning of the Monument raised to the Memory of Joigneaux"—a marble which, besides displaying a fine sense



POET HOLDING A LYRE

(By Jean Alexandre Falguière.)

of line and a certain spirited grace, owes more, we imagine, to its expression of patriotic enthusiasm than to its completeness as the finest sculpture of the year. Infinitely more modest and more pleasing is M. Boucher's "In the Fields"—a young gleaner standing in simplest costume, resting after her labours; excellent alike in pose, expression, line, and modelling of the figure. Originality in its best sense is here: for although it strikes the note of Corot, it is as individual as that master himself.

The coloured marble, bronze, and white metal of M. Carlier, called "The Mirror," is a group of talent and equal grace—an elegant woman, nude, lithe, a figure delicately modelled, regarding herself with satisfaction in a mirror held outstretched, while her attendant negress kneels, a semi-nude, behind her: a fine decorative work, but suggesting to the spectator that it is an unnecessary enlargement of

an *objet d'art*. Full recognition, however, should be made of the skill with which the sculptor has shown that he not only knows his trade, but that he can medel and compose with infinite skill and grace.

In the far smaller display of the Champ de Mars there is much less sameness to deplore if there is not very much more to praise. Certainly the proportion of fine work is greater, for among the hundred and fifty examples of sculpture not less than a dozen at least are worthy of close attention. The luxuriant fancy of M. Dalou—perhaps a little more luxuriant than is really permissible in sculpture properly understood—has never been more brilliantly demonstrated than in his “Triumph of Silenus,” a work so complicated in its mass and arrangement of forms, so refined in taste, so learned in its execution, that the spectator’s deep admiration is modified only by the confusion suggested by the very riot of idea and lack of simplicity. M. Dalou is undoubtedly a great and facile artist, but a little more restraint would place him higher still in the scale. It is almost a relief to turn to the “Monument to the Dead,” in which M. Bartholomé realises the solemnity, dignity, and repose of his subject. This work is but a fragment of a mighty whole that is to be erected in the cemetery of Père Lachaise. This great work in stone is as impressive as it should be, although not quite happy to the English mind in respect to the nude figures of man and wife lying prone on their back with their dead child lying across their middles. Intelligent as it is, and philosophic in the narrow artistic sense, no attempt is made at suggestion of consolation, none at mere beauty; but death is present here in these stiff corpses, above which there hovers a guardian angel that may be the dread Messenger itself. The work is big in conception, but makes no pretence at that refinement of detailed execution which characterises the recumbent figure of M. de Saint-Mareaux, “Alexandre Dumas fils.” “After my death,” directed the great writer in his will, “I am to be clad in my customary working dress, the feet bare”—as he loved to be in life. Thus has he been represented by the sculptor; but, with a strange error of taste, both sentimental and artistic, a large laurel crown is projected over the head. This unhappy device at once discounts the humility on which Dumas desired to insist, and robs the work of much of the effect properly its due through the heavy shadow which the oversized object casts upon the highly wrought features. For the rest, the severity, the simplicity, and superb sculptural achievement, are worthy of the two great artists whose names it will ever recall. Two other works of notable achievement are the “Wrestlers” of M. Jef Lambeaux and

the low-relief of “The Miners” of M. Constantin Meunier, both Belgians, who maintain the credit of their country at a high level. M. Meunier has ere now been called “Millet in bronze.” His feeling for the peasant’s and the worker’s life is doubtless as deep, his method as broad, and his poetry as impressively simple, as were distinctive of the great French master, while the technical excellence in the use of his material is not less obvious. M. Alexandre Charpentier, who, with the aid of M. Émile Muller, has fashioned a sculptural wall of bricks in *grès flammé*, coloured and glazed, has clearly based his idea on the fine wall of the palace of Darius I, discovered by M. and Mme. Dieulafoy in 1885, now set up in the Louvre. (An admirable cast of this extraordinary specimen of early art may be studied in the Oriental Court in the Cross Gallery of the South Kensington Museum on the west of Exhibition Road.) The artist’s design represents long-draped bakers at work—“Les Boulangers,” it is called—and is a sunken low-relief. It is an extremely interesting work, but suffers from the drawback inherent in nearly every form of built-up tile or brick decoration—that the harmonious aspect of the design is militated against by the arbitrary and obtrusive divisional marks. Not so conventional as “The Archers,” just referred to, it is, nevertheless, decorative, broad in handling, with the Oriental *motif* well assimilated and digested.

Lastly we have M. Rodin—a very Titan among the strong men of his own class. But it is impossible to realise that he intends the great plaster of his forthcoming monument to “Victor Hugo” to be accepted as finished. If it were, it would be understood by the ordinary beholder as representing rather some memorial of a leprous group, in which not only quality of surface is ignored, but any sense of completeness is deliberately withheld; indeed, one would rather say that in appearance it is simply an enlargement of the first sketch-model in the clay. There are the elements of extraordinary rugged power in the group; mere beauty is not sought for, even in the figures which may be supposed to be the angels of the poet’s inspiration. What is of particular interest is the original distribution of the work seen as a mass; and it is to be remembered that the conception of the figure behind the poet’s nude form recalls an attitude first invented, we believe, by Carpeaux. M. Rodin’s other works in marble are as small and highly finished as the plaster is coarse and roughly wrought, for all the respect for form which it displays. Into these smaller works, whether the “Dream of Life” or the “Cupid and Psyche,” the sculptor infuses an astonishing amount of passion and sweetness, and reveals a sensuousness of which no one knowing

him only by his Hugo or his Calais monument would believe him capable. Herein he displays hot sympathy with the erotic passion; but he proves a love not less deep for the marble, which he caresses into flesh or flowing hair and even voluptuous movement. In spite of any criticism to which M. Rodin may lay himself open, he remains one of the greatest figures in French art of the present day. But he is himself, and none can hope to follow him. He thus becomes a danger

to the skilful youth whom he dazzles, and who is always on the watch for some new divinity to adore, some other master to imitate—provided that he possesses artistic vices enough to be mistaken for originality, and faults enough to be accepted as modernity. M. Rodin can have no disciples; his aspect of art without himself could but produce anarchy, and one more element of chaos would be introduced into the distracted, if fascinating, republic of the arts which bewilders France to-day.

“CHRISTIE’S.” *

THE history of Christie’s constitutes by itself alone a recital nearly complete of the commercial movement of the arts in England during the past century. It forms a lively chapter in the romance of art, and, indeed, was so treated some

Mr. Roberts tells in narrative form. The early story of the firm is interesting and is given in some detail, and the whole book is the record of the house and an exhaustive *résumé* of its more important proceedings, involving, of course, the history of the formation



A PICTURE SALE, CIRCA 1770.

years ago in these columns. To it, also, was devoted by the late Mr. Redford a great work which he entitled “Art Sales”—a book which, issued in 1888, is still quoted and referred to as the standard work upon the subject. Now Mr. W. Roberts, approaching the matter from another side, has given us a well-illustrated story of Christie’s and of their great art sales—of the dynasty of the great auctioneers, and of their vast field of operations. What Mr. Redford told in tabulated form or in reporter’s method

* “Memorials of Christie’s. A Record of Art Sales from 1766 to 1896” (Bell and Sons).

and dispersal of most of the great art collections of this country. It cannot be pretended that such a book is easy reading throughout; but it may frankly be stated that these two portly volumes enlose a vast amount of trustworthy and necessary information—a mine easily worked by means of an excellent index—and that it is indispensable alike to the collector, the art-writer, and student, as well as the art-dealer. It was, unfortunately, impracticable to tell into whose collections the objects sold have passed; had this been possible, a work of great utility would have assumed an added interest.



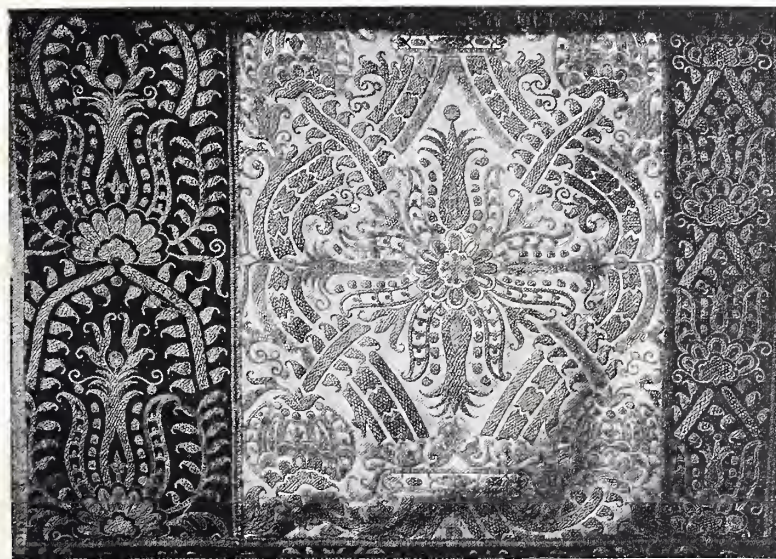
ELY CATHEDRAL
(Original etching by F.S. Walker, A.R.E.)

ANTIQUE EMBROIDERIES.

FOR years past all the available hunting-grounds in the Old World have been ransacked to provide art treasures for the markets of London,

figures in it afford a faithful record of the costumes and coiffures of the period.

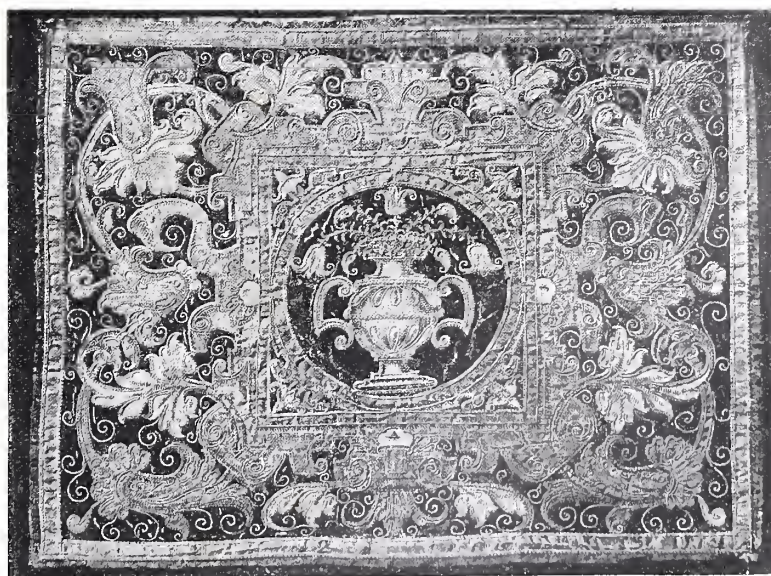
Turning to the productions of other countries, we have a striking proof of the supereminence of the art of architecture—as the standard and motive principle of all the other arts—that this feature, as in Italian work of the fifteenth century, is the first to exhibit tokens of the Renaissance, before they appear elsewhere, and while as yet in the drawing of figures and details of costume, etc., there is no sign of change. Thus one may notice a curious incongruity in the work of this period. To take a well-known instance, one finds paintings, like that of Crivelli's throned Madonna and Child in the Lateran Gallery at Rome, with faces and hands, and draperies in brocaded folds, recalling the fashion of Van Eyck; while, in place of the Gothic environment which a con-



PORTION OF ALTAR FRONTAL. (SPANISH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY)

temporary Northman would infallibly have given them, the entire architectural surroundings and the swag of fruit that festoons the arch above, proclaim the unmistakable revival of classic taste. What is true of painting is true also of embroidery. In the orphreys of Italian and Spanish copes, for example, Paris, and other principal cities. The store is not yet exhausted, although the agents of the firms which sell such works of art have to go further afield into more out-of-the-way places than heretofore in search of what they require. Messrs. Waring and Co. draw their supplies mainly from Italy and Spain, and it is of such origin, consequently, that the majority of the embroideries in their exhibition bear the mark. Not but what one may find among them occasional specimens of old English work, like that, for instance, which is commonly associated with the Caroline nuns of Little Gidding—stump embroidery, as it is called, from the fact of its being worked over a solid padding. It is rather quaint than artistic, lacking as it does the quality of organic ornament; and, with its butterflies and other insects, whose wings fold up and down, with its snails, caterpillars, and so on, it very often descends to the triviality of a mere toy. It is, however, not without historic interest, and, if nothing else, the

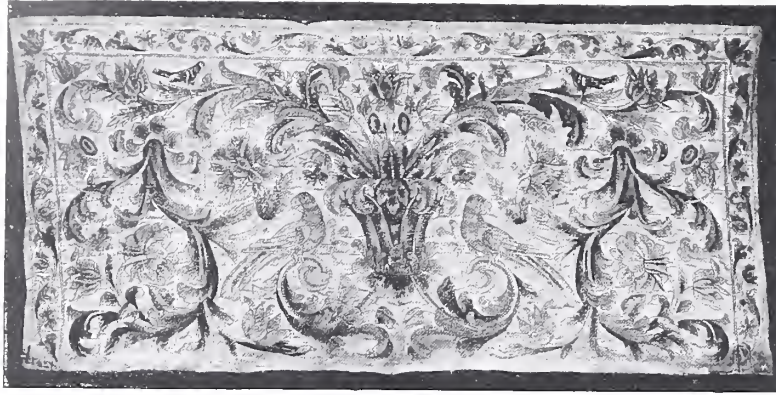
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APPLIQUÉ EMBROIDERY. (SPANISH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY)

the figures of saints retain their Gothic character for awhile, until architecture has gone so far in the opposite direction that they are unable to hold out any longer, and are compelled, so to speak, to take

Christendom, not yet wholly exterminated, lingers yet in unsuspected quarters and manages to impart a certain ancient quality of crispness of draughtsmanship and organic design which are altogether



EMBROIDERED ALTAR FRONTAL. (ITALIAN)

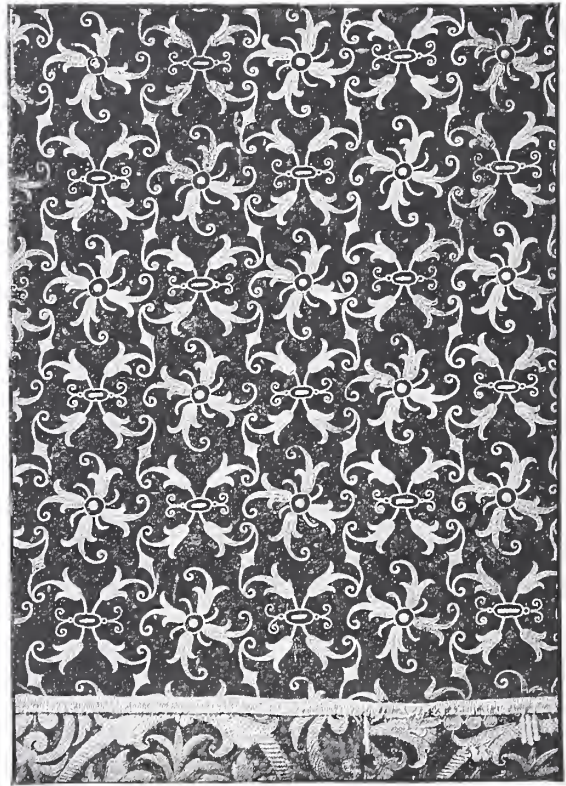
their cue from the master art and follow in its train. The transitional stage, wherein the two opposing elements of Gothic and Renaissance combine without blending, is of remarkable interest; and even later,

lacking in the work of the fully matured Renaissance.

A further element to be noted in some Italian and even Spanish flat ornament of the sixteenth



PORTION OF ORPHREY. (SPANISH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY)



PORTION OF EMBROIDERED DALMATIIC. (SPANISH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY)

when Italian influence has overpowered and expelled its rival from the field, it is instructive to observe how the vigorous life of the traditional art of

century is an obvious strain of Orientalism. Thus an altar-frontal at Messrs. Waring's, with panels of cream-coloured satin framed in red, presents a

conventional design in gold, founded, beyond a doubt, upon some Persian model. A dalmatic and The sweep of the curving sprays and the general



PORTION OF ITALIAN RENAISSANCE BORDER.

tunicle—the chasuble, stoles, and maniples belonging to the set are missing—of crimson velvet are diapered all over in a most effective manner with a simple unit formed of an embroidered star of wheeling rays. Other vestments are of cloth of gold damask, parts of the pattern being emphasised in terry of silver thread. Another piece of work, an altar-frontal of cloth of silver, besides having an elaborate centre and four splendid corner ornaments, sprays of roses and other flowers worked alternately in rose-colour and blue, with raised silver edges to the petals, and with birds in the branches, is divided, like the previously mentioned altar covering, with bands of rich embroidery, too close and intricate for reproduction. Yet another frontal, this of the seventeenth century, is a magnificent design of

filling of the ground is admirable, not less for execution than for draughtsmanship. Other embroidery not dissimilar in character from the last-named, is ornamented, moreover, with heraldic escutcheons, and has all kinds of animals, real and fantastic, forming part of the ornament.

As to stitches, a very great variety is to be noticed, from raised gold and couching, in which the pattern is formed by the different colours, the finest silk wound tightly round and round the gold thread, to silk embroidery in feather stitch, chain stitch, tent stitch, and tapestry stitches of many kinds, as well as laid work and appliqué. In short, here is plenty of embroidery to admire and to study, not for the purpose of slavish imitation, but rather for furnishing inspiration



PORTION OF ALTAR-FRONTAL. (SPANISH, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY)

for fresh development in the future of the art.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

ROOM DECORATIONS BY MR. F. W. POMEROY.



CHIMNEYPIECE. (By F. W. Pomeroy.)

THE place which Mr. F. W. Pomeroy has taken among artists of the present day is important, because he has recognised very completely how ample are the opportunities afforded to modern sculpture by the taste which has of late grown up for the application of modelled decoration as a means of completing architectural designs. A great deal of the work which he has done during recent years has been of this accessory nature; and, although he has not by any means abandoned ideal sculpture, some of his chief successes have been made with productions expressly designed to adorn particular buildings. This year illustrates rather well both sides of his capacity. He has exhibited

and disposed of to the trustees of the Chantrey Fund a graceful figure, "The Nymph of Loch Awe," and he has carried out an important series of decorative

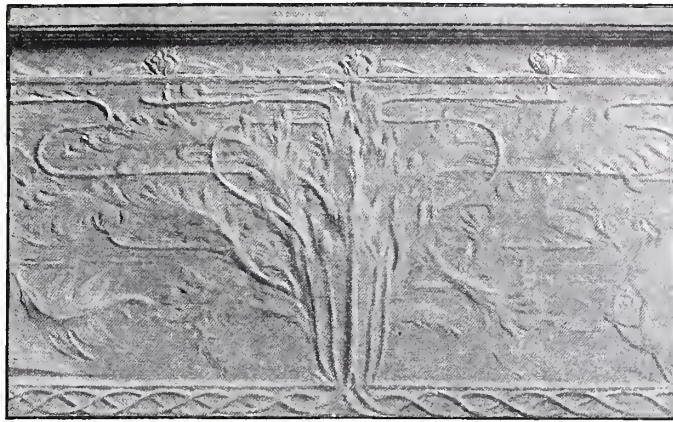
designs for a house in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly. From this series we give some reproductions which make intelligible the nature and scope of the work which Mr. Pomeroy has undertaken. He has been chiefly concerned in the adornment of the drawing room, for which a scheme has been adopted with "The Sea" as a motive. This idea is carried out consistently in all the internal details. At each end of the room is a marble mantelpiece supported by figures of mermaids, and round the walls runs a modelled plaster frieze of mermaids



PORTIONS OF FRIEZE. (By F. W. Pomeroy.)

and aquatic plants in very low relief. This frieze is to be tinted in harmony with the general colour arrangement, the key of which is set by hangings of rich sea-green silk and by wall panelling of fine

of being free from conventionality without showing any tendency towards disregard of the laws of decoration: it is novel but, at the same time, in good taste, and is perfectly effective with the right kind



PORTION OF FRIEZE. (By F. W. Pomeroy.)

satin-wood. The figures supporting the mantelpieces are vigorously treated with a considerable degree of realism, and are in fairly high relief, contrasting effectively with the more subtle and delicate modelling of the frieze. The whole work has the merit

of moderation. Mr. Pomeroy has judiciously kept in view the fact that he has had to deal with a living-room, and has not allowed any aggressiveness in his technical method to diminish the reticence and appropriateness of his design.

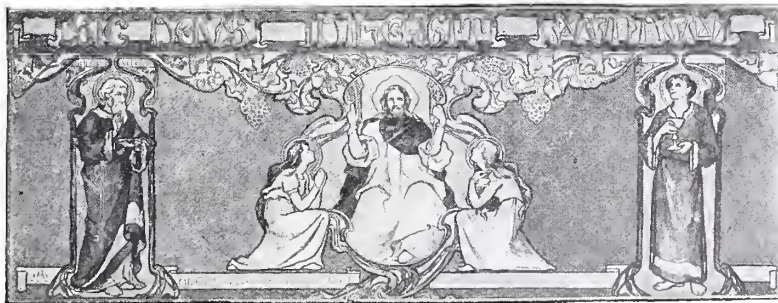
THE NATIONAL ART COMPETITION.

By AYMER VALLANCE.

THE general standard of the work exhibited this year at the South Kensington Museum is high, notwithstanding that in the two most important branches of all, viz. the studies from the human figure and architectural design, it falls short of last year's attainments. However, in the first of these sections a welcome variety should be noted in some charming studies of small children in the nude, by a student of the Holloway School, and some chalk studies of drapery arranged on the living model by Ernest Beazeley, of Leicester, and W. Webster, of the Royal College of Art. In architecture, the Glasgow school is, as before, stronger

than any other. But even here the tendency is to cling perhaps a little too servilely to Gothic models. It is true that the minor details of the carvings, as in James Fulton's beautiful screen for a private chapel, show much originality of treatment;

nevertheless, in general effect it does not strike one as showing sufficient boldness of conception. However, for students who are feeling their way, it is a far better fault to be over-dependent than to be over-venture-

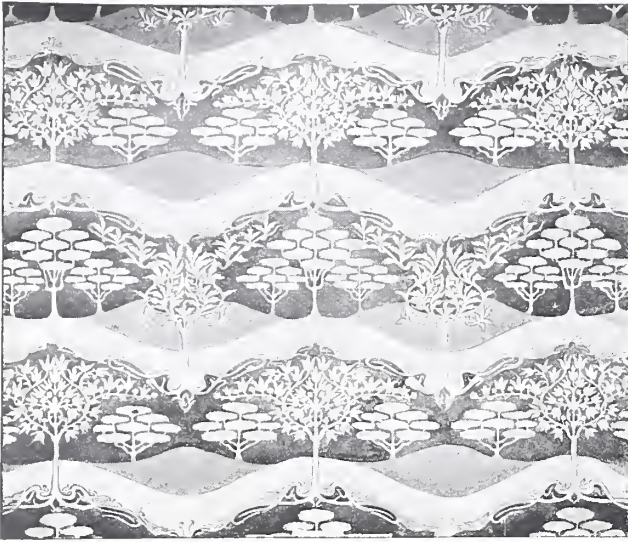


DESIGN FOR AN ALTAR-CLOTH AND SUPER-FRONTAL.

(By Bertha Smith.)

some or heedless of good precedents. The design of John Houston, of Glasgow, somehow fails to give any sense of the dimensions or dignity of the building. It is labelled a chapter-house, but, to all

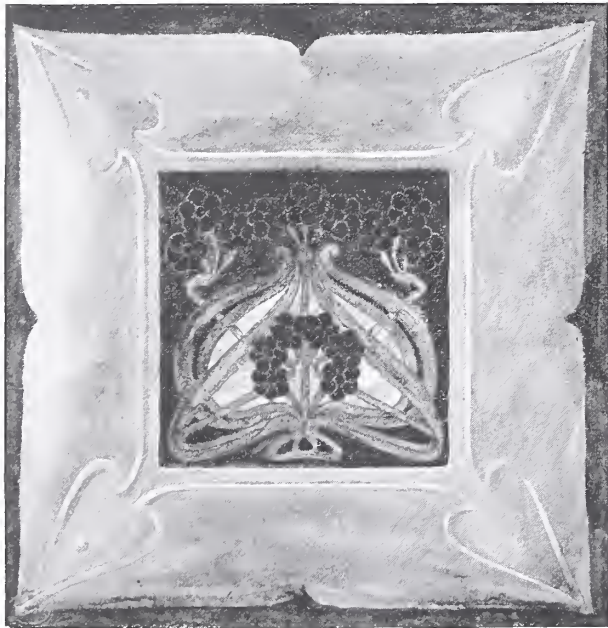
appearance, it might be no bigger than a moderate-sized market-cross; in making this criticism,



DESIGN FOR PRINTED VELVET HANGING.

(By William Rewcastle.)

however, I do not ignore the fact that the details of tracery and so on, and the pierced ornament of the flying buttresses, are distinctly beautiful. It is to be regretted that the accessory figure work in the screen just mentioned, as in other cases—for instance, in Donald Stoddart's good but too truncated monument to William Morris, and again in Miss

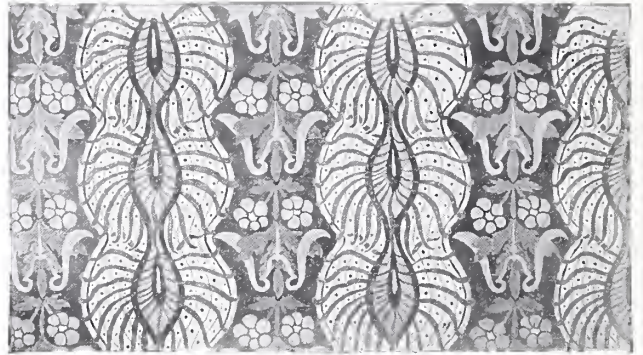


DESIGN FOR SQUARE PANEL.

(By Osmand M. Pittman.)

Bertha Smith's altar-cloth—is decidedly weak, styleless, and altogether unworthy of the more strictly

architectural portions of the designs in which it is set. What is greatly needed is figure-work which shall be accessory, altruistic—in a word, decorative, as distinct from the isolated, inorganic work of the academic picture-painter and statue-maker on the one hand, and from the deplorable inanity of the so-called "ecclesiastical" furnisher's productions on the other. One would like, therefore, to see in the case of the human figure the same thing done as is



DESIGN FOR PRINTED COTTON FABRIC.

(By Eliza Hutchings.)

done with remarkable success in the case of flowers, *i.e.* studies from nature, side by side with the same forms adapted to ornamental purposes. There are figure-drawings galore from the various schools, and architectural and other compositions with figures introduced, but no exercises of the precise nature



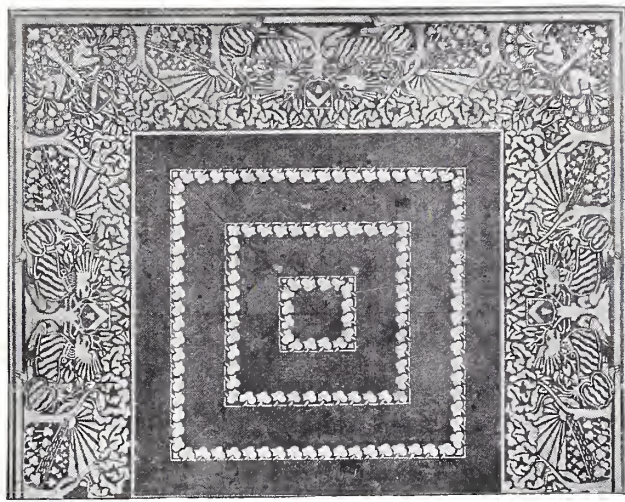
DESIGN FOR STENCILLED DADO.

(By Harry Ward.)

I venture to suggest. The results of the present system are bound to be, in some degree, unsatisfactory. Thus one sees a beautiful figure-design like Miss V. Holden's (of Birmingham), representing an armed knight riding through a watercourse, with a background of sloping banks and stems of trees, and an apparition of two children in the branches. All this is carefully worked out, but one cannot help

asking for what end is this piece of decoration intended? And why was it not accompanied by an explanation or sketch, showing the artist's scheme? Without some such precaution being insisted upon

same remarks apply to a figure-subject by C. W. Johnson, of Birmingham, which consists of a crowd of figures—whose heads only are visible for the most part—passing by in procession, with trum-



DESIGN FOR A DAMASK SERVIETTE.
(By Helena Applegard.)

by the examiners, there is always the danger of figure-work losing its ornamental character and degenerating into that which they themselves are the first to deprecate, mere irrelevant picture-painting,

peters in the foreground, and a thicket of bristling spears in the distance, a composition of clever drawing and brilliant colouring, and yet such that its value would be greatly enhanced if only one



(By John J. Brownsword.)



(By George Murples.)

STUDIES OF BIRDS TREATED FOR DESIGN.

the purpose and interest of which are confined within the narrow limit of the gilt frame. The

knew whether it is meant to be used for a poster or for what other purpose.

The stained-glass designs are peculiarly weak, and failing in a proper appreciation of the decorative requirements of the material. Perhaps the best is a sketch study, executed in the local personal examination:

the subject being Justice, treated in a somewhat novel fashion, not blind-fold in the conventional style, but, as a crowned female figure, nude to the waist, carrying, however, the usual sword and scales.

In the way of furniture, a design for a buffet, by J. H. Rudd, of Barnstaple, is original in form and not inelegant; but

greyish ground. In shaded or graduated stencil may be mentioned four different designs, all from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and all founded on a similar *motif*, viz. dragons and foliage, the indispensable ties of the stencil-plate being ingeniously employed to form the outline of the pattern. Another shaded stencil design is Miss H. Sandeman's (also of Newcastle) diaper on the net principle, upon a blue ground, with bronze-green leafage and groups of toad-stools in rich and varied tones of red and orange—an original and handsome pattern. William Rewcastle, of Glasgow, contributes a design for a printed velvet hanging, divided horizontally by waves of green and blue intersected with bushy trees.

On the whole, the interior book decorations are poor, compared with those of former years (there are, however, several excellent designs for book-covers), the tendency being a return towards a scratchy treatment rather than the better plan of contrasted masses of black and white, and further to fill up blank spaces with meaningless twirls and swishes. The sooner this foolish custom is abandoned the better—it is not design. A set of admirable tailpieces, by Thomas Blaylock, of Poole, must be excepted, in which appear landscapes in bold and striking effect of solid black silhouette, all the

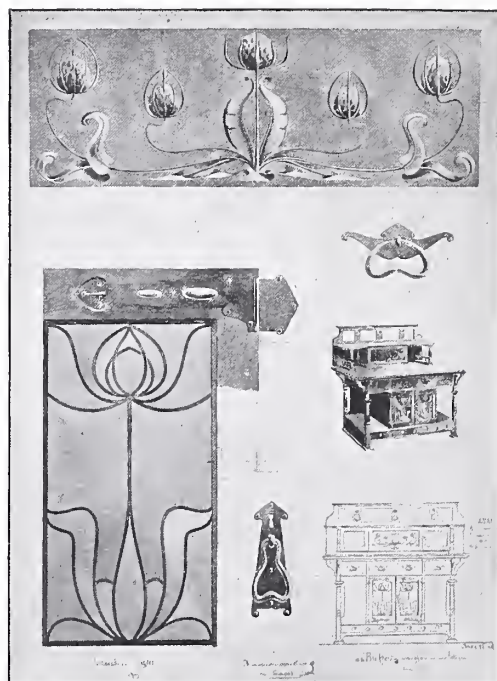


DESIGN FOR A CARD CASE.

(By Georgina A. E. MacKinley.)

why are leaded glass panels introduced into the cupboard-doors? This usage, common enough nowadays, is, in fact, a misapplication of ornament, and would probably never have come into vogue if it had been remembered that one of the most essential properties of glass is translucency, and that, therefore (except in mosaic work, where it is designedly made opaque, and has to depend on its colour alone), glass is not admissible *as an ornamental feature* in any situation where it cannot have the advantage of light shining through it. The glazing of cupboard door-panels, then, is justifiable only on the ground that it is required to protect and at the same time to display the objects within, a utilitarian purpose which plain glass fulfils and ornamental glass effectually defeats, while it loses for itself the merit of transparency that rightly belongs to it.

From the Glasgow School again, Miss J. M. King's design for a nursery frieze is noteworthy and attractive with its groups of animals surrounding Mr. Rudyard Kipling's youth, Mowgli—if, indeed, the latter be not represented as somewhat too attenuated, after the model of Mr. Charles Ricketts. Another figure subject of really remarkable quality is a design by James Durden for a frieze to be executed in flat stencil, not shaded as the growing usage is to do. This example shows an exceedingly effective treatment, in bold silhouette, of a man seated at table, leaning back in his chair smoking, while a serving-maid waits upon him; the ornament being carried out in pale lemon-yellow upon a dark



DESIGNS FOR METAL WORK.

(By James H. Rudd.)

more to be commended as successful decorative renderings of subjects that are obviously modern.

I must express my sincere admiration for the truly splendid studies of birds and animals treated

with a view to ornament. J. Brownsword's toucans, etc., in silhouette, and G. Marples' foxes, hares, rabbits, and crows, etc., are just the kind of work one welcomes, for it proves that the art schools are doing real service by affording opportunities to students for the cultivation of the decorative faculty.

Of floral ornament applied to various purposes there may be mentioned:—C. Rogers' modelled design for a drawer-front, in which the forms of the water-ranunculus are turned to artistic account, and particularly ingenious arrangement is made for the handles and keyhole; Miss Wright's table-centre in embroidery, a device of poppies, in which the scarlet satin ground is made to do duty for the flowers that, besides being outlined in gold thread, are thrown up by the rest of the pattern being worked in solid embroidery in green upon blue; an embroidered lily panel (already reproduced in these pages); and another treatment of the same difficult flower, together with the crown imperial, for a wall-dado; a design for an iron grille, a printed fabric, and an embroidered book-cover, all three founded upon the lachenalia plant; a card-case in leather founded on the narcissus, and another set of designs on the same flower, including a printed silk pattern and a panel of cloisonné enamel and mother-of-pearl inlay upon copper, with brass mounts; a border of crocuses with their bulbs; a design for printed cretonne, by J. Grimstone, of white tulips and red carnations upon a buff ground; a design for tapestry hanging, by Miss Wood, of Manchester, of pomegranates with birds; some designs for various purposes, by Miss Morgan, founded on the dandelion; and, lastly, a design for a spandrel-filling, by Miss Blake, of West Kilburn Art Class. Founded upon the narcissus, the anatomy of the pattern is well set out, but, whether through over-attention to mechanical construction, or what not, the result somehow unfortunately cannot be pronounced pleasing.

In metal-work, which, taken as a whole, is below the mark, a good design for a flat candlestick in copper, by Miss Roberts, of New Cross—evidently a capital centre—is worthy of some applause.

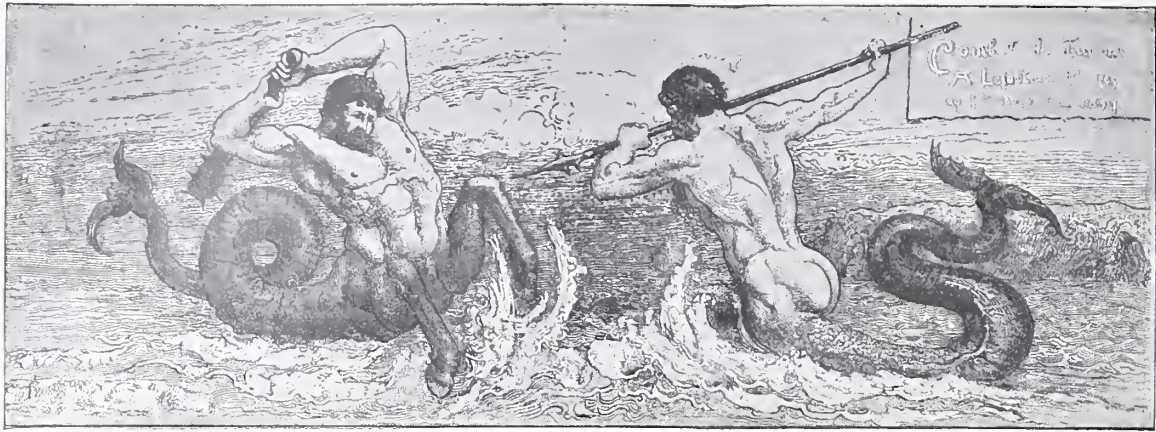
In the detail of design for a carpet, by R. Pater-son, of Glasgow, the border, with birds, is superior to the filling; and the drawing would, moreover, have been more intelligible if it had been accompanied by a small sketch showing the effect of the whole, as complete.

It is gratifying to find competent artists devoting their attention to designing for the industrial manufactures of their own neighbourhood. Thus one can hardly speak too highly of Miss Hutchings' (of Manchester) designs for printed cottons; most of the other designs for this useful purpose failing, either through being too thin and wiry in character, or else too ambitious in theme. The beautifying of these and other articles of everyday use, by raising them above the terribly low standard of ugliness which satisfies the demands of nineteenth-century commerce, is a very important function—indeed, it is the peculiar *raison d'être* of the whole organisation of art classes connected with South Kensington. Thus, again, one is pleased to see artistic designs for table-damask, like Miss Appleyard's (of Scarborough), which has a beautiful surround of heraldic type, with trees and grotesque monsters for supporters, the centre, of square frames within frames, repeating the same leaves that compose the background in the border. How is it, though, that such designs as this seldom seem to get taken up and carried out by manufacturers? Table-linen is a universal requisite of the modern household, and yet the designs that ordinarily prevail in this branch of industry are beneath contempt. If only there could be brought about a better *rapprochement* between trade and the art schools! The advantage that would accrue to both sides from such a happy consummation would be simply incalculable.



FIGURE DESIGN.

(By Charles W. Johnson.)



BATTLE OF TRITONS.

THE EMBOSSED PAPER-WORK OF MONSIEUR LEFORT DES YLOUSES.

BY HENRI FRANTZ.



DESIGN FOR A MENU CARD.

THE attention of artists and of some of the more tasteful public, who, in exhibitions, linger by preference in the sections devoted to decorative art and to engraving, has been attracted to a new manner of illustration in relief which seems to have been invented only a few years—namely, embossed paper. This process is still in its infancy, to be

paper: some studies of Loie Fuller dancing, in attitudes admirably caught by the artist; and silhouettes of landscapes and sea views, full of intense life—having the charm not merely of novelty but that of a craft truly applicable to decorative purposes.

Monsieur Pierre Roche, like Monsieur Alexandre Charpentier, embosses the paper over plaster castings, which impress the forms on the paper; and he afterwards heightens the effect by a skilful use of water-colour.



STUDY OF A HEAD.

sure, but the results hitherto obtained are such that it is interesting to examine a method of reproduction which may have very various applications.

At the last Salon in the Champ de Mars several interesting specimens of this work were exhibited, showing curious effects obtained by different artists. Besides Monsieur Alexandre Charpentier, still a little superficial in his employment of the process, the sculptor Pierre Roche—an artist always alive to everything new and possessed of genuine decorative sense—tried some sets of illustrations in embossed



HEAD OF A CHILD.

The process carried out by Monsieur Lefort des Ylouses is different. This decorator was awarded a silver medal in 1889 in the class of ceramics for some enamels on lava, a volcanic stone of great hardness. It is as an engraver rather than as a sculptor that he has taken up this kind of work. Though etching is, in these days, in high favour, it seems to have adopted a quite special mode of treatment. Etching being practised chiefly by painters, they use the needle more or less in the same way as a pencil, and they produce etchings which are, for the most part, very delicately "bitten," even to the degree reached by Rembrandt.

Monsieur Lefort des Ylouses took a different class of engraving as the standard for his technique. He was attracted by the engraved work of Albert Dürer. By studying this he learnt how far this treatment was unlike any modern work, and was insensibly diverted into another road. He set to work to produce engravings in that manner, as may be seen by a "Head of a Child," which reminds us of the old Nuremberg master. He made use of soft-toned inks—brown, sometimes almost russet in hue—instead of the black ink now in common use; and he exaggerated

the relief of his line, a very simple process—so simple that we almost wonder that the revival of it should have been so long delayed. At any rate, it is quite certain that his is the merit of its re-introduction, for Monsieur Lefort des Ylouses has gone so far as to produce effects of relief or embossing, interesting in themselves, and skilfully graduated from a quite sharp relief to a softer and vaguer effect.

If in his second-rate works Monsieur Lefort des Ylouses does not always reveal a true decorative feeling, some others, as "The Crucifixion"—in which the Virgin is seen clasping the feet of Christ—are full of strong and simple feeling, and of the somewhat rugged but deep emotion of the earliest painters. It is in such subjects as demand severe treatment that he gives us the best results, though the "Battle of Tritons," exhibited at the Champ de Mars, was far from being devoid of interest.

The results already achieved in embossed paper suggest the future lines of development of this process.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

It is applicable not merely to paper but also to leather, on which, for book-bindings, Monsieur Lefort des Ylouses has stamped etchings in powerful tones, almost black, which contrast favourably with the feebler etchings of this kind that have hitherto been produced.

It is easy to see what may be done by means of this process when applied to ornament of every kind—to domestic architecture, to wall-hangings, to decorative panels; for it is not always possible to use embossed leather, a craft executed by hand, and consequently far more difficult and slow.

THE LAST WORK OF THE LATE LUCIEN FALIZE.

THE olive branch of beaten gold laid a few weeks since by the President of the French Republic on the tomb of Alexander III., is one of the most successful works of the great French goldsmith,

requirements of a work of this kind, and the small latitude it gives for the play of the artist's imagination. When we remember the trumpery productions, the commonplace ornament, in which those



OLIVE BRANCH IN BEATEN GOLD.

(By Lucien Falize.)

Lucien Falize; one of those refined pieces, full of expression, in which the artist, without losing sight of the special end in view under the circumstances, has not overstepped the limits of dignified art.

The task, it must be owned, was particularly difficult—even ungrateful, when we consider all the

who are employed on such objects of ceremony usually excel, we can only rejoice, first at the choice of the artist, and secondly, at the fact that he has not sacrificed his individuality.

Lucien Falize has, in his treatment, been faithful to the idea of a sort of devotion to the illustrious

dead. In all ages the custom has been in use of offering to the shades of the departed something valued by the living, as a sort of link between them still. Among almost all the nations of antiquity this form of piety produced sumptuous and durable work; the precious cups and trophies of arms deposited in the tomb of an Assyrian conqueror; the necklaces with which the Romans piously graced their Lares and household genii; the costly jewels carried under the Egyptian stars by a mourning Pharaoh to please the posthumous vanity of a queen; treasures at which we gaze in wonder thousands of years afterwards. And, in the general collapse of beliefs, a strain of this worship of the dead has survived at the bottom of the modern soul, and can still so far appeal to an artist as to inspire him to high ends.

What Lucien Falize aimed at was a simple work, artistic, rich as to material, but of a type comprehensible by men of every nationality; and that is what he has produced. A branch of olive, emblematical of peace, supplied him with the decorative idea. It is of the size of life, very exactly wrought from nature—its woody stem, its twigs, leaves, and fruit, all studied with uncompromising sincerity; and it is none less a masterpiece of decorative goldsmith's work. Each leaf is finished with equal perfection, hammered, chiselled, filed. In each we see the skill of the practised craftsman, and of the conscientious observer.

Round the spray twines a riband of beaten gold, excessively flexible, on which is engraved the Latin motto—"IN PACE CONCEPTA FIRMAT TEMPUS." The two medals by Roty which are attached to it serve to express even more clearly the goldsmith's idea, and to emphasise the symbolical meaning of the work.

The olive branch being finished, and the medals

affixed, a case was needed at once worthy of it, and simple enough not to divert the interest of the spectator. Lucien Falize himself designed a casket of ebony of quite simple outline, lined with white velvet; and on the top a plaque of gold in high relief displays the monogram of Alexander III., surrounded with the crowns and various attributes of his sovereignty—the imperial crown, a wreath of oak, a wreath of laurel, the palma, and the olive branch; and on the riband which connects them all are these words:—"MANET ULTIMA CÆLO"—an inscription which occurs on a medal of the sixteenth century, struck after the death of Henri II of France.

Such, in general outline, is this work by Lucien Falize. With the medals of exquisite finish, such as Roty has often made to perpetuate the memory of an event, this simple olive branch will remain one of the most elegant monuments of the illustrious dead ever produced, one of the exceptional works by which an artist rising above the flight of time, embodies for the future in a permanent form the dignity of pious memory.

NOTE.—Whilst these pages were passing through the press we learned with regret the death of M. Lucien Falize, following an attack of apoplexy. Born in 1838, he was sent to England to be educated, and when he was a boy his artistic talent attracted the attention of the late Sir John Bennett. He subsequently became a partner of M. Bapst, then Crown jeweller of the Empire. M. Falize succeeded him as official goldsmith to the French Government, and his work has earned for him a world-wide reputation. In *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for January, 1897, we illustrated one of the most beautiful of his creations—the wonderful gold and enamel drinking-cup now in the Musée des Arts Decoratifs—and in this notice we draw attention to what has proved to be the last official work his skilful hands accomplished. We reprint one of the illustrations of the drinking cup, which bears a representation of M. Falize giving instructions to M. Pye, the engraver.—EDITOR, *MAGAZINE OF ART*.



BASE OF GOLD AND ENAMEL DRINKING CUP IN THE MUSÉE DES ARTS DECORATIFS.

(By Lucien Falize.)

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF HENRI REGNAULT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.



OW nearly thirty years ago I rode with three chosen friends and comrades from Gibraltar to Granada, a five-days' march by rough tracks and mountain paths under a fierce sun. The journey tried both men and horses severely, and at our last halt, Loja, some five and twenty miles short of Granada, we found the railway too strong a temptation to be denied. A short run of an hour, even in a cattle truck, the best substitute we could find for a horse-box, was preferable to another six or seven hours of dusty road. Arrived at Granada, we breasted the hill to the Alhambra, and rode into the welcome shade under the luxuriant leafage of the trees planted by our own great Wellington, the sense of all prevailing coolness heightened by the music of running water, rivulets of melted snow from the Sierra Nevada above. It was still quite early, not eight o'clock, when we reached the hotel of the Seven Floors, the *Siete Suelos*, but we were not the first abroad in that heavenly spot. As we dismounted, four men—three of them mere lads—came running down the path in all the exuberance of joyous life; all alike dressed in flannels, very much of the character of our modern "blazers;" all in straw hats, all light-hearted, with snatches of song, as they disappeared in the direction of the Palace. We saw them there an hour or two later, when, as in duty bound, we paid an immediate visit to the Court of Lions, the Hall of the Abencerrages, and the other marvels of the unrivalled Alhambra—saw them and knew them at once by their works.

They were artists, and of the first order; that, being a dabbler myself, I easily recognised, and they were putting in their work with that consummate mastery of technique that belongs to pupils of the best Parisian schools. They made nothing of the elaborate intricacies of Moresque architecture and decoration; they dealt with colour, those glowing reds and yellows under that vivid azure vault, with the fearlessness of men whose cult, in the words of one and the greatest of them, was a "hatred of grey." One of these industrious sketchers—and they were all the most indefatigable workers—was Georges Clairin, still alive and enjoying a well-earned reputation; a second was, I think, Barthélemy, afterwards an etcher of distinction; a third was a Spanish painter, whose name unhappily has slipped from my memory; the fourth was Henri Regnault, a genius prematurely eclipsed, who had, however,

given such early promise that the highest performance might have been expected from him had he been spared.

We soon became excellent friends. We had the hotel very much to ourselves, and save and except the *prima donna* of a *zarzuela*, or comic opera company, then performing in the town, sat down alone at the *table d'hôte*. This lady, who was neither in the first bloom of youth or beauty, nor yet of voice, we all worshipped with equal devotion; but Regnault was, I think, chief favourite, on account of his musical gifts. Nature had been lavish with him, and, besides extraordinary artistic means, had endowed him with a magnificent tenor voice. We often heard it, most often in careless bursts of song when he was at work in the Alhambra, "his divine mistress," as he called this Moorish *chef d'œuvre*; the "fairy dream, the most beautiful, most maddening, most intoxicating thing" he had ever seen; "all preceding emotions, all ancient enthusiasms," he wrote, "were effaced by this Alhambra. The earth might cease to move, the stars might fall, cities crumble, mountains become valleys, what matter—so long as the Alhambra is spared." The enormous mass of material he collected at Granada, studies, sketches, schemes and suggestions for larger work, in many methods—pencil, chalk, charcoal, water-colour, oil—showed that it was a labour of love to work within the precincts of the Palace. One of his most famous and, I think his last exhibited work, the "Summary Execution" ("Execution sans jugement"), found its inspiration at Granada.

These young painters, as I have said, were indefatigable workers, beginning early, ending late. Three of them, I believe, were *prix de Rome*—Regnault certainly was—and this travelling diploma bound them to the self-improvement they were only too eager to practise. But they could amuse themselves as hard as they worked. On one occasion—it was the eve of our departure—they announced their intention of making us a small fête, and it took the shape of a fancy dress ball. I cannot remember all the costumes. Clairin got himself up as a Red Indian. Regnault, I think, was draped in some costly Oriental stuffs. Barthélemy, I know, as a special compliment to my companions, who belonged to a Scotch regiment, came out as a Highlander. He had shown the utmost ingenuity in devising the dress. A brown blanket was twisted round him to form the kilt, and he painted the cross-barred stockings on his flesh. It was my first introduction to a students' ball, and altogether a very wild and

hilarious proceeding. Regnault distinguished himself greatly as a dancer. His *caneau* was of the most able and extravagant description. Once again I was permitted to see the great painter in this amusing character. It was some months later, when he came down to Gibraltar to pay us and other friends a visit when on his way through to Tangier. We saw a great deal of him. He was genuinely fond of the English, and more especially the Scotch, possibly because some of the first acquaintances he had made at Granada had belonged in a way to that nationality. He speaks of these friends in his correspondence at this time: "I know several officers, mostly Scotch, charming young fellows. . . . I spend my time gaily with them . . . enjoying English hospitality; it is delightful but a little too nourishing, as I am for ever obliged to eat and drink." It was no doubt an obligation of this kind that led to the second choreographic display. We had dined at the 74th mess, a big guest night, enlivened as usual with the music of the pipes. Afterwards, again as usual, the pipers played up in the ante-room, and many reels were danced in proper form. Regnault watched the no doubt weird scene to him, dying to join in. His feelings overpowered him at last, and he dashed into the thickest of the throng, capering madly, and kicking out his toes with the finished skill of a regular *noceur*. I can see him now emerging from the dance, triumphant but somewhat the worse for wear, with hair dishevelled and his tail-coat torn down the back. It was a borrowed tail-coat, too, several sizes too large for his small frame. He was travelling light, and hearing that evening dress was *de rigueur* at mess, he had borrowed a full suit of black from a friend. He was nothing disconcerted, however, and finished the night gaily at a symposium in someone's quarters, where he charmed all hearers with his lovely voice.

Next day Regnault went out with the hounds. I remember that I mounted him on a great tall grey of mine, over sixteen hands, and Regnault with his small figure and light weight, rode him like a bird. He was devoted to horses—indeed, to all animals—and very eager to become an adept in field sports, and a plucky, if not a fine or a strong rider. He nearly lost his life when at the French Academy in Rome by his determination to master a brute which had already thrown two attachés of the French Embassy, and nearly killed the Commandant of the Papal Zouaves. Regnault tried him, and at first found the horse perfect, with good manners, a free-goer, easy in every way. The fourth day the horse reared; the fifth he got to cross purposes, and wishing to return to his stables, obstinately refused to pass out of the Porto del Popolo. After a long contest he took the

bit between his teeth and ran away straight into the Campagna, where he cannoned against a sand cart, and threw Regnault over his head. The light-hearted young painter was badly cut about the face, but he came off with no worse consequences, as he put it in a letter to a friend, than having his head iced for a time, like champagne.

His earliest efforts in art were in drawing animals. As a child, with that precocious talent of his, he was never happy except with a pencil in his hand drawing horses and dogs. Nothing pleased him better than to be taken to the Jardin des Plantes, where he watched the wild beasts in their cages with absorbed interest, and on returning home reproduced their poses faithfully on paper. He had a strongly retentive memory for form. When barely twelve years old he took to modelling in clay and made an admirable figure of a horse—one of the Emperor Napoleon's—simply from seeing it on occasional visits to the stables at St. Cloud. The result was so satisfactory that several copies of this model were cast for friends of the family. His horses in some of his later works were remarkable. In the "Automedon," a painting delayed in execution by the accident mentioned above, he intended in his own words to convey the idea of all that is most noble yet most terrifying in the horse. "These horses anticipate the death of their master, Achilles; they feel that he will take them to the fight for the last time, and they struggle furiously against the servant Automedon, who is bringing them in from the pastures." Again in the now famous portrait of "Prim," the charger he rides is perhaps the fiercest part of the picture—thrown back on its haunches, with its magnificent tail and mane, it is the perfect realisation of a splendid Spanish horse, "muy caballo," very much a horse as the Spanish dealers would say, and suggests strongly that Regnault was under the influence of Velazquez when he painted it.

Tastes in common, especially as regards horses, no doubt helped to draw him still closer to the English officers at Gibraltar. He conferred upon one of them, a particular friend, one of our Granada party, the inestimable favour of painting his portrait. This officer, Captain M——, owned a beautiful English mare, half thoroughbred, which Regnault greatly admired, and which he painted, with great spirit and fidelity, extended at a gallop. He has caught the "go" of the rider, his figure, and exact appearance, but alas! with a fastidiousness not uncommon with him he scraped out the sitter's face after painting it in, I believe more than once. This part of the portrait Regnault never completed. The terrible disasters that overtook his beloved France recalled him in the summer of 1870, and prevented him from finishing the picture. It is with infinite regret

that I record here my own misfortune: how he had kindly offered to paint the writer of these lines, and how I was compelled to leave Gibraltar before his kindly promise could be fulfilled. He, however, did one other portrait of a friend on the Rock, in his happiest manner, in chalk, the medium of which he was a past-master. He has been heard to say in his early days, "If I could only paint as well as I can draw! But it may come some day, if I work hard." It did come, but never in that fulness of supreme excellence he would certainly have attained had he not been cut off so miserably.

It is sad to think that he lived only one short year after that meeting in Gibraltar. He never fully realised the rosy dreams of a life under southern skies, painting the sunshine and bright colour. He pined for a warm climate, where there was "strong light, a bright sun, much heat, where he could work in his slippers and shirt-sleeves," and he found all at Tangier. It was there that he painted his last great work where he planned a still greater, which was to embody his highest aspirations, to give, as he wrote, "the whole character of the Moorish domination in Spain, the all-powerful Moors of ancient days, those who had leaders of the true blood of Mahomet." It was to be an immense canvas; its central figure the Moorish king receiving the homage of a great lieutenant who has but just conquered a province; the surrounding to be one of the most gorgeous magnificence, crowds of figures in a fine setting, "architecture, arms, precious stones, nude female figures, and in the centre the despotism, the indifference of the Mahometans; . . . their contempt for the Christian dogs, their civilization, their cruelty." While still musing upon this colossal undertaking, which was to await the completion of his new studio, but the canvas for which was already ordered, he painted his "Execution," a

superb work now hung in the Luxembourg, and which every art lover should see. The executioner stands at the top of the marble steps, wiping his scimitar, and the victim rolls down, following his decapitated head, the blood flowing in great spouts and splattered over the white stairs. "A horrible spectacle," said the great critic, Théodore Gautier, "which does not disgust: the art is so fine, the beauty so great." *Appropos* of this picture, I was told by one of Regnault's friends that he found the greatest difficulty in giving reality to the blood shed, and that at last he made up his colour fluid and threw it on to the canvas, to let it flow its own way.

This picture was first exhibited at the Beaux Arts with the other regulation "Envois de Rome," the year's work of the students at the Medici; but the show was at a time when France was unhappily convulsed with war, and it attracted but moderate attention. News of the terrible struggle soon reached Regnault in his far-off African studio, where, consumed with anxiety for his beloved country, he could not work, could only hunger for more and better news. At last, with his friend Clairin, he rushed home to join in the defence of Paris—a puny effort no doubt, but dictated by a fine sense of duty and the truest patriotism. The great painter, the genius that was certain some day to astonish and charm the whole world, took service as a private in the National Guard and found death, from one of the last shots fired, it is said, in that memorable siege.

Paris was on the eve of capitulation, torn and bleeding, full of her immeasurable woes, yet she forgot her own sufferings to do honour, in something like a public funeral, to the precious life thus wasted in the blind, cruel, almost causeless struggle. "Death had committed a crime; it is an unconscious murder when such victims are immolated by war."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[69] **WHO WAS "N. I."?**—I have in my possession a portrait of one of my family signed "N. I. 1769." Can you give me any idea who was the painter? I think from the circumstances he was probably a foreigner.—L. B. D.

[70] **A CHECK UPON FORGERS.**—I have just been victimised by a picture-forgery; and, through my own imprudence, I find I have not only no remedy, but no right either to bemoan it. But is there no means of meeting the rogues who batten on the unsuspecting honesty of collectors—even of experts? —COLLECTOR.

* * * As long as forty years ago it was proposed—on the ground that "when bad men conspire honest men must combine"—to form a "Society for the Prevention and Detection of Literary and Artistic Forgeries," which would afford the opportunity of all members to obtain such information and judgment as would protect them against the machinations of the *mystificateur*. But it was carried no further towards development. Such a Society would, of course, like the Burlington Fine Arts Club, consist of connoisseurs, collectors, antiquaries, writers upon

art, and experts, and would, moreover, include as visitors the most reputable dealers, and so forth. Frequent meetings would be held at which intending purchases would be displayed and criticism formal and desultory be invited in the light of privileged communications. Such a Society, it was thought, would have brought everybody's gallery and knowledge, so to say, into the club-room, so that with the aid of the Press all but the most skilful of forgers—and even perhaps they, too—would be set at defiance.

[71] **THE ORIGIN OF THE PANORAMA.**—I believe that the origin of the panorama is lost in obscurity. I am entering on an inquiry into the subject for a work on which I am engaged, and should be obliged for any information.—F. H. DILON, Cork.

* * * It is claimed that the idea of a panorama was first conceived by a German professor named Breysig, a resident of Dantzic; but there is little doubt that Robert Barker actually constructed the first panorama in Edinburgh, in 1793. His invention of it, however, is extremely problematical, and latter-day authorities no more concede the honour to Barker than they allow the claims for mezzotint still made on behalf of Prince Rupert. In 1793 Barker produced his first panorama of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood from Calton Hill, but his painting was mounted square, not round; so that all the problems of special perspective were at that time to him unknown. It is stated by one authority that Barker only painted a *half-circle* of Edinburgh, and when he brought it to London—and exhibited it, we believe, on the site of the Empire Theatre—"he afterwards completed the circle;" but of the truth of that statement we have grave doubts. Indeed, it is usually understood that his first panorama exhibited in and painted for London represented the district between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. This he followed with others, and at first enjoyed great success. In 1804 the invention was imported into France by that striking genius, Robert Fulton, and an associate, both Americans; and it was at once taken up and carried out with great skill by Prévost, Fontaine, and Bourgeois. The first panorama, exhibited in the Boulevard des Capucines, represented a street in Athens; representations of other great cities of the world followed. In 1823 the show was removed to the Boulevard Montmartre, and to this day the arcade by which it was approached is known by the name of the "Passage des Panoramas." Great popular success attended all these efforts. About ten years later Colonel Langlois introduced the first battle panorama, which had been so well worked out by Philippoteaux, M. Detaille, and

others. But the finest of all these works, we think, are, first, the "Environs of Cairo," by M. Emile Wauters; and "Scheveningen," by M. H. W. Mesdag—the first undoubtedly the better of the two, and certainly in quality the greatest work of the kind, artistically, that has ever been executed. This vast circular picture, after being exhibited many years, is now being fixed in a splendid permanent structure in the park of the International Exhibition in Brussels—a gift to the city by an appreciative admirer of the painter and his work.

[72] **MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS AN ARTIST.**—On what works of painting or sculpture does Sarah Bernhardt base her claim to be an artist?—COMEDIAN.

* * * For some while M^{de}me. Bernhardt studied painting under M. Alfred Stevens, the distinguished Belgian painter resident in Paris, and exhibited at the Salon "The Young Girl and Death." Turning her attention later on to sculpture, she produced busts of herself, of M^{me}. Clairin, Sardou, Damala, Émile de Girardin, and others, as well as other more important efforts such as "Ophelia" and "After the Storm"—a group. These works do not claim more merit than that which belongs to a talented and intelligent amateur; but, at least, in 1876 her exhibit was adjudged worthy of an "Honourable Mention."

[73] **AUTHOR WANTED.**—I have an interesting old book, dated 1750, and entitled, "Letters from a Young Painter to his Friends in England." Can any of your readers give me the name of the author?—S. CARTER, Unter den Linden, Berlin.

* * * The author of the letters in question was John Russell. An earlier edition was published in 1748.

[74] **CURIOSITIES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY CATALOGUE.**—How long have the Catalogues of the Royal Academy been printed in their present style?—R.A.

* * * From the beginning, in 1769, the size and shape have been practically the same as those of the quarto edition now published. But up to 1779 inclusive it was the custom to catalogue (and hang) the works consecutively and alphabetically according to the name of the artist, whose name in large capitals headed the titles of his works, and was immediately followed by his address. There were, therefore, only some seventeen to twenty pictures to the page, and the catalogue was thus eked out to about 430 works to 30 pages, as against, nowadays, 2,000 works to 60 pages. In 1780 the system was changed, and, as at present, the list of paintings was followed by the list of exhibitors and their address. From

the beginning the title-page has borne a motto or quotation, and for many years this was chosen exclusively from the Classics. The statement or "advertisement" in the first Catalogue (said to be from the pen of Dr. Johnson) in explanation of the entrance charge of one shilling—for the purpose of "keeping improper Persons out"—was revived in 1780, and was then finally dropped. Up to the rearrangement of the Catalogue in the latter year, the Academicians—for want of works to fill their rooms—would annually admit a number of works by amateurs, to the number of about forty. The authors of these works were as a rule altogether too superior to allow of their names appearing to the vulgar eye—though there probably was good enough reason for this assumption of modesty. We see such titles as these: "A View after Nature—by a young lady;" "A Gentleman's Horse—by a young gentleman;" "Portrait of a Young Gentleman—by his sister;" "A Small Picture—by a lady;" "Apollo and the Graces, from an antique bas-relief—by a gentleman;" "The Source of the Danube—stained drawing by a gentleman;" "The Elevation, horizontal and vertical sections of the *Active* schooner, a yacht belonging to the Earl of Ferrers—by Himself;" "Ditto of a vessel designed to be clincher-built—by the Same;" "A landscape with a cart coming down a hill—by a lady;" "A Billiard Table—by a gentleman;" "Gipseys—designed by Miss Beatson, aged eleven years." What a pitiful display is here of over-weening patronage humbly accepted! and what amusing efforts of these precious amateurs carefully to explain their subject, as though their works could not express them sufficiently. Later on, when the number of diploma works collected by the Academy became important, a list of them was regularly printed in the Catalogue for a series of years—as long, I believe, as they regularly remained on view during the summer exhibition.

[75] **THE CARTOONIST OF "JOE MILLER THE YOUNGER."**—Who drew the cartoons for *Joe Miller the Younger* to the latter end of 1845?—HUMORIST.

* * Archibald S. Hemming.

REPLIES.

[67] **REYNOLDS'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. QUARRINGTON, AS "ST. AGNES."**—I am not surprised that Mr. D. A. Wehrschmidt has not been able to trace this picture, which was first exhibited, as he says, in the Royal Academy of 1772. I would remind him that the title of the picture, numbered "209," was simply "A Lady in the Character of Saint Agnes." The mistake in Dr. Hamilton's catalogue—an incomprehensible one—is his statement that the picture belongs to "the Revd. R. Buchanan Ellis."

He ought, I believe, to have said "the late Rev. Buchanan Riddell." This picture (which was engraved by T. Chambers, 1786-7) was put up at Christie's by the Rev. J. Riddell in 1859 and bought in for £231. In the following year it was again put up and again bought in for £157 10s. In 1862 the same owner sent the picture to Christie's once more, when Messrs. Graves (to whom apply) bought it for £126, and, so far as I am aware, the portrait has not since been seen in public. In 1789—the penultimate year of his exhibition—Reynolds contributed no portrait-picture of the kind at the Academy, nor yet in 1790.

[68] **COMPOSITION.**—In answer to "Bute's" inquiry, the book recommended in this column was "On Composition in Painting" (Virtue). The author's name was misprinted "John Burrell;" it

should, of course, have been John Burnet.

NOTE.

A LOST ART.—Savage art, primitive as it necessarily is, and doomed to extinction as civilisation advances, is of great and abiding interest; and the thanks of the community are due to anyone who sets on record its achievements. To Major-General Robley we are indebted for his efforts to preserve to us the work executed by the Maoris of New Zealand for beautifying—from the Maori point of view—their persons. The art of tattooing as practised by them reached a very high level. Handed on from one generation to another, the pattern of the "tatu" never varied to any marked degree. Confined to legitimate ornament composed of lines—forms of any natural object being carefully avoided—the work was executed with marvellous precision upon "the human document." The illustration, which is reproduced from a drawing by



TRADITIONAL ORNAMENTAL VOLUTES, &c.,
IN MAORI "TATU."

(Drawn by Major-General Robley.)

General Robley of a mummy head in his possession, shows a typical specimen of "tatu." At the Guildhall there is a case of these mummy heads and

implements upon which the patterns are carved, all of them the property of the gentleman mentioned—the chief authority on the subject.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—OCTOBER.

Result of Competition. ALTHOUGH a large number of designs were submitted, the adjudicators felt that none was deserving of the first prize. This is, therefore, withheld for the time. The other awards are:—

2nd Prize (£15): "Seltzer," B. H. SMALE, 33, Acacia Road, N.W.

3rd Prize (£10): "Johnny," PROFESSOR A. SEZANNE, Venice.

Ten Prizes of £3 3s.:

"Hamlet," Baron A. ROSENCRANTZ, 15, Redcliffe Square, S.W.

"Lilies," DUDLEY HEATH, Fitzroy Street, W.C.

"St. Andrew," ROBT. HOPE, 34, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

"Ploumanac'h Hill," J. HOURY, Bristol.

"Elsil," J. W. LISLE, 54, Upper Marylebone Street, W.

"Oak," T. KINSELLA, 4, Kenelm Rd., Small Heath, Birmingham.

"Scevano," R. F. WELLS, Olinda, Beckenham.

"Callant," W. C. GREVE, 31, St. Andrew Sq., Edinburgh.

"Youma," E. C. SANDERS, 7, Boscombe Rd., Shepherd's Bush.

"L. P." (No name and address received. Prize will be sent on receipt of facsimile of monogram.)

These designs will be reproduced next month with a critical summary of the competition.

A New Scandal at the South Kensington Museum.

WHAT appears to be an audacious piece of tyranny has recently been effected at the South Kensington Museum by the summary dismissal of Mr. W. H. J. WEALE, the keeper of the Art Library. This gentleman—one of the few acknowledged experts within this institution, and a man possessed of a European reputation as a librarian of the first order—recently reached the limit of age when the rules of the Civil Service require his retirement; but, in accordance with the recommendation of the Director of the Museum, responsible to the Science and Art Department, the usual extension was accorded to him in the interests of the Museum. He was called, however, as witness before the Museum Select Committee, to which we have many times referred, and was the first of the witnesses from South Kensington candidly to give adverse evidence in respect to the faults which had come under his notice. His treatment in the committee room by certain partisans of South Kensington attracted sufficient notice from those who witnessed it; and no sooner has Parliament risen than, in spite of the Treasury Minute laid upon the table of the House by Mr. Hanbury, and duly reported in the *Times*, Mr. Weale has received peremptory notice to quit! There is not the slightest doubt that the Museum itself will be a greater sufferer than the man at whom the foolish blow has been dealt; for it is well known and established in evidence, and reported by the Director of the Museum, that the condition of the library urgently demands his presence—none other, by the absurd rules to which we have already drawn attention, being fully equal to taking his place and carrying on the excellent work which he initiated. Not until Parliament meets again, of course, can the matter be threshed out, but the incident is one which surely cannot, for the honour of the Committee, be allowed to drop, and which, we believe, may properly form a question of compensation. It may, indeed, go beyond this; for if the matter is as bad and audacious as it appears to be upon the surface, it will be a question—for all the loyalty with which the distracted Department

hangs together—whether severe censure or some other form of punishment be not meted out to the responsible party or parties. If Mr. Weale has had to leave for the offence of frank speech, there are surely others above him who may more advantageously be spared, for reasons even more cogent.

The Safety of the National Gallery. THE Government has at last awakened to the fact upon which we have for years

dilated—almost, we fear, *ad nauseam*—that the contiguity of the St. George's Barracks to the National Gallery places our incomparable collection in constant jeopardy, threatening it with dangers from without from which even the South Kensington Museum is free. That the barracks, with its canteen and billiard-room, should be in absolute contact with the National Gallery, with its fire-place flue in the very wall, with the building itself overtopping the Gallery by many feet, with the protective iron shutters in the most vulnerable place of the whole structure (*i.e.* the northern side of the lantern light of the Turner room), unknown to the present officials, dispensed with for some years past, and that this condition of things is allowed to continue, few persons unfamiliar with the facts would be disposed to credit. The neglect of the Treasury is the more deplorable and unintelligible that, while every opportunity is afforded for accidental conflagration and even incendiarism, due precautions are taken against a regular siege—such as we know to have been adopted during the Fenian scare. Mr. Balfour has now fully admitted the danger, and has promised the removal of the barracks to Millbank; but it would be premature to congratulate ourselves until we see some indication in the wilderness at the latter spot of some intention to lay the foundations of the new military building.

The Unmitigated Death Duties.

THE refusal of Lord Salisbury to modify the regulations relating to the Death Duties is the more to be deplored as every hope was given that this foolish tax would be modified in the direct interests of the country. We have positive information that our finest works of art are now being driven out of the country through the working of these duties, at a rate of over a million pounds' worth per annum, a fact which the Government does not deny, yet prefers to go on treating the owner coolly as the goose with the golden eggs, and recommends him to trust to the generosity of the Treasury when the tax falls due. The arguments of the Earl of Leven and Melville, of the Marquess of Lothian, of Lord Stanhope, Lord Leconfield, and the Earl of Crawford are left absolutely unanswered; and Lord Salisbury and Lord Cross reply with a bald *non possumus* in respect to duties against which their own party fulminated when the Liberal Government so mischievously imposed them.

The Late Arundel Society.

THE announcement of the death from inanition of the Arundel Society will recall to the minds of our readers the protests we have made from time to time on the exclusive employment it offered to foreign instead of to English chromo-lithographers for their work. It would have required but a short apprenticeship in this special

department to enable our skilled craftsmen to arrive at the same degree of excellence as was found in the continental workmen. The Society promised to answer our criticism, yet remained silent to the last. Our object in reviving the matter is to mention the principle—which one would think obvious enough—that English art-craftsmanship cannot be developed if employers and capitalists turn to foreign workmen instead of training their own. The work of Mr. LONG is surely sufficient to prove that there is nothing in the way of reproduction by chromo-lithography which English hands cannot achieve. Apart from this consideration, the excellent work done in its time by the Society (founded chiefly through Mr. Ruskin's influence), delighting alike the connoisseur and the general public, must be duly set on record.

An
Exhibition
of Raphael-
esque Copies.

At the ducal palace of Urbino an "International Raphael Exhibition" has been held, in which copies of the works of the great master have quaintly been included as a principal attraction. As ninety-nine copies out of a hundred of a great work are failures in respect

who died in 1570; the other, number 1,497, in Room XX., "Rabbiting," by GEORGE MORLAND, bequeathed by Mr. Joseph Travers-Smith. This picture, a good but not otherwise very remarkable example of Morland's power, is in an excellent state of preservation.



A SUMMER MORNING.

(By H. Swanwick, at the Liverpool Exhibition.)



THE AMAZON.

(From the Picture by Charles H. Shannon. See p. 344.)

to reproducing its greatest qualities, and the hundredth is chiefly interesting for the sake of the genius of the man who has succeeded, the main result of such an exhibition cannot be supposed to serve any very artistic end. There is much more reason in the proposal that the coronation of the Queen of Holland should be celebrated by a great gathering "of all the pictures by Rembrandt available." But inasmuch as a vast number of the great master's works are in national museums, and cannot be lent, and others are in the private galleries of owners extremely indisposed to risk the transport of their treasures, it is very unlikely that the proposed exhibition will be in any sense representative. Nevertheless, a collection of unusual interest may be expected.

Acquisitions
at the
National
Gallery.

Two new English pictures have been added to the National Gallery. The first, in Room XVIII., numbered 1,496, the Holbeinesque portrait of Edmond Butts, painted by JOHN BETTES, who was the pupil of Hillyard, and miniature painter to Queen Elizabeth, as well as painter and engraver,

Exhibitions. THE twenty-seventh Autumn Exhibition at Liverpool is one which will not certainly lower the average of that most important of provincial shows. There are 1,342 exhibits, against 1,238 last year, and the contributors include more than half the Royal Academicians and Associates. In the selection and arrangement of the pictures the Arts Committee of the Corporation had the professional aid of Messrs. G. H. Boughton, R.A., J. Coutts Michie, A.R.S.A., and George Cockram, R.C.A. The place of honour is occupied by the not wholly satisfactory full-length seated portrait of the Earl of Derby, painted by Mr. ORCHARDSON for the civic collection. One of the chief popular attractions is "The Roll Call," lent by the Queen; and the many other notable subject pictures include Mr. G. HALL NEALE'S well-told domestic idyll, "Our Ain Bonny Bairn;" Mr. ROBERT FOWLER'S classic Japanese, "Some enchantment old, whose



AN OLD NILE VILLAGE.

(From the Painting by R. Talbot Kelly, at the Liverpool Exhibition. See p. 343.)

spells have stol'n my spirit;" "The Postman," a well-painted work of genre by Mr. THOMAS HUSON, R.I.; Mr. W. WARDEAW LAING'S dainty "Congratulations;" Mr. DAVID WOODLOCK'S pathetic "Eventide," and his highly

original treatment of "Feeding the Pigeons: St. Mark's, Venice;" and Mr. B. KAUFMANN'S "From Sunny Climes." In portraiture the collection is particularly strong, including as it does representative works by the late Sir JOHN



FEEDING THE PIGEONS: ST. MARK'S VENICE.

(From the Picture by D. Woodlock, at the Liverpool Exhibition.)

MILLAIS, Sir E. BURNE-JONES, Professor HERKOMER, the Hon. JOHN COLLIER, Messrs. G. F. WATTS, J. SARGENT, J. J. SHANNON, J. LAVERY, LUKE FILDES, H. J. DRAPER, W. E. LOCKHART, H. G. RIVIERE, G. H. BOUGHTON, JAMES SANT, FRANK BRAMLEY, C. E. BROCK, etc. Resident painters hold their own with such excellent portraits as "The Lord Mayor," "Mr. Robert Fowler," and "Sir Thomas Earle," by Mr. R. E. MORRISON; "Mrs. Talbot Kelly" and "The Pet of the Family," by Mr. W. B. BOADLE; "Mr. J. H. McCabe" and Dr. Kellet Smith," by Mr. J. T. STEADMAN; "Mrs. T. R. Hughes," by Mr. G. HALL NEALE; and "Captain Price," by Mr. J. V. R. PARSONS. In landscape, which is the strong point

of "The Liverpool School," there are far more interesting works—especially among the water colours—than can be detailed here. Of salient excellence are Mr. H. SWANWICK'S "A Summer Morning," Mr. JOHN FINNIE'S "Common Property," "A Golden Moonrise" by Mr. J. T. WATTS, "Summer Showers" by Mr. CRESWICK BOYDELL, and Mr. FOLLEN BISHOP'S "The Forest Pool;" in oil and among the drawings, Mr. A. E. BROCKBANK'S subtle "Dordrecht," Mr. G. COCKRAM'S harmonious Anglesea subjects, Mr. R. WANE'S brilliant "Onchan Harbour," Mr. ALBERT PROCTER'S "Trawler Ashore," and Mr. R. TALBOT KELLY'S admirable Eastern subjects, unequalled for local knowledge and grasp of unfamiliar atmospheric qualities. The sculpture includes Mr. G. NATORP'S "Atalanta" and other notable works.

Mr. G. C. HAITÉ has been holding an interesting exhibition of "One Hundred Liliputian Pictures in Oils." Though only sketches, they were each characteristic of the artist, and many of them delightful little bits of glowing colour.

The superb work illustrative of "*Pictures in the National Gallery, London*," executed in photo-gravure method by Mr. HANFSTAENGL, of London and Munich, and annotated by Mr. CHARLES EASTLAKE, the Keeper of the National Gallery, is proceeding with regularity. One need but say that the work is, for the most part, worthy of the unsurpassable collection it aims at popularising. The first two numbers are devoted to Tuscan and Florentine pictures, and the illustrations are based upon those renowned negatives which have touched the high-water mark yet reached in picture photography. We may, however, take exception to the strength of colour in which some are printed. This collection should be in the hands of every

art-lover who can afford it; for the plates are admirable of their kind, while the arrangement is specially designed by its classification and selection to impart an intelligent knowledge of the contents of the Gallery and of the history of art.

Miss ANNA BOWMAN DODD must be an American cousin. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have issued a book by her, "*On the Broads*," which is so full of appreciation of the charm of English life as to be quite touching, and could only have been written by a Transatlantic visitor. To everyone who loves that bit of the East Country we say, Read this book. It is brimming over with fun and frolic and real enjoyment of the out-door life on that world of waters. The illustrations are by Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL; and while no doubt the drawings made by him were as good as his drawings always are, the presentation of them in the book is not what one looks for.

A new designer, a lady we should say, has lavished a good deal of fancy and ingenuity in the illustrations which really decorate Mr. Norman Gale's "*Songs for Little People*" (A. Constable and Co.). The drawings themselves are not equally happy either in respect to design or technique, but a strong sense of decoration animates the artist, a grace and pretty invention that promise well for the future.

An evidence of the increasing thought now being given to the beautifying of the home is to be found in the successful monthly called "*The House*" (Horace Cox), which devotes itself to improving middle-class taste.

Mr. CHARLES HIATT'S "*Note on the National Gallery of British Art*" is not only a just review of what is better known as the Tate Gallery, but a plea, also, for that fuller



EDMOND BUTTS.

(By John Buttes. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. No. 1,496, Ro m XVII. See p. 342.)

recognition of the various sections of "British Art" which we ourselves have advocated.

The festivals at Bayreuth always produce a little shower of handbooks and essays upon Wagner and his work. One of the best of the more recent efforts in this direction is that to which the authoress, Miss FREDA WENWORTH, has given the title of "*The Epic of Sounds*" (Simpkin Marshall). It is at once a "guide," descriptive and analytical as to the literary side, and a paraphrase, with a key to the principal musical "motives." To its readers the Nibelungen Ring

will no longer be, what it remains to many, a musical mystery.

We have also to acknowledge a new "*Shakespearean Guide to Stratford-on-Avon*" put forth by Mr. and Mrs. WARD (Dawbarn and Ward), a useful little book enough;



RABBITTING.

(By George Morland. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. No. 1,497, Room XX. See p. 342.)

a short treatise "*On Painting in Water Colours*" by Mr. HUME NISBET, issued by the well-known artists' colourmen, Messrs. Reeves and Son; and a highly-compressed *Tourist Guide to the Continent* by Mr. PERCY LINDLEY (G.E.Ry.), with an indecipherable map.

The striking illustrations by Mr. GREIFFENHAGEN are by themselves enough to ensure notice for Mr. EGAN MEW'S book of clever verse, fanciful and *de soci  t  *, entitled "*A London Comedy*" (J. Redway).

Some valuable essays on matters interesting to process-workers are to be found in "*The Process Year-Book*" (Penrose). There is some risk of this valuable annual becoming a cumbersome picture-book. If there be anything new in the way of process, it should certainly find a place and be illustrated here, but it is a questionable advantage to have so large a number of specimen illustrations, which have no particular interest for anybody but the makers, and of which the editor evidently thinks so little that he does not find it worth while to index them.

"*The Photography Annual*" for 1897 (Hiffe and Son) is a real mine of information for the amateur or professional photographer. It is, however, capable of yet one useful improvement. It contains full directions of the photographic trade—that is, of persons making and selling apparatus of all kinds, as well as of photographic societies—but it is wanting in a carefully compiled directory of the chief professional photographers in the country. Such a directory would add greatly to the usefulness of an already admirable annual.

Miscellaneous. We are glad to note that the beautiful group by Monsieur DALOU on the drinking-fountain by the Royal Exchange is once more in a condition to be appreciated. The original marble group, which had become totally irrecongnisable from the ravages of the climate (see THE MAGAZINE OF ART, 1895, p. 329), has been replaced by a bronze cast. But it is to be regretted that the hideous gilt canopy was not replaced at the same time by something more graceful, or removed altogether.

In the competition for the *Prix de Rome*, the judges were unable to award the first Grand Prize for Painting

owing to the poor quality of the works submitted. The second prize was gained by M. ROGER, a pupil of MM. J. P. LAURENS and BENJAMIN-CONSTANT. In sculpture, the Grand Prize was bestowed upon M. S  COFFIN, the brilliant pupil of MM. CAVELIER and BARRIAS. The subject given was "Orpheus and Eurydice." The Grand Prize for architectural design was awarded to M. DUQUESNE. We shall illustrate these works in our next issue.

The award of a gold medal accorded to Mr. CHARLES H. SHANNON, at the Munich Exhibition, is a circumstance unusual enough in its way: for Mr. Shannon has, so far as the public can know, practised nothing but lithography for seven years past, and has exhibited no picture during all that time, by which to remind the public that he was a painter before the fascination of the stone lured him from the employment of the paint-brush. The picture—"The Amazon"—for which he has been honoured, along with Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES and Mr. J. M. SWAN, A.R.A., depends for its chief charm on its colour; but the black-and-white representation we print is enough to show an originality about the work which has appealed strongly to the Bavarian new-born of individuality.

We reproduce below a photograph of the silver bardic crown awarded at the recent Royal National Eisteddfod at Newport (Mon.) to the Rev. MAFONWY DAVIES for a poem entitled "Arthur of the Round Table." It was designed by Mr. T. H. THOMAS, R.C.A., and executed by Mr. J. BLOUNT THOMAS, of Southampton. The shield-shaped central portion contains a plan of the bardic circle or "gorsedd" in crystal and amethyst. From this revolute scrolls taper into oak-leaf and acorn ornaments in relief, and this to us seems the most unsatisfactory portion of the design. The naturalistic oak-leaves do not harmonise in treatment with the Celtic ornamentation. At the sides two small plaques contain a cross emblem frequently seen on old Cambrian monuments. The centre circle contains inscriptions in raised archaic lettering, concentric with the stones, "Eisteddfod Genedlaethol Freninol,



BARDIC CROWN.

(Designed by T. H. Thomas, R.C.A.)

Castell-Newydd-ar-Wysg" (Royal National Eisteddfod, Newport); the inner inscription is "Bardd Coronog, 1897" (Crowned Bard, 1897). The three rods at the top of the central panel are the symbolic rays which constitute the bardic sign. The cap within is no part of the design, which is in reality a diadem.



(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

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